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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 1, 1916

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IN THIS ISSUE:

The Call to Arms

Will Rumania Act?

Akedizing in Stockholm

The Greatest of All Battles

A City Under Labor's Heel

A Tribute to Madeleine Astor Dick

The Virile Character of George A. Knight

Walter Martin Talks of the Jackling Cruise

Germans in America: by Gertrude Atherton

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FOR THE OLD FREEDOM

FOR PRESIDENT:

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

Our Chamber of Commerce in its change of attitude toward City Union Labor exhibits the alien Under quality of audacity. Fancy the Labor's timid Chamber of Commerce Heel boldly affirming its conversion to the principle of the open shop. This is the body that has been scoffed at by Mayor Rolph and swatted into docility by the blustering editor of *The Examiner*. Has there been an infusion of new blood and high spirits into the Chamber of Commerce? More likely it is merely a case of the futility of conciliation becoming apparent. The cowardly policy of watching and waiting has proved no less disastrous in San Francisco than in Mexico. The despot of Union Labor is a haughty tyrant whose tyranny is aggravated by what it feeds upon. As a result of protracted disinclination to meet the issue San Francisco is again in the midst of a labor war, facing the prospect of a tie-up in many industries. There has been a fresh outbreak of agitation fomented by insolent labor leaders who are not to be dissuaded from making trouble, and the probability is we shall soon be plunged into scenes of violence of the kind that so frequently mark the industrial life of this country. Evidently the Chamber of Commerce perceives at length that either it must take its stand for industrial freedom or get out of business. Like the rat driven into a corner the Chamber of Commerce has turned. Maybe the whole city will be turning with it, for things have come to a pretty pass when the Government of the city itself governs only with an ear at the keyhole of the Labor Council. It was bad enough when the Supervisors, under pretense of regulating spur tracks, began legislating for the Teamsters' Union at the expense of the whole city, but when at the behest of the jitney Union they refused to protect citizens from sudden death

in the city's main thoroughfare it was surely high time for some representative body to pluck up spunk enough to cry out in protest. By the way, and merely by way of suggestion, wouldn't it be well for the Chamber of Commerce to kill several birds with one stone and solve the jitney and other problems at one election by a proposition to recall the greater part of the whole gang at the City Hall?

The Japanese being hopeless so far as Germany is concerned Benedict Arnold Mr. Hearst has again turned his attention to the potentialities on this continent. Last week

came the news from Washington of fresh German intrigue in Mexico and in several of the Latin American republics, all designed to inflame Latin sentiment against the land of Mr. Hearst's birth with a view to complicating matters and making it advisable to put an embargo on munitions. We were told that Carranza, who appeared to be well supplied with money, had established a publicity bureau in South America in order to win sympathy; also that his propagandists in the Argentine and Brazil were going about telling people that Uncle Sam was intent on enlarging his dominions at the expense of all his neighbors of Spanish extraction. Doubtless the anti-American propaganda is making good use of the poison that was distributed by the Hearst papers two weeks ago. We mean the article in favor of "painting the stars and stripes from the Mexican border to the canal." Doubtless Mr. Hearst has readers who experienced a glow of patriotism when they read that article and were thrilled with jingo pride when they saw the picture of Uncle Sam painting the flag of the free and the brave. How many reflected on the motive? Certainly the motive is obvious enough. Surely it was not love of the flag that inspired the article. Nor was it love of his country or of his country's defenders that impelled Mr. Hearst to sound the keynote of the anti-American propaganda among our Latin neighbors. Not at this late day is any piece of mischief wrought by Hearst to be attributed by intelligent men to downright stupidity.

The
Greatest
of All
Battles

If there is so much zeal for the welfare of mankind as we hear professed in this land of isms and cults and social centres it should be easy to rouse enthusiasm for the good work that has been undertaken by a royal commission in England. This commission was appointed on the recommendation of the International Medical Congress which met in London three years ago. The principal subject of discussion at that congress

was a drug, which, says a British scientist, writing for *The New Statesman* of London, "is capable of exterminating the foulest thing that grows." That thing is called the *spirochaete pallida*, the cause of more ghastly ruin than was ever wrought by war. Within the last ten years great discoveries have been made in syphilology. First came the discovery of the deadly parasite, then followed Paul Erlich's wonderful drug, and finally came the Wasserman test which enables science to assert or deny the presence of the living *spirochaete* in the body even when no actual specimens of it are to be obtained. It is now known that we can end the most terrible of all diseases, and so in Europe there is general recognition of an immediate duty imposed on Governments and on all responsible citizens, the immediate duty of exterminating a tremendous evil. But here in the United States, which abounds in lovers of mankind, where millions of good people are intent on rescuing us from the Demon Rum and some are weeping over the peons in Mexico, no voice has been raised in support of the right to cure. The only voice that has been heard on the subject at all is the voice of that eminent statesman, the Hon. Josephus Daniels, who has concerned himself with syphilis only to the extent of considering it as the punishment of "guilt." To him apparently it has not occurred that the most hideous consequences commonly fall upon absolute innocence. The royal commission has concerned itself with the duty not only of preventing the disease in adults and in all the living, but also in the unborn, all of whom are in danger of infection. And so England, though puritanism and hypocrisy are in that country by no means rare, will establish pathological laboratories where the *spirochaete* can be detected and the Wasserman test made. To fight the dread parasite county councils and country boroughs will be organized; and universities and colleges will take a hand in this crusade against the most frightful of all enemies of health and sanity. Facilities for treatment are to be accessible to whole communities, not only to the wicked but to the good, and the commission recommends that there shall be no residential tests, no money tests, but all possible secrecy. A supreme effort is to be made toward the extirpation of a public infection which exists in all ranks of society and is no respecter of persons. If the commission's recommendations are carried out it will certainly be said that the war was of some benefit to mankind. For it is chiefly on account of reports concerning the troops and of alarm at the prospect of post-bellum problems that the recommendations of the royal commission are taken seriously.

We are reminded by the crusade against the *spirochaete* in England of the fact that here in San Francisco we set an example for the world when we established what was known as the municipal clinic. Alas, the municipal clinic is no more. First in the most beneficent of all wars for humanity, we were too proud, or, at least, too hypocritical, too damnably puritanical, to fight the ugliest of all enemies of mankind. Here lovers of mankind are more plentiful than were wooden nutmegs in the days when the direct ancestors of our most vociferous "unco guid" were engaged in their favorite industry, but far be it from them to keep open house for physicians intent on healing the victims of race-destroying diseases that are usually a mark of sinfulness. They are very much concerned for the race, but nothing is so dear to them as their prejudices and their intolerance. A fair specimen of the whole tribe is that great apostle of claptrap, the Rev. Dr. Aked, who is now laboring for mankind on Henry Ford's payroll. Dr. Aked was intolerant of the municipal clinic, but not averse to the propagation of the *spirochaete* that fills our insane asylums and afflicts even the innocent with paralysis. He is one of the "unco guid" to whom the word prostitute is too shocking to utter, but he loved claptrap drama dealing with white slavery, and he lauded it in the pulpit. The subject of birth control was not offensive to Dr. Aked, nor was a Brioux play at all offensive, but drink! How he hated the Demon Rum! There is the enemy to mankind, for it pays to be a professional prohibitionist.

We are hearing a great deal of Romain Rolland, author of and of *Jean-Christophe*, whom literary critics have pronounced a man of original genius. Other critics have other views. Romain Rolland is a Frenchman with a fondness for idealism, and even in the midst of a war that ravages his country he holds himself aloof to play the part of a very superior person, a kind of missionary of the cause of sentimentality. Some months ago he wrote: "For a year I have been rich in enemies. Let me say this to them; that they will not teach me to hate. I have no concern with them. My business is to say what I believe to be fair and humane. Whether this pleases or irritates is not my business." This is a fine specimen of heroic self-restraint. Romain Rolland blames Germany for the war, but points with pride to the fact that when he saw German armies "violating the neutrality of noble Belgium," committing, as he says, "a flagrant breach of honor which incurred the contempt of every upright conscience" he did not hate. He merely regarded the iniquity as "in the political tradition of the Prussian Kings." This original man of genius is content to scold like a preacher of the epicene. Great is his admiration of himself. Testifying to his own noble self-

restraint, he tells us that while the war tempest rages, uprooting the strongest souls and dragging them along in its furious cyclone he continues his humble pilgrimage, trying to discover beneath the ruins the rare hearts that have remained faithful to the old ideals of human fraternity. The man talks like President Wilson weeping for the peons of Mexico. Like the average sob-sister idealist he imagines that his rhetoric gives proof of high thought and right feeling. He has a gift of words and he exudes nothing but words. Romain Rolland is of the same type as Bernard Shaw, who has been trying to prove of late that he is a great patriot but more reasonable than other patriots. Shaw thinks the war is going on over other men's heads and that he alone is qualified to say the things that are good for his country. A good many of the things he has said German propagandists regarded as very good for their country.

Sumptuary Laws

So urgent is the financial crisis in England that there is talk of either taxing luxuries out of existence or reviving the sumptuary laws against them. There are economists who believe that as a result of this war sumptuary laws will be enacted the world over. It is predicted that even this country will not escape. As a matter of fact sumptuary laws are not unknown in this country even now, though they are not intended as a check upon extravagance. Laws restricting the liquor traffic are sumptuary laws. There is really a very strong sentiment in this country for sumptuary legislation. Expression is given to it at almost every session of almost every State legislature. Behind every movement toward paternalism there is more or less of that element of Puritanism—the sour-face kind—which delights in public attempts to establish uniformity of manners and customs so that nobody shall be able to enjoy anything that does not appeal to the taste of the envious Puritan. This bloodless individual pretends to be eager to put down luxury for the common good. But he is interested only in banishing the pleasure of others. The Puritanism that we know is of the same brand that entered into the early Scots law that forbade the appearance of pies and baked meats on the table of anyone lower in rank than a baron. This Puritanism entered into the English law of the reign of Edward IV in which it was lamented that "the commons of the realm, as well as men and women wear excessive and inordinate apparel to the great displeasure of God." At present it is not excessive apparel the Puritan complains of, but economy of apparel. Now it is not to be said that all sumptuary legislation is Puritanical. More than once it has been the consequence of war. It was so in the days of Tiberius. During the richest period in Roman history it was thought that a woman could not buy pearls and diamonds without weakening the defence of the frontiers. "Our money," said Tiberius, "goes away to India and we are in want of the precious metals to carry

on military administration." It was because he needed money to carry on his conquests that Julius Caesar forbade the sale of costly delicacies in the market place. He had an unpleasant habit of sending his lictors to raid the dining-rooms of the rich and find out whether they were so extravagant as to eat sausages from Pontus. At times sumptuary laws were enacted to protect poor husbands from the excesses of wives who dressed beyond their means. This was the case in the reign of Louis XV when a royal decree forbade the use of calico except by the nobility. There have been many instances of the enactment of sumptuary laws to redress certain grievances of the poor rather than to introduce a reign of ideal equality. This was Solon's motive when he limited a bride's trousseau to three dresses and forbade extravagances of mourning. In the same spirit the Jews forbade the rich to bring a corpse to the house of mourning in nettings of silver and gold, and ordered them to bring it like the poor, in a basket of wickerwork. There are sumptuary laws that we might recommend in the interest of husbands who have a difficult time aiding their wives to keep pace with the fashions in shoes, but we fear that riots might occur such as those that disturbed the peace and dignity of the Senate of Rome in the days of Cato, when there was an instance of the violent interference of women in politics, probably the first in history. Women were forbidden to possess more than half an ounce of gold, to wear a dress of more than one color or to ride in a carriage except in certain specified circumstances. The women rebelled, and crowded the Senate-house demanding the repeal of the horrible specimen of man-made law. Cato, indignant as usual, attacked the "unsexed" ladies in his famous speech, declaring that it was with difficulty he kept from asking them: "What sort of practice is this, of running into public, besetting the streets and addressing other women's husbands." Nevertheless the women triumphed over Cato, though they didn't have a vote.

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Varied Types

CCLXXXVII—WALTER S. MARTIN

By Edward F. O'Day

On the eleventh of March this year the magnificent steam yacht "Cyprus," Daniel C. Jackling owner, left the port of San Francisco for a cruise of the Pacific and Atlantic coasts of Mexico, Central and South America. The guests of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling on this pleasure trip were ten in number: Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Aldrich of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Tooker, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Miss Josselyn, Dr. Herbert W. Allen, Charles Hayden and Judge K. R. Babbitt of New York. The "Cyprus" steamed more than seventeen thousand miles before it cast anchor in the harbor of New York on the first of June. The members of the party exceeded that mileage, however, for they made many trips into the interior of the Latin-American countries at which the yacht touched. The cruise was unmarred by accident of any sort. The "Cyprus" behaved beautifully, and is said to have broken the record for a steaming trip from Havana to New York.

Walter Martin who was one of the guests of Colonel Jackling on this long cruise brought back to San Francisco more than the memory of a pleasant junket: he returned with a store of observations concerning our Latin-American neighbors that is both interesting and instructive. Mr. Martin is a seasoned world-traveler. He travels with an active mind and a keen eye, and his experiences in all parts of the globe enable him to make those comparisons without which the noting of conditions is of little practical worth.

When I asked Mr. Martin to talk about what he had seen he was inclined to deprecate the value of his observations. He had no desire to play the role of the tourist who attempts to invest superficial knowledge with profound significance. He pointed out that a cruise from port to port with occasional trips into the interior could not be expected to yield very much of the truth about Mexico and the southern Americas. He has an aversion for snap judgments, for curbstone conclusions. But having placed himself on record in this regard, he was willing to tell what he had seen and to express the conclusions which he had drawn.

"We stopped at a good many Mexican ports," said Mr. Martin, "and at all of them we found a considerable number of Americans who had been driven from the interior and were trying to reach the United States. They felt, with reason, that their Government had neglected them. No American gunboat had called at these ports for months. All communication between the interior of Mexico and these ports had ceased, not only for civilian Americans but also for American consuls. The 'Cyprus' carried consular despatches from one port to another because the consuls had failed to establish communication of any sort.

"When we asked the American refugees why they had not left Mexico before, they replied that their lifework had been done in Mexico, in Mexican mines, on Mexican ranches and so forth. To be asked to abandon all that they had gained by years of work was to ask too much, they said. They had preferred to take their chances to the very end rather than to land in the United States as paupers and start all over again.

"As far as we could judge, an American

citizen in Mexico is in about the same position as a Chinese in San Francisco during the palmy days of Dennis Kearney. He is the last person to be considered. He is treated with more cynical contempt than the citizen of any other nation. Naturally the Americans in Mexico are exceedingly bitter. They feel that they have been exposed to unnecessary hardships. As for the better class of Mexicans—they feel and know that American intervention is the solution of their national problems. The thinking Mexicans welcome intervention.

"One of the facts that most impresses the traveler in South America is the patriotism of the people, their intense nationalism. They are jealous of the integrity of their countries. They will never voluntarily concede dominance over any of their territory to a foreign power. They wouldn't tolerate absorption. The spirit of nationalism is as strong as can be. I am speaking generally, but I think this deep-rooted nationalism is found especially in Chile, the Argentine, Brazil, Bolivia and Peru."

This opinion of Mr. Martin's is of particular interest because it embraces Brazil. It has been asserted that after the European war Germany will buy a huge slice of Brazil for colonial expansion. There are already a great many German land-owners in Brazil. If Mr. Martin is correct in his observation this unauthenticated project of German colonization will not be very easy of accomplishment.

"South America," continued Mr. Martin, "is commencing to get into direct contact with the United States. The new dollar exchange has had a great deal to do with this improved condition. Some South Americans say that trade with America is more satisfactory than the old trade with Europe. Our merchants are learning the requirements of this trade. Hitherto the average manufacturer had not time to master its intricacies. Now that it is worth his while, he is doing so. Much has been done by the National City Bank of New York which has established branches in the principal South American cities and is doing well, especially in Rio and Buenos Aires.

"But there is still a great deal to be overcome. The Spanish-speaking people from Mexico to Patagonia have Spanish ideals in life, art and everything else. Our ideals are the antithesis of theirs. Hence a lack of sympathy to which all the trouble between the United States and these people may be traced. Some of them manage to get behind our rough exterior and understand us. But on the whole they have not much admiration for us. The politicians find it to their interest to keep us under suspicion, and the newspapers express the views of the politicians. Just how the great mass of the people regard us I don't know.

"Secretary McAdoo's visit? On the whole it seemed to create a favorable impression. The South Americans seemed flattered by the circumstance that Mrs. McAdoo, the President's daughter, accompanied her husband."

Mr. Martin is inclined to think that it was not fear of the bubonic plague but another consideration which led to the contretemps at Callao where Secretary McAdoo failed to land and attend a banquet prepared in his honor.

The great problem in South America, thinks Mr. Martin, is the education of the Indians and

the extension to them of the protection of the courts. He says that sooner or later the work commenced by the Jesuits in Paraguay and wantonly stopped must be started all over again.

"At the time of the discovery of the New World," he says, "South America was more densely populated than North America. The Indians still form a large part of the population. They are hard-working, earnest and law-abiding. They are good-looking, with well-shaped heads, fine faces and sturdy bodies. They make everything they use, and their land is as laboriously cultivated as Sicily and Italy. But their education has been neglected, and they have no show in the courts or with the government. They are at the mercy of the governing class which is a small minority actuated by the principle, 'Everyone for himself and the devil take the hindmost.' Until there is a movement to improve the condition of the Indians by educating them and giving them the protection of the laws there can be no stable development in Central or South America. The same applies, I think, to the peon in Mexico."

Mr. Martin was greatly impressed by the beauty of the city of Rio. Its location is magnificent, he says, and its harbor more beautiful than San Francisco's. I judge from the way he speaks that he returns to us a champion of the Marina project.

"The bay of Rio," he says, "is surrounded by mountains, granite rocks three thousand feet high whose bald surfaces are relieved in places by beautiful tropical growth. Round this bay runs the Avenida Brea Mar. It is a broad avenue with a parapet along the water side. It consists of a walk, then a double line of trees, then a driveway, then a parkway, then another driveway. Bordering this second driveway are residences with gardens in front of them. This avenue is at sea level. It follows the indentations of the mountains, and tunnels them wherever they come down to the water. It surrounds the entire harbor. It is perfect of its kind. It illustrates how much can be accomplished by means of tasteful planting. The only other city I know of which would lend itself to such treatment is San Francisco."

Walter Martin is loyal to California. He speaks with admiration of certain parts of Guatemala which reminded him of our own Marin county, and both climatically and otherwise he was impressed with Chile because it was like our State.

"The climate of Chile is bracing," he says, "and the people are vigorous and healthy. Perhaps that makes them great fighters; at any rate they are the cocks of the South. There is a good government in Chile, and Americans get along well there. We visited the Guggenheim copper mines which are capitalized at a hundred millions and are prospectively the richest in the world."

As for opportunities, Mr. Martin was impressed by those offered by Guatemala, Costa Rica and Salvador, particularly Guatemala. It is "teeming with possibilities," he says.

Walter Martin said other interesting things about the trip, but all the worth-while observations of so lengthy a journey cannot be compressed into the space at my disposal.

Perspective Impressions

By dint of repetition the campaign lie gains circulation and loses force.

Girls are funny: the tan they carefully cultivate in summer is the bugbear of their winter season.

The big chief of the Bull Moose party has exorcised the moose but has retained the bull.

Among the problems we shall try to solve some day is the why and wherefore of Nell Brinkley.

How time flies! The first thing you know they'll be telling us to do our Christmas shopping early.

The philosopher who spoke of the inexpediency of changing horses crossing a stream said nothing about johndonkeys.

What has become of the old-fashioned folks who called a motor car an automobile?

Our ears are pleased to note that most of the ukuleles have gone to the summer resorts.

What's the matter with Henry Ford? He hasn't attempted to settle the Mexican trouble.

The bathing beauty on the beach is "all dressed up, and nowhere to go."

With Chancellor Jordan's jaw on the border what's the need of machine guns?

President Wilson is now preparing to be prepared.

Wonder what great military strategist started the National Guard of California to the Mexican border by way of Sacramento.

A parody on an old refrain: "Where was Hiram when the call came out?"

Was the origin of the word "jitney" ever settled?

At this writing it looks as though Bryan has run out on Jordan. Can it be that the Peerless Farmer has been getting wise while the schoolmaster has been getting closer to the boob house?

Says the Rev. Paul Jordan Smith, speaking of the Rev. Paul Peterson: "It is unthinkable that a preacher of stainless record and rugged character who has been in reform work many years could by some moral lapse renounce the traditions of a lifetime." As, for instance, Slaughter of Chico, or Kelly of San Jose, or Brown of Oakland or any of the innumerable wolves in sheep's clothing that bask in the limelight of the pulpit.

The Call to Arms

By Robert McTavish

The signs of the times are not what we might have been led to expect. National enthusiasm is not so dead as the American Union Against Militarism would have it. As a result of the agitation of our peace propagandists preparedness was postponed until more than half-past the eleventh hour, but while watching and waiting we have not become too proud to fight. As in days of old, when our country calls there are sons and sires ready to yield their treasure up and shed their blood for the glory and dignity of their country. There is many a thrill in the news of the day. But alas! there is also some occasion for misgiving. We have done so much blundering of late that we may have to do more before our military establishment is made efficient. However, it is good to read that the whole country is awake. Volunteers are flocking to the stars and stripes. Employers everywhere are agreeing to pay wages to men who go to the front. For a long time we have been reading of the selfish motives of the men of New York who were for preparedness for their own benefit. Now we read of them in action. New York has a citizen soldiery to be proud of and a Governor on the spot to assist in the mobilization of the National Guard. Major-General O'Ryan of the New York division of the guard reported the first day after the call was received that his forces numbering 25,000 officers and men would be mobilized in ten days. The division consists of three brigades of nine regiments of infantry; a brigade of two regiments of field artillery, a regiment of cavalry; a pioneer battalion, a pontoon battalion, a battalion of signal troops; three field hospitals; four ambulance companies; an aero squadron, an armored motor battery; a field battery supply train and ammunition train.

One of the first of the New York regiments to be ready to march to the mobilization camp was the famous Sixty-ninth, the regiment that went through the Civil War and never lost a flag. Most of the men of the Sixty-ninth slept on their arms the first night, and the few who

had furloughs were in the ranks with the others when the bugle sounded "assembly" at 7 o'clock the next morning. After breakfast the band in a corner of the armory played "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "The Wearing of the Green," "Annie Rooney," "Molly and I and the Baby," with special devotion to "The Girl I Left." The girls were there—with mothers and fathers and the children—to say their good-byes before the hour of stern discipline set in. What followed the New York Sun describes thus:

In the centre of a hollow square stood Bishop Hayes, pronouncing the Apostolic blessing, bidding the guardsmen fight the good fight and saying, before a brief prayer in Latin:

"I speak in the name of that grand old church which has blessed armies and sent them forth to battle since the time of the Caesars."

The officers knelt before the Bishop and kissed his hand. Then a sudden shouting of commands, the band dived headlong into "The Rocky Road to Dublin" and in a column of fours the Sixty-ninth emerged from the armory into Lexington avenue, preceded by a group of officers' wives and daughters, not at all light hearted.

Through police reserves summoned by the call "The Sixty-ninth is leaving" burst women and children, who ran alongside their men folks a few steps and said their farewells over again in the traditional way before the procession in khaki moved on. From among the 5000 witnesses of the departure in the street and from windows and housetops personal greetings were flung: "Oh, you Pat!" "You're the boys!" "We're with you, Sixty-ninth!" "Hi, Denny, how does your rifle feel?"

It was "The Girl I Left Behind Me" again as the regiment turned into Twenty-sixth street and tramped over to Fifth avenue. The avenue for once was really alive so early in the morning. The sidewalk crowd below Forty-second street was ten deep and hundreds chased along beside the band and behind the regiment, which was now in platoon formation, sixteen

men abreast. Stores, hotels and clubs were decorated as for Independence Day or a preparedness parade. Cheering was incessant. In front of the Union League Club a score or so of members stood with their hats off.

There was a sort of ecclesiastical review at St. Patrick's Cathedral. In the doorway, fronting a space cleared of spectators by the police, stood Mgr. Lavelle and a group of priests. "Eyes right!" said Colonel Conley; "Eyes right!" repeated the company captains, and the marchers, turning their heads, exchanged smiles with the clergy. In the crowd that kept step with the regiment at this point were two old women selling green flags bearing a golden harp and the cheering "Erin Go Bragh."

A woman bearing a large American flag stepped up to Colonel Conley when the regiment halted at Fifty-seventh street. She seemed a bit confused, but saying a few words to the colonel she threw the banner over his shoulders and retreated in good order. The banner was inscribed, "This flag when fighting for the right always conquers." The colonel saluted the woman, the flag took its place with the national and regimental emblems at the head of the column and the Sixty-ninth turned west into Fifty-seventh street to march over to the New York Central yards and board its special train.

New York City is prepared to contribute a company of Spanish War veterans, all of whom are now prominent citizens. New York also has a large reserve list of volunteers from all parts of the country, most of whom have seen service with the guard or in the Spanish War.

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Germans In America

A Remarkable Letter to the Editor of the London Outlook

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON

Sir: There is nothing I wish less than that the attitude of the women of the small town called Elsinore in my novel, "Mrs. Balfame," should be taken as typical of the more intelligent women throughout the United States. That is typical of millions however I fear there is no doubt, for the torpidity of this country, save only in the large cities, towards the greatest war of all time passes belief. There are many reasons for this, but no task could be more difficult than to make any foreign nation understand this strange heterogeneous mass of people living under one flag, but no longer possessing a composite national mind. Once we were Americans pure and simple; today the old American stock is in the minority; our hundred million "American citizens" are composed largely of the foreign-born and the generation succeeding them. Many millions of these are of the very scum of Europe; tempted in the first instance over here by greedy mine or mill owners offering wages munificent to them but far below the standard; they have driven the fine old type of American out of nearly all the industries and from many of the farms. Nor is that the worst. The wine of liberty goes to their head and they become insupportably arrogant, looking upon the United States as a gold-mine not only created by the Almighty to improve the miserable condition of the European peasant, but to sack and desert; or, if he elects to remain in this country in order to escape military tyranny, to be "owned" and exploited, and with neither understanding nor sympathy for the American tradition. Before the war we heard much of the Germans being among the most splendid of our citizens, industrious, unobtrusive. They certainly are industrious, and many of them have proved themselves clever enough, delivered from native restrictions, to pile up respectable fortunes; but we no longer delude ourselves that they are "good Americans." They are, in truth, infernal pests.

As for the Southern European of the lower class, millions of dollars are sent home annually toward buying the shop or farm to which they may retire when they have completed the necessary amount, not by the "speeding up" of themselves alone, but of their women and children. They care about as much for the American flag as the Germans care for a scrap of paper.

It is probable that 90 per cent of those born in this country of foreign parents are loyal Americans if they are intelligent and honest, and have been sent to American schools. In case of a war with any European Power, including their parents' fatherland, no doubt they would fight under the American flag, not only because there is more magnetism in native soil than in inherited corpuscles, but because here all their business interests lie. To desert their country would be to desert their incomes, to be outcasts, or worse. But in the present state of affairs they are almost to a man vocally sympathetic with the country of their fathers. And as the German-Americans are the most homogeneous of all the hyphenated Americans, as well as the noisiest and most malicious, they have managed to create the impression among us that, one and all, they are traitors to the democratic idea which they professed to accept with citizenship.

If we should have a war with Germany they would be objects for pity, for, noisy as they

are, they are vastly in the minority. Those that did not scuttle to cover would be interned and their properties confiscated. Moreover, this is a lynching country.

There is no possible doubt that the United States, taking it by and large, is anti-German, pro-Allies. It is safe to say that there is not a decent upright American of good intelligence and non-German blood who is not with the Allies when he thinks about it at all. That he does not think much about it throughout our vast interior States and thousands of small towns is partly because he has not the ample news supplies of our metropolitan press—his newspaper indeed is filled almost to the brim with local news; and partly because today he is devoting his energies towards establishing himself on a sound financial basis after the long lean years preceding the war. Let no foreign critic delude himself with the idea that all "America" is fattening itself on the blood of the European battlefields. A very few are growing rich, as the North itself did during our Civil War, but the vast majority are merely enjoying the novelty of making both ends meet after one of the longest droughts in the history of the country.

But however casual in his sympathies the real American may be toward the cause of the Allies, the sympathy is there, because otherwise he would be a traitor to the democratic idea, toward the liberty for which his own country stands and for which he knows that Great Britain and France are fighting. The vast majority of Americans, whether of two generations or ten, are democratic or nothing. Kings and all their works are too antiquated to bother about; although they are quite aware that the maintenance of royalty in Great Britain does not in the least interfere with individual liberty, as it does in Germany and Russia. But this country is so vast that the present and the future of the great majority of its inhabitants is bounded by its geographical limitations. And it must be remembered that the average man is not blessed with imagination. Otherwise he would not be average. Moreover, the American has too long indulged in the bad habit of placing his State first and the nation second—the result of long immunity from outside aggression—and he hates voting money for defences and a large army and navy that may

never be needed. Every State has its incessant wants, and it sends its representatives to Congress to angle in the pork-barrel. If he is a bad angler he is a bad citizen and sees Washington no more. Even the most honest, save in times of real danger, are subservient to their States, and the corrupt are many.

Perhaps I have managed to indicate the difficulties of a President of the United States in a world crisis which was none of his making. Aside from the traditional policy of this country to keep its hands off all European embroglios, a dictum of Washington's which has become an unwritten clause of the Constitution, and the fact that the United States had no part in the neutralization of Belgium in 1832, the President had two very good reasons for maintaining a strictly neutral attitude: the heterogeneity of the nation whose servant—not ruler—he is, and the still more ticklish fact that we have a small navy and an infinitesimal army. If we had hurled ourselves into the war we should have had a fine civil war on our hands and done the Allies no manner of good. As it is, it would be well to remember, when criticizing us, that we have helped them enormously in money and munitions.

Mr. Wilson's blood is Scotch; his great literary and scholarly equipment he owes to the stupendous civilization of Great Britain. It is easy to guess where his secret sympathies are, to say nothing of the issues involved; but I repeat he is not a monarch but a servant. He must walk warily and keep to the middle of the road. Until the people rise and demand vengeance as they did when the Maine blew up in Havana harbor, he must do all he can to preserve the peace. This is no time to form snap judgments. Let history do the judging.

Personally I wish we might have expressed our indignation at the invasion of Belgium officially, and no doubt if Roosevelt had been President we should have done so. Also when the German Embassy had the unparalleled effrontery to put a notice in the newspapers warning Americans not to sail on the Lusitania, I do not doubt that he would have placed American marines aboard of all outgoing British ships and notified the German Government that to launch a torpedo against vessels protected

(Continued on Page 17)

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Poems About San Franciscans

XXXII—BENJAMIN P. AVERY

By Ina Coolbrith

(Benjamin P. Avery began his Californian career as a miner. He dropped the pick and shovel to become editor of the Overland Monthly, and a very able editor he proved. In 1875 he was named as American Minister to China, and died in Peking in November of that year. His widow gathered together the poems he had written for the Overland and other periodicals, and published them. Avery was also the author of "California Pictures." In Miss Coolbrith's volume "Songs from the Golden Gate" these lines to Avery are entitled "At Rest.")

God rest thy soul!
O kind and pure,
Tender of heart, yet strong to wield control,
And to endure!

Close the clear eyes:
No greater woe
Earth's patient heart, than when a good man dies,
Can ever know.

With us is night,
Toil without rest,—
But where thy gentle spirit walks in light,
The ways are blest.

God's peace be thine!
God's perfect peace!
Thy meed of faithful service, until time
And death shall cease.

The Spectator

Akedizing in Stockholm

The boys are still in the trenches, but the Reverend Charles Eff is still Akedizing in Stockholm, so it seems to be "horse and horse." Our old friend the Doc is one of the two peace apostles Hank Ford boards and lodges in the Swedish capital, all the rest of the knights and ladies of the Ineffable Order of Squirrel Food who sailed on the Oscar II, John D. Barry among them, having been tossed into the discard. Doc Aked's co-flivverite in Stockholm is Professoress Emily Greene Balch who used to occupy the cushioned chair of political and social science at Wellesley before she began receipting the Ford pay roll. In company with other neutral and serene souls these two trench-clearers from the United States have issued a manifesto to the warring nations, setting forth in the chaste diction of the Rev. Charles Eff just what steps are necessary to end the war and make everything in the world hunky-dory. They postulate in this manifesto the restoration of Belgium, the evacuation of France by the Germans, the settlement of the Alsace-Lorraine question, the independence of Serbia and Montenegro, the constitution of a Polish nation, autonomy for Armenia, the internationalization of the Dardanelles, the return of the German colonies, the disarmament of the world, the convocation of a world congress and a few other little things like that. This is Akedizing at its very best. It makes excellent fun if your sense of humor is developed to its fullest extent. Oh, that there were a Gilbert living to put Charles Eff into a new "Pinafore" or another Bab Ballad!

Mecca or Rio?

According to the manifesto the headquarters of the flivverites in Stockholm has become "a Mecca for representatives of the oppressed European nations." Restrain your ready tears while I quote how one of these representatives came to Mecca: "One of these came many miles over the ice and snow on skis, crossing

the frontier at the risk of his life, not daring even to tell his name. He asked that to the conference he might be 'The Nameless One' and that his coming remain a secret until after ten days had elapsed and he had sufficient time during which to return to his own country. He spoke before the conference through an interpreter, and the simplicity and pitifulness of his story were touching." Here is a mystery that transcends the Wandering Jew, the Flying Dutchman, the Man in the Iron Mask, the smiter of Billy Patterson and the kidnaper of Dorothy Arnold. The mystery of the man who offered a hundred thousand dollars for the preservation of the Palace of Fine Arts and was never heard of again is nothing to this dark story of "The Nameless One." Perhaps he was the villain Jack Dalton, miraculously escaped from a Theodore Kremer melodrama. But we shall never know. Incidents like this raise the horrid doubt that the flivverites are not at Mecca but at Rio, for Rio, as we all know, is the capital of Brazil where the nuts come from. One sentence of the manifesto daunts us, and must daunt the Kaiser, General Joffre, General Brusiloff and the rest of those hardy souls. It is this: "The work of the conference is barely begun." How long will Hank Ford continue to mail salary checks to Stockholm? As long as he does there will be work for the flivverites. Well, let us cherish the pleasing thought that the Rev. Charles Eff like the schoolmaster is abroad. And let us use of him the words which Oscar Wilde applied to the schoolmaster: Pray heaven that he may stay there!

Speaking About Hypocrisy

Are we never to hear the end of the German whine over Germany's failure to have us put an embargo on munitions? The Germans have done a lot of talking about English hypocrisy, but what about German hypocrisy? He is a hypocrite who professes what he does not believe. Now surely there is no German who

believes that it was our moral or other kind of duty to put an embargo on munitions. We could not have put an embargo on munitions without treating international law as a scrap of paper, and though we may not be exceptionally moral we are not disposed to go so far as Germany has gone, especially as we should not even have had Germany's plea of "necessity" to fall back on. And anyway, aside from the profits on munitions, which the Germans love to tease us about, why should we have incurred the hostility of the Allies by changing the law of nations in the midst of war? Would it have been expedient for us to have forfeited the friendship of the Allies by dealing dishonestly with them in breaking contracts into which American manufacturers had entered according to the law of nations? Doubtless Germans thought for a time that it would have been wise for us to pick Germany as the winning horse, but certainly they did not believe, as they profess, that we played unfair. The only honest criticism of us came from the German diplomats who said we were stupid because we did not see the significance of the great drive through Poland. Now, it is quite as plain as a pikestaff that the Germans are mad because we did not espouse their cause; not that the cause was a deserving one, but that it was their cause; yet the more we saw of their cause the less we liked it; and the more we saw of the propagandists in this country who, acting as though they owned the country, would ride roughshod over all other Americans of foreign birth, the less we liked them, too. The fact is—the fact challenged only in a spirit of hypocrisy—that we played fair. Also the fact is that we might have played a very miserable part by putting an embargo on munitions. Even with Germany winning we ignored the dishonest demands of her propagandists. Our self-interest we served mainly as a nation, for we kept our record clean, so that should we ever be hurried into war without preparation we shall not have the markets of Europe closed against us. In

other words we have not invited retaliation, and I know of no reason why we should have done so for Germany's sake. These are reflections that occurred to me after reading Dr. L. Eleosser's interview in Sunday's Examiner. Dr. Eleosser is of Mill Valley, and he is a native born American, but he sneers at President Wilson for not having deprived the Allies of munitions.

Rucker Versus Gallagher

Supervisor Andrew Gallagher, the Bombastes Furioso of organized labor and famous in debate for his lung power, was talked off his feet the other day and took the count. He was given the worst controversial walloping of his career. It was administered by Sam Rucker, one of the mildest of men, but a controversialist himself of no commonplace qualities. Mr. Rucker is known at the City Hall only as a merchant, a member of the Rucker-Fuller Desk Company, which he is but in his salad days Sam Rucker learned to handle supervisors, for he was Mayor of San Jose, the youngest Mayor ever elected in California. And when he was Mayor San Jose had no need of experimenting with managers among college professors. So when Sam appeared at our City Hall he was not the novice that the roaring bull of the board assumed. He appeared there because of a little jockeying with furniture bids, and Gallagher undertook to talk him off the premises in characteristic blustering fashion. Rucker perceived at once that voice went a long way, and not to be out-vociferated he expanded his own lungs, and before he rounded his first period Gallagher was sitting on his own collar button. Every statement he made was refuted. One statement was challenged outright, and the challenge was backed up with

the proposition that if Gallagher could prove what he had said Rucker would give \$1,000 to any charitable institution that Gallagher might name provided the supervisor would agree to give \$10 in the event of failure. At the following meeting of the committee Gallagher was indisposed and absent.

Passing of George Knight

George A. Knight was immersed in politics, State and national, for years. Time and again he stumped California for Republican governors and the United States for Republican presidents. He was the only man we had in California who made his influence felt in the councils of the G. O. P. and his voice heard throughout its largest convention halls. He enjoyed the confidence of Garfield, McKinley, Mark Hanna, Roosevelt, Taft and other big men. He nominated and seconded the nomination of presidents, and spoke side by side with them on memorable occasions. He was a hard-hitting, uncompromising fighter who never had to rap more than twice to hold an unruly convention in line. Behind the hammer blows he delivered in convention hall as in court room was the brain of a resourceful strategist. He delighted to talk politics in season and out, and his knowledge of the subject was drawn on for years by political reporters of all parties. He had the knack of making strong and apt phrases to fit a political situation, and many of his sayings had a direct influence on the conduct of campaigns.

His Opinion of Progressivism

In the light of what has happened lately, George Knight's opinion of the Progressive party, expressed to a Town Talk interviewer in the winter of 1913 is interesting. "The trouble with the Progressive party," he said, "is that it is a party of negation. It fights for nothing tangible as the old parties do. The progressives tell us that certain things exist which ought not to exist, and we all admit that. You can't run a party on a policy of negation any more than you can run a bank that way. And you can't build a party on an individual, whether it be Roosevelt or Johnson. We hear much from these Progressives about friendly contests. There are no friendly contests in politics. I've seen two hypocrites attempt it, and all went well till one of them got mad. Hypocrites in the Progressive party? Well, it is hard to distinguish between sincere conversion to a cause and hypocrisy. But when one man thinks he's closer to the spring of purity than his neighbor he is either a hypocrite or an egotist. You know, a man may become so imbued with egotism that he will do wrong with a good conscience; and to the spectator he looks like a hypocrite."

On Professional Reformers

He was not in sympathy with professional

reformers. "If we try conscientiously to root the evil out of our own souls we'll have little time for reforming our neighbors," he said. He pointed out that of the Twelve Apostles there was one who betrayed the Master, one who denied Him and one who doubted Him, and he said that the same proportion held good among all men. "In politics," he put it, "the ratio is, three crooks to nine honest men. Sometimes there are more than three crooks. But that must be in politics. The politician who tries to beat a cinch bill by silent prayer is off the track. And it is so in all human nature. An illustration: The Palace Hotel harbors the finest people in the world. And yet, if Colonel Kirkpatrick would give me the equivalent of what guests of the Palace steal every year, I'd be independent for life. If thievery is so prevalent, how can you expect purity in politics? And yet political conditions are getting better. There is no doubt about that."

A Happy Life

"If I had my life to live over again," he said in the same interview, "I'd go into politics. I was district attorney for three terms in Humboldt, but I'm thankful that I never ran for any important office. I've had the freedom of the private offices of four governors, Perkins, Markham, Budd and Gage, but I never made use of it. The lawyer who takes a fee in consideration of his pull with a governor or any other official is not honorable. No man in the United States has had more solid satisfaction out of politics than I have had. I've enjoyed the friendship of the country's big men since the eighties. I've had the honor of speaking in Madison Square Garden with Roosevelt and Taft to twenty thousand people, an honor I wouldn't exchange for thousands of dollars. My party has honored me and my ambitions more than I deserved; that's why I cling to it. But politics has been a hindrance to me in my profession. It has taken me away for long periods from my law office. And besides, the public has an idea that the man who can talk never thinks."

A Satirical Recipe

Knight went on to give a satirical recipe for success in politics. "If I were starting life over again and determined to succeed in politics at any cost," he said, "if I made up mind to go into politics for what there was in it, I'd act differently. I'd join every fraternal organization in the country. I'd never express myself affirmatively on anything. You wouldn't be able to pull a definite statement out of me with a boat hook. I'd be as big a demagogue as the best of 'em. I'd tell the people that they ought to rule; and that the government ought to supply them with everything including boots and hats. I'd keep talking about reform. I'd prate about honesty on the principle that the bigger the thief the louder the cry of 'stop

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thief! I'd play to the dishonest part of humanity, but I'd do it carefully and not be found out. I'd sing 'Onward, Christian Soldier' and I'd say 'Thou shalt not steal.' That is the recipe for success in politics, the kind of success a certain sort of politician achieves."

A Virile Character

George Knight was a warm friend and a fighting foe. As may be inferred from his quoted words he hated hypocrisy, duplicity and cant as well as knavery, and for those who displayed these vices he always expressed the heartiest contempt, preferably to their faces. Of late years he spent more and more time on his Humboldt ranch, for like all virile men he loved the open air of the country. Perhaps he was never happier than when riding his own range on a favorite horse. He drove a motor car, but preferred to ride horseback for pleasure, and was a frequenter of the equestrian paths of Golden Gate Park. One of his minor characteristics was that he never drank whiskey and smoked cigars on the same day.

A Letter from an Unknown Old Friend

Dear Town Talk: When I left San Francisco the Lark was singing; I return to view the Beloved City by the light of The Lantern.

Significant is it of La Crepuscule—the evening of my days!

Undoubtedly, you age, dear city; less insouciant, less naive; the saucy daring, the high color (come-and-go kind), the effervescing wildness is gone, irrevocably; but, possibly, beyond regret, as who would forego the poise, the cheerful wisdom, the calculated and provocative charm of the woman of the world—

"Say what thou wilt, the young are happy never—

Give me bless'd Age, beyond the fire and fever,

Past the delight that shatters, hope that stings,

And eager flutt'ring of life's ignorant wings."

What I mean to say, is—Past Thirty.

San Francisco's allure is unquestioned; but, do your hurrying crowds sense it?—those frowning, harried, money-smelling men that dart in and out of the marble lobbies, those soft, scented, sleek, sauntering women that move and live and have their being in the Symbolism of the Shop-Window.

Do they know

That a century-plant is blooming near Stow Lake, and the humming-birds are holding a Bacchanal?

Have they seen

That battered roue of a black cat, tail-less and lame, but indescribably a personage, that frequents the S. E. corner of Post and Mason?

Have they ever

Climbed the board-walk to the East Cantonment, Presidio, and seen spread before them the kingdoms of the bay?

Do they know

Where for just plain money, on Saturdays only, you can buy Brioche—real Brioche of Paris?

Well—The Lantern shines—and

"This I know; whether the one True light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,
One glimpse of the action the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright."

—"Close to Forty."

Will Rumania Act?

Now that the Russians are making their big drive the question is once more asked, Will

Rumania act? This question has been asked many times, but meanwhile Rumania entered into a big trade agreement with the Central Powers under which they have been importing a lot of wheat. As a result of the Russian drive the railroad connecting Rumania with the Central Powers has been seized by the Slavs who have thus greatly tightened the blockade. Further, as a result of the seizure of new territory it might seem more expedient than ever for Rumania to join the Allies. Rumania's action may be of the greatest importance. The moment is drawing near when she can render the greatest services to the Entente Powers and to herself. For her, it seems, the golden moment is coming which will decide her future. Rumania is a State which contains only a fragment of a nation. Only one-half of the Rumanian race dwells within the kingdom. The other half of the race lives in dense masses on the other side of the national frontiers in Bessarabia and in Transylvania, the Banat and the Bukovina. For centuries the Rumanians have hoped to unite all the Rumanians under one flag. That dream may now be fulfilled. Many Rumanians believe that their future depends on the defeat of Austria-Hungary, for in the Dual Monarchy dwell almost four million Rumanians, who are oppressed by the Magyars, and who are being denationalized by force. In the east of Rumania, across the Russian border, in Bessarabia, dwell nearly two million Rumanians, and Russia might be found ready to cede to Rumania the territories on which they dwell, provided Rumania aids the Entente Powers at the moment when such aid would be welcome. But there are many Philo-Germans in Rumania, and they have been very busy in the interest of the Central Powers. Besides the King of Rumania is a German. Whatever is the precise state of affairs at this moment we may confidently expect to witness at least one more stirring act in the Balkan drama.

Brusiloff, Russia's Hero

"In the present campaign," a British strategist has remarked, "the armies of France and England are the anvil, and the Russians are the hammer." The man who is wielding this hammer on the Teuton allies is Alexei Brusiloff, and his headlong offensive has made him the hero of the hour in Russia. Brusiloff is of a long line of distinguished soldiers. He was born nearly sixty years ago in the Russian Caucasus, and began distinguishing himself as soon as he went to school. He rose steadily until he came to command a section of the Cavalry Guard, the corps d'elite of the Russian army. He believes that in peace times soldiers should live as rigorously as in war time, a belief which nearly got him into trouble at court. The pampered officers complained of the long night rides he insisted on, and succeeded in carrying their complaints to the Czar. At a court function the Czar took Brusiloff to task. "Very good, your majesty," answered Brusiloff. "I will discontinue the rides if you will guarantee that the enemy will attack us only in sunshine!" The rides were not discontinued. Brusiloff did not see service against Japan, as he was defending the western frontiers. When Austria annexed Bosnia-Herzegovina Brusiloff knew that war would come, and he prepared. The first Russian offensive in 1914 which took the Austrians and Germans by sur-

prise was the result of this preparedness. Brusiloff has been married twice. His first wife died, and he married Nadejda Jelihovski, a daughter of one of Russia's female novelists. Madame Brusiloff is doing Red Cross work. Brusiloff and Joffre are warm friends. They met first during French maneuvers, and cemented their friendship when Joffre visited Russia for the Russian maneuvers of 1913. Brusiloff talks French perfectly, and has a high admiration for everything French.

What the English Are Reading

When the war broke out, Edmund Gosse and other English writers thought that it would make an end of literature. On the contrary, there are more good books read in Great Britain now than before the war. Some curious information on the subject was given lately at a conference of the English Association in London. One of the great English booksellers stated that during the first week or so of the war no one seemed to want any books at all. Then gradually a revival began, showing itself first in towns which were either munition centers or had large camps near them. At first the demand was for books like Bernhardt's and Cramb's. Then came the demand for many kinds of the best books provided they were cheap. The difficulty was not in selling cheap editions of the best books, but in getting them to sell; they were always running out. In the trenches the reading is mostly fiction. Books like "Monte Cristo" are in demand. But among other books ordered from a bookseller by soldiers in the trenches were a Gothic grammar, an Anglo-Saxon dictionary and an edition of Beowulf. The increase in the sale of books on astronomy connects itself with the airmen's new familiarity with the stars. French and Russian books have been in great demand; but so have Latin and Greek classics, especially in the Loeb edition with both text and translation. The most striking thing of all is the general increase in the demand for poetry, whether in field or hospital. At first Wordsworth was the favorite; more lately there has been a great sale of Shelley. Rupert Brooke's poems have had an immense sale; so have one or two living poets. One of the most interesting points about what the English in and out of the army are reading today is the slump in the demand for those "torpid and aimless narratives of unwholesome young men and trivial young women" which were so popular before the war. The purveyors of piffle are taking a back seat.

Ina Coolbrith's Dramatized Ode

California has made important contributions to grove drama. The Bohemian Club led the way with its annual forest play under the redwoods by the Russian River. The Family followed with its less ambitious but no less important "farm plays" produced exclusively by club talent on the Family Farm at Portola. The plays on Tamalpais seem to have become an institution. Carmel-by-the-Sea has made several essays in this same dramatic form. And there is the Parthenia at Berkeley into which Porter Garnett infused a distinctive spirit. But now we have something new in this medium. It is the dramatized ode, and we owe it to Ina Coolbrith, working in sympathetic collaboration with the Dominican nuns and the pupils

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Patronize Home Industry

of the Dominican convent at San Rafael. In the commencement exercises of the Dominican College this year the piece de resistance was a pageant of music and dancing wrought out of the exquisite poem which has the place of honor in Miss Coolbrith's volume of collected verse, her ode "California." And, by the way, if you are not familiar with this ode, read it. It is full of poetical magic. Most of it is rhymed, but it contains some blank verse which will make you wonder why Ina Coolbrith has not written more. To return: the action of the pageant, the singing, the choral dancing and the instrumental interpolations simply served to illustrate Miss Coolbrith's fine poem. The effect was like that of reading the ode in a version elaborately illustrated with pictures that spoke to the mind and the ear as well as to the eye. This is something new. It is taking a poem written to be read or recited, and making drama of it. It is a treatment of poetry which should be tried again, for this first attempt proved entirely successful. What has been done with Miss Coolbrith's ode "California" might be done with Sterling's "Yosemite Ode" or his "Exposition Ode." Imagine the possibilities of this treatment applied to the "Yosemite Ode" in the valley itself! Imagine the possibilities of the "Exposition Ode" treated in this manner on the occasion of—let us say—the tenth anniversary of the opening of our World's Fair! Miss Coolbrith has pointed the way which our makers of pageants should go.

Sterling, Town Talk and The Lantern

This Saturday is the day of publication for George Sterling's book of poems "The Caged Eagle." Like all of Sterling's seven previous volumes this latest appears with the imprint of Publisher A. M. Robertson of this city. It is interesting to note that this volume like its predecessors contains many splendid poems which were first given to the public in the columns of Town Talk. These include Humility in Art and thirteen poems of the fine sonnet sequence "On the Great War," viz., The Dream of Wilhelm II, Earth's Anthem, To Germany (three sonnets), The War-God, The Little Farm, As It Was in the Beginning, Aftermath, Bombardment, The Feast, Broadway 1916 and The Lusitania. Part of the honor of first publishing Sterling's poetry is shared by The Lantern to which he contributed two poems included in the new volume: Mediatrix and a sonnet to Xavier Martinez.

Honor for H. J. Saunders

President Warren R. Porter of the Western States Life Insurance Company announces that on June 13, in accordance with his recommendation, the board of directors unanimously elected H. J. Saunders vice-president and general manager of the company. Mr. Saunders entered the service of Western States as the head of its agency department just five years ago. In that time the business of the concern has grown enormously, in great part owing to Mr. Saunders' masterly executive work. "He has accomplished far more than he promised when he came to the company," says President Porter in making the announcement of Saunders' elevation.

Adam partook of the first shad.

"You made such a fuss over losing a bone,
I thought I'd give you plenty," observed Eve.

Early Enthusiasm

See the proud commuter
In the early dawn,
Like a beardless stripling
Shave a hairless lawn

FOR K. OF K.

By Louise Driscoll

Let all mermaids in their bowers
Weave him garlands of sea flowers—
Purple leaves and golden bells
Of the ocean's asphodels!
Let the wonders of the deep
Guard the hero in his sleep!

Some bring coral,
Some bring pearls,
Some bring amber,
And one furls
Round his eyes a tattered slip—
Flag that flew on some lost ship.
So he lies—so he lies,
With England's colors on his eyes!

All the brave who died at sea—
Such a gallant company!—
Pharaoh's army and the prince,
Who went down on that white snip,
And was seen by no man since,
Men of the Armada, men
Who once fought with Nelson when
Word was sent from shell to shell,
From brig to bark and caravel,
Came to stand beside the bier.
Many a valiant cavalier
Paid him honor. Minstrels came
And filled the ocean with his name.
'Twas a noble company
Gathered in the far North Sea!

Now let mermaids in their bowers
Weave him garlands of sea flowers—
Such bright buds of fire and snow
As Ulysses's sailors know!

DIGNITY

By George Ade

The surefire asset of small calibres is dignity. Any one can be dignified. The most needful props are a dark suit of clothes and a set of vocal chords keyed low. All horse doctors, phrenologists and justices of the peace are dignified. Also the head floorwalker. Also the village embalmer.

Dignity was invented to mask mediocrity. Profound silence and an air of abstraction may indicate that the subject is meditating on problems of international diplomacy or they may be proofs that a short circuit has been established between the cerebellum and the medulla oblongata and the whole works have closed down.

Only those who have moral courage can stand out in the presence of dignity and be frivolous and regular. Be a hero. Postpone the attempt to be dignified until they have placed you on a satin pillow with a calla lily on the bosom.

Dignity is evaporating. In the days of Daniel Webster nearly every one was overstarched with it.

Dignity received a body blow when the frock coat went out. The dancing craze and Theodore Roosevelt are now after it hard. Some of us will live to see the day when even a college professor will be approximately human.

Rebuked

The persevering landscape painter knew that he had an observer looking over his shoulder at the easel. He knew from the rustle of skirts that the observer was a woman; yet he worked steadily on. Presently the observer spoke.

"A charming landscape," she said.

"Ah, you flatter me," said the artist modestly. "Compared with the original landscape it is very poor stuff."

"I meant the original," said the observer.

He—So you think she is broad-minded.

She—I know she is. Why, she is broad-minded enough to admit that she is narrow-minded!

Mrs. Henpeckke—Oh, you haven't the spirit of a mouse!

Mr. Henpeckke—Certainly not, my dear. If I resembled a mouse in any respect whatever you might be afraid of me.

FOR MEN

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On this 17th day of June in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixteen, before me, J. J. KERRIGAN, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned, and sworn, personally appeared F. J. GHISELLI and G. A. GHISELLI, known to me to be the same persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and they duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal in the City and County of San Francisco, in the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal) J. J. KERRIGAN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed June 17, 1916.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Madeleine Astor Dick

She's a nice looking girl with character in her face, and she has a real taste in dress. Her young husband is a boyish fellow, and it is easy to see that he adores her. No couple stopping at the Fairmont in moons has attracted so much attention. Their obvious desire to be inconspicuous merely whets curiosity. I sympathize with that desire. The glaring white light of American publicity streamed upon Madeleine Force from the day her engagement to John Jacob Astor was announced. Her participation in the Titanic tragedy made her a figure of international interest. She may well be pardoned for thinking that she has had enough attention from the public, that she should be permitted to remain in the comparative seclusion which has been her preference since widowhood. Madeleine Force Astor won golden opinions from all by the dignity of her course following the tragedy which deprived her of her husband. Many women of riper years and of more schooling in the ways of the great world to which the wife of an Astor has unobstructed entry might have made many mistakes during that trying time. Madeleine Force Astor made none that we know of. She devoted herself to her child and to the memory of her husband. Her period of formal mourning was long enough to please the most exacting. When it was over she did not go about much. She entertained as became her position, not as she might have entertained had she been unworthy of that position. In other words, this girl was tried and not found wanting.

I don't like that phrase applied to the visit of Madeleine and Billy Dick: "on the last lap of their honeymoon." It is vague; it doesn't say whose lap.

A School Day Love Affair

It is said that Madeleine Force and William K. Dick were boy and girl sweethearts during their classroom days in Brooklyn. I hope that is so, as it adds to the sentiment of their marriage. That it is a marriage of love nobody

has had the temerity to deny. The widow of John Jacob Astor might have made a more "brilliant" match, a match which, in a worldly sense, would have provided her with greater compensation for all she lost by the terms of Colonel Astor's will relating to a second marriage. As wealth is measured among the Astors, etc., young Dick is not a very rich man. He is said to possess from two to three millions. It is even doubtful whether he has that much. It may be that he is still dependent on his wealthy father, despite the formidable array of corporations with which he is connected. So it is not to be questioned that Mrs. Astor was obeying her heart when she gave him her hand. She surrenders the great Astor mansion in New York. But what of it? Did a mansion on Fifth Avenue ever make anybody happy? Did it ever increase materially anybody's happiness? She also surrenders the income of five millions. But what of that? Her husband will provide her with all she needs, and he will make her happy into the bargain. So at least everybody hopes, for this girl has thousands of wellwishers who wouldn't recognize her if they passed her in the lobby of the Fairmont.

One of the bavardes expresses surprise because Madeleine didn't wear diamond buttons on her coat. Does this bavarde think that "Diamond Jim" Brady sets the styles in New York?

Her Second Romance

Madeleine Force's first marriage was a love romance too. Madeleine Force was in her twentieth year and Colonel Astor was 47 when their engagement was announced by Miss Force's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Force, on August 2, 1911. The announcement created a decided stir in social circles and interest in the match was intensified by the fact that only sixteen months previously the Colonel's first wife, Mrs. Ava Willing Astor, had obtained a divorce. An interesting story of the first meeting has been told. It was said that in August, 1910, Colonel Astor and his son went to Newport on the yacht Noma and when they went ashore they learned that the first Mrs. Astor was in town. They decided not to remain there, and a few days later made a trip to Bar Harbor. While strolling past a tennis court on the day after their arrival they chanced to see the Misses Madeleine and Katherine Force at play, and Colonel Astor, much impressed with Miss Madeleine, lost no time in seeking an introduction. That very afternoon the father and son played tennis, and Miss Madeleine was Colonel Astor's partner in the game against his son and Miss Katherine. At that time Miss Force had not long been out of Miss Spence's school.

Mr. and Mrs. Dick are going to Santa Barbara. You may be sure that many a climbing Mrs. Tom and Mrs. Harry will go there too.

The Storm Over the Wedding

People have not yet forgotten what trouble there was about that marriage. Both the Astor and Force families belonged to the Episcopal church, but when clergymen of that denomination were asked to perform the marriage ceremony there arose an ecclesiastical storm. Dr. George Chalmers Richmond in a statement

called on the church to refuse to sanction the contemplated marriage because Colonel Astor had been divorced. The Rev. William Sheafe Chase, rector of Christ Church, Brooklyn, indorsed this statement. The Rev. Lewis Brooks, a Baptist, and the Rev. Edward Johnson, a Methodist, each refused a fee of \$1,000, it was said, to perform the ceremony in Rhode Island. Undeterred in his purpose, Colonel Astor searched throughout New England for a willing clergyman and on September 9 the marriage took place at Beechwood, the Astor villa at Newport, the Rev. Joseph Lambert, pastor of the Elmwood Temple Congregational Church of Providence, performing the ceremony. Half an hour after the ceremony Colonel Astor and his bride went aboard the yacht Noma in the harbor and started for Ferncliff, the Astor



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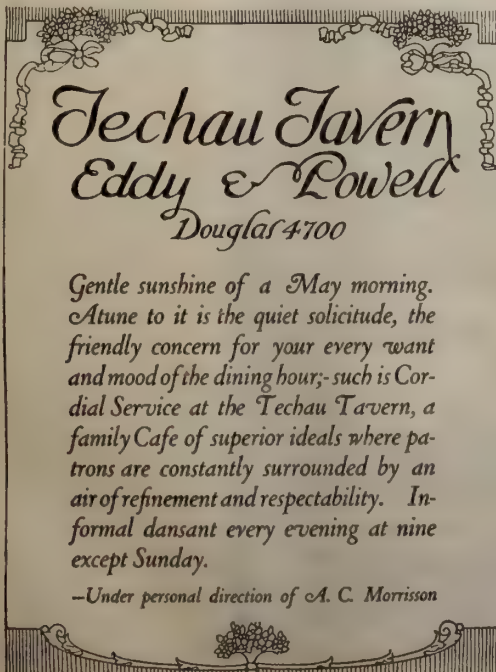
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estate at Rhinecliff-on-the-Hudson, where they passed their honeymoon. As the Colonel was leaving with his bride he said: "Now that we are happily married I don't care how difficult divorce and remarriage laws are made. I sympathize heartily with the most straitlaced people in most of their ideas, but I believe remarriage should be possible, as marriage is the happiest condition for the individual and the country." The bride's father also upheld the union. "My daughter and Colonel Astor are and have been very much in love," he said. "If they were not this marriage would not have taken place."

"Make the rest up," said Madeleine to the reporters when she had spoken a few words and declined to be interviewed further. The best proof of her sweetness is that they didn't resent the implication.

A Sugar Fortune

The great sugar fortunes of the country—with the single exception of the Spreckels fortune—were accumulated by Brooklyn families. The Elders, Havemeyers, Mollers and Mollenhauers are all great sugar families, and they are all Brooklyn families. Madeleine Force Astor's husband is related to the sugar-rich Mollenhauers and Havemeyers. Young Dick's mother was a Mollenhauer, and his sister married a Havemeyer. The Mollenhauers are of sturdy German stock, the sort that work hard and do not spoil their children. The rich member of the family is expected to leave his wealth, not to William K. Dick, the bridegroom we are entertaining, but to his brother Adolph. However, it is not likely that Madeleine's husband will ever feel the pinch of want or have to do without anything he desires—anything at least that money can buy.

A Much Painted Beauty

Mrs. Phil Lydig of New York who is at the Palace is a much painted beauty—much painted by painters, you understand. I doubt whether any woman in America has been painted more, unless it be the girl who poses for Harrison Fisher's magazine covers. Mrs. Phil Lydig has sat for all the fashionable painters who have reaped a harvest in New York during the past twenty years. She has been done in oils, pastel and crayon, she has been etched and

dry-pointed and monotyped. And in between times she has been photographed by the photographers of the studios, the newspapers and the picture syndicates. Yet I never heard anybody complain that Mrs. Phil Lydig's picture appeared too often. She is an exceedingly easy woman to look at.

At the Palace

Captain J. Ludlow, port captain of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company at Seattle, is registered. So are C. L. Neumiller of Stockton, member of the State Prison Board, and H. Mikami of Tokio, one of Japan's tennis champions. More than eighty Knights Templar returning from the conclave at Los Angeles have been at the Palace. H. D. Young and family have returned to the Palace after a tour of several weeks through Southern California. Young is consulting engineer for the Julin Alaska Mining Company. George M. Dickerson of New York is registered. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Opp of San Diego and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sanders of Santa Barbara arrived at the Palace by motor from the south. Others are F. V. Brown of Seattle, counsel for the Great Northern Railway, and family; and C. S. Colby, a Calcutta jute buyer who is on his way back to India after visiting his old home at Boston. H. P. Dutton, a lumber man of Portland, is registered. So are W. Spencer Hutchinson, a Boston mining engineer; and Murray Innes, a mining engineer of Minnesota. Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Spitzer are at the Palace for a week or ten day. They motored from Los Angeles, and say they left the speed limit somewhat the worse for wear. H. Welsh, capitalist of Fresno; D. S. Ewing, prominent attorney of the same city; M. Y. McQuigg, Los Angeles oil man; and R. S. Haseltine of Hermosa Beach—all members of the executive board of the Independent Oil Producers Agency—have been at the Palace to attend a meeting of the Oil Company Board.

At the Cecil

Mrs. Powell Fauntleroy arrived on the steamer Matsonian from Honolulu and is a guest. Miss Lillias Janney of Leesburg, Va., and Miss Katherine Schmidt of York, Pa., were passengers on one of the steamers that arrived this week from the Orient where they have

been traveling for the past three months. They are old friends of Mrs. Fauntleroy and are also stopping at the Cecil. The party will be in San Francisco for another ten days when they will leave for their homes in the East. Colonel and Mrs. Lloyd McCormick were hosts at a beautifully appointed dinner Monday. Mrs. L. W. Moore, mother of Charles C. Moore, is receiving a warm welcome from her friends in this city. She has reopened her apartments at the Cecil where she will reside permanently. Her niece Mrs. Frank L. Harding of Trenton, N. J., accompanied her west, and is her guest. Among the many army folk who are residing at the Cecil are Major and Mrs. Ira S. Fredenhall who have decided to take up a permanent residence at the hotel. The moving picture show at the Cecil Tuesday evening was very interesting and was enjoyed by a large audience. The management of the hotel also gave a card party Monday evening in the Pompeian room. The prizes were exceptionally pretty. About thirty guests enjoyed the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Thane and Miss Alma Thane gave a dinner the evening prior to their departure for the East. They will spend the summer in the Adirondacks, and will return to the Cecil in the autumn.

Perfume Favors

With the "dog days" comes a novelty from New York—the perfume favors. This little conceit is in for a big vogue. At Techau Tavern the perfume favor is a big success these early days of July. At 5 o'clock every afternoon the feminine patrons are out in large numbers to get the dainty jars of La Boheme perfume. Three large sized bottles are given away every afternoon. During and after dinner each evening and in connection with the after-theatre supper perfume dances there are further allotments of the cute little bottles.

"Has the scientific study made much difference in your boy, Josh?"

"Not as much as you might think," replied Farmer Cornrossel. "Out in the garden he calls everything by its botanical name. But when he's sittin' up to the table, passin' his plate, he's careful to use the kind of words we all understand."

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The Song of Songs

By The Playgoer

Edward Sheldon, the playwright who made a drama of Sudermann's "Song of Songs," was alive to his opportunities; not that the novel was peculiarly susceptible of dramatization but that it was such a good novel it had many readers and was much talked about. It would not be correct to call it a best-seller, for it is not of the best-seller school, nor does it appeal to readers of best-sellers. It is a piece of literature, written by a man of letters and destined to live for more than a day. So it was a good business stroke to make a drama out of it, though it is not to be said that it was dramatized, for the story was taken bodily out of its milieu. The playwright does not pretend that he has made a dramatization. He has Americanized the story, the characters and the atmosphere, but retained something of its psychology and preserved the thing that in our theatre is deemed most important—"the punch." On the whole Mr. Sheldon has done an effective piece of play writing, as the audiences at the Alcazar are testifying. The play has caught on at the Alcazar. Apparently it has caught on with a grip that may justify the management in "letting it ride," as they say in Powell street, though not in O'Farrell. In-

deed the play is not discussed at the Alcazar in the familiar O'Farrell street idiom. Most of the people who are going to see "The Song of Songs" are the kind of people who prefer Sudermann to Marie Corelli. I am glad of this because once upon a time I suggested to the manager of the Alcazar the advisability of putting on certain plays made in Europe on the lines followed in "The Song of Songs." He did not think they "would go" with Alcazarans; I observed that it might be well to entice a few non-Alcazarans now and then, people that hunger for good, sincere drama, and who have to be content with reading plays. There are hundreds of such people hereabouts as anybody may learn by inquiring in book stores. Another reason why I am glad is that people are discovering actors and actresses worth while, for the Alcazar stock is generally superior to Alcazar drama. The management is giving a very fine production of the Sheldon play, but it is no better than the average of scenic and histrionic endeavor at the Alcazar. Each player is perfectly cast, and exhibits a true sense of proportion to his value in the picture. Chrystal Herne gives us a sweet and graceful embodiment of the fascinating heroine Lily, who, how-

ever, is in many respects different from the heroine of the book. The playwright has made her uneducated and in nowise prepared for the struggle for life, which is as it should be in the American version, since no American girl with the educational equipment of Sudermann's Lily would seem real to us in the situations that Fate developed for her. Nevertheless this Sheldon Lily wins our deep compassion. Forrest Stanley distinguishes himself as Richard, the lover who lasts, James Liddy gives a convincing picture of a youth with noble aims and high ideals and his disillusion makes the heart bleed. Two old sinners, alas! universal types, are strikingly played by Addison Pitt and Louis Bennison. Indeed, they give us as fine character portrayals as one could see anywhere in any country. Mr. Bennison especially compels one's heartiest applause in the role of a wealthy old rounder with a fund of practical world sense, a heart of gold and the frankly rough exterior which is familiar enough among our numerous old roués. Mr. Bennison held his audience as a magnet a needle every moment he was on the stage. His make-up and his technique it would be impossible to improve upon.

Gossip of the Theatre

Burlesque and Vaudeville

It is easy to recognize, hard to define, the "note" that makes vaudeville irresistible. After a good many years of a more or less scientific study of vaudeville at the Orpheum I have come to the by no means dogmatic conclusion that the more it is saturated with burlesque the more potent the allure. Maybe this conclusion was induced mainly by the fooling of Clark and Hamilton who happen to be at the Orpheum this week. Here is essentially a pair of burlesque artists. In the presence of burlesque one is remoter than anywhere else from the realities of life; translated, as it were, to a sphere inhabited by folk who have nothing to worry them, who would perhaps be incapable of worry even on provocation. In burlesque nothing jars, everybody is gay with no prospect of reaction. Thus, though Clark is a tramp with no money in his clothes, he is charmed to meet a hungry girl in a restaurant and not at all concerned at his lack of funds. And notwithstanding that he is a tramp the girl is delighted to meet him. All this being the very quintessence of burlesque it is almost impossible for the actors to violate the by-laws of deportment. Burlesque actors are more incredible than the actors of the Restoration drama whose licentiousness was tolerated (except by Puritans) because they were so far from real life. But let me not be understood as implying that Clark and Hamilton are licentious. They are very funny. Clark is no stickler for the ultra proprieties. You may be quite the reverse of inclined to smile when he makes a hair sandwich, but such things happen in vaudeville and elsewhere, for the American stage has far to go to attain refinement, and we must therefore have patience. There is some good music and good singing at the Orpheum this week. The music is produced on a xylophone by a performer of exceptional skill. The singing is done by George Mac-

Farlane, a baritone who knows how to sing, and by Grace La Rue who has won many admirers during her stay at the Orpheum. Miss La Rue is a vaudevillean with a way of her own; that is to say she has individuality and when she sings she enunciates clearly, but it is too bad that she should sing "The Cry of Rachel" before hearing Schumann-Heink sing it. I am sure she never heard it sung by Schumann-Heink else she might have come somewhat nearer the rhythm of it and the spirit of it. —T. F. B.

Third Week of "Brat"

At the Cort Oliver Morosco's production of Miss Maude Fulton's comedy "The Brat" will begin the third week of its particularly successful engagement Sunday night. This somewhat novel comedy by Miss Fulton with herself in the name part has scored a big laughing success and carries its appeal to all classes of theatregoers so strongly that the lovers of good, clean fun and hearty laughter have begun to look forward to a long engagement for this clever little actress and her play. Miss Fulton has been particularly successful in injecting a great many laughs into the action of "The Brat" and she has told her Cinderella-like story with exceptionally bright lines, clever epigram and distinctly amusing situations. But every now and again a very human note is struck and it is due to this fact, most probably, that the laughing lines and incidents "get over" so well. Some of the scenes are especially delightful. Miss Fulton herself is delightful, and the supporting company exceedingly well balanced. Matinees are on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Miller Season Opens at Columbia

The Henry Miller season at the Columbia will open Monday night, July 10, with Hubert Henry Davies' great success "The Mollusc" in which Bruce McRae, Hilda Spong, Alice Lindahl and

others will appear. This will be preceded by the one-act play "The Golden Night" in which Mrs. Thomas Whiffen will appear. The Miller organization will include Ruth Chatterton, Bruce McRae, Hilda Spong, Alice Lindahl, Charles Trowbridge, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Walter Connolly, Margaret St. John, John Findlay, Mrs. Charles Craig, Miss Gladys Wilson and W. H. Sans. The engagement will be one of the most noteworthy in the theatrical annals of San Francisco as Mr. Miller is preparing to stage a number of new plays during his engagement here. One of them is the dramatization of A. E. Thomas' "Come Out of the Kitchen." This is to be the starring vehicle



HENRY MILLER

Whose season opens July 10 at the Columbia Theatre

for Ruth Chatterton. Surrounded by the cast presenting it at the Columbia she will go directly to New York, opening there September 24. A revival of "The Great Divide" is promised with Henry Miller, Bruce McRae, Hilda Spong and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen in the cast. Many other interesting announcements are promised upon the arrival of Mr. Miller this Sunday. The advance sale of seats begins Thursday.

Orpheum to Have Its Biggest Attraction

Arrangements have just been concluded by the Orpheum management for the engagement in this city, beginning Sunday matinee, July 9, of Russia's supreme dancing stars, Theodore Kosloff and Vlasta Maslova with a brilliant company of twelve artists from the Imperial Russian Ballet and Coleman's famous Russian orchestra. The entire production and cast will be the same as now being given at the Palace Theatre, New York, where it is proving a tremendous sensation and is in its fourth week of packed houses. Martin Beck in his telegram to Morris Meyerfeld announcing this extraordinary engagement says: "In my judgment Kosloff and Maslova should prove the biggest drawing cards you have ever had."

Melville Ellis at Orpheum

The Orpheum promises a great vaudeville bill for next week, headed by Melville Ellis and Irene Bordini. Miss Bordini is a French chanteuse who has quite a vogue in Paris. She is an exceptionally attractive girl. Mr. Ellis at the piano is a great treat, and Miss Bordini's character songs in French and English are a delight. For their brief vaudeville tour Ellis has designed a stage picture after paintings of Sargent, Barret and Conant. Miss Edna Brothers, a well known actress who has been seen in the leading roles of such plays as "Paid in Full," "Fine Feathers," etc., will appear in a fantastic comedy by Robert W. Sneddon en-

titled "The Might Have Beens" in which a childless couple see in their imagination as they sit by the fireplace the little children that might have been. Miss Brothers will have the support of a sterling company. Murray Bennett is a singer and comedian who provides a thoroughly enjoyable entertainment and is one of the established favorites of vaudeville in the East. Jack McLallen and May Carson will present a remarkably clever roller skating act which holds the audience to the finish. Miss Carson wears an exceedingly picturesque and beautiful dress. McLallen's dancing and the finale where both skate around a great number of lighted candles impart touches of novelty to the act. Harry Tighe and Sylvia Jasen; Libonita the xylophone player; Clark and Hamilton in "A Wayward Conceit;" and George MacFarlane, the favorite baritone who will be heard in new songs, are included in the list of attractions.

Grand Opera in October

An important season of grand opera is promised for next October. Adolf Bracale, one of the most active, intelligent and capable of the European touring impresarios, will bring his splendid organization to San Francisco and for at least two weeks at the Cort regale us with the best in Italian grand opera. Bracale has just completed arrangements with the booking office of John Cort in New York. The company comprises 150 members, known as the Bracale Opera Company of the Teatro Nacional de Havana and recently completed the most successful season of opera ever given at Havana. It will come to San Francisco from New York; hence to Los Angeles; thence to New Orleans and back to Havana for its winter season which commences in December. No other North American cities will be visited this season. It was Bracale who gave the open-air production of "Aida" at the foot of the Pyramids in Egypt. He has brought to the front many of the greatest stars of the operatic world. Enrico Caruso was on the Bracale pay roll twenty-four years ago for the sum of five hundred lire a month, or about twenty-five dollars a week.

"Walkin' the Dawg" at Pantages

"Walkin' the Dawg," the biggest sensation that has hit the white way of gay old Broadway in many years, will top a great nine-act show opening at Pantages Sunday afternoon. There are a half dozen couples used in the dance which surpasses those "freak" glides in vogue in ball rooms for the past few years. The "Walkin' the Dawg" glide was first discovered in the negro quarters of Chicago and was the craze of the cafes in the windy city and New York at once. Announcement is made that M. Berger, the dancing master who was sent to New York by the Portola Cafe, will be specially engaged to teach the dance free to patrons after the matinee each day. "The Heart of Chicago," Lincoln Carter's vest pocket edition of his famous three-act "thriller," will be the regular headline feature. The cast is a big one. "Cleopatra," a dancing spectacle, with that renowned delineator of feminine types Bothwell Browne in the stellar role, will be another pleasing attraction. The Kerville family of trick billiardists; Billy Clarke and Ethel Chappelle as

the "Saleslady and the Porter;" Baby Violet, an impersonator of child characters; the Jim Black duo of eccentric acrobat comedians; the sixteenth episode of "The Iron Claw;" and another edition of "Rube" Goldberg's "Boob Weekly," will round out the programme.

Philharmonic Concert

So many were the requests from friends and patrons of the concerts of the People's Philharmonic Orchestra, Nikolai Sokoloff conductor, that the concert set for the Cort Sunday afternoon, July 2, be postponed, that the management have changed the date to Sunday afternoon, July 9 at 3:00 p. m. The programme represents the very best works of composers of Austrian, French, Bohemian and Russian birth. Beethoven's Symphony No. 5, in C minor (Opus 67) is of all his nine great ones perhaps the best known and the most popular. Debussy will be represented by his "Afternoon of a Faun." Smetana will be represented by his Symphonic Poem "Vltava" which has been arranged for harp by Kajetan A. Attl, the soloist. Tchaikowsky's March "Slav" will be the other number. Tickets will go on sale Monday at the Cort and Thursday at the box offices of Sherman, Clay, and Kohler and Chase.

From a Hermit's Notebook

I am more interested in the brotherhood of trees than in the brotherhood of man.

No doctor can reach me without so much trouble that it is easier to let me live.

To be an ascetic is to be married to everything but—woman!

A universal badge of slavery—the coat.

Hope—an expression of lack of confidence in the future.

AT THE THEATRES

PANTAGES
VAUDEVILLE

MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON

The Craze That Has Set
New York and Chicago Wild
"WALKIN' THE DOG"
And a Great 9-Act Show

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Magnificent
Theatre in
America

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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
A GREAT VAUDEVILLE BILL

MR. MELVILLE ELLIS at the Piano, MISS IRENE BORDINI in Song; EDNA BROTHERS & CO. in "THE MIGHT HAVE BEENS;" MURRAY BENNETT, Singing Comedian; JACK G. McLALLEN & MAY CARSON, International Roller Skaters and Dancers; HARRY TIGHE, Assisted by SYLVIA JASEN; LIBONITA. Last Week GEORGE MACFARLANE, the Favorite Baritone, and CLARK & HAMILTON in "A Wayward Conceit."

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

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Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays

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By Maude Fulton, With

Maude Fulton

And a Typical Morosco Cast
SPECIAL \$1.00 MOROSCO PRICES
Not Playing Oakland



IRENE BORDINI
Next week at the Orpheum

Germans In America

(Continued from Page 7)

by the uniform of the United States would be regarded as an act of war. No man is great enough to lead the American people in great crises unless he is a past master of the honorable game of bluff, and Roosevelt is the most magnificent bluffer that ever the sun shone on. I believe that he would have bluffed Germany down and that the submarine war would have ended then and there as far as passenger ships were concerned. But on the other hand there is the bare possibility that Germany, desperate but still cocky, remembering the warning of Treitschke that she must win quickly or expect ultimate defeat, and foredoomed to moral blundering, might have called his bluff, and then we should have had no choice but to climb down or turn ourselves into a military nation with the prospect of entering the war some three years hence.

Mr. Wilson is so different from Roosevelt that no other object-lesson in the variety of types could be more striking. He disdains to bluff, keen politician as he is. He elects to use those more subtle and cautious faculties he has inherited from his British forefathers. Perhaps he is right. Let our grandchildren decide.

But let no one believe for a moment—and I cannot repeat it too often—that the real Americans (as distinct from the hybrids) of this country are not pro-Allies. This is particularly true in a city like New York, which, in spite of the immense foreign population, is one of the strongholds of the old American tradition. We have a disgusting number of Germans in this greatest of our cities, and they

have brayed like the ass of Balaam ever since the war began; on the night the Lusitania was torpedoed one of the German merchants who has made a fortune since he deserted the Fatherland for this country of infinite opportunity, gave a banquet. Nevertheless they have not made a convert, their ill-written violent newspapers have injured the cause of Germany in this country with every issue, they have been cut socially, their business has suffered, and, a fortnight since, the mass meeting in Carnegie Hall in favor of the Allies was the most splendid and the most American demonstration that has been made since the war began. The great hall was packed by the most representative people in New York, many of great and honorable eminence—I might add, of the oldest American blood. Although there had been threats of dynamite not a seat was vacant. They were determined to give public expression to their sympathy with the cause of the Allies. The few Germans who went with the intention of creating a disturbance were summarily hauled out by the police.

You say that on the whole you infer that I "sympathize with Great Britain, but it is not the fiery sympathy you would have expected before the war." Well, you do not read the New York Times. I have expressed my sympathy there over and over again in what your esteemed contemporary, The Spectator, would call my "rhetorical vehemence," and you, no doubt, my "dry, hard, efficient style"—(when learned doctors disagree like that how the devil am I to know what I am?)—as well as my abhorrence and contempt for the Germans and all their works—or, to be precise, for the Prussian Government. For the deluded German

people I have only pity, and I sincerely hope that when they learn the truth they will rise to a man and crucify alive every Prussian in power from the Hohenzollerns down.

It is on account of the intellectual torpor of the Mrs. Balfames that I intend to sail for allied Western Europe this month and write a series of articles giving concrete examples of just how wonderful the English and French women are, how they have reacted to the acid test. Mass inertia is difficult to overcome, but by constant hammering something may be done. The average American woman, despite the superficiality inevitable in a new country where immediate education is brief and ancestral education was briefer, is kind and generous. It is by no means impossible to rouse her to a more sympathetic understanding of her sisters abroad, to make her ponder upon her own possibilities if put to a similar test.

Get the women of this country, the mere females as well as the thinkers, and you'll get the men before they know what has happened to them.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

FRENCH-AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS (Savings Department), 108 Sutter street. For the half year ending June 30, 1916, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1916. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1916.

A. LEGALLET, President.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 706 Market street, opposite Third. For the half year ending June 30, 1916, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1916. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1916.

C. B. HOBSON, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (The German Bank), 526 California street; Mission Branch, corner Mission and 21st streets; Richmond District Branch, corner Clement street and 7th avenue; Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere streets. For the half year ending June 30, 1916, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1916. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1, 1916.

GEORGE TOURNAY, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market street, near Fourth. For the half year ending June 30, 1916, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1916. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1916.

H. C. KLEVESAHLE, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

BANK OF ITALY, southeast corner Montgomery and Clay streets; Market Street Branch, junction Market, Turk and Mason streets. For the half year ending June 30, 1916, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1916. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1916. Money deposited on or before July 10, 1916, will earn interest from July 1, 1916.

A. P. GIANNINI, President.

A. PEDRINI, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 316 Montgomery street. For the half year ending June 30, 1916, a dividend upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum will be payable on and after July 1, 1916.

S. L. ABBOT, Vice-President.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEANNE CAZAUX (also called JEANNE CAZEAUX), deceased.—No. 20,943. Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of JEANNE CAZAUX (also called JEANNE CAZEAUX), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JEANNE CAZAUX (also called JEANNE CAZEAUX), deceased.

GUILLAUME CAZERES,

Administrator of the estate of Jeanne Cazaux also called Jeanne Cazeaux, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, July 1, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administrator,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

7-1-5



MAUDE FULTON

Who is scoring in "The Brat," her own play, at the Cort.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Liquidation has started, and it is difficult to tell how far it will run. The war stocks which were boomed on fairy tales, are the conspicuously weak features. For weeks we have been calling attention to this group, stating that unless they showed something they were bound to sell lower. There is a market now which deals with fact and not with fiction. The decision against the Corn Products Company, ordering its dissolution, had an unfavorable effect on Reading and as this stock had been very much overbought, it was the heaviest of the railroads. Chesapeake got overbought too on its last rise. Around present prices stock is on the bargain counter. It is a discriminating market where certain stocks can be bought and others sold. Later on when the shake out in the industrials has been completed, we will have the basis laid for the kind of speculation that we ought to have—stocks going up not because they are tipped and touted, but because they are earning money.

Wheat—Everything seems to be shaping for exciting events with the usual accompaniment, highly stimulated grain markets. The Mexican embroglio came as a surprise to the entire speculative family, and very few have any definitely certain opinions as to its price effects. The Mexicans are a corn-eating people, and the value of this crop in that country exceeds that of the entire mining industries, so that the war will not necessarily increase the demand for wheat or flour. The United States Government might see fit to forbid exports, should anything happen to our new crops, and this would act bearishly. Otherwise, it hardly seems that there is anything in the mere fact of intervention to more than cause a passing flurry. What our market needs is the stimulus of a revived cash demand, and until this shall materialize we cannot expect the bulges to hold, but for daily operations the market is an ideal one. There is nothing hysterical in its action, but changes are frequently over a two or three cent range, with the results not partial to the bull or bear. Later on, when the hot sun shines upon the well-moistened wheat plant in the Northwest we shall expect to hear of the ravages of black rust and inimical insects galore, and find in the quotations the old familiar figures of last year.

Corn—There were some good-sized lots of corn offered by the country, but not all was contracted to come in, because the views of the holders were somewhat above those of the purchaser. This does not mean that it will not eventually be added to Chicago stocks. The bidder is at present unable to pay the country sellers' figures because the demand for corn is limited, and it might happen, as often before, that it will be the seller who will be compelled to make the concession finally. These liberal offerings demonstrate, however, that there is

plenty of corn in the interior, and that the farmer and the station buyers have their ears open for bids, and that the cultivation of the new crop, not the harvesting of the oats will delay the delivery if the sale is made at present levels. Even if the receipts should be light until the work on the farm was accomplished, there could be reductions in the visible of a half million per week up to nearly the last of July, without exhausting the supplies in store here.

Cotton—An advance early in the week, due to fears of actual war between this country and Mexico, put the price of cotton up \$3 per bale. At the advance, heavy realizing took the edge off the market, and prices declined a dollar a bale all around, but the undertone was strong. Outside of the Mexican news there was very little in the news marketwise. The weekly weather report fell flat, as it had no surprises. The trade regarded it as a stand off; that is, the bearish features were matched by bullish developments. On the whole it was a favorable report, as it stated that the plant had improved generally in the central and southern parts of the belt. Rainy weather interfered with the growth in parts of the northern tier of States. The report did not indicate that the boll weevil was proving dangerous as yet, nor did it lay much stress on grassy fields and storm damage as was looked for by the bulls. After an advance of \$3 per bale the market's hesitation was regarded as normal. The market was checked more by profit taking than by short selling. It is doubtful whether sentiment has changed, but bulls naturally are not as enthusiastic as they were when prices were 56 to 60 points lower. The decline in freight is continuing, and rates are at the lowest level of the year. Some of the bears say the slump will go farther, as the crush of ammunition shipments to Europe appears to have been relieved, and there is more empty cargo space than in months. This has stimulated exports, and they continue to run far ahead of last year at this time. On the whole, we believe cotton should be bought on setbacks, as July is the trying month on cotton, and a few damage reports will give us a much higher market.

The Antidote

Hulda's mistress often boasts of her readiness of resource.

"She's the best nursemaid in the world," is the enthusiastic commendation from her employer. "One day I returned from a motor trip through the park to be met with the startling news that the baby had swallowed a button."

"And what did you do, Huda?" I asked, in some anxiety, although trusting that it had been the right thing.

"Why," said Hulda, "I made him swallow a buttonhole right away!"

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DECEMBER 31ST, 1915:

Assets	\$61,849,662.02
Deposits	58,840,699.38
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,008,962.64
Employees' Pension Fund	211,238.93
Number of Depositors	67,406

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Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock
P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

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declared.

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73004; Dept. No. 16.

PRISCILLA ELIZABETH DALES, Plaintiff, vs. IVAN MORTON DALES, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: IVAN MORTON DALES, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff and Defendant's wilful neglect of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of April, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
S. J. HANKINS & H. J. HANKINS,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
917 Pacific Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 4-29-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73543; Dept. No. 10.

SADIE BRADLEY, Plaintiff, vs. LAWRENCE BRADLEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: LAWRENCE BRADLEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear on the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 5th day of May, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
423 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of EDWARD G. BLACK, deceased.—No. 20814; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of EDWARD G. BLACK, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Norman A. Eisner, his attorney, 344-345 Mills Building, San Francisco, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of EDWARD G. BLACK, deceased.

P. F. DUNDON,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Edward G. Black, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 3, 1916.
NORMAN A. EISNER,
Attorney for Administrator with Will Annexed,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 6-3-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 11996 N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of FREDERICK FRANK MEIER, sometimes called FREDERICK FRANK MEIER, Deceased.

JOHN RALPH WILSON, the Executor of the last will of FREDERICK FRANK MEIER, sometimes called FREDERICK FRANK MEIER, deceased, having on this day presented to the Court and filed in the above entitled matter his petition, duly verified, praying that the Court grant its order authorizing and directing him as such Executor to sell the whole of the real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent, as described in said petition:

And it appearing from said petition to the satisfaction of the Court that it will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the said estate and those interested therein to sell the whole of said real estate belonging to said estate for the reasons and purposes in said petition set forth;

And it further appearing from said petition to the satisfaction of the Court that it will be necessary for said Executor to sell the whole of said real estate before distribution of their respective shares of said estate can be made to the legatees and devisees named in the last will of said decedent according to the terms of said last will;

And it further appearing to the satisfaction of the Court from said petition that no action has ever been taken by said Executor upon any order of the Court heretofore given or made directing said Executor to sell the real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent and that no part of said real estate or any interest therein has ever been sold by said Executor;

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that all persons interested in said estate be and appear before this Court in Department No. 10 thereof on Thursday, the sixth day of July, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Courtroom of said Court and Department in the City Hall at the corner of Polk and McAllister Streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Room No. 452 thereof, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted authorizing and directing said Executor and petitioner to sell the whole of the real estate belonging to the estate of said decedent at public or private sale as prayed for in said petition.

It is further ordered that a copy of this order be published for four (4) successive weeks prior to the hearing of said petition and to the date last above mentioned in Town Talk a newspaper printer and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State aforesaid.

Done in open Court this 25th day of May, 1916.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed May 25, 1916.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk.

JOHN RALPH WILSON,
Attorney at law,
Petitioner and Executor,
57 Post Street, San Francisco. 6-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of NELLIE S. FLOURNOY, deceased.—No. 20957, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executors of the Will of NELLIE S. FLOURNOY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of F. B. Clarke, Esq., Attorney for said Executors, Room No. 1033 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said NELLIE S. FLOURNOY, deceased.

GEORGE S. McMURTRY,
BELLE S. McMURTRY,
Executors of the Will of Nellie S. Flournoy, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1916.
F. B. CLARKE, ESQ.,
Attorney for Executors,
1033 Mills Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 6-10-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 59410 E. SEABERG, Plaintiff, vs. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1914.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNDON, Deputy Clerk.

LLOYD S. ACKERMAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Nevada Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR CHANGE OF CORPORATE NAME

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 74135 In the Matter of the Application of THE WINDER-MUNTER COMPANY, a corporation.

THE WINDER-MUNTER COMPANY, a corporation, having filed in the above entitled Court its petition for a decree of said Court changing its name to that of A. H. WINDER AND SONS.

It is ORDERED that all persons interested in said matter appear before said Court, at the court room of Department No. 16 thereof, in the City Hall, 400 Van Ness Avenue in the Civic Center, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 18th day of July, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause why said petition should not be granted;

And it is further ORDERED that a copy of this order be published in Town Talk, a newspaper of general circulation, printed and published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, once a week for four successive weeks.

Done in Open Court this 31st day of May, 1916.
GEO. H. CABANISS,
Judge of said Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed May 31, 1916.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. L. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Petitioner,
1003 Phelan Building,
San Francisco, California. 6-3-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPHINE NIGLIS, Deceased.—No. 20,973; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of JOSEPHINE NIGLIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPHINE NIGLIS, deceased.

EUGENE NIGLIS,
Executor of the last will and testament of Josephine Niglis, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, June 17th, A. D. 1916.
A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-5

NOTICE OF ASSESSMENT—NO. 1

SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION—Principal place of business: 1725 Washington Street, City and County of San Francisco.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of the SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION, held on the 26th day of May, 1916, an assessment of Thirty-five (35) cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the said corporation, payable immediately in United States Gold Coin to the Secretary of the said Association, at 324 Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal.

Any stock upon which said assessment shall remain unpaid on the fifth day of July, 1916, will be delinquent and will be advertised for sale at public auction on the twenty-fifth day of July, 1916, at Ten o'clock A. M., to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the cost of advertising and expenses of sale.

By order of the Board of Directors.
May 26th, 1916.

FREDERICK H. OLSCHESKI,
Secretary of the Sequoia Club Hall Association.
Office: 324 Phelan Building, San Francisco, Cal. 6-3-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73611; Dept. No. 10.

KATHELEN MARY GWILT, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE GWILT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GEORGE GWILT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's desertion, under Section 98 of the Civil Code, of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of May, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
HENRY L. CORSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
512-514 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-20-10

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVIII. No. 1246

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 8, 1916

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE:

Music in San Francisco

Roger Casement and the Congo

Piping Poison From Westerville

A Case of Fatuity in Washington

Why Dick Hotaling Won't Play Lear

Character and Career of Willis H. Booth

The Clockwinder Talks of the Governor

How Furuseth's "La Follette Law" Operates

Two Briefs—Review of a Remarkable Contest

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVIII

San Francisco, July 8, 1916

No. 1246

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John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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FOR THE OLD FREEDOM

FOR PRESIDENT:

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

A
Case
of
Fatuity
in
Washington

"Force will not accomplish anything that is permanent," says President Wilson. Our President has been doing a lot of loose thinking with the result that his lips drip epigrams that do not stand the test of analysis. As a matter of fact force has accomplished a great many things of a permanent character. Force was required to preserve the integrity of the Union, and if Lincoln (for whom Mr. Wilson affects great admiration) had been willing "to play for the verdict of mankind" perhaps we should now have two Unions instead of only one. It is Mr. Wilson himself who says he is "willing to play for the verdict of mankind." He said so in a public address on Saturday of last week. This is the great misfortune of our country today that Mr. Wilson is concerned always with the verdict of history and flatters himself that he is a good guesser. Abraham Lincoln spent no time guessing or taking his tips from unknown men and women. President Wilson says he receives many letters from unknown sources telling him "not to let anybody persuade" him "that the people of this country want war with Mexico." This, we are given to understand, is why the President made no preparation to compel peace along the Mexican border and why he has been dilly-dallying with Carranza. Doubtless it also explains his judgment respecting the verdict of history. Lincoln's method was to consult his own cultivated conscience, and he acted with full knowledge of the fact that the people elected him President to exercise a judgment in which they had confidence, not to consult unknown correspondents or even a stray engineer as Mr. Wilson says he has done in his ef-

forts to get a line on the verdict of posterity. But why deal in comparisons? Mr. Wilson is unique. Mr. Wilson, to be quite frank, is precisely what Mr. Hughes implies in these words: "Unquestioning loyal and patriotic support of the Government is one thing; approval of the fatuous course which the Administration has followed is quite another." Fatuous is a good epithet, as you may learn from the Century Dictionary, which defines it thus: feeble in mind, unconsciously silly; stubbornly blind or foolish; idiotic; imbecile; based on a foolish conceit; illusory; inane. You may take your choice. But first consider Mr. Wilson's record, a record that the *New York Sun* describes as one "of indecision, of blundering, of fatuous policy, of inability to see beyond his own phrases, of misapprehension of actual conditions and incapacity to deal with them." Think of a President who says: "I have constantly to remind myself that I am not the servant of those who wish to enhance the value of their Mexican investments." All told, small and large, surely there are not ten thousand Americans with investments in Mexico. Why does the President have to remind himself at all that he is not the servant of this infinitesimal fraction of the people? The more the man talks the nearer we come to the conclusion that with him as commander-in-chief of the armies perhaps it would be well to content ourselves with guarding the border.

A
Prosaic
Adventure

In the midst of a world held in suspense by the varying fortunes of war and thrilled by performances that dazzle, bewilder and enthrall, the adventures of Sir Ernest Shackleton are far from attaining the dignity of a distraction. With our attention preoccupied with the patriotic self-sacrifices of whole armies of heroes in Europe, Asia and Africa our emotions are not to be diverted by a perilous excursion in the interest of science to the frozen regions of the South Pole. Shackleton has not even had the good fortune to become a romantic figure. It is not for him to rank with England's forgotten worthies and other brave adventurers who led the way for their countrymen into unknown regions, teaching them lessons in hardihood and enriching their native land. The man who went in search of New South Greenland, whatever the contributions he may make to science, does not appeal to our imagination. At present we are not to have our interest aroused by the dry-as-dust. But romance has still an attraction for us, and England's "forgotten worthies" will continue to be remembered notwithstanding the war, not because of the strange lands they visited but on account of the hidden treasure they never found. Drake did not surprise the

spoils of the Peruvian mines at Nombre de Dios, but his men brought back many colored legends, which were more important than contributions to science. Walter Raleigh cared naught for science, but he made great contributions to romance; for in the shadow of the gallows he went in search of the phantom Kingdom of El Dorado where he expected to find sepulchres filled with more treasures than either Cortez found in Mexico or Pizarro in Peru; and, after the war is over and the world regains its equilibrium and sense it will find relaxation from the horrors of history by reading not of Shackleton the enthusiast for science but of Drake and Raleigh and the other treasure-seekers who played the game according to the ancient rules.

Piping
Poison
from
Westerville

Although the campaign for prohibition has not been formally opened in California there is a good deal of pussy-footing propaganda just the same. Read any of the led captains of journalism hereabouts and you will perceive that the professional propagandists of Westerville are piping their poison into the State. Judging from news in fake despatches you might fancy that all the world was battling against booze. Here, for example, is Jean Finot in *The Examiner* intimating that even France is about to forswear imprisoned laughter and take to the water wagon after the glorious carnival at Verdun. The Finot articles were clearly designed to mislead in the interest of the men of Westerville who are now intent on closing up our hotels and clubs and destroying the wine industry of California. The appeal of the Finot articles is obviously addressed to readers in a wine-producing State who might be inclined to say that prohibition would involve too great a sacrifice. For although, according to the author, much greater would be the sacrifice in France where "the culture of wine gives employment to a capital which exceeds \$2,000,000,000," and where the people "monetarily interested in alcoholic production or sales reach 4,000,000," yet France is seriously thinking of prohibition and "we can positively assert that sooner or later, drink will disappear from fair France." Now this isn't what Jean Finot says at all. He only appears to say it. He has artfully written around his subject and turned out an insidious bit of poison, the kind that the Borgia of journalism is an old hand at distributing. Read between the lines of the article and scrutinize the whole carefully and you will see that Jean Finot is not talking about wine except by way of suggestionizing the reader, and that when he speaks of the "drink evil" he means "alcohol," which is the catchword of

the cant manufactured in Westerville. "The day is not far distant," he says, "when the wine merchants themselves will understand that their best friends are among the anti-alcoholism campaigners." He adds: "Hygienic drinks will be sold by them without any diminution of their profits." Of course if wine merchants will sell hygienic drinks wine will be classified as hygienic, else the merchants will not be wine merchants. This must be what Jean Finot means, else why should he say that "the wine merchants themselves will understand that their best friends are among the anti-alcoholism campaigners?" No wine merchant could possibly think it would be more profitable to sell vichy water than to sell wine. So the "anti-drink campaign in France," as Hearst calls it (if there is such a thing at all), is not a prohibition campaign, though that is precisely what our Borgia would have us believe. We are quite sure, however, there is no anti-drink campaign in France. We are in touch with French papers, and we have never heard of the matter. Indeed we never heard of this so-called "leading French editor" Jean Finot. If there is a Jean Finot anywhere maybe his name is to be found on the payroll at Westerville. At any rate it is not to be found among the listed members of the French Academy. We feel sure he is not a French editor, he writes so unlike a product of the French school of journalism. "We can positively assert," says the Hearst writer, "that sooner or later drink will disappear from fair France." Now French editors are not given to foolish prophecy, nor do they "positively assert" anything that is obviously beyond positive assertion. French editors are too wary to be caught at that sort of thing. They are infinitely more wary than the man who edited the Finot copy and inserted here and there "deleted by the censor" to give vraisemblance to the fake. For example, in the first of the Finot articles printed June 23, appeared these words: "We owe to it (deleted by censor) mad people and nearly (deleted by censor) consumptives without counting the drink fiends." It need hardly be said that this sort of stuff is not deleted by the censor. This whole article strikes us as pretty raw humbug in line with Hearst's editorial citing the case of Canada to prove the wisdom of government ownership.

—*—

This metropolis by the Golden Gate is very fortunate in the possession of a score or so of men of means who are trying to lay the foundation of a new civilization for us. Theirs is not among the worthy enterprises that enlist the sympathies of the much flattered plain people, a fact of which the authors of the enterprise are not unaware. Some time ago when they offered to provide us with a temple of music they met with rebuke and rebuff. Abuse was hurled at them by demagogues of politics and journalism, holders of the

public ear who are always alert to fashion a pretext on which to appeal to class prejudice and envy. Nevertheless our music enthusiasts pursued the even tenor of their way. Even when they met with obstacles in their own circle they persisted; and today the San Francisco Symphony Society, united and harmonious under the leadership of a magnetic Executive, with a Director in the first rank of musicians, is more prosperous, more firmly established than ever before in its history. San Francisco has therefore an inspiring outlook; less widely appreciated perhaps than the news that we are to annex Oakland with a steel bridge, but enough to fill some of us with enthusiasm. There are many people pleased to regard San Francisco as a city of music lovers. They don't know exactly why they should be pleased. They know only that music is an art, and that love of it, generally speaking, bespeaks a certain taste and temperament and "culture"—blessed cant word of the Philistine—but of the inherent value of music they may have no conception at all. Maybe it has never occurred to them that music is conducive to qualities of passion, such as enthusiasm, patriotism and moral courage. Maybe they have never reflected that the conduct and outlook of a country are the essence of its spirit. Curiously enough, with all the love there is for it music is one of the most generally misunderstood of the arts. In our country it is valued chiefly as an amusement, rarely for its influence. The story is told of an Italian whose American wife said: "If you think anyone knows what tune you are whistling you are mistaken." The reply was: "If you think I am whistling for anybody's pleasure but my own you are mistaken." As a matter of fact music is one of the arts of self-expression, providing as it does an emotional outlet while at the same time refining both taste and feeling. In this country where music is much misunderstood we think it well to have a symphony orchestra for the atmosphere it creates, the idea of many being that this atmosphere is good for students, which of course it is. In some circles it is thought that concerts should be encouraged principally for the educational advantages to be derived by budding musicians. People having this view of the matter are concerned mainly about technical facility. As they are quite numerous we have many teachers to supply the demand for students of singing and of instrumental music. We even employ teachers of technique in our public schools. Thus instead of cultivating a love of music we are cultivating a prejudice against it by turning out piano pounders and shriekers to torment the ears of the inoffending general. Ernest Newman, the well known London critic, once said it ought to be made a criminal offense to sing or play in public, or even in a drawingroom, without an obviously divine call to do so. Anyone who has had any experience of students, even of students returned from abroad, knows how pitifully limited the outlook of the great majority of them is.

A musical education is not a matter of acquiring a certain technical facility. It is a matter of understanding and imagination. The genuine musician is one who loves music and pursues it passionately for its own sake. The kind of teaching that is done in our public schools and in many American conservatories of music, is not the kind that makes intelligent lovers of music. It is the kind that makes merely bad performers and horrible singers. The fiddler may know something about certain music that he studied, and may know nothing else. He may be as ignorant of the art of music as the average man is of Egyptian mythology. The country is full of fourth-rate fiddlers, but genuine lovers of music are as scarce as genuine lovers of literature. The United States is one of the few countries of the world whose people refuse to make any sacrifices for this complex and costly art that cannot possibly be worthily practiced without subsidy. The surest proof of a love of an art is curiosity. We have none at all respecting music. We demand the classics or things that were threshed out abroad and applauded. In Europe there are cities where the smart and humble throng the concert hall to sample a work by someone whose name they never heard before. Genuine music lovers will abound in this country when the average mother will be disinclined to make the piano an instrument of torture, and will care less to have her children overcome technical difficulties than to have them become intelligent listeners. Even but a smattering of the art of music is better than to acquire merely the skill of imitating the precision of a pianola. There are great musicians who read orchestral scores that they are unable to reproduce on the piano. They know what the printed page says and their imagination tells them what it will sound like. To be cultivated along these lines is worth while; at least it is vastly more important than to be taught to overcome technical difficulties. To be able to conceive music is to become a good listener, and good listeners are few and far between in this so-called music centre of ours. But they will come in time. For the hastening of the day we shall depend in no small degree on the orchestra provided for us by the society William Sproule inspires. That orchestra, as directed by Mr. Hertz, quickens a latent feeling for music with the result that people become inquisitive and inform themselves. Bach, it may be well to remember, was virtually self-taught, and Wagner was not the product of a conservatory. Fine symphony music will go a long way toward putting us in a state of mind, the only one out of which great art can spring.

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CCLXXXVIII—WILLIS H. BOOTH

By Edward F. O'Day

He'll make one of the handsomest United States senators ever sent from California. He is tall and straight, of graceful and powerful build. His keen but friendly gray eyes enliven a set of fine features. He is clean-shaven, his hair is gray and his skin a healthy olive. In manner he is frank, forthright and of an attractive manly modesty. He talks well on all subjects except himself. He must be prosperous for he has many enterprises, all of which are said to be successful. And he's only forty-two. Right here is the place to warn managing mamas not to waste a thought on him, for there is a Mrs. Willis H. Booth, born Ferris of Riverside, and there is a son of thirteen years.

When he gets to the Senate—as there is a very bright prospect of his doing—I don't think he'll write a very long account of himself for the Congressional Directory. He doesn't strike me as that sort of man. However, I have obtained some data on his career. It's a business career, but it has been informed by human feeling, so it is not humdrum, and it has been guided by high ideals, so it is not insignificant.

"Senator" Booth—his friends are confident, and call him that already—was born in Winnemucca, Nevada, in 1874. When he was five the family came to San Francisco, and Willis was raised in the Mission. Then the Booths moved to Berkeley where Willis worked his way through the high school and the university, quitting the latter in 1895 because the family was hard-up and needed his help. He went to work building machinery. All his business life Willis Booth has been a maker of machines. He has made all kinds except political machines—no doubt he'll have a little experience in that branch of the industry before he gets through. With his father he operated the Western Laundry Machinery Company and the American Woodworking Machine Company, two concerns which are still on our business map.

One day Willis Booth saw the finger of opportunity beckoning, and when he followed the beck he found himself in Los Angeles.

"The first time I tried to borrow five hundred dollars," says Willis Booth, "the bankers made me feel very cheap."

His memory recorded the feeling for future consideration, and he kept on asking the Los Angeles bankers till he got the money. He used it to start another machinery business. Built on five hundred borrowed dollars that business is now known as the Smith Booth Usher Co., and it's the largest machinery business on the Pacific Coast. Having put this business on its feet he began to think about banking, especially about those banking methods which made a man feel cheap when he tried to borrow five hundred dollars.

"A bank is a quasi-public institution," he thought. "It's not right that a banker should make a would-be borrower feel cheap. What we need is the human touch in banking. Have we got it?"

Looking about him Willis Booth found that Los Angeles bankers were touchy on the subject of being "touched," but he failed to notice what he called the "human touch." The result was that in 1905 he got hold of a little bank, and then a little later he got hold of a big one, and then he joined the two. The Se-

curity Trust and Savings Bank was the result. "We cater to small depositors," says Booth, "and we have 98,000 of them. The average account is under \$500. Our depositors are very loyal."

Which is not overstating the matter. Down in Los Angeles they say that anybody with a business need, no matter how modest, has easy access to Willis Booth's office in the Security Trust and Savings. They say that nobody is made to feel cheap when he comes to borrow. They say that the officials of no other bank can call so many depositors by their first names. And remember, there are 98,000 of them—more than in any other bank west of Chicago.

"We were the first banking people," says Willis Booth, "to introduce the pension system among our employees, also insurance—when a man dies his widow gets a year's salary."

One day in 1907 a man came to the bank and told Willis Booth that he was busted. He was an electrician, and he had been making electric flat irons which housewives wouldn't buy. He wanted money to pay his debts and try something else. Booth went out to Ontario near Los Angeles and looked at his plant. "It was a lot of junk," is the way Booth describes it. But the electric iron appealed to Booth as a good idea. He paid \$1500 for the junk and began studying it. The first thing he discovered was why the electrician had failed: he had known all about electricity, nothing about flat irons. Booth tackled the subject of flat irons. The result is the Hotpoint Iron, an electric convenience which has caused thousands of housewives all over the world to bless the name of Willis H. Booth. Many think that his middle initial stands for Hotpoint, and it's a natural enough mistake. The plant at Ontario, Cal., which turns out the Hotpoint Iron has grown from "a lot of junk" to the largest institution of its kind in the world. In 1907 it was a one-man concern; now it employs 700, and the first employee is still there. It's a happy-family sort of concern. It had the eight-hour day for women two years before the eight-hour day became law. Everything that pertains to the relations of the employees to their bosses is handled by a committee of nine workmen. There is a coöperative arrangement whereby the employee gets an annual percentage of the earnings over and above his wages. The members of the office force live, work and take their recreation with the employees. The Hotpoint Iron business prospers; it is the first industry in California to attain to an international position. The export business is handled from a New York office which Willis Booth visits twice a year.

With a machinery business, a bank and an electric iron plant to run, it might be thought that Willis Booth was "full up" with work. However, he finds time also for his walnut and olive enterprises. How does he do it all?

"I never work more than fourteen months at a stretch," he says. "Then I shut up my desk and go away for a vacation of from four to six months. I don't believe in short vacations."

He spends his vacations traveling, and he travels to ride an intellectual hobby. This hobby is the study of the social development of nations, the study of the relation of government to the happiness of the individual governed.

He has ridden this hobby in the Philippines, the Orient, India, Europe and South America. The information thus gained ought to be valuable; it ought to have an important bearing on the development of the industrial relations of the United States to the rest of the world. That is one reason why a lot of people in and out of California want to see Willis Booth sent to the Senate. Among these people are certain United States senators, his friends. They know him well because he has been to nearly every session during the past ten years. As a member of the "third house" lobbying for the San Pedro harbor, for flood control in the Imperial Valley and Panama tolls, Willis Booth has made valuable acquaintances and has accumulated useful experience. He is known in Washington as a hard worker who grinds away at the collection and presentation of facts while others are employed more showily. They like his kind around the Capitol. I might add here that Willis Booth is a member of the National Foreign Trade Council which consists of fifty American business men. The Pacific Coast's only other representative on the council is Captain Robert Dollar.

What sort of platform will Willis Booth have when he goes out to ask the citizens for John D. Works' toga? I judge it will be a good one from the following remark:

"California is the most supplicate State in the Union. It needs more help than any other State. Its geographical position and its size make it the State of countless problems. But we must be careful that while we are promoting the growth of California we are adding at the same time to national growth."

For the rest, Willis Booth is a "regular fellow." How do I know it? He admits that he likes his clubs, and that he plays a rotten game of golf.

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Two Briefs

Story of the Remarkable Contest Started by Charles Stetson Wheeler to Invalidate a Deed Made for the Benefit of Mary's Help Hospital

By THEODORE F. BONNET

One does not look for entertaining or entrancing literature between the covers of a lawyer's brief. A brief is not to be recommended for summer reading. In their briefs lawyers diffuse an oppressive atmosphere of dry-as-dust dullness. But here is a brief before me that makes excellent reading. Dipping into it casually with no expectation of being entertained, I read it from cover to cover. It held me late into the night like one of Poe's stories. This volume entitled "Bridget Rhead versus Mercantile Trust Company" was written by Mr. Garret W. McEnerney. After reading it one is easily attracted by the sequel, a much bulkier tome, the author of which is Charles Stetson Wheeler. This, too, is an interesting volume, though it jars one somewhat by filling one with incomplete thoughts. The author exudes a certain acidity that is not to be confounded with the sauce piquant of a brilliant mind. In this brief there is none of the Atticism which characterizes its predecessor wherein clear thoughts flow leisurely like a pure crystal stream. It is a pleasure to read this kind of literature in days like these when clear thinking is at low ebb. In the first brief there is a certain dignity of manner. The manner of the second is that of an Oklahoma congressman on the rampage. Whereas the McEnerney brief is a classic in its restraint, the Wheeler brief is mainly a diatribe. Judged from the literary reviewer's standpoint, however, the Wheeler brief heightens the interest of the whole performance by reason of its psychological verity, for it is an unconscious revelation of Mr. Wheeler in the raw, and Mr. Wheeler is the central figure in the original drama. Of him one gets a portrait in the McEnerney brief that one would be extremely reluctant to miss. Rather unique, this circumstance that a protagonist in a drama should himself appear on the stage to act his part. But, enough of comment: let us get down to brass tacks.

The story of Bridget Rhead, heroine of the case against the Mercantile Trust Company, opens in the city of New York. Bridget Rhead, one of a family of eleven children, was born in Ireland in days when England was sowing the breeze from which but lately she reaped one of many historical whirlwinds. Six of the starved children perished in infancy. Three months after her birth Bridget's father died, and her mother with the surviving five children emigrated to this country. They lived in New York where the mother died from consumption in 1877. For several years before her death the mother was blind. She lived with her children in a tenement house in dire poverty and was supported by the earnings of the children and money sent to her by a brother, Dr. James Healy, of this city, who died here in January, 1914, leaving a fortune of \$300,000. On the death of her mother, Bridget, who was then thirteen years of age, received from her uncle a letter enclosing a railroad ticket and \$50, and telling her to come to San Francisco. She came hither and lived with her uncle, who sent her to a convent and paid for her education and maintenance. Dr. Healy died in this city at the age of eighty-two. Two years before his death he made two conveyances of his estate, by neither of which did he convey anything to his niece. She was then a married woman, living in New York. Healy's

real estate, now valued at \$160,000, he conveyed by deed of trust to the Mercantile Trust Company for the purpose of endowing a ward in Mary's Help Hospital where the aged poor, "irrespective of color, nationality, creed or sex shall receive free medical attention during illness." For the disposal of the remainder of his estate, valued at about \$150,000, Dr. Healy made a will bequeathing \$10,000 to a life-long friend and the rest to three grandnieces. Two years later he died. Regarding the circumstances in which the conveyances were made there is no dispute.

It appears from the record that one day Dr. Healy visited a priest, Father Turk, with whom he was but slightly acquainted, and expressed the wish to establish a home for homeless men. He said he had some property that would perhaps be suitable for that kind of home and asked Father Turk to make arrangements with a Mendicant Order of Brothers to take charge of the institution. Father Turk referred him to Archbishop Riordan, and a few days later, at Healy's request, Father Turk introduced him to the Archbishop who advised him to devote his money to some existing charitable institution rather than to the establishment of a new one, saying that the maintenance of it would fall on the diocese, which had all the burdens it could bear. Disappointed, Healy departed. Some weeks later he visited Father Turk again. This time he made inquiries about Mary's Help Hospital. Finally he decided that he would endow a ward in that hospital, and he again visited Archbishop Riordan, this time to inform him of his intention of deeding his property to the Archbishop for the benefit of Mary's Help Hospital. The Archbishop advised him to deed the property to a trust company and directed him to Mr. McEnerney's office. Then the Archbishop telephoned to the office, and had a conversation with Mr. Andrew F. Burke, one of Mr. McEnerney's assistants, Mr. McEnerney being at that time in Europe. The Archbishop told of Dr. Healy's visit, and said he thought it well to advise him to deed his property either to the Mercantile or the Union Trust Company. Mr. Burke prepared both the deed and the will and Mr. McEnerney knew nothing of the transaction till several months later when he returned from Europe.

Now for the appearance of Mr. Wheeler in the case. Mr. Wheeler was introduced by Mr. W. H. Morrissey, an obscure attorney who had not the self-confidence to go it alone. Mr. Morrissey's connection with Mrs. Rhead dates from 1903. In the year preceding, I learn from the McEnerney brief, (which I am now following in its recital of the record) Bridget Healy, who is now Bridget Rhead, became the mistress of Aaron D. Rhead, the man to whom she is now married, in New York, and wrote to her uncle that she was married. On his invitation she came to this city with "her husband" and within a month the Rheads and Dr. Healy were estranged. The supposition is that Dr. Healy suspected that his niece was not married. At any rate it is known that a few months after her arrival Dr. Healy went to New York, had the marriage record searched, and found that his niece had not been married to Aaron D. Rhead. He had a dramatic parting from her in New York, September 12th, 1903, and never saw her again. Now at the

time of her visit to this city, when she was not Rhead's wife, she formed the acquaintance of Mr. Morrissey the attorney, and she gave him her power of attorney. He it was that wired her to New York in 1914, the news of her uncle's death. She came right out and after several weeks' stay filed, through the attorney, a petition to revoke probate of the Healy will on the ground that he was of unsound mind and on the further ground that as by deed and will he had given more than one-third of his estate to charity he violated a section of the code. These facts are of first importance, and should be kept in mind because of the reason subsequently advanced in support of Mrs. Rhead's contest and also because of the inferences drawn by Mr. McEnerney much to the annoyance and embarrassment of Mr. Wheeler. The fact is that later on Mrs. Rhead remembered that the estate belonged to her under an agreement or contract made by her uncle. This contract or agreement was made the basis of her suit. This, by the way, was an oral agreement said to have been entered into by Healy when he first visited his dying sister in New York. The court is asked to believe that though she was dying in poverty Healy got her to consent to let him take care of her daughter after her death, and that in consideration of her consent promised to make the child his heir. This sort of thing is what lawyers call "an oral contract to devise." It is a thing they regard with suspicion, like common-law marriages. Eleven years ago the Legislature of this State put oral contracts to bequeath property under the ban of a statute which is known as the Statute of Frauds, and which in its original enactment declared its purpose was to put down frauds and perjuries. The Code Commissioners said when the code was amended that cases in which it was sought to establish oral contracts to devise were becoming so numerous that they ought to be provided against in the Statute of Frauds. Further, it has been decided in numerous cases, as I learn from the McEnerney brief, that testimony in support of oral con-

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tracts "is the most dangerous species of evidence that can be admitted in a court of justice." However, Mr. Wheeler had lots of this testimony in support of his case.

But let us follow the story sequentially, or as nearly so as possible. Coming to the introduction of Mr. Wheeler it may be well to have this in mind,—that as soon as Mr. Morrissey got hold of the promising case he got a contract out of Bridget Rhead in the presence of her husband under which she agreed to give him one-half of all he recovered in the will contest. At that time apparently there was no suggestion of a contract to devise. That was in April, 1914. Nine months later Mr. Morrissey employed Mr. Wheeler to join with him in the litigation, agreeing to give him one-half of the one-half of whatever was won. Mr. Wheeler, being a very cautious lawyer, desired a very broad and binding contract. Indeed he desired four documents: a contract between himself and Mrs. Rhead through Morrissey who held her power of attorney; a duplicate of this contract to be forwarded to Mrs. Rhead for her ratification; an assignment from Mr. Morrissey of a one-half interest in his contract; finally, a letter from Mr. Wheeler to Mr. Morrissey to say that after all Mr. Wheeler was to get one-fourth only of the whole. Mr. Wheeler's contract with Morrissey was a corker. It touched on every possible phase of the litigation, or rather, on every phase that Mr. Wheeler could conceive of at the time, for he was providing for his own protection in the event of recovery. He wished to make sure that in whatever manner, or by whatever process he "brought home the bacon" he should get a quarter of it. Yet he said nothing about an oral contract to devise. Neither did he mention it in the written assignment, or in the long letter written to his associate and employer Mr. Morrissey. This was a curious instance of neglect. Apparently, as Mr. McEnerney points out, Mr. Wheeler had heard nothing about an oral contract to devise.

After ensuring his fee Mr. Wheeler decided to learn something about the case. To that end he prepared sixty-one written questions to Mrs. Rhead, dated January 5, 1915, which were sent to her by Morrissey with a letter in which he alludes to the fact that when she was in San Francisco he took her statement "very carefully." Also he assures her that she would win if they knocked out the trust deed and the will. Subsequently of course their theory was that she would win without knocking out anything because of the oral contract. Without waiting for an answer to the questions Wheeler filed an amended contest to the will, alleging for the first time among other things, an oral contract to devise, and this contest was sent on to Mrs. Rhead before the answers to Wheeler's questions had been received in this city. In this contest, for the first time, it was charged that both the will and deed were procured by undue influence, and in support of the charge Wheeler made allegations which he subsequently retracted. "It is one of the most remarkable facts in this remarkable case," says Mr. McEnerney, "that although Mr. Wheeler drew this amended contest he did not sign it as an attorney of record, but upon the contrary, he deliberately hid his connection with it and let it come out as a pleading prepared by Mr. Morrissey alone. In other words, although he prepared the gross libel to which we have referred, Mr. Wheeler remained in ambush and palmed the libel off as Mr. Morrissey's."

At this point in the McEnerney brief we see the author matching his wits against those of his opponent in winding himself through the mazes of the law. Obviously Mr. McEnerney

anticipated every move, and before the actual trial is far advanced his theory of the case is very clear. The theory of course is that there never was a contract to devise; that it was an insubstantial fabrication, nothing more. Mr. McEnerney argues with great force that Mr. Wheeler knew nothing of the facts regarding the will or the deed until after he had brought suit on an unverified complaint to quiet title to the real property in dispute. The only purpose of this suit was to enable Mr. Wheeler to take the depositions of all persons familiar with the history of the deed and the will. Here he was circumvented by Mr. McEnerney who not only filed answers to the complaint but asked for affirmative relief, thus preventing the plaintiff from dismissing the action; also making a trial imperative. Then he forced Wheeler in advance of the trial to set forth what his defense would be to the claim of title made by the trust company, but on this subject Wheeler was exceedingly reticent though he charged undue influence and set up the allegation of an oral contract to devise.

Now, it seems to be the fact that Wheeler knew nothing of the circumstances in which the conveyances were made; that he learnt them for the first time when he took the depositions, but weeks previously he charged in the amended contest that when the conveyances were made Dr. Healy was an inmate of Mary's Hospital in the "custody" of his "spiritual advisers" and that, as Mr. McEnerney says, "by duress and various types of fraud, in which they were aided by their attorney his spiritual advisers overcame his will and forced the conveyance to charitable uses for him." All of which, as Mr. Wheeler is now aware, was utterly false. Indeed in his own brief he disclaims having reflected on the integrity of any of the clergy. There was no misconduct, he says, except in Mr. McEnerney's office. After the manner of the cuttle-fish he darkens the waters all around him and draws a red herring across every imaginary trail. Of course Mr. McEnerney had nothing to do with the case till he encountered Wheeler, and apparently regarding Wheeler as a source of inspiration treats him as he would an exhibit. To smash the case Mr. McEnerney had to smash his opponent, and he did so, but with exceeding deftness and finesse, mindful always of the record, outside of which, by the way, Wheeler happens to go, inadvertently let us hope, as when in the Fair case he took occasion to attack D. M. Delmas for his conduct in the case of Cox vs. McLaughlin.

To take but a superficial glance through Mr. Wheeler's brief one might infer that McEnerney had done some great wrong, but on examination one finds that it is McEnerney's office that did wrong, the terrible accusation being that McEnerney's assistant failed to send Healy away for independent advice which, according to Wheeler, he should have done as the Archbishop and McEnerney held confidential relations. In this connection it is worth while observing that Mr. Wheeler devotes many pages of his brief to an argument in support of the proposition that whenever a parishioner of a Catholic Church is brought in personal contact with the Archbishop of the diocese, and has any property relations with him, a legal fiduciary relation instantly attaches. Mr. Wheeler imports a great deal of borrowed erudition into this argument which, if carried along in logical sequence, will lead inevitably to the conclusion that when a parishioner puts a dime in the Sunday plate there is at once established between him and the parish priest a confidential relationship binding in law like the relation between lawyer and client. With all his specially digested erudition Mr. Wheel-

er's conception of the powers of the Catholic hierarchy in temporal affairs is about as accurate as that of the A. P. A. who fabricated an oath which he attributed to the Knights of Columbus, and which the Masonic Order on investigation has taken the trouble to denounce as false and libelous.

But I must return to the path from which I digressed. I was talking of the trial. Bridget Rhead was of course a witness in the case, and she gave certain testimony that was hardly consistent with the testimony given in response to the questions Mr. Wheeler sent East at a time when he was unfamiliar with the facts. Of the sixty-one questions prepared by Mr. Wheeler only five touch the question of an oral contract. One question was, "Under what circumstances did you come to California the first time?" The answer was: "After my mother died he took me to send me to California to bring me up as his daughter, as he promised my mother he would do." She was asked if Dr. Healy had ever talked of leaving her any property. Her answer was: "Yes, after taking me to California he said everything he owned should be mine." The next question was: "Did he ever make any promise when you came to California with your husband the last time that if you would do so, he would leave the property by will to you?"

"No," she replied.

"Did he ever make a promise," was the next question, "to leave you his property when you came out here the first time with your mother, and make that promise to your mother also?"

The answer to this question was "Yes." But the plaintiff had drawn a line through the words "with your mother" and "to your mother also." And she bracketed with the question these words: "Mother was dead when I left for California, so I went alone."

From these answers it appears that Dr. Healy did not talk about leaving his property to his niece until she came to California the first time. But when she appeared on the witness stand she swore the oral agreement to make her his heir was made when her mother was alive in New York. Dr. Healy was so very eager to take her then that he offered to leave her his estate as an inducement to her mother to let her go. When she refused he induced her to agree to let her come and be his heir as soon as she became an orphan without a cent in the world.

Now this was a very important change, for the Supreme Court of this State has decided in a somewhat similar case that to promise

(Continued on Page 17)

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Perspective Impressions

Cowboy note: Mayor Rolph threw the bull at the San Jose round-up.

"Frank Heney Out For Wilson." Heney? Heney? We seem to remember the name.

The Chamber of Commerce plans a big factory section on Islais Creek. What is that about first catching your rabbit?

In the opinion of the editor of The Examiner Boss Hearst's "every sentence is weighty with truth." This dictum will impress those who are already impressed with Hearst.

The late George B. Cox, millionaire of Cincinnati, declared that the hardest money he ever earned was his first \$1,000. This remark reminds us of a certain Scotch whiskey: it is very old but "still going strong."

It was not a "sane Fourth" on the Somme.

Wonder if Funston and Pershing would vote for Wilson?

Speaking of the dog days, we are glad that every dog has not one of them.

We don't think much of Americans who are under the delusion that "America" is our national anthem.

If there is to be any more saluting of the American flag in Mexico wouldn't it be well to put the glorious symbol of decadence in a cedar chest?

If we are to continue at peace of course we shall lift the embargo again on munitions and give the dear peons some more fun at massacre.

Notwithstanding appearances bow-legs are not the fashion. But short skirts are.

"A little row among soldiers," is what Chancellor Jordan calls the cold-blooded massacre of American troopers in Mexico. But the Chancellor wasn't such an ass as to endanger his own hide by remaining on the border.

"Do you think it is our duty to carry self-defense to the point of dictation?" President Wilson asks. The answer is "Yes." And of course in the end we shall dictate as to the future behavior of Mexico.

Indeed we have done a lot of dictating already, but owing to the jellyfish in the White House we have only been sneered at and held to a very strict accountability along the border for what has been regarded as American insolence.

The Spectator

Casement's Record

One does not know whether to congratulate or commiserate Sir Roger Casement on the intervention of Mr. William R. Hearst. In England the popular notion of Mr. Hearst is the same as the popular notion of a German spy. Hearst is known in England as a leader of the German propaganda in the United States. As to the motive of his sympathy with Potsdam Britishers probably have a pretty strong conviction and they waste no time conjecturing. Now assuredly it is not to Casement's advantage in his tragic predicament to have Hearst appealing for clemency. Sir Roger denies that he conspired against England in the interest of Germany and says that it was his friends in America who aided him financially, but unfortunately for him it may be suspected that some of his friends while posing as lovers of Ireland were as much concerned about Ireland as Hearst was about the land of his birth. To be sure there is a great deal of honest sympathy for Sir Roger Casement. Hardly any disinterested person would care to see him put to death. We cannot recall the dead, and therefore it would be puerile for me to say "better a thousand Casements to the scaffold than one Pearse or one MacDonagh," but that is the way I feel about it. I feel that way because I can place no confidence at all in Roger Casement's farewell declarations. I read about Roger Casement long before the war when he was associated with E. D. Morel in working up the Congo agitation. That agitation was not for the benefit of Ireland or against England. It was inspired by Germany for the benefit of Germany when Berlin was calling for "a place in the sun" in Africa.

Casement and Morel

Behind the Congo agitation, which had its inception in 1905, there was a great deal of religious feeling. The agitation was directed against the Belgians who were represented as treating the natives of the Congo with great cruelty. Doubtless they were as cruel as other Europeans were in Africa and South America, but no worse. There would have been no agitation over the Congo if King Leopold would

have surrendered the colony. At that time there were several prominent Englishmen feeding the agitation, among them one E. D. Morel, whom Cecil Chesterton has frequently denounced as a German spy. Morel is a naturalized Englishman from France who, according to Chesterton, has been doing the bidding of German diplomacy ever since 1905. Two months before the Dublin insurrection Chesterton published Morel's record down to August, 1914. When the war broke out in August, 1914, Morel organized in London "The Union of Democratic Control," and turned Socialist to write for the Labor Leader in criticism of the Government. Now, according to Chesterton, writing two months before the insurrection in Dublin, Sir Roger Casement was Morel's chief associate in the Congo agitation as far back as 1905. That bigotry is one of the springs of Casement's conduct we learn from one of his own letters, one that he wrote to Poultny Bigelow about the time of the outbreak of the war containing this sentence: "If the Almighty has any Protestant blood in His veins He will be on the side of Germany in this war." Was it because of Casement's Protestant blood that he was trying to free Catholic Ireland?

A Law to Promote Riot at Sea

From Piraeus, the port of Athens (in Greece, not Ohio), a correspondent of the New York Evening Post communicates a story of the workings of that precious law which Andy Furuseth conferred upon us with the aid of Battle Bob La Follette. The story was told him by Captain E. W. Barlow of the steamer Oswego. Captain Barlow is described as belonging to "the best of the old New England stock of seafaring men," an old salt with "rather a benevolent and humorous twinkle in his gray eyes." In all the crew aboard the Oswego there was not a single American citizen. Danes, Swedes, Russians, Spaniards, Mohammedans, all these were in evidence, and every man jack of them knew the following section of the La Follette law, knew that he was a beneficiary under it just as much as though he were a citizen of the United States instead of

an alien, knew all this and governed himself accordingly:

"Every seaman on a vessel of the United States shall be entitled to receive or demand from the master of the vessel to which he belongs one-half part of the wages which he shall have then earned at every port where such vessel, after the voyage has been commenced, shall load or deliver cargo before the voyage is ended, and all stipulations in the contract to the contrary shall be void; provided, such a demand shall not be made before the expiration of, nor oftener than once in five days. Any failure on the part of the master to comply

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with this demand shall release the seaman from his contract."

They Knew Their Rights

At every port at which the Oswego called the crew demanded their pay and went ashore. After twenty-four hours cruising among the Algerian red and white lights sailors and firemen came aboard roaring drunk and tried to murder the steward and cook. At the Piraeus they again demanded their pay under the law and started in on a prolonged drunk, coming aboard occasionally for a meal, and having, when they felt like it, a free fight and riot frolic. A fireman here made a murderous attack on one of the engineers and thereafter roamed about the port, to return aboard at pleasure. But there was one interesting variation in the rollicking La Follette-Furuseth festivities. A merry gang of roysterers mistook a British ship for the Oswego and boarded her to the usual accompaniment of damning the officer in charge and starting a riot. The British merchant marine does not enjoy the La Follette-Furuseth boon, a fact which was called to the attention of the merry-makers by walloping them over the head with belaying pins and chucking them bodily overboard, to be fished out later and put under the aegis of our own Law for the Promotion of Anarchy and Riot at Sea.

What Bob and Andy Have Done

Commenting on his experience Captain Barlow said: "It is as though the foreign enlisted men in our army and navy had been allowed to make the laws which should govern their officers and the general discipline of the service. Here we have in the United States foreigners belonging to self-appointed unions, practically making the laws which govern the American merchant marine service—laws which favor the slouchers, idlers and generally incompetent, and have destroyed the possibility of all discipline, and then we ask what has caused the decadence of our once famous service and why our flag has been driven from the seas." It is well in this connection to remember that the McAdoo bill is still a live and going proposition before Congress. It proposes to create a Government merchant marine service, the deficits of which are to be made up by taxing among others the owners of private competing lines. And yet some people wonder why our flag has been stripped from the seven seas.

The Clockwinder Talks of the Governor

"I hope it's not so, but you never can tell." The speaker was the well known bilge water gossip, the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. He was talking to his friend Senator Gus Hartman in the pendulum room while polishing the key with a piece of chamois. What he hoped was not so was the rumor that Governor Johnson was thinking of appointing that epicene statesman, the Hon. Chester Rowell of Fresno, to the job made vacant by the death of Lieutenant-Governor Eshleman. "I hope it's not so," continued the clockwinder, "but of course the Governor is kind of up against it for awhile. He has to make a choice among the boys he has been associating with, and they're not a very choice lot. Besides if he's going to run for Senator he has to pick out some fellow that the people will stand for as his successor in the Executive job."

"I never thought of that," said the Senator.

"The Governor did," said the clockwinder. "He has been thinking of it a long time. That's why he is taking so long to fill the vacancy. If he runs for Senator there'll be two jobs for the dear peeps to think about—the one he's running for and the one that he'll have to

quit. That's why I was so sure he wouldn't make Matt Sullivan Lieutenant-Governor. Think of the roar that would go up in Los Angeles at the prospect of Matt becoming Governor of the State. No, he might appoint Chester because he's from the south, but I'd rather see him appoint that pawnbroker friend of his down there. That wouldn't be such bad politics."

Hiram's Friend Crane

Senator Hartman remarked that there had been some talk of putting Mayor Rolph in line for the gubernatorial office.

"That was some time ago," said the clockwinder, "but say, Gus, between you and me Hiram doesn't like a bone in Jim's body. Of course Matt would like to see him appoint Jim, but Hiram knows the whole State is onto the Siamese connection between Rolph and the former Chief Justice. Even if he liked Rolph he wouldn't appoint him—couldn't afford to."

"He's kind of up against it," Senator Hartman observed.

"He's been up against it ever since Teddy left him holding the bag at Chicago. I've been hoping there was something in the rumor that Murray Crane of the Old Guard offered to take care of him in the East."

"That's one I haven't heard," said the little Senator, extending his ears. The clockwinder told him the story how Murray Crane took a great fancy to Governor Johnson when they met for the first time at Chicago, and wanted him to leave California for good and join the law staff of one of the big corporations controlled by the old guardsman.

"They've been saying around town," said the clockwinder, "that the Governor has decided to accept the offer I hope for his own sake that he has, but I'm afraid he'll let the boys of the machine hold him. They don't want him to go because he's their meal ticket. The Governor has been pretty good to them, but from all accounts he hasn't been very good to himself. I'm told he is broke—hasn't money enough to make a real fight for Senator."

"Maybe Murray Crane will come through," suggested Senator Hartman. "He needs Senators in his business. And they tell me he has slathers and oodles of money."

"He's surely a very good leg," said the clockwinder, "and from the bottom of my heart I hope the Sacramento boy is on it and has a tight hold."

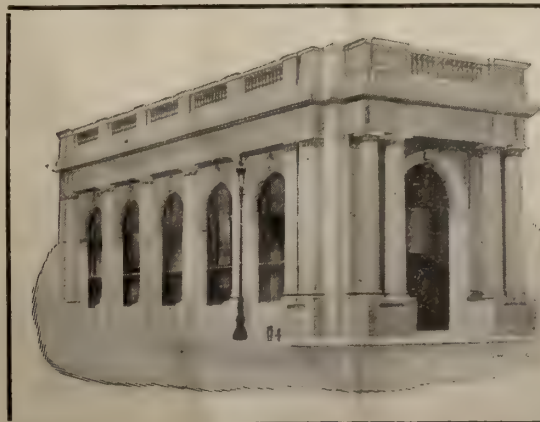
The Orator of the Day

Otto Irving Wise was the Fourth of July orator this year, and he set an example which I hope to see future orators of the day follow: he made it brief. So many of our Fourth of July orators think that they are called upon to test the endurance of their hearers that it is refreshing for a change to listen to a speaker like Wise who condenses his eloquence and does not spread an interminable desert of words

between his exordium and his peroration. Wise is in constant demand as a speaker, so he was not tempted to crowd all his thoughts into a single address. It was a meaty speech he made on the steps of the City Hall, and the crowd liked it. He was so frequently interrupted by applause that single sentences stood out in bold relief, and the audience kept mental step with him as he marched from thought to thought and from argument to conclusion. The delivery was what might have been expected from so polished and so incisive a talker. Wise is eloquent, but he does not make the eagle scream, he does not use flapdoodle. It is to be hoped that budding Fourth of July orators heard him and will profit by his example.

The Balladry of Sterling

"The appetite for ballads and the power of getting sustenance from them are generally developed in very early life," writes Sir Henry Newbolt, himself a writer of fine ballads. So I suppose George Sterling has been reading and writing ballads all his life. But his first three books contained not a single ballad. Then in his fourth book "Beyond the Breakers" he published three: "Ballad of Two Seas," "Ballad of St. John of Nepomuk" and "The Rack" which Sterling might have called a Ballad of Hell if John Davidson had not used the title before him. Sterling's new book "The Caged Eagle" contains two ballads: "The Witch" and "Ballad of the Fatal Word." There is so much to be said about this new book of Sterling's that I cannot say it all this week, but I must find room for a few words about Sterling's balladry. "The Witch" opens the new volume. The ballad is defined by Dr. Murray as "a simple spirited poem in short stanzas in which some popular story is graphically told," and certainly "The Witch" is simple, spirited and graphically told. Prince Erik returned from a foray, "his galley low with spoil." There were "weeping slaves" among his booty, and also "one that did not weep," a woman with hair darker than the night, limbs whiter than milk, lips coral-red and eyes green as the shoaling seas. Prince Erik led this beautiful leman before King Gudrod who bade Sigurd the skald sing the prince's valor. Whereupon Sigurd snatched Erik's sword and stabbed the captive dead. Erik would have killed the skald, but was restrained, and Sigurd at the king's command explained his deed. "It is that we bleed not," said Sigurd, "that she in time does bleed." Once before a woman like this had been brought into the North, a woman who whispered in a witch's tongue and had a harlot's mouth. She had wrought terrible havoc. Sigurd ended: "Many hearts shall go unpierced, for that I pierced this one." "Thou hast done well," said the king. Sir Philip Sydney confessed that the ballad of "Chevy Chase" stirred his blood like the sound of trumpets. Something of that effect is produced by this ballad of Sterling's.



THE ANGLO & LONDON PARIS NATIONAL BANK SAN FRANCISCO

Paid-Up Capital \$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits..... 1,966,137.81
Total Resources 45,479,498.67

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"The Fatal Word"

Of equal richness and dramatic intensity is the "Ballad of the Fatal Word," also in this new volume. This is the tale of two men fighting a duel for the love of a woman. The scene is the Downs, a favorite region of English romance. The woman looks on as the two men cross swords. "Long below a windy sky the dancing rapiers blaze;" then one is wounded, and the maiden cries his name in a voice of "love and bitter fear."

And at that voice the one she named
Stands dazed, for instant weal,
Till in that heart where joy is crowned
Slips the dethroning steel.

It is the balladist's oldest theme: the love that brings death.

Upon the breast of him that fell
Her red rose laid she then;
And unto him whose blade was red
She never spoke again.

Read these ballads in "The Caged Eagle," then go to your shelf and take down "Beyond the Breakers" and read the stirring ballad of the captain of the red-scuppered *Rey del Sur*, and the touching ballad of the saint who was martyred by wicked King Wenceslaus, and the grim ballad of the interrupted tryst that ended in Hell. And then tell me if Sterling has not the soul of a jongleur, a minstrel, a court bard. In this matter of balladry Sterling might doff his cap to Newbolt, to Ernest Rhys, to Agnes Robinson and to John Davidson, but they would return the salute, recognizing a brother.

Russia Decadent Again

Quite a brief despatch was that in *The Examiner* of last Tuesday informing us that it was a mistake to say that the Russian Duma intended to enact prohibition. The despatch was dated Petrograd July 2. The bill passed by the Duma, says the despatch, contains a clause "which makes an exception of wines not containing more than twelve per cent of alcohol." Judging from all we have been reading in *The Examiner* of late this was a despatch of tremendous importance. The *Examiner* has led people to believe that all the world was going crazy for prohibition. We have even been told that Russia prohibited not only the manufacture of vodka but the sale of all kinds of alcoholic liquors. Surely it is worth while learning why, in the midst of war, Russia should have abandoned the water wagon. But *The Examiner* has very little space for that sort of thing. The wonder is that the despatch from Petrograd was published at all. Perhaps some editor will be discharged for letting it get by. The truth about Russia was published in *Town Talk* months ago. When the manufacture of vodka was prohibited, something deadlier than vodka was invented and secretly manufactured and sold and there was more drunkenness and crime in Russian than before the ban was put on the national tippie. The fact is that the experience of Russia has been precisely the same as the experience of every State in this country where busy fanatics have succeeded in governing people as though they were children. But the fanatics don't care. Their cause must triumph no matter how many crimes are committed in its name. Doubtless the despatch from Petrograd fills them with indignation, for of course twelve per cent of alcohol is deadly in their philosophy. Why that's more than twice the amount contained in beer! Evidently the Duma

thinks it might accomplish something by compromise, but in time when it sees that even half-way measures promote only drunkenness and hypocrisy the ban will be entirely taken off.

Failure in England

In this connection it is interesting to learn that half-way measures have proved a failure in England. I find the subject discussed in a recent issue of *The New Witness* of London. "It is fairly obvious," says the editor, that "the suppression of drink has been as signal a failure in Great Britain as in Russia." He speaks especially of the "No-treating Order," which, he says, "save in the poorer districts is null and void; and it is an open secret that the restrictions as to hours are successfully evaded." He adds: "Certain magistrates in England have declined to convict the managers of public houses charged with contravening the 'No-treating Order,' but it has been left for Scotland to demonstrate the illegality of punishing an individual for an offense committed by another without the knowledge or consent of the individual whom it is sought to hold responsible."

Good News of the Symphony

William Sproule has more than justified the action of the Board of Governors of the Musical Association in elevating him to the presidency of that body. The president of the Southern Pacific is not only a brilliant executive, he is a music-lover of cultivated taste and high ideals. He has resolved whatever difficulties there were in the management of the Association, and he has just made an announcement which delights every musician and every lover of good music in this region. He tells us that the Symphony Orchestra is to be a permanent organization, and that the great Alfred Hertz is to continue as its conductor. All doubts as to the future of the Symphony Orchestra are now removed, and we may look forward with pleasure to the solidification of the position which San Francisco has taken among the great musical centers of the country. The orchestra, according to Mr. Sproule, will not only continue to give symphony concerts, but will also give concerts in the more popular forms of music from time to time. The officers who are coöperating with Mr. Sproule in developing the plans for a brilliant season are John Parrott, vice-president, and John D. McKee, treasurer; and the executive committee consists of John Parrott (chairman), E. D. Beylard, W. H. Crocker, E. S. Heller, J. B. Levison and William Sproule (ex officio). Here is the Board of Governors: E. D. Beylard, W. B. Bourn, Selah Chamberlain, C. H. Crocker, Wm. H. Crocker, E. J. De Pue, E. R. Dimond, A. B. C. Dohrmann, R. M. Eyre, J. D. Grant, Frank W. Griffin, E. S. Heller, I. W. Hellman Jr., A. C. Kains, J. B. Levison, Walter S. Martin, John D. McKee, L. F. Monteagle, John Parrott, Osgood Putnam, John Rothschild, Leon Sloss, Wm. Sproule, Sigmund Stern.

Mr. Sproule's Statement

The following statement made by Mr. Sproule will interest all our music "fans."

"The Musical Association intends to continue to give the community symphony and other music of the best type by the best musicians available and under high leadership. It should

be known to the community that the receipts from such concerts are not nearly enough to meet the expenses, yet a city claiming to be a metropolis should have a musical organization of the highest class and to accomplish this should have citizens in sufficient number to contribute the funds necessary to maintain it and so cover the difference between receipts and expenditures. No city can make fair claim to being a metropolis that fails to accomplish those obvious things that are a part of metropolitan life. The Musical Association is a voluntary association of citizens for this purpose. All money collected goes to the cause without side issues or heavy administration expenses. It is not a close organization. The Board of Governors is elected yearly by the subscribers and no member of the board gets any compensation; on the contrary, the work involves expense and effort which is gladly given as a matter of public service. The demands upon our people in San Francisco have been very heavy during the past three years, but already such response has been made by the old subscribers and such interest shown by an important part of the community, if we may judge by their urgent inquiries, as to warrant the Musical Association in going ahead with its plans. In addition to the money already subscribed the Association needs an annual subscription of \$100 or more from every citizen who desires to help in this work. The subscription gives the right to seats before non-subscribers, but in other respects is a contribution toward the work. The larger the subscription list, the more we can do, and to the greater glory of this city. For the concert season this winter Mr. Alfred Hertz has been engaged as musical director. His fame and work here have established his place in the music of the city. Mr. Allen W. Widenham of the staff of Sherman, Clay & Co., whose work came into notice during the Exposition period, has been secured for secretary and manager. These facts are mentioned at this time that a generous public may know we are at work and that we rely upon them for active support in so public a matter."

The Double-Dealing "World"

The *New York World* is the most strenuous metropolitan champion of President Wilson. In its support of his candidacy this paper is not above double-dealing. Branding Mr. Hughes as "the Kaiser's candidate," the *World* had this to say in a recent editorial:

"If Mr. Hughes should be elected President his success would inevitably be regarded throughout the world as a tremendous victory for Germany in the United States. It would be a notice to all civilization that the German vote, and through the German vote the German Government, holds the balance of power in American politics. It would proclaim to the nations that no President of the United States could hereafter hope for reelection unless his foreign policy was satisfactory to Berlin and the Kaiser. It would make Potsdam the political capital of the United States, and in its moral effect upon Germany it would be more potent than a great victory of the German armies in the field."

That this is double-dealing may be shown by going back over a file of the *World* to the issue of June 8 when the *World* still hoped that Colonel Roosevelt would be the candidate

California's Popular Wine

ESTABLISHED 1864
A. FINKE'S WIDOW
SPARKLING WINES
DRY AND SWEET WINES
809 MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
TELEPHONE - NEARBY 709

Patronize Home Industry

against President Wilson. On that date the World said:

"As for the pretended distrust of Hughes' Americanism, we doubt if there is a single human being outside the walls of an idiot asylum who seriously questions it. Hughes is the same kind of American that Wilson is, that Roosevelt is, that Taft is, that every man is who has earned high place in the service of the American people. The questions that have been raised are not even plausibly hypocritical."

Driven to double-dealing in defense of the President the World now calls Mr. Hughes "the Kaiser's candidate" and thus raises a question which is hypocritical, but in its own language not plausibly so. Commenting on this right-about-face Colonel George Harvey of the North American Review says: "The World, to our certain knowledge, was brought up to know and behave better."

A Newly-Found Poem by Sappho

Classical scholars are quite excited over the discovery of a complete poem by Sappho. The poem has been restored from the papyrus by J. E. Edmunds of Cambridge University, and he also furnishes the following translation: "Make stand beside me in a dream, great Hera, the beauteous shape that in answer to their prayer appeared unto the famous kings of Atreus' seed when they had made an end of the overthrow of Troy. At first when they put forth hither from Scamander's swift flood, they could not win home, but ere that could be, were fain to make prayer to thee, and to mighty Zeus and to Thyone's lovely child. So now pray I, O Lady, that of thy grace I may do again, as of old, things pure and beautiful among the maids of Mitylene, whom I have so often taught to dance and sing upon thy

days of festival; and even as Atreus' seed by grace of thee and thy fellow-gods did put out then from Ilium, so I beseech thee, gentle Hera, aid thou now this homeward voyage of mine." This is the second new lyric by Sappho restored by Mr. Edmunds. The other was given to the world of classical scholars in May, 1914. Slowly, but it would seem surely, the works of Sappho are being recovered, and they amply justify the reputation she enjoyed in ancient times as the peerless singer of Greece.

The Rose

I couldn't help see that you looked at me,
And bowed with a pretty smile,
But the lights were low, so how could you know
That I smiled back all the while?

I don't suppose that you saw the rose
I held in my hand for you;
Yes, I grasped it tight in the soft twilight,
And gazed at your face so true.

But when the play had faded away,
And vanished the happy scene,
Who else could tell why a red rose fell
At the foot of the movie screen?
—H. Stanley Haskins.

The blonde club woman and the brunette club woman met in the foyer before the play. They introduced their husbands. During the husbands' temporary absence the blonde woman said:

"Does your husband go out between acts?"
"No," said the brunette, "he comes in between drinks."

They speak of politics as if it were an occupation; whereas it is only one chronic ailment among others.

Gives a fellow quite a jar,
You can safely bet,
When his handsome motor car
Runs him into debt.

Black—If Roosevelt went to war again I wonder where he'd get his Rough Riders?
White—Probably from Henry Ford.

Town Talk Press

COMMERCIAL PAMPHLET
PUBLICATION CATALOGUE

PRINTERS

BRIEFS AND TRANSCRIPTS



TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 2612

88 First St., Cor. Mission : San Francisco

My First Appearance

By Nat Goodwin

My debut on the stage foreboded but little success. Many years ago some members of the Thorne family, consisting of C. R. Thorne Sr., his wife and one of his sons, Edwin, were living with my parents in Boston. The members of the Thorne family on Sunday evenings were invited to the parlor to listen to my recitations and imitations of actors. They proved very patient and kindly, and one evening, after hearing me recite the dream scene from "Richard III," suggested to their son Edwin that, in view of the hospitality that had been bestowed upon them by my father and mother, it would be a kindly act of reciprocity to secure me an engagement at the Providence Opera House, where Edwin was to shortly assume the position of leading man. Edwin consented and in due time I was sent for to appear in the character of Sir George Hounslow in an old English melodrama called "The Bottle." I came to Providence and attended the first rehearsal letter perfect. (All amateurs know their lines at the first rehearsal.) The company were all very gracious and a few complimented me on my resonant voice, repose and natural grace, to all of which I acquiesced most politely. As far as I was individually concerned my success was assured. We rehearsed three days. I wondered why we had even three. Knowing my lines and having borrowed from Thorne a huge blond wig and a pair of patent leather shoes, I considered myself capable of performing any light part in any modern play. A blond wig

and a pair of patent leather shoes were enough to inspire any aspiring Roscius.

The night of the performance arrived, much to my satisfaction. My first scene was obliged to be played in one, that is in front of a pair of flats as near as possible to the footlights in order to enable the stage carpenter and his assistants to set the following scene and make as much noise as possible to drown the efforts of the players. Happily these sort of scenes have long since become obsolete and are now never used. The character I played—Hounslow—was supposed to be the bad young man of the drama, who visits a little village wherein the play is located in quest of the virtuous young heroine. We were supposed to meet down the road off stage and continue a scene which the audience were not privileged to witness. It was the opening of the second act. The heroine rushes on pursued by Hounslow, who grabs her in the centre of the stage and endeavors to steal a kiss after saying to her, "So I have you again, my sweet girl. Why do you avoid me thus?" The leading lady and I were talking casually in the first entrance as the warning came announcing the rise of the curtain. Not knowing the technique of the stage I was not aware of the warning nor that the curtain was up when I heard a piercing shriek, and the leading lady hissing in my ears "You brute!" which she never said at rehearsal, rushed on wildly. I asked the property man, who was standing by, if he heard me say anything

to the lady that could possibly offend her, and he replied "No, go on after her quick." I said, "Where is she?" "On the stage, you idiot," he replied. I looked and saw her standing there glaring off to where I stood, biting her nails and clawing the air. The property man flung me on. I rushed and grabbed her and said, "So I have—" and stopped. That was as far as I got. All I saw was the pale angry woman, a black opening in front and a fat man sawing away wildly at a huge fiddle. A weird sound of uncanny music coming from somewhere and a very tall, thin man waving frantically at me with a violin bow. Voices said, "Go on" or "Come off." I stood transfixed, not being able to move a muscle or utter a sound. All was still, then darkness came. When I awoke I found myself lying on a bunch of carpet while a man in a red flannel shirt was dashing cold water in my face. When the man with the red shirt left me I hurriedly made my way to the stage door of the theatre, rushed to the railway station and took the first train for Boston. I went to my home, having failed to remove my makeup or take off my wig and shoes, told my parents of my dreadful fiasco, fell upon my mother's neck, tearfully told her that I would never become an actor and for her to endeavor to secure me a position in a shoe store. I was telling this incident in after years to a party of gentleman, including Edwin Thorne, who verified all I said but cruelly added that I omitted to return his blond wig and patent leather shoes.

STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities of

The Hibernia Savings and Loan Society

HIBERNIA BANK

DATED JUNE 30, 1916

ASSETS

1—Bonds of the United States (\$7,703,000.00), of the State of California and Cities and Counties thereof (\$8,198,250.00), of the State of New York (\$2,149,000.00), of the City of New York (\$1,450,000.00), of the State of Massachusetts (\$1,097,000.00), of the City of Chicago (\$550,000.00), the actual value of which is.....	\$21,750,712.99
2—Cash in Vault	2,802,707.95
3—Miscellaneous Bonds (\$4,911,000.00) the actual value of which is	4,627,201.25
	\$29,180,622.19

They are:

"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent bonds" (\$476,000.00), "Southern Pacific Company, San Francisco Terminal 4 per cent Bonds" (\$350,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$35,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$83,000.00), "Pennsylvania Railroad Company 4½ per cent Bonds" (\$550,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company First Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" (\$260,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" (\$400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" (\$334,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$150,000.00), "Gough Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$20,000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" (\$1,325,000.00), "San Francisco Gas and Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" (\$510,000.00), "Los Angeles Gas & Electric Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$100,000.00), "Spring Valley Water Company 4 per cent Bonds" (\$50,000.00), "German House Association 6 per cent Bonds" (\$101,000.00).

4—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	32,900,943.71
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The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State and the State of Oregon. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

5—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	287,560.00
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The condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-Public Corporations and other securities.

6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco (\$1,967,469.82), and in the Counties of Santa Clara (\$1.00), and Alameda (\$18,387.80) in this State, the actual value of which is	1,985,858.62
(b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is	972,705.57

The condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

7—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds.....	253,048.57
TOTAL ASSETS	\$65,580,738.66

LIABILITIES

1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is.....	\$62,071,789.39
Number of Depositors	87,945
Average Deposit	\$705.80
2—Accrued Interest on Loans and Bonds.....	253,048.57
3—Reserve Fund, Actual Value.....	3,255,900.70
TOTAL LIABILITIES	\$65,580,738.66

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By J. S. TOBIN, President.
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
City and County of San Francisco ss.

J. S. TOBIN and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said J. S. TOBIN is President and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

J. S. TOBIN, President.
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of July, 1916.

CHAS. T. STANLEY,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of
San Francisco, State of California.

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Hotaling and the Players

A performance of "King Lear" is announced for the Greek Theatre in Berkeley. It is to be given by the Players Club. The date is the fifteenth of this month. Dick Hotaling was to have been in it. The latest cast does not include his name. Why? Well, it is an interesting story, as they tell it in Berkeley. Dick is not a member of the Players. He has played with them twice but only as "guest." It is considered quite an event when they can get him. He not only pulls an enormous crowd but adds real distinction to the club's work. The members are crazy to play with him, for a single rehearsal with Dick is of great value to any student of the stage. Dick loves the Greek Theatre. He played "Samson" there. It was an old drama founded on the Bible story. The spell of that performance still haunts the memory of all who were fortunate enough to see it. So when Dick was asked by the Players to join them in this proposed presentation of Lear, he eagerly accepted. He set about at once to make his own arrangement of the play. He did not like any of the prompt books that are used. Lear is a long play, and in stage arrangement is so trimmed that it is very perplexing to an audience unfamiliar with the story. Dick fixed a fine prompt book. Everything was in it that should be retained and yet it could be given in regulation time.

Opposition Develops

Now comes the excitement. In the cast were several persons who had been connected with the regular stage and had supported professional actors in this play. These persons had learned their parts already, and they were not going to relearn them to please Mr. Hotaling nor any other amateur or near-professional. Here then was trouble. Reginald Travers, the moving spirit of the Players, was in despair. What was to be done? Dick insisted on his version and the others would have none of it. Dick came to several rehearsals but the opposition stayed away. Dick was quite unaware of the trouble. It all fell on Reginald, to his great perplexity. Dick seemed to be indispensable. So were most of the others. Dick has great drawing power, especially in Oakland and Berkeley. Then, too, he is the one big actor, the only one who could do the passionate, frenzied King. But the other persons of professional stage experience stood firm and unmoved. They asked who this Hotaling was. Pooh! Let him learn their version! Why should they take orders from him? Poor Reginald was at his wits' end.

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Dallam Armes and Victory

Then a most brilliant idea occurred to him. He would lay the matter before William Dallam Armes who is the guiding spirit of the Greek Theatre. Professor Armes didn't want the job, but Reginald insisted. If Armes would tell Reginald that Dick's arrangement was not suitable, then Reginald could smoothe it all over with Dick, and the buck would be gracefully passed. William cooperated in a measure; he asked wherein Dick's version differed from the regular ones. Reginald told him that in the third act Dick called for a hovel on the stage down right front. Here Armes became interested. What? A hovel on the stage of the Greek Theatre? Never! That was enough! Armes had saved Reginald's face. He saw a picture of Dick gracefully accepting the old version of the play and not deserting the Players in their need. Away Reginald flew to tell Dick. But Dick sprung a surprise, as he usually does. He said: "Very well, now you know where you stand. I am sorry. I was thinking only how to give the best we could to the audience, and if a representative of the University of California stands opposed to what I consider the best effort we can offer in the production of King Lear, why in spite of the great pleasure I would take in being in it I cannot recede from my position until I am shown that I am wrong, or something better is substituted." So Dick withdrew to the chagrin of everybody, and Reggie himself will play the part of the crazy King. The opposition won out but it strikes even them the victory is a Pyrrhic one.

The Interesting De Grassis

Signor and Madame Antonio de Grassi, the well known violinists whom the European war drove from their spacious and delightful home in London, are now living in Berkeley and find it very congenial. Their black carpets and curtains brought from England are the wonder of the college town, while their magnificent copper and brass collection is the envy of all interested in antiques. The furnishings came through the Panama canal, fifty-tons of them, and one case of thirty-five tons had to be handled by a coal crane to get it off the ship. The Custom House people say it was the largest box that ever entered the bay. It is now being used for a tea house in the de Grassi garden on Dwight way.

The Former June Morgan

The de Grassis are very out-of-doors people, and are going for a fortnight with the Sierra Club tramping the Sierras in the Kern River country. Signor will take a violin, and Madame always has her charming voice in willing order. The ten years she spent in Europe made quite a stunning woman of the world of her, but she is still "sweet June Morgan" to her many friends. At present she is more or less in retirement owing to the passing away of her dearest friend, the late Mrs. Huntington. Miss Marian Huntington was Madame de Grassi's only bridesmaid when she returned from Europe with her Italian cavalier to be married at old St. Paul's, in Oakland, six or seven years ago. Signor de Grassi's younger brother Alberto Jr. is about to marry pretty Ruth Sharon of Piedmont, niece of Mrs. Fred Sharon. The de Grassi family palace on the Grand Canal, Venice, is one of the starred objects that Baedeker points

out. The family has always produced distinguished soldiers and artists. In fact it was

Admiral de Grassi who brought aid to America from the French during the Revolution, and he was one of the ancestors of the present family, though he was the only French member.

Mrs. Denny to Wed Again

Word comes from the national capital that Mrs. Julia Denny, the widowed mother of Esther Denny, is going to marry. This despite the fact that she is well along toward her sixtieth year. The groom-to-be, it is said,

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NORTHWESTERN PACIFIC R. R.

is a general on the retired list whose social position and fortune leave nothing to be desired. Colonel Frank Denny left little when he died, and Esther has shown her adaptability by earning her own living. I need not say that her many friends in this city have lost none of that affection which they displayed for this charming irl when she was living luxuriously at the Fairmont.

"Tommy" Toning Down

Eleonora Sears otherwise "Tommy" appeared at a swagger Boston wedding the other day in a subdued black chiffon and taffeta gown and a black tulle hat. It was the reverse of a conspicuous costume, and many are wondering whether a change has not come over Eleo. She seems to be toning down, to be dropping her hoydenish ways and to be growing less avid of the limelight. Some explain all this by saying that Eleo is in love, and that we shall hear of her engagement one of these days.

At the Cecil

Gaiety reigned at the Cecil on the Fourth of July, and a number of dinners and luncheons were given. There was a special menu, and an excellent musical programme was played during dinner. Captain and Mrs. Franklin Hutton entertained a group of their friends. Mrs. Hutton is one of the prettiest matrons in the army, and she and her husband are famed for their entertaining. Captain and Mrs. Reynolds gave an informal dinner, and Captain and Mrs. James Pourie entertained at another table. Mrs. W. S. Reeder and her son R. P. Reeder Jr. came up last week from Honolulu and are guests. They are relatives of Major Reeder of the United States army. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Harmeyer of Cincinnati are stopping at the hotel. Among the other prominent guests are Mr. and Mrs. Ellwood Cooper of Denver. Mr. and Mrs. Nevin M. Wanner and Miss Mary J. Myers are also at the hotel. They are from York, Pa. Mr. and Mrs. G. Green of New York will spend the month of July at the Cecil. Mrs. C. H. Layson motored from her home in Newark, Cal., and is sojourning.

Routing Tedium at Techau's

Every season brings its novelty as sure as Fate. Otherwise society couldn't quite endure

the tedium of life. A year ago it was a chase in the early morning hours behind the pack of beagles. Then came the Ice Palace with its hockey and invigorating skating. Now we're having a whirl of the "perfume dances" inaugurated at Sherry's during the last horse show and now fairly launched with us at Techau Tavern. Every afternoon at five three large La Boheme perfume bottles are given away to the ladies in the dining salon. They are "Walkin' the Dawg" at Techau's. This dance is best described as the oldtime cakewalk refined and developed. The hesitation, the fox trot, the one step and a queer half time are introduced in effective confusion.

How It Happened

First he missed her, then he kissed her,
Her kid sister said, "Oh, Mister,
Ain't you 'fraid there'll be a blister
On my sister where you kissed her?"
Then that wicked kidlet's sister
Grabbed her by the ear and hissed a
Warning to her to desist, or
She would give her ear a twister.
After which they both dismissed her,
And the man that kissed her sister
Looked, but couldn't find a blister
Where he kissed her when he missed her,
So, as he was some persister
And she was a poor resister
He just simply up and kissed her
Out of sight of that kid sister.

What Ought a Man to Do?

I am conscious that there is a lady standing up in front of me. She may be young and handsome. She may not be. What is that to me? I am not going to give her my seat—why should I? Did not I wait over one car in order to have this privilege?

I must read my paper vigorously. She will think that I am so absorbed that—I wonder what she looks like? Her shoes look rather smart—she is evidently a lady.

It is too late now anyway. A man can't rise suddenly and insist upon a strange lady taking his seat when the journey is one-half over. . . . Dear! Dear! I ought to have gotten up. It wasn't worth the struggle.

Still, the women have themselves to blame. They have forced themselves into public life;

they want to be on an equality—I'd like to get one good look at her.

My paper goes down. There! Now I catch her profile. Hell! Well, well, well. Thank God it's all right. My wife!

The Swan of Avon on Flying

Shakespeare had no means of knowing of course that his tercentenary year would be marked by an aviation race across the American continent or that there would be a great war in which fliers would take part. But that he foresaw the day of the airman is indicated by these quotations from some of his works:

Some airy devil hovers in the sky,
And pours down mischief.

—King John, iii., 2.

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war...
The noise of battle hurtled in the air.

—Julius Caesar, ii., 2.

Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

—Julius Caesar, i., 3.

Our cannons' malice vainly shall be spent
Against the invulnerable clouds of heaven.

—King John, ii., 1.

A winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy pacing clouds
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

—Romeo and Juliet, ii., 2.

Imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world.

—Measure for Measure, iii., 1.

Striding the blast, or . . . hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air.

—Macbeth, i., 7.

Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.
I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.

—Henry VI., ii., 1.

The Leaning Tower of Pisa explained. "I started to faint when I saw the architect's bill," it cried.

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Gossip of the Theatre

Melville Ellis at the Orpheum

If our Orpheum takes pride in being beforehand with everything then it has cause for rejoicing in this week's bill. Are we not constantly told that the civilized world has been reverting to the simple life ever since war became a world passion? The present Orpheum acts are in a shade like the title of one of George Macfarlane's songs "My Old Rose." McLallen and Carson do tricks and dances on roller skates; very bright and rythmical, too. But lately we prefer hockey on the ice. Tighe and Jansen's sketch is unexcitingly pleasing. Edna Brothers and Company have a dainty sketch with two sweet children in it, all pure and simple like morning dew. Libonita plays pretty tunes on the xylophone, which imbue all the children in the audience, even grown up ones, with the desire to dance and beat time. Murray Bennett tells Hebrew stories in the good old way. George Macfarlane steps forth in unadulterated Gilbert and Sullivan songs and others of the same undefiling mould, and tells his wholesome Scotch stories. Clark and Hamilton continue with their burlesque; bright, yes, but still a bit on the old rose too. Surely there would be a thrill of vivid color in Melville Ellis's act! I thought. There was only a faint one and that was when the stage setting was disclosed. But in these days when women are not even good housekeepers unless they know a lot about period furniture and can discuss knowingly after what artists rooms are done, it is reasonable to look for the most up-to-date complexity of simplicity in interior designing by Melville Ellis in monologue and zippy song is Gordon Craig and Jules Guerin are but words to conjure with. But alas! Though he played the piano well his selections were without distinction. However, there is a certain magnetism in his week-after-next personality. But Melville Ellis in monologue and gippy song is always aside from the ordinary. Then why should he remain mute? The lady in his picture, Irene Bordini, is pretty and pleasing but only tamely alluring. Mr. Ellis designed her three gowns and one nearly sensational hat, but they are not in his best vein. Considering that he is responsible for the color schemes and costumes of so many smart New York productions, not to speak of the gowns of the opera, dramatic and society queens of the gay metropolis, he might have given his own quiet city, yawning on the edge of the theatrical continent, something to wake it up. Speaking of old-rose, there is one that is missed at the Orpheum—our dear Herr Rosner. Now that the veteran leader is on his vacation one wonders whether it was he at the covered keyboard that gave the right complexion to any old bill that happened along. The perfume the orchestra put into a performance under his leadership was always exhilarating.

—H. M. B.

Miller Season Opens at Columbia

The Henry Miller season at the Columbia will begin Monday night. A representative San Francisco audience will be on hand to greet the favorites who will appear here during the special engagement. The advance sale has been unusually heavy and is evidence of the popularity of the organization which Mr. Miller has brought together. Mr. Miller in selecting the opening play of the season decided upon Hubert Henry Davies' brilliant comedy "The Mollusc" which theatregoers will remember as one of the most decided of international suc-

cesses. It has never been seen in San Francisco although we have been promised it on two former occasions. Mr. Miller has arranged to precede "The Mollusc" with a one-act play called "A Golden Night" in which Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, John Findlay and others will appear. The Miller organization for the Columbia season includes Ruth Chatterton, Bruce McRae, Hilda Spong, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Alice Lindahl, Charles Trowbridge, Walter Connolly, Margaret St. John, Mrs. Charles Craig, Gladys Wilson and W. H. Sams. It is Mr. Miller's intention to give one or two noted revivals during his stay as well as the premieres of plays just out of the hands of a number of well known playwrights. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

People's Philharmonic Concert

The People's Philharmonic Orchestra, Nikolai Sokoloff conductor, will give the sixth popular symphony concert of the summer series at the Cort next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. The programme will be rendered by an orchestra of sixty-five of the best musicians of San Francisco. Beethoven's greatest symphony, the Fifth; the Prelude to "An Afternoon of a Faun," one of the greatest, if not the greatest work of Debussy; Tchaikowsky's stirring "March Slav" and Smetana's symphonic poem "Vltava," arranged for harp by Kajetan A. Attl, soloist and harpist of the orchestra, will be given, and thanks to the generosity of Mrs. J. B. Casserly, for an amazingly low scale of prices. The People's Philharmonic is now in its third year. It has played to one hundred

thousand persons. With a well defined purpose—developing in the masses a love for good music—the orchestra and its work should appeal to men and women who can afford to pay the sum necessary for the continuation of the concerts. For the winter series of concerts \$30,000 is required to guarantee all the expenses of an increased orchestra, the bringing here of great soloists and all incidentals. Any citizen who wishes to do so may become a guarantor to the extent of \$100 or more by communicating with the office of the People's Philharmonic, 703 Head Building.

"High Cost of Loving" at Alcazar

Frank Mandel of San Francisco is responsible for next week's offering at the Alcazar. This is Lew Field's farce success "The High Cost of Loving" which ran for an entire season at the Liberty Theatre in New York. The Alcazar is fortunate in securing the first stock rights to this play inasmuch as Mr. Mandel personally will direct the rehearsals. "The High Cost of Loving" proved the greatest farce success ever produced by Lew Field. It is described as a rich and spicy concoction. It will afford unlimited opportunity to the various members of the Alcazar players, and as the cast is a long one there will be a number of specially engaged artists.

The Great Kosloff at Orpheum

Next week will witness the Orpheum season's greatest bill. Theodore Kosloff, premier danseur of the Imperial Russian Ballet of Moscow and Petrograd, with Vlasta Maslova and a company



THEODORE KOSLOFF AND VLASTA MASLOVA

From the Imperial Russian Ballet of Moscow and Petrograd who will be headliners at the Orpheum next week

of artists from the Imperial Russian Ballet will present the finest programme of dances ever witnessed in vaudeville. Kosloff has had scene painters work out Leon Bakst's designs, and the result is a perfect realization of the most striking of this artist's conceptions yet shown in this country. Kosloff also brings with him his own famous Russian orchestra. He has just concluded a triumphal season of four weeks at the Palace Theatre, New York. Dave Kramer and George Morton, black-faced comedians, have a laughable talking, singing and dancing skit. Consul, the marvelous chimpanzee, and his adopted daughter Betty come direct from London where they have just closed a lengthy engagement. These monkeys, besides roller skating, bicycle riding and tight-rope walking, indulge in comic pantomime. Melville Ellis will perform new selections on the piano, and Irene Bordini will sing entirely new songs. Murray Bennett, singing comedian, Edna Brothers and Company in "The Might Have Beens," Jack G. McLallen and May Carson, international roller skaters and dancers, will also be included in this great bill. A special added attraction will be the appearance of Claire Rochester, a beautiful Southern girl who is said to be the only female baritone and soprano in the world. She sings the full baritone range, reaching to "F" above high "C." She made a tremendous success at the Palace Theatre, New York.

Fourth Week of "The Brat"

"The Brat" by Miss Maude Fulton with Miss Fulton herself in the name part goes into the fourth week of a remarkably successful engagement at the Cort on Sunday night. It is one of the most delightful comedies seen on the local stage in a long time. Laughter predominates, and in these days of unrest it is amusement the theatregoer wants. In "The Brat" they find it a-plenty, for the lines are bright, the situations funny, and yet with all its hilarity there is a great deal of humanity in it. In the name part Maude Fulton gives an interpretation that is delightful and she is ably assisted by a company of exceptional ex-

cellence. Oliver Morosco has provided Miss Fulton with a supporting company that includes Edmond Lowe, Wyndham Standing, A. Burt Wesner, James Corrigan, Mary Edgett Baker, Gertrude Maitland, Lillian Elliott, Marjorie Davis. Matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

"Melodphields" at Pantages

"The Twelve Melodphields," a group of talented boy and girl musicians, will be the headline attraction on the new show which starts at Pantages Sunday afternoon. This is the act that Alexander Pantages arranged for a vaudeville tour of his circuit two years ago, and the success of the little folks has been phenomenal. The Sully Family, formerly known as the "Five Sullys," will return with a new version of their delightful concoction styled "The Information Bureau." Harry Jolson, a brother of Al Jolson, but who does not use the name in big type, has the family mannerisms in singing, dancing and spinning yarns. While not getting the same princely salary as his famous brother, Harry is doing nicely on the Pantages time. Haviland and Thornton have a charming little talking skit called "Insurance." Fiddes and Swain will indulge in swagger piano and high class singing selections. Hanlon and Hanlon have an odd acrobatic comedy act. An aggregation of Lilliputians, the seventeenth episode of "The Iron Claw," and the newest edition of Goldberg's "Boob Weekly" are other pleasing features.

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Two Briefs

(Continued from Page 7)

to treat an orphan as one's own child and induce the child to go from one State to another on such promise is not a contract to devise, for there is no legal obligation on a parent to will any property to a child. It is different when an agreement to make the child an heir is entered into in consideration of something to be done by the child. Mr. McEnerney argues in his brief that Bridget Rhead changed her testimony to avoid the decision that might have been invoked to defeat her if she had testified in court precisely as she had testified in answer to the written questions sent to New York. According to that decision "an alleged contract with an orphan girl already domiciled in the house of the promisor, whereby the latter agrees to devise his estate to the former (if the orphan who is without other home will remain a member of the household and perform the duties incidental to the position) is both vague and uncertain" and "specific performance will not be decreed." Mr. McEnerney argues also that if the plaintiff had come to California under an agreement to inherit an estate she would have said so in answer to one of Wheeler's written questions asking her to narrate the circumstances in which she came to California. Her answer to the question was: "After my mother died he took me to send me to school and bring me up as his daughter as he promised my mother he would do." Nothing in that answer to show that he bound himself by contract to give all his estate to a poor orphan who had nowhere to go.

But Mr. Wheeler had confidence in Bridget Rhead's veracity, though she was unknown to him. Also he had confidence in her case. But of this Mr. McEnerney is sceptical. He thinks it very curious, as he says in his brief, that Mr. Wheeler, who drew a contract January 4th, 1915, intended to secure to himself a quarter of the properties recovered by Mrs. Rhead upon whatsoever possible theory they might be recovered, should have failed to provide for himself the benefits of a recovery under an oral contract. He thinks the inference warranted that the plaintiff never confided in her lawyer to the extent of telling him her great secret. He is sure that if Mr. Wheeler knew about an oral contract to devise, he would, as an able lawyer, have prepared a set of questions quite different from the one he sent East. He suspects that Mr. Wheeler himself was troubled over the weakness of his case, since there came a time in the trial, as he says, "when Wheeler thought he needed exoneration or when he thought that we thought he needed exoneration, and we objected to having this case transformed into a judicial proceeding having for its purpose the exoneration of Mr. Wheeler." It appears from the brief that during the trial Mr. McEnerney objected to evidence upon the ground among other things that Mr. Wheeler was not on trial. What led up to this, according to the McEnerney brief, was Wheeler's contract with Morrissey. The news of the contract was elicited by McEnerney when he had the plaintiff on the witness stand. The contract was of tremendous importance showing that it indicated blank ignorance of an oral agreement to devise.

Reading those pages in which Mr. Wheeler is described as trying to exonerate himself one receives the impression that in the midst of the trial he was suffering from brain-storm. He called his only client as a witness in his behalf and also his own associate Mr. Morrissey, eliciting from the latter the information that he

was a horseshoer before he became a lawyer, for what purpose may only be conjectured, but Mr. McEnerney remarked that it was probably to suggest the possibility that perhaps Mr. Morrissey had been told about the oral contract but did not have sense enough to tell Wheeler. He also induced his client to waive the privileged character of the questions he had sent her before the trial and the answers he received. While questioning her with a view to a formal waiver she "cried and sobbed without intermission." Mr. McEnerney wants to know why Wheeler weighed the interests of his client against his own. "If the document was either helpful or harmful to her case," says McEnerney, "it was his duty to decide the question for her." He adds: "The whole truth of the matter is, as is evident by the colloquy just quoted that Mr. Wheeler conceived that the written questions and answers might be derogatory to the plaintiff's case, but helpful to his own personal exoneration, and he, therefore, made his client, an untutored and practically illiterate woman, decide in open court against her interests as a litigant when in possible collision with his interests as a lawyer." According to McEnerney the questions and answers showed so many things that were damaging they never would have been introduced if Wheeler had had time to consider. Hence, my inference touching a brain storm.

To tell the whole story of this interesting litigation as it is outlined in the McEnerney brief would require more space than is here available. That I have not quoted from the Wheeler brief is due to the fact that it is interesting only as a specimen of controversial dialectic, or, as Schopenhauer calls it, the art of sophistical controversy in which men indulge not to discover the truth but to win the bystanders. Mr. Wheeler's brief impresses me not as an illuminating analysis, but as the

product of a brain in a panic. Mr. Wheeler appears to be very indignant that there should be any suspicion of testimony given to support an oral contract to devise, but he explains that in the interest of his client's cause he sinks his personal resentment. If he sank it somebody attached to it some kind of a device like a whistling buoy. How hard pressed Mr. Wheeler was may be judged from the fact that by way of vindicating his client and establishing her credibility he cites the case of George Eliot who lived with George Henry Lewes as his wife, but who nevertheless wrote a work on Christianity. At times Mr. Wheeler is so unfortunate as to give one the impression that he is not a very scrupulous narrator; as, for instance, when in representing that Dr. Healy did not get a square deal in McEnerney's office he says that though it was his purpose only to make a deed, before he got out he made a will stripping himself of everything he had in the world. In this will, says Wheeler, he bequeathed, in a contingent event, \$163,000 to Archbishop Riordan absolutely. He is very far from making it clear that the contingent event is the failure of the trust and that the bequest deals wholly with the particular property already deeded for the benefit of the hospital. In view of what is said in the brief this extract is worth quoting: "We do not need to emphasize to your Honor the fact that no charge was or is made by us which reflects in the slightest degree upon the good faith or integrity of the late Archbishop or any member of the clergy connected in any way with the transaction." This strikes one as somewhat disingenuous in view of the amended contest which Mr. Wheeler withdrew and which he would never consent to have introduced in evidence.

Gerald—I have a mind of my own.

Geraldine—I don't believe you could sublet it.

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COMMERCIAL

Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco and The San Francisco Clearing House Association

AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS, JUNE 30, 1916

RESOURCES

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	\$ 9,623,768.16
Other Loans (Collateral and Personal)	6,183,463.91
Banking Premises, Furniture, Fixtures and Safe Deposit Vaults (Head Office and Branches)	1,015,584.97
Other Real Estate	169,842.12
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit	195,101.87
Other Resources	83,246.43
United States, State, Municipal and Other Bonds	\$6,308,212.01
CASH	3,834,260.28
TOTAL	\$27,413,479.75

LIABILITIES

Capital Fully Paid	\$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus	\$ 389,100.00
Undivided Profits	222,118.01
Dividends Unpaid	70,223.00
Letters of Credit	195,101.87
DEPOSITS	24,536,936.87
TOTAL	\$27,413,479.75

The Story of Our Growth

As Shown by a Comparative Statement of Our Resources:

December 31, 1904	\$285,436.97
December 31, 1905	\$1,021,290.80
DECEMBER 31, 1906	\$1,899,947.28
DECEMBER 31, 1907	\$2,221,347.35
December 31, 1908	\$2,574,004.90
December 31, 1909	\$3,817,217.70
DECEMBER 31, 1910	\$6,539,861.47
DECEMBER 31, 1911	\$8,379,347.02
December 31, 1912	\$11,228,814.56
December 31, 1913	\$15,882,911.61
DECEMBER 31, 1914	\$18,030,401.59
DECEMBER 31, 1915	\$22,321,860.69
June 30, 1916	\$27,413,479.75

NUMBER OF DEPOSITORS, 68,356

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Weakness became marked in some of the speculative stocks last week, but it was due to their technical position. Railroad shares and the better class of industrials were well supported, but some of the issues in which manipulation has been noticed, went down, and in some cases the losses wiped out the speculators who were carrying them on margin. Wall Street believes that we will have war with Mexico, and the banks expect the United States Government to come into the market for money which it will probably raise by selling part or all of the \$300,000,000 or more of Panama Canal 3 per cent bonds now in the Federal Treasury. As soon as the Government begins to sell bonds or borrow money, the discount rate will probably stiffen, and the demand for money will increase. The crop-moving season is approaching, and the call from interior banks may be heavier than it was last year, when it was unusually light, because these banks had plenty of money of their own. Of late they have been loading more freely, and may have to rediscount a larger amount of grain and cotton paper. Some stocks, such as Greene-Cananea, went down on account of the trouble in Mexico, but most of the big breaks were not due to that cause except in an indirect way. War or armed intervention would probably send up Greene-Cananea because its mines could be reopened and it is now yielding more than 20 per cent on its current price and can maintain its dividends if it can operate. Those who say a mining investment should pay 10 per cent can buy a choice assortment of mining shares that are now paying that or more. Railroad shares were relatively firm and their earnings are large. The Southern Pacific report for May was remarkably favorable, and the company has much to gain if Mexico is pacified and it can resume operations in that country. Exports from the port of New York, last May, broke all previous records, and this will probably prove true of the whole country when the exact figures are published. Ocean freight rates are declining rapidly, as far as shipments to Europe are concerned, partly because the British Government is concentrating the shipping it controls, and using it in the American trade. This should help cotton. Grain has already been favored by special rates, fixed by the British Government, which British vessel owners had to accept.

Wheat—Prices at this writing are not very much changed from last week's. Meanwhile the market had a normal recovery from the low prices made at the latter end of last week. On the advance of this week shorts covered freely, and once this demand was satisfied, prices showed a relaxing tendency. Little alteration has taken place in the supply and demand situation, primary receipts continuing comparatively free, while the shipments are also larger. About the only salient feature to the

market is that it appears to be fairly well liquidated. Recent reports touching on crop conditions indicate that improvement has taken place, and in the Northwest, while the weather has been cool and wet, still the prospect is regarded as favorable on the reduced acreage. Advances from Europe still emphasize the ample supplies in such countries as Canada, Australia and India, and suggest that no anxiety therefore exists as to future supplies, notwithstanding the generally reduced prospect for the next crop, all but Argentina reporting a reduced acreage. Bearish sentiment still prevails to considerable degree and it may be that the approaching hedging sales will make such a position secure. This, however, remains to be determined as the long-deferred demand may arise at that time, should the new wheat be of good quality. In view of the larger consumption which must continue while there is war in Europe, the excess of supplies, when taken with the reduced new crop, should not be inimical to the present level of values. Of course, prices may see a somewhat lower level, but we believe that the adjustment which should later take place between supply and demand, warrants purchases on reasonable recessions.

Corn had a fair advance during the week, due to the backward weather conditions, improved demand and moderate movement. Warmer weather would be regarded as beneficial to the crop, and rains are said to have interfered with cultivation in some sections. An oversold condition existed to some extent, and the correcting of this had some influence in the upturn. There has been a rather good demand through commission houses, however, but in anticipation of an improvement in weather conditions there has recently been some realizing. Primary receipts are somewhat larger, but no particular increase in the movement is looked forward to. There have been reports of Argentine corn coming to this country, but this has, as yet, exercised no influence in the situation. Argentine shipments to Europe are comparatively light. Better weather conditions will likely cause a normal set-back in prices, but the demand is of such volume as to give a firm foundation to the market and justify purchases on a fair decline.

Cotton—The rise in cotton, the past week, was due to a combination of circumstances possibly unprecedented in the history of cotton. Summer advances in cotton are of frequent occurrence, but the causes usually are wholly different from those which were operative this time. As a rule summer rise in cotton is due to unfavorable weather news. The market is usually a weather market, pure and simple, with statistics at times having important secondary influences. This year weather has had nothing to do with the advance, for conditions have been exceptionally satisfactory as a whole

The rise has occurred in spite of this fact, and is due to trade developments. Perhaps the basis of the advance was laid to the serious depleted stocks of cotton in England, and the decline in freight rates. While still very high, the decline has been so important as to make it profitable to ship cotton to England, whereas, prior to the decline, it was an expensive transaction. The alteration in the freight situation has resulted in a smart recovery in the export business, resulting in larger engagements for shipment during July, than has been figured on by spot houses. The market, however, got a good set-back on the publication of Government figures, showing a condition of 81.1 and an increase of about 12% in acreage. This condition was better than looked for, and was better than the ten-year average. There was considerable selling on this report, and prices were sharply lower, but at the decline there was a good investment demand, and we believe cotton should be bought on every decline, as the month of July is a very critical month on the growing crop.

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Clement and Seventh Avenue

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, S. W. Corner
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JUNE 30TH, 1916:

Assets	\$63,811,228.81
Deposits	60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
Number of Depositors	68,062

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P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and
Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8
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For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1916, a
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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73543; Dept. 10.

SADIE BRADLEY, Plaintiff, vs. LAWRENCE BRADLEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: LAWRENCE BRADLEY, Defendant:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear on the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 5th day of May, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
423 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-10

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (The German Bank), 526 California street; Mission Branch, corner Mission and 21st streets; Richmond District Branch, corner Clement street and 7th avenue; Haight Street Branch, corner Haight and Belvedere streets. For the half year ending June 30, 1916, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1916. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1, 1916.

GEORGE TOURNY, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market street, near Fourth. For the half year ending June 30, 1916, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1916. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from July 1, 1916.

H. C. KLEVESAH, Cashier.

CERTIFICATE OF COPARTNERSHIP

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT THE UNDERSIGNED are transacting business as copartners in the State of California under the firm name of GHISELLI BROS.

The principal place of business of the firm is San Francisco, State of California.

The full names and respective places of residence of all its members are subscribed hereunto.

Dated, June 17th, 1916.

F. J. GHISELLI,
No. 802 Filbert Street,
San Francisco, California.

G. A. GHISELLI,
No. 133 Jackson Street,
San Francisco, California.

(Cancelled 10 cent U. S. documentary stamp.)
State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 17th day of June in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixteen, before me, J. J. KERRIGAN, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned, and sworn, personally appeared F. J. GHISELLI and G. A. GHISELLI, known to me to be the same persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and they duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal in the City and County of San Francisco, in the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal) J. J. KERRIGAN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County
of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed June 17, 1916.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

R. W. DENNIS,
301 City Hall,
San Francisco, California. 6-24-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of NELLIE S. FLOURNOY, deceased.—No. 20957, N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, the Executors of the Will of NELLIE S. FLOURNOY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors at the office of F. B. CLARKE, Esq., Attorney for said Executors, Room No. 1033 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned select as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of said NELLIE S. FLOURNOY, deceased.

GEORGE S. McMURTRY,
BELLE S. McMURTRY,

Executors of the Will of Nellie S. Flounoy,
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, June 10, 1916.

F. B. CLARKE, ESQ.,
Attorney for Executors,
1033 Mills Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 6-10-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 59410.

E. SEABERG, Plaintiff, vs. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

LLOYD S. ACKERMAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Nevada Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-27-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEANNE CAZAUX (also called JEANNE CAZEAX), deceased.—No. 20,943. Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of JEANNE CAZAUX (also called JEANNE CAZEAX), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JEANNE CAZAUX (also called JEANNE CAZEAX), deceased.

GUILLAUME CAZERES,
Administrator of the estate of Jeanne Cazeaux,
also called Jeanne Cazeaux), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, July 1, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administrator,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 7-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPHINE NIGLIS, Deceased.—No. 20,973; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of JOSEPHINE NIGLIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPHINE NIGLIS, deceased.

EUGENE NIGLIS,
Executor of the last will and testament of
Josephine Niglis, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, June 17th, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 6-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ISADOR LEVIN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned EMANUEL M. LEVIN, Administrator of the estate of ISADOR LEVIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of E. H. Wakeman, 311 California Street, rooms 514-516 San Francisco, Cal., my attorney, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ISADOR LEVIN, deceased.

EMANUEL M. LEVIN,
Administrator of the estate of Isador Levin,
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 8, 1916.

E. H. WAKEMAN,
Attorney for Administrator,
311 California Street,
San Francisco, Cal. 7-8-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73611; Dept. No. 10.

KATHLEEN MARY GWILT, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE GWILT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GEORGE GWILT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's desertion, under Section 98 of the Civil Code, of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of May, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY L. CORSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
512-514 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 5-20-10



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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVIII. No. 1247

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 15, 1916

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE:

Science on Cancer

A California Caesar

Europe in War Time

The Hero of The Chester

The Revolt of Our Merchants

The Unneutrality of George Sterling

The Outcome of Our President's Ideals

Koster Talks of The Chamber of Commerce

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVIII

San Francisco, July 15, 1916

No. 1247

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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

The Outcome of Our President's Ideals

So there are two million people on the verge of starvation in Mexico! Horrible of course; enough to give our sensitive, kind-hearted President more than one unpleasant quarter of an hour. But let us hope that a cultivated conscience ensures him protection from anything like self-reproach or remorse. There is this to be said,—that at least he has done his best according to his lights and a "fluctuating visibility," as Admiral Jellicoe has phrased it. How is it possible for a man to live up to the Golden Rule in respect of such unreliable folks as the uncivilized mongrels of Mexico? Mr. Wilson, to his credit be it said, is an idealist to whom ideals are something more than the full dress of the soul. Regarding materialism as too barren a rock for a soul to take root on, he cherishes ideals as the very essence of reality, and applies them, not as a statesman, but as a poet and a mystic, one who loves mankind next to his God. Would that our President were able to learn something from looking backward, but we shall not be impatient. Let him go on a while longer attitudinizing in what Meredith calls the "statuesque pathetic" and playing, after his own fashion, for the verdict of posterity. After all it is far from advisable to rush our unseasoned citizen soldiery into hardship and disease. And besides the President is bound to perceive in the course of time that in this workaday world of ours even when we live up to our ideals they are not to be realized according to our preconceived notions. All along his Mexican policy has been motivated in philanthropy, and for the sake of the peons he has kept out of Mexico, but now they are praying for him to enter. True, they are diminishing in number, but in the end enough of them will be left to salute the flag out of gratitude for intervention. Meanwhile we shall not pretend to have the least notion of what the verdict of posterity will be. We know only that it

will be a disinterested verdict, for there is no likelihood of another Carnegie springing up to corrupt editors and professors with his illgotten gains for the greater glory of himself. At present there are verdicts a-plenty applauding the President, all having the same curious bias as one that *The Bulletin* gave utterance to the other day. According to *The Bulletin* the President has chosen "between two opposed policies"—the policy of protecting the rights of Americans with interests in a foreign country and the policy of ignoring those rights on the theory that they conflict with the rights of "stay-at-home" Americans. This idea that there is a conflict of rights is entirely new. We wonder if it is the contemporary verdict that the President of the United States is elected only to protect the "stay-at-home" Americans and that it is to the interest of the United States to discourage Americans from extending American commerce to foreign lands. We wonder if the Americans of this generation under the tutelage of Mr. Woodrow Wilson are pleased to see their Government deliberately betray their countrymen.

The Hero of the Chester

Admiral Jellicoe gives us one great thrill in his little more than matter-of-fact account of the great naval battle in the North Sea. In this plain unvarnished paragraph he sets on edge the emotions of every reader who is accessible to a tug in the region of the heart-strings: A report from the commanding officer of the Chester gives a splendid instance of devotion to duty. A boy, John Travers Cornwell, of the Chester, was mortally wounded early in the action. Nevertheless he remained standing alone at a most exposed post quietly awaiting orders until the end of the action with the gun's crew dead and wounded all around him. His age was under 16½ years. I regret that he has since died, but recommend his case for special recognition in justice to his memory and an acknowledgment of the high example set by him.

A high example indeed! In the story of the death of John Travers Cornwell there is inspiration forever, inspiration especially for his countrymen to whom a dauntless soul bequeathed an imperishable incentive to great and noble action. "Duty never yet did want his meed" and the boy hero of the Chester will not be denied the recognition that Admiral Jellicoe bestows in justice to his memory. There is a transcendent power in example, and a nation cannot afford to neglect one so precious as young Cornwell's. We may be sure that the poets of England have received inspiration from his gallant and fearless devotion to duty, and that his praises will be sung in many a stirring lyric.

A California Caesar

In this topsy-turvy world of ours many strange things may happen, but human nature is never in peril of change. Ages before Barnum there were shrewd observers who remarked the popular passion for humbug, and from the dawn of history politicians have been playing the same old game that was practiced in ancient Babylon and that Shakespeare had in mind when he wrote the tragedy of *Julius Caesar*. Rightly understood politics is neither an art nor a science but an amusement, and here in California we have genius for political entertainment. Consider Governor Johnson's exquisite performance on the occasion of the mortuary services out of respect for the memory of the Progressive party. The Governor made clear to us what Lord Bacon meant when, after remarking that "as there are mountebanks for the natural body so there are mountebanks for the political body," he added that some men that have been lucky in two or three experiments want the grounds of science and therefore cannot hold out." Now politics has been described as the science of exigencies, and in that science Governor Johnson is no raw hand. A little while ago his friends were worrying about him. They thought he was ditched and damned, but here he is bobbing up serenely, bubbling over with moral blether, as full of irreconcilable rancors and fatal enmities as ever, and calmly announcing a disinterested *rapport* between his soul and the Senate. No, not disinterested—poverty and his great love of California demanding his return to the profitable practice of his profession—but a *rapport* notwithstanding a Caesarian reluctance, a *rapport* induced by the spirit of self-sacrifice and the large demands of a Cause that is dead. What though the cause be dead? Scattered are the Christian Soldiers: What matter? With a big job in sight the title of the Cause is worth conjuring with, and the trick may be done under the banner of the Republican party, though the standard bearer of that party was turned down at the very conference at which the Governor was nominated for Senator. Surely there is amusement in this sort of thing. And surely it must be admitted that our Governor is no amateur in the science of exigencies.

A Tip from Frederick the Great

The probability is that Frederick the Great has had many readers of late among the statesmen and strategists of Europe. For doubtless they have observed a striking analogy between the present war and the Seven Years' War. In that war Frederick had a ring of enemies, among them France and Russia. Unknown to them he had accumulated vast supplies of

munitions, and consequently, like the Germans in this war, he was for the first two years victorious on every side. He defeated the French at Rosbach, crushed the Russians at Zorndorf, and owing to the vigor of his offensive compelled the Allies to act strictly on the defensive. They came to the conclusion that the Prussians were invincible. It is from Frederick the Great himself that we learn how badly the Allies were deluded. Although right up to the final peace the Prussian armies were on foreign soil Frederick the Great was at his wits' end to know where to get more recruits and clothe them. Yet while treating with his enemies he exhibited supreme confidence. In his own history of the war, however, he tells us that had the Allies kept on or simultaneously assumed the offensive Prussia must have been absolutely crushed. "For my part," he wrote, "I had every reason for being desirous of peace. The Army was ruined, the best Generals having been killed, so that there were not competent leaders enough for detachments." Besides there was much misery in Prussia. Frederick spoke of the war as a scourge that had fallen more heavily on Prussia than on any other country. Today Germany is pretty much in the same position that Prussia was in at the close of the Seven Years' War. With his troops on the soil of his enemies Frederick the Great was quite eager to negotiate for peace on the lines of the *status quo ante bellum*. Undoubtedly the Kaiser would like to follow his example.

advisability of adopting a similar course with a view to preventing and curing other fatal maladies. He believes the greatest safety lies in exclusively vegetarian diet, with the exception of butter, of which he allows a quarter of a pound a day. His most remarkable statement is that he regards a vegetarian diet as of paramount importance because "millions of human beings naturally live thus and escape cancer."

Is The Sun to Be Obscured?

It was thought that a great tragedy occurred last week when Frank A. Munsey bought *The New York Sun*. Mr. Munsey is a journalist who made a lot of money speculating in Wall street. Presumably he is a good speculator; but there is nothing in his career to justify the hope that he might make a satisfactory editor of *The Sun*. On purchasing the paper Mr. Munsey announced that he would amalgamate it with *The Press* and thus acquire an Associated Press franchise; also that the price would be reduced to one cent. These things, he said, "form an epoch of no mean importance in the history of *The Sun*." Mr. Munsey reminds us that Norman Hapgood "formed an epoch" by succeeding Colonel Harvey to the editorship of *Harper's Weekly*. The mantle of the prophet was a misfit in Mr. Hapgood's case, and he had to get from under. The marking of a new epoch in the career of *The Sun* will thrill many thousands of newspaper readers with poignant regret and probably cause Charles A. Dana to turn over in his grave. *The Sun*, as it was when Munsey bought in with his Wall street money, differed hardly at all from the paper that Dana bequeathed to posterity. From the days of Dana down to the intrusion of Munsey *The Sun* remained individual and unique in American journalism. Its tone, its manner, its style, its attitude—all seemed to reflect the individuality of its founder. A curious phenomenon this, causing people to marvel. Yet it was easily accounted for. Through all the years since Dana's death the editorial department of *The Sun* was under the management of Edward P. Mitchell, a protégé of Charles A. Dana, a journalist trained in the Dana school and faithful to its tradition. Never was he tempted to favor the use of the ready jargon of the profession, which saves so many writers from the necessity either of thinking or of clearly uttering their thought. *The Sun* was therefore a daily newspaper of distinction. It was a daily journal in the best sense of the term, a journal to edify, to entertain and to inform. A worldly wise journal, its appeal was never to the mob; always to the intelligent, and its editorials were the work of specialists, men informed on the subjects they discussed. Somewhat given to irony and satire was the paper Dana founded, but always of an amiable quality, and never more striking than its vigilance for worthiness or its enthusiasm for the beauty of merit and for the genius of our national institu-

tions. But above all *The Sun* was distinguished for its devotion to "the well of English undefiled." Nowadays there are pedagogues as well as writers who are not sure that there is really an art of writing, who regard words not as things to be carefully handled but as a "pale and common drudge 'twixt man and man." The fact is of course that writing is an art and simple English a mystery, which is made evident by the innumerable pens that are dipping daily into chaos. On *The Sun* there was no impatience of difficult writing, the result being some fine simple English from editors who appeared to be of the opinion that the starry word was worth the pains of discovery even in newspaperdom. So we may miss *The Sun* now that it has been clouded by *The Press*. For though Mr. Munsey tells us he will retain Mr. Mitchell and adds that he hopes many of the old *Sun* men who are "steeped through and through with *Sun* tradition" will remain with him and continue to give "that inimitable *Sun* flavor and finish that you find in *The Sun* alone," the first paper issued under his management had more of a Munsey flavor than anything else. There was no trace on the editorial page of Mr. Mitchell or of any of his old associates. They must have quit in a body. A day or two later that old touch was in evidence again. Let us hope the old staff is back to stay.

Science on Cancer

Science has determined with considerable certainty that cancer is not contagious, not hereditary, nor wholly due to local irritant action; but thus far the cause of cancer has defied the most searching investigation. Of late it is said we should submit every swelling not acute or inflammatory to skilled examination, and if removal is advised we should not hesitate because some reputed remedy is offered. But the most recent scientific dictum is against reliance on surgery; not that surgery is of no benefit but for the reason that ninety per cent of all cases, whether operated upon or not, succumb to the disease. This is the dictum of an eminent physician connected with the Skin and Cancer Hospital of New York City who recommends diet in cancer cases. In an address before the State Medical Society of New York he said that diet had not been sufficiently tried in cancer because doctors and patients are usually too much alarmed to trust to so slow a method. He pointed out that other fatal diseases which are recognized as due to civilized modes of living have increased, like kidney and heart diseases and apoplexy which has kept pace with cancer in gaining twenty-five per cent in thirteen years; and as tuberculosis has steadily declined because of attention to diet and hygienic living, the New York physician argues the

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289—FREDERICK J. KOSTER

By Edward F. O'Day

Some years ago Charles C. Moore lent his energy to the Chamber of Commerce, and what had been a moribund body showed signs of healthy life. Since then the vital spark has flickered but has not gone out. The newly energized Chamber of Commerce grew used to being alive. It took satisfaction in the exercise of neglected functions. But it lacked the courage of its convictions—when smitten on one cheek it meekly turned the other. It was not afraid of the sound of its own voice, but it quailed before a loud mouth opened in opposition. Possessing great power for good, it did not know how to make it effective.

No wonder, therefore, that San Francisco was astonished when the Chamber of Commerce placed itself on record as favoring the Open Shop. Here was positive, emphatic, bold action. Here was a gauntlet flung down. Here was a salvo fired at a powerful enemy of San Francisco. Here was the Chamber of Commerce responsive to the dictates of public duty. Here was spine.

Perhaps it is a coincidence that the Chamber of Commerce mustered its full strength around the banner of the Open Shop just after Frederick J. Koster had assumed the presidency. If it is, it is one of the most arresting coincidences that ever came under my observation. For Frederick J. Koster is one of those clear-thinking, soft-spoken, purposeful men who are born leaders as most of us are born followers. The presidency of the Chamber of Commerce does not appeal to him as a titular distinction: it strikes him as a responsibility to be discharged with all he has of intelligence, sincerity and civic pride. There is work to be done, and Koster is tackling it. He proposes to make the Chamber of Commerce a weapon of offense and defense against those who have been doing their worst to destroy San Francisco by abusing the powers of organized labor.

Frederick J. Koster is a substantial citizen. He is one of the five living sons of that Koster who came to San Francisco in 1859 and with Claus Spreckels founded the California Barrel Company. The senior Koster came here with nothing and made a position for himself which his sons have not suffered to lapse. These sons were born in Hayes Valley, were educated in their home city, are all in business here today. They love their city, and understand that love implies sacred obligations.

As a youngster Fred Koster went to work for his father at Eighth and Brannan streets. It was rough work in a rough neighborhood, but he liked it. "I began as a workingman," he says, "and in time of labor trouble my sympathies go naturally to the workingmen." He runs the California Barrel Company now, and the workingmen like him. "My people stay a long time," he says; "one man has been with me thirty-three years."

Although most labor leaders are suspicious and refuse to admit it, a man may stand for the Open Shop and still favor labor unions. A man may even be active in the Merchants and Manufacturers Association—the "M. and M." which is anathema to walking delegates—and sincerely believe in labor unions. Koster is such a man. He believes in the Open Shop. He was at one time vice-president of the Merchants and Manufacturers, and is still on its executive council. Yet he says:

"The old way was, when you met competition, to cut your loss out of the wages of your

men. This attitude of the employer made unions necessary. In my business I have never denied my employes' right to join any organization whatsoever."

But Koster knows that there are abuses in union labor. Every San Franciscan with gray matter knows that; every San Franciscan of honesty admits it. Koster, however, has a gift of leadership, and he proposes to do something to eradicate those abuses.

"There is to be no program of union-busting," he says. "The Chamber of Commerce will never support any attempt at union-busting or any unfairness on the part of employers. But evils have grown up in the union labor movement. Some of them are illustrated by the situation on the waterfront where we find trouble fomented by agitators imported from Vancouver and elsewhere, and where we find men quitting work in violation of an agreement and in disregard of the advice of Secretary Wilson of the Cabinet, himself a union man. There has been intimidation; there has been violence. It is a situation not to be borne.

"This situation led to the adoption by the Chamber of Commerce of the resolution favoring the Open Shop. That resolution was passed unanimously. And the action of the Chamber has given widespread satisfaction. You would be amazed if you saw the number of letters we have received approving that action.

"The Chamber of Commerce has been criticized a good deal, very often unjustly. Perhaps feeling develops slowly in the Chamber, but it develops surely. The feeling that something had to be done to get rid of the abuses of unionism began to show a strong development last year. It is not surprising that this development did not come earlier. You see, we have had so many problems to solve. The fire of 1906 gave us a tremendous problem to solve—the rebuilding of the city. Then came the great exposition fight. We won that fight and spent four years preparing for our wonderful World's Fair, an enterprise which was completely successful. A city capable of meeting the emergencies of 1906 and 1915 as San Francisco met them is capable of anything. The sentiment in favor of an adjustment of our labor difficulties grew rapidly once those two great emergencies were past. It was stimulated by some of our Exposition experiences. There was in the Chamber of Commerce a strong feeling that the advantages derived from the World's Fair should be followed up. We had an active committee on local industries which kept in close touch with exhibitors and laid before them all possible arguments to induce them to establish plants or open branches in San Francisco. This committee was invariably answered in the same way: that San Francisco was a bad place for manufacturers on account of its labor conditions. That discouraging experience, repeated time and time again, crystallized the sentiment of the Chamber of Commerce, and led to the movement which is now getting under way.

"A fight? No, I shouldn't call it a fight. We simply propose to see that law and order are maintained. We are embarking on an educational campaign. We are going to try to teach people respect for law and order. A committee will be formed, a large sum of money will be raised and the work will be prosecuted vigorously and to a conclusion, no matter how

long it takes. But the Chamber of Commerce is not a militant organization, like the Merchants and Manufacturers for instance. It is an organization for the development of commerce and for the offering of organized opposition to those forces which obstruct commerce. We think that the unions have been led by the radicals who run them into courses which obstruct commerce; hence the work we are about to do."

"Will you have the backing of the newspapers?" I asked.

"I am not worrying about the newspapers," answered Frederick J. Koster. "Or to put it another way, I don't care anything about the backing of the newspapers. We ask no partisan attitude from them. But certainly when the business men of San Francisco demand that the truth, the facts of an educational campaign be given publicity, the newspapers will have no ground to refuse. The newspapers are quick to sense the sentiment of the community. I don't think there will be any talk of coercion, or any need of it."

"You will be accused of political ambition," I remarked.

"There is no elective or appointive office of any sort which I would consider for a moment," Koster answered warmly. "I am too fond of my home, of the society of my wife and my four kiddies to make that sacrifice. Besides, I am not one of those who believe in political Messiahs. It is a weakness of American life that we are constantly looking for such men. It is not the individual, it is a set of men working together that accomplishes things. In this Chamber of Commerce movement we have a set of men determined to accomplish something, and I think we shall succeed. If there are laggards who need to be herded, we shall not hesitate to herd them."

As I have said already, Frederick J. Koster loves his city. That is the driving force behind his action. "We have so many advantages in San Francisco," he says, "that we ought to set a pace here." He strikes me as a man of strong views but temperate withal. He took occasion to write as an individual to all the supervisors on the subject of the jitney nuisance. He considers the jitney "a rotten disease" which must be exterminated. And yet he is careful not to judge the supervisors harshly.

"They think," he points out, "that they represent the majority sentiment in the things they have done; if we take pains to show them what is right I am sure they will give it due consideration."

Another subject on which Koster thinks strongly is municipal ownership in its most recent manifestation.

"The meanest and most contemptible competition," he says, "is that between a city and a vested interest. There is something more implied in a franchise than the right to run up and down the streets and collect fares."

He's a tall athletic man in the prime of life, with a handsome clean-shaven face and blond hair. He has very blue eyes that look straight at you. There is determination in his chin, forcefulness in the deep vertical lines that cleave his forehead and the hint of great reserves of power in his gentle, even-toned voice. Here's hoping that he is to have intelligent and untiring coöperation in the work he has undertaken.

Perspective Impressions

Will the great Dario Resta please stop breaking records before he breaks his neck?

Hats off to the captain of the Deutschland! May he have a safe return.

The Chamber of Commerce movement might be described as an attempt to make the walking delegate stand still.

These being the dog days, we excused the punster when he remarked that the Somme offensive was some offensive.

Somehow or other we are not so impressed when the Russians take towns with pronounceable names.

A captured German officer told the French that the thing for Germany to do was to prepare for the war which will take place four years from now. Four years from now it will still seem that the present war was waged yesterday.

Seeing so many pretty girls on the street we almost pity the summer resort sojourners.

Nowadays when sidewalk philosophers want to condemn a man they say he has a face like a jitney driver.

No matter how much of a hurry a man is in he always has time to stop and look at a bathing model in a shop window.

No doubt if we content ourselves with endeavoring to make the Mexicans "shinny on their own side" of the border we shall be more or less successful.

"Indelibly we have impressed our work upon our State."—Governor Johnson. Yes, indeed, we have the initiative and the referendum enabling us to vote for prohibition every year or so, and also we have a pay roll twice the length of any pay roll in the previous history of the State.

What ever became of all the tango teachers?

It is not astonishing to find Benedict Arnold comparing Casement with Washington. Benedict and George were not very fast friends.

"There will be some timid souls," said Governor Johnson to the Progressives, "whom the lure of office will turn from loyalty to principle." Which means of course those who prefer another kind of Republican for Senator.

Governor Johnson has good reason to fear that the "lure of office" will lead many of his Christian Soldiers from "loyalty to principle." Considering the length of the pay roll under the present Administration the "lure of office" is not to be despised.

"Organize," said Governor Johnson to the Progressives, "not in the first instance for political office." But in the second instance, we presume, it will be all right to follow the example of their noble boss.

The Revolt of Our Merchants

By Theodore F. Bonnet

Something of the spirit of the old Boston tea-party animated the mass-meeting held in our Chamber of Commerce last Monday afternoon. This is a spirit that has manifested itself on several memorable occasions in San Francisco; never with greater reason than that for which it addressed itself to public sentiment this week. In San Francisco of late the processes of government have been held in suspense, and as a consequence there has been a cessation of business. Though the regularly constituted authorities have remained in full possession of their powers, they have seen fit to violate their oaths and ignore their sacred duties, with the consequence that many citizens have been openly deprived of their rights while others have been subjected to bodily injury for daring to enjoy the liberty guaranteed by our institutions. In short, at this writing San Francisco is in a state of anarchy with the acquiescence apparently of Mayor James Rolph and our sordid and cowardly press. There was hardly a reflection of this condition of affairs in the big dailies until the mass meeting was held in the Chamber of Commerce, and even then they did nothing more than quote the speakers. Too timid to offend organized labor, they refrained from editorial comment. Now, business in this city and up and down the coast has been partially paralyzed ever since June 1st on account of a strike on the waterfront, which was called by the business agent of the stevedores' union. It was called in obvious violation of an agreement with employers which provided for a notice of sixty days. That agreement had been signed by the employers in deference to the wishes of President Wilson's Secretary of Labor by whom it was guaranteed. Such has been the experience of employers that they have not had any faith in contracts made with union labor, but in this instance, where the integrity of an agreement was guaranteed by the Government at Washington, they had some hope that it would be fulfilled. The Cabinet Officer by whom it was guaranteed assured them that the union would live up to

it as their word of honor, but the "business agent" repudiated it as soon as abrogation seemed to him expedient. Hence the strike and an industrial crisis. Hence, also, the action of the Chamber of Commerce under the leadership of President Frederick J. Koster in affirming its allegiance to the kind of Americanism that is expressed in the principle of the open shop. Apparently Frederick J. Koster is the kind of man San Francisco has been badly in need of for some years. He evinces something of that quality of leadership for which William T. Coleman was distinguished back in the fifties of eighteen hundred, when the spirit of the Boston tea-party was invoked not in vain. There was great need of a stiffening of the vetrebral column hereabouts in those early days, and William T. Coleman proved himself the doctor for the times. There was much misused power in those early days as in these, and the Government, as now, was in weak hands, but public sentiment was no sooner organized than it proved adequate for all purposes. Public sentiment is crystallizing now under the leadership of Frederick J. Koster, and surely it is high time in the present posture of affairs. In this city we have reached what Carlye calls the "consummation no-government." Consider that in this great metropolis a teamster dare not venture on one of the public wharves without a written permit from a labor boss. Here is sansculottism rampant once more; only that the sansculottism of this day and generation is of a complexion vastly different from that which "rose like a frenzied giant" in the days of Danton and Robespierre. The sansculottes of old were champions of the rights of men. They were against the Government. Not so the followers of the man who has it in his power to save you from a "beating-up" on the waterfront. He has the Government with him and he is against the rights of man. He is of the new Aristocracy that has its headquarters not at Versailles but at the Labor Temple, where, the other night a magnanimous

leader, catching sight of the advancing shadow of coming events, proposed that hereafter recognition be given to the right of employers to hire as many men as they wish rather than the right of unions to compel the employment of as many men as they wish. Thus we learned of the case of the manager of the New Mission Theatre who had been ordered by the Musicians' Union to employ a certain number of musicians. He had installed a mechanical organ at a cost of \$25,000 and therefore was in no need of musicians, though he offered to pay the salaries of four with the understanding that they should not scratch their fiddles, but merely draw their salaries. This was not satisfactory to the union, which insisted on the employment of a whole orchestra of standard union size. With the mass meeting in sight the matter was taken up by the Labor Council with the result that the Musicians' Union is no longer averse to reasonable concessions.

So all things considered it was high time for the business interests of San Francisco to get together and prevail on the leaders of our new Aristocracy to mend their ways. Too much power intoxicates the wisest men, and our labor leaders are not sages. They have had a good thing in San Francisco without knowing it. Being, as a matter of fact, very ignorant men, they had no conception of the power of public opinion.



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Europe in War Time

By Robert McTavish

To learn what is going on in Europe these days one has to read newspapers printed in Europe. The despatches leave the general situation to the imagination. They tell us about the war—what the armies are doing—but very little about civilians. We get very few pictures of life in the great cities, none at all of life in the country. We hear nothing of conditions in Serbia and Poland. All we know of Constantinople is that the people there are starving. In English papers we read a great deal of criticism of the Government, but also a great deal of praise of the Englishman and of the Englishwoman. The ideal Englishman is a favorite topic of London writers, and the highest praise they bestow on a man is that he is essentially English. To be essentially English, it appears, is to be something like the hero of "Around the World in Eighty Days," always calm, never excitable, self-possessed in the most trying circumstances. The English Tommy, according to English writers, is a miracle of English imperturbability, but he is full of dry humor and the whole thing is a huge joke to him. Even the English woman is a wonder in the war. There is so much of this sort of thing that Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, a sister of Hilaire Belloc, who is only half English, took occasion lately to protest. She was writing about "The Typical Frenchwoman" and she referred to the matter of exalting the Englishwoman in this language:

"And here the writer would like to say a word concerning the attitude of certain English writers and speakers. Shams may have their uses, though some of us greatly question that necessity in running a modern State, but in time of war there are certain shams which should surely be put aside. To pretend that the Eng-

lishwoman just now is in the same position as the Frenchwoman is a sham, and a very stupid one, for the good reason that it takes in nobody at all. Nothing so far has happened to make the vast majority of Englishwomen realize that the country is at war in any different sense from ever before. Till that does happen, it is unreasonable to expect them to behave as the Frenchwoman has done and is doing. The Zeppelins have already brought about a certain change, and a late incident in Brussels has even more profoundly affected the great far-reaching world of British professional women opinion. Miss Cavell will not have died in vain if her death succeeds, as the writer believes it is succeeding, in bringing home to her fellow-countrywomen the reality of the German danger."

Europe in war time, even far from the trenches, is not at all like Europe at other times as one may learn from reading the news in the daily press. Everywhere the war is reflected. The other day Father Xavier Ilmützky, a priest of the Orthodox Church, formerly a parish priest in Galicia, was sentenced by an Austrian court-martial at Leoben to three years imprisonment with hard labor for publicly expressing a desire to see Austria beaten by the Russians.

At Colmar a merchant has been sentenced to a fine of £5 by a German court-martial for repeating in a public restaurant there the well known joke about ordering a sandwich at a Prussian railway buffet and being served with a meat ticket between two bread tickets.

During the budget debate in the Reichstag, Herr Ledebour, one of the dissenting Socialists, said: "The right to rebel is one which I claim for every nation. The German Government in supporting Irish rebels has definitely recognized the right of the people to rebel."

The Amsterdam Telegraaf learns that the German military authorities at Roulers have condemned the whole population to remain indoors from 2 p. m. until 8 a. m. for three weeks, because a citizen was found guilty of giving food to Russian prisoners of war employed by the Germans on agricultural work near Roulers.

A Swiss correspondent of the Wireless Press says that two gaudily dressed women recently entered a Budapest tramcar and one said to the other: "We are doing splendidly. If the war lasts another five years we shall be millionaires several times over." A mutilated soldier sitting near rose and struck the speaker across the face. There was an uproar, but, when the soldier declared that he had not suffered mutilation to make millionaires of heartless women, the sympathy of the passengers veered to his side, and the two women were driven out of the car.

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
OPERATING
UNITED CHEMISTS STORES

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Condensed Report to the Comptroller of the Currency

JUNE 30, 1915

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$2,919,425.17
U. S. Bonds to Secure Circulation at par	1,000,000.00
State and Municipal Bonds	746,665.21
Other Bonds	861,106.43
Federal Reserve Bank Stock	51,450.00
Banking House, Furniture and Fixtures	1,242,803.84
Other Real Estate Owned	100,300.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit	17,245.69
Cash and Sight Exchange	1,287,044.97
Total Resources	\$8,226,041.31

LIABILITIES

Capital Paid in	\$1,500,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	264,866.87
National Bank Notes Outstanding	983,500.00
Letters of Credit	17,245.69
Deposits	5,460,428.75
Total Liabilities	\$8,226,041.31

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Poems About San Franciscans

XXXIII—JAMES F. BOWMAN

By Ina Coolbrith

(James F. Bowman was a newspaperman of earlier days in San Francisco. For some time he was an editorial writer on The Chronicle. He died in 1882. Mrs. Mighels says of him in her invaluable "Story of the Files" that he was "regarded by newspapermen as having had the brightest all-round literary ability of any of our writers as journalist, critic and poet." And Mrs. Mighels quotes his poem "Together" which shows deep poetic feeling. The following tribute to Bowman is from Miss Coolbrith's "Songs from the Golden Gate" where it bears the title "Unbound.")

Forth from this low estate,
Fetterless now of fate,
Pass, spirit blest!
Out of the cark and care,
Out of the griefs that were,
Into thy rest.

Done with the dreary round
Daily thy soul that bound
From its true aim,—
Little can matter now
Fame's wreath upon the brow,
Earth-praise or blame.

God! is there of despair
Keener than this to bear,
Under the sun:
Tasked, like a slave in chains,
While our true work remains
Waiting, undone?

Feeling, as life sweeps by,
All the pure majesty
Of that we miss?
Fettered and tortured so,
Christ, pity all who know
Sorrow like this!

Not here was given his wage:
Of his best heritage
Barred and denied.
Man of the silver tongue,
Poet of songs unsung,
Dreamer, clear-eyed;

Trusting the love divine,—
Careless of church or shrine,
Blessing or ban;
His prayer the common good,
His faith the brotherhood
Of man with man.

And if unto his eyes
Veiled were the mysteries
Of the far shore,
Who of us all may be
Wiser, in truth, than he?
Who knoweth more?

Never the kindly wit
Lighter, because of it,
Sad hearts shall make;
No more the earnest thought,
With its deep lesson fraught,
Souls shall awake.

Eloquent eye and lip,
Peerless companionship,
Passed from the earth.
Friend of the many years,
Well for thee fall my tears,
Knowing thy worth.

Flowers on the gentle breast,
Lay the frail form to rest
Under the sod.
Passed from earth's low estate,
Fetterless now of fate,
Leave him with God.

The Spectator

The Newspapers and the Meeting

Those who depended on the daily newspapers for advance information concerning the meeting called by President Koster of the Chamber of Commerce got very little news on the subject. There were desultory references to the meeting from time to time, but these references were buried in articles concerning the waterfront strike and probably escaped many readers altogether. And yet any person mingling with business men could not but learn, at least a week in advance of Monday's meeting, that here was one of the most important movements ever started in San Francisco. Merchants and manufacturers throughout the city were aroused to the significance of what was projected, and their interest was shown by the fact that more than a thousand were in attendance when the meeting was started. Why did not the newspapers give more advance publicity to this meeting? The answer is simple. The newspapers were afraid to commit themselves. They must have had every opportunity to learn how deeply the city was stirred by the new movement, for of course it is the business of the newspapers to know such things. They must have known that this sentiment was serious, that it would express itself in more than mere words. But they were afraid to hurt the sensitive feelings of the labor leaders. So it was not till they actually reported the proceedings of Monday that the papers gave their readers a real insight into the importance of the Chamber of Commerce movement. Contrast this course with the course of the papers in their advance booming of mass meetings called for various innocuous purposes—purposes that the

newspapers consider popular, purposes which they think can have no possible adverse effect upon their circulation—and you gain an idea of the psychology of our newspaper editors. Incidentally, it is interesting to note that when citizens are aroused and are determined to do something they do not need newspaper publicity to sound the call for them.

Suppression and Belittlement

Those who are conversant with the facts of the present strikes in San Francisco will tell you—and bring forward plenty of data to prove what they say—that the newspapers have followed a course of suppression in reporting the news of the waterfront trouble. Many outrages have been committed by strikers which have not been published at all. Many outrages which have been reported in the press have been belittled. Such has been the policy of the press that when the employers wished to present their side of the controversy to the public they were compelled to purchase space in the papers and set their evidence before the citizens of San Francisco in the form of a paid advertisement. And this evidence of theirs was legitimate news which the papers should have been willing to publish as such. After the extraordinary showing made by the Chamber of Commerce meeting Monday only one paper had the hardihood to belittle what had taken place. That was The Bulletin. Its article on the meeting bore the heading "Koster Attacks Unions." As Koster had not attacked the unions this was of course misrepresentation. The Bulletin laid stress upon the fact that the police guarded the doors, as if the police do not guard the doors at every

big meeting. And The Bulletin said that in the course of his opening speech "Koster read what purported to be a copy" of the permits granted by the president of the Riggers and Stevedores Union to merchants seeking to remove their merchandise from the wharfs. "What purported to be a copy" was actually a photographic copy, so The Bulletin might have been less cautious. One of the permits read by Koster was granted to the driver of a United States Sub-treasury wagon! It will be worth while to study the manner in which the newspapers handle future news of this Chamber of Commerce movement. In the opinion of the well informed the time has come when the newspapers will see a great light in this matter of suppressing, minimizing and misrepresenting news that is unfavorable to the newspaper pets of union labor.

The Rolandi Dissent

When the resolution of the Chamber of Commerce declaring for the observance of contractual relations between employers and employees and for the maintenance of law and order was put to a vote at Monday's meeting, there was only one negative voice. There has been considerable curiosity as to the identity of the single dissenter. The man who voted "no" was an employee of F. Rolandi the contractor, and his name is Warren. Rolandi has the Hetch Hetchy contract and has done other big jobs for the municipality. He built the Stockton street tunnel and part of the Geary street road. That one of his men should voice the only opposition at a meeting of over one thousand of San Francisco's merchants and

manufacturers is a circumstance that seems to possess significance.

The Clockwinder and the Senator

"Well," said Senator Hartman, speaking to his friend the Man Who Wins the Ferry Clock, "I see that my friend Heney is going to keep out of the senatorial fight."

"Yes," said the clockwinder, "Frank is onto himself at last, and he's making a little dough too,—down at Long Beach. I saw him the other day, and he was very happy. It was the day after his old pal Hiram was nominated for Senator by the Progressives. He told me that was the worst harm he could wish the Governor."

"I'll bet he had a hand in that conference," said Hartman.

"Why do you think so?"

"Because that was very slick work, turning down Hughes. It was a pretty good joke on Hiram."

"They surely did not start him off as a Republican under very good auspices," the clockwinder observed. "They wouldn't even allow Chester Rowell to read a letter from Hughes. But what an ass Chester was to propose the letter without knowing anything about the temper of the meeting."

The High Cost of Campaigning

On the authority of Governor Johnson himself we learn that he holds a cherished place in the hearts of the plain people and being assured of that he goes forth to the fray in this campaign with hardly any feeling of uncertainty. Presumably he will also go forth with the assurance that he will have his bills paid; for under the system made for us by the politicians a few years ago a good deal of printers' ink has to be poured out in a campaign for Senator. Also many halls have to be hired and a great many gallons of gasoline consumed before a campaigner can make his way to the front. Now Governor Johnson is a poor man. He says so himself. Presumably somebody has volunteered to put up. The estimated cost of a senatorial campaign in California is \$100,000. Mr. Heney, who had some little personal experience, estimated that it cost nearly a quarter of a million to beat him, and we know that even \$150,000 was not enough to elect one man who was not a spendthrift. In these days of the ascendancy of the plain people and the popularity of popular government it is easy to discourage pikers.

The Geographical Objection

Aside from the cost of the campaign Governor Johnson will have to overcome a very strong prepossession. For many years it has been the unwritten law of the State that our two United States senators should not come from the same section. The rule has been to elect one from the North and one from the South. There was a reason for this, a reason that is obvious when we consider the magnitude of the State with its coast line exceeding a thousand miles in length. Transferred to the Atlantic Coast our State would extend from Maine to the middle of Georgia and embrace the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and most of Georgia. Two years ago the South loyally conceded the senatorship to the North and put forth no candidate. There were two Republican candidates from the North and because of this division a Democrat was elected. But now Governor Johnson as the darling of the plain people, having something of contempt for Republican tradition everywhere, flatters himself that he is no more bound by unwritten law than his Administration has been bound by any other kind.

Not Otis's Son-in-Law

The Bulletin and other antagonistic papers are fond of referring to Willis H. Booth, republican candidate for United States senator, as the son-in-law of General Harrison Gray Otis of Los Angeles. Of course the name of Otis is anathema to all Progressives. To connect a man in any way with the veteran editor of the Los Angeles Times is supposed to damn him beyond all hope. Hence the insistence on the statement that Booth is related to Otis by marriage. It happens that there is no such relationship, a fact which The Bulletin should have no difficulty in verifying. Willis H. Booth married a Miss Ferris of Riverside.

Willis Puts One Over

We all know how secretive the Southern Pacific has been about its new building on lower Market street. For a long time the corporation denied that it contemplated building, and even when the formal announcement was made that the structure was to be erected there was great secrecy concerning the plans. A few days ago The Chronicle published an architect's drawing of the building. When they saw this picture in The Chronicle Bliss and Faville, the architects for the Southern Pacific structure, probably wondered where the drawing came from. They knew that it did not come from their office. Let me enlighten them. One day "Bill" Levings, the city editor of The Chronicle, said to Charlie Horne, a member of his staff:

"Charlie, there's not much doing. Suppose you go out and try to get the architect's drawings of the new Southern Pacific building."

"All right, Bill," said Horne. "I'm afraid the thing is out of the question, but I'll try."

Horne went out, ran into Willis Polk and told him of the hopeless quest.

"Let's go over to Bliss and Faville's office," said Willis.

"It won't do any good," said Horne. "They've refused time and again to give up those plans."

They went nevertheless. Polk introduced Horne to Faville, and the three had a pleasant chat. Finally Horne brought up the subject of the plans. Could he have an architect's drawing for publication in The Chronicle? As he expected, he could not.

"Let's see the drawings," said Polk. "I'm interested to know how you've treated the problem."

There was no objection to that, and Faville brought out the drawings. Polk studied them a long time, criticizing this detail, commending that, inquiring about everything. Meanwhile Horne used every means known to a reporter to induce Faville to lend him one of the drawings. But Faville was adamant; he had his instructions and must abide by them. Finally Polk and Horne left.

"I told you it wouldn't do any good," said Horne.

"Come to my office," said Polk.

Arrived at his office Polk led the way to the draughting room, shed his coat and in a very short time had sketched an exact reproduction of the front elevation of the building. All the time he had been studying the drawings in Faville's office he had been drawing this plan in his mind. It was Polk's memory picture of the plan which appeared in The Chronicle next day.

Our Inquisitive Commissioner

Our very grave and reverend railroad commissioners want to know why it should cost so much to wind up the bankruptcy affairs of the Western Pacific Railroad Company. The only criticism to be made of this inquiry is that nobody knows yet what the cost is. The cost will be fixed by a judge. Are the railroad commissioners really curious in the interest of the State? Or are they lending themselves to the business of grinding a private ax and bludgeoning a Federal judge? This practice of bludgeoning judges is quite common nowadays, and I am far from sympathizing with the honorable jurists, so many of them are so easily intimidated by politicians. Now the railroad commissioners—the majority of them—are politicians and quite serviceable ones too. They are real Progressives, and thus far they are believed by the dear unsophisticated general

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to have justified themselves at six thousand a year apiece (making thirty thousand in all) and at some twenty odd thousand more for assistants and other things. Now I am not finding fault with the commissioners for asking questions about expenses, though I must confess I am a little curious about their own expenses. Only I am wondering a little why all this loud and peevish comment about the Western Pacific, the company with which the vigilant Thelen was once connected. I am wondering because of the strong savor of theatricism. As a matter of fact no fees had been asked for. Also, as a matter of fact the commissioners have no power to determine what the fees should be. The whole matter is a judicial proceeding. The fees will be fixed in court, and the commission has not appellate jurisdiction. For all the commissioners know Judge Van Fleet may think the services rendered of very little worth. Why, then, this indecent interference? Is there a premium these days on self-disrespect? I am far from saying that the commissioners are not competent to estimate fees, but I see they are inclined to employ their own salaries as a basis of computation. This of course is obviously absurd. The referees and others were employed only in a quasi-public capacity. They are not job chasers. Our commissioners in most instances are not men qualified by learning or special knowledge. Railroad Commissioner Devlin is an exception, and behaved like one, I am told, when his associates were so very curious the other day. The average commissioner is a good politician, nothing else, no matter what the profession for which he was ostensibly educated. We ought to employ our commissioners by the gross and keep them for our amusement.

George Sterling No Neutral

George Sterling is not a neutral. He is uncompromisingly pro-Ally; fiercely, bitterly, anti-Teuton. Hating all war from the bottom of his soul, he pours an equal hatred upon the nation which he charges with responsibility for this war. So the forty-three poems "On the Great War" which are included in his new volume "The Caged Eagle" (published this month by A. M. Robertson of this city) will not be read with pleasure by Germans and their sympathizers. Perhaps, even, there are many in sympathy with the Allies who will not give their undivided approval to the anti-Teutonic sentiment which informs this sonnet sequence. It is to be taken for granted that Sterling does not care how his outpourings are received; had he desired to attract all readers of poetry he would have curbed his mood and softened his words. His poetry would have suffered thereby. It is because he wrote at the white heat of his indignation that this sonnet sequence contains some of the best poetry he has ever written. I know of no war sonnets to compare these with except Wordsworth's. That comparison should be made: Sterling has nothing to fear from it.

His Horror of War

Most of these sonnets were written when the war-horror gripped Sterling completely. There was a time during the first months of Armageddon when war seemed to Sterling es-

entially evil, immitigably bad. That idea shaped many of these poems, but not all of them. Sterling came to see that a people may wage war as conscientiously as they practice virtue, and that war's fruits may be good. Of course he knew this always, but the knowledge was obscured in the first shock that war gave his sensitive poet's brain. In that temporary despair for humanity he cried out: "In vain we build our temples, and in vain we tend the lamps of science and of love." He saw the peoples of the world as helots. The nations had been betrayed by their kings: "There gleams no throne in Time's august review but sent a sword upon the patient lands." And so he denounced the kings for "their idiot 'honor' and insensate pride." He told them that "the gentle Christ" was not their God; that their "god is of the shambles" and Satan their "conscript lord." Men were not to be deluded: "Your prayers deceive not men, nor shall a crown hide on the brow the murder-mark of Cain."

A Larger View

But gradually Sterling's dark doubts disappeared. We may trace the processes of his mind in these remarkable poems. "In vain we build our temples," he had cried. Now he saw that temples must be fought for. He would say now that Rheims Cathedral was not built in vain because the sacrilegious dared bombard it, but rather that it would have been built in vain had the pious not taken up arms to repel the sacrilege. After all, he tells himself, men die that liberty may endure. Yet while taking this larger view of war he is not reconciled to its awfulness. Reason explains the horror, but instinct still shrinks from it. He takes refuge finally in a dream of the future when swords

shall be lifted only "against pain and wrong," when man's House shall "be builded toward the stars." There is this idealism in most poets; the earthly scheme cannot satisfy them, and they wing their way above the mixture of good and evil which is the present into the regions of the future where dreams of the millennium suffer no interruption.

Denunciation and Praise

The heaviest thunders of Sterling's poetry are launched at Germany. He sees her as "harlot to Murder in a thousand camps." He bids her "beat back thy forfeit plow-shares into swords." He tells her that "the Seraph of the Record writes in blood" her lords' "malign and execrable names." He calls her "betrayed of thy trust" and declares that "at the dissolution of a pledge the temple of thine honor sank to dust." Her armies are "the hordes of Odin whom War hath blinded with the dust of blood." He pictures the Kaiser dreaming, and his terrible vision is: "Earth like a skull that glared upon the stars, with flaming France and Russia for its eyes." Again, on the anniversary of the Lusitania tragedy, he sees the Kaiser as a butcher. He cannot regard the Crown Prince at Verdun without speaking of "the Hell that waits thy soul." These are all terribly ruthless words, but Sterling becomes suddenly tender when he speaks of "the dear and blameless breast of France." Again he calls France "O beautiful and dear." Belgium is a "nation clothed as with the noonday sun." To England he says: "Thy war is for the sanctity of pledge." Addressing England again, he expresses his impatience of American neutrality. "Some there be," he tells England, "who scorn the coward twilight that endures between our darkness and thy noonday sun." And he de-

STATEMENT At the Close of Business June 30, 1916, of the FRENCH AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS

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RESOURCES

First Mortgage Loans on Real Estate	\$3,936,296.85
Bank Premises	520,687.28
Safe Deposit Vaults, Furniture and Fixtures	42,500.00
Real Estate	13,751.73
United States, Municipal and Other Bonds	1,927,476.09
Collateral and Personal Loans	1,076,465.16
Letters of Credit, etc.	35,212.80
CASH ON HAND AND IN BANK	867,008.63

TOTAL\$8,419,398.54

LIABILITIES

Capital Paid in	\$750,000.00
Surplus	194,000.00
Undivided Profits	123,905.88
Contingent Fund	8,633.03
Letters of Credit, etc.	91,041.10
DEPOSITS	7,251,818.53

TOTAL\$8,419,398.54

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clares that "world-derision" will be our punishment for holding back.

Pictures in Verse

Some of these sonnets are wonderful pictures in verse. "The Little Farm" which many may consider too poignant, strikes home like a war cartoon by Steinlen or Forain or Raemaekers. In "Bombardment" the poet shows that perfect mastery of words which is one of his prime characteristics. It begins with a roar like that of a shell released from the cannon's mouth, climbs line by line like a shell mounting the sky, and then like a shell curves downward to its appointed end. The same exquisite technique may be studied in "The Aeroplane," and those who study poetry seriously will do well to analyze these two sonnets. Sterling has learned the difficult art of presenting a picture in a couplet or a single line. Take this, for instance:

The standards gather and the trumpets gleam;
Down the long hill-side stare the mounted lords.

You see there all that is presented in a scene from the Bayeux tapestry or in a battle-piece by an old master.

The Poet-Seer

The Romans had more than one word for a poet. Sometimes they called him "vates" which is not singer alone but also seer. In this series of poems "On the Great War" George Sterling is "vates." After reading these poems, and reading them again and again, the general impression is of a spacious utterance, a great cry wailed across the world, a lament swept through the heavens on the wind, the exultant call of the forces of destruction turning to a moan of despair when it pierces human ears. There is

rage here, and pity, but there are no tears. Sterling rides with the Valkyrs and hears the chant: "Thor! Thor is forth!" but he also walks in a little Belgian village and reads the mockery of the sign which says "No trespassing."

The Discovery of Weinstock

Help! Help! The fruit-growers of California are on the trail of Colonel Harris Weinstock. They have turned on their one best benefactor, and if somebody doesn't save him they'll eat him alive. Perhaps The Examiner will send Bailey Millard to the rescue. I say "perhaps" because it was Bailey who celebrated the Colonel in a prose poem some weeks ago. Bailey took the Colonel as seriously as the Colonel takes himself. It will be remembered that when the Colonel, in the capacity of State Market Director, started out to redeem the poor fruit growers of California from penury, to show them how to "touch" the banks, to market their fruit and to usher in the millennium I permitted myself to smile irreverently through my fountain pen. I realized at the time that my merits of the Weinstock wizardry. The fact is I did that I knew absolutely nothing as to the merits of the Weinstock wizardry. The fact is I knew nothing but Weinstock, a parochial captain of industry and a typical progressive politician of the Johnson school. I saw that he had a plan to drag politics into agricultural matters, and that he was even proposing to authorize political job chasers to teach farmers how to farm. The whole thing struck me at first blush as capital material for a Gilbertian burlesque and I couldn't help laughing. Now I see that I had the situation sized up about right. I may appear to be a sort of wizard myself, but I'm not. Anybody who knows anything about elemental principles and practices in California can anticipate almost instinctively the consequences of giving rein to the genius of our Weinstocks and our Johnsonian bureaucrats. I haven't the space to tell you what the former drygoods merchant has

been doing, but almost any fruit raiser is better authority than I. Find out for yourself and then reflect that Hiram Johnson is running for Senator on the theory that he has the people chloroformed and that he is going on his record as an innovator.

Our City of Romance

Once there was a police reporter in San Francisco who cried when he was transferred to the water front. He found the police detail so full of romance that it broke his heart to leave it. But he found so much more romance on the San Francisco water front that he soon loved it more than he had loved the Hall of Justice. Theodore F. Bonnet tells this little story in his delightful essay "Romance in Its Variety" which has the place of honor in the July issue of The Lantern. Bonnet goes on to say that his own life has been full of romance. One day he stumbled on romance in the Presidio. Another time he saved a woman's life on the water front under romantic conditions. And one of his most romantic encounters took place on a Californian road where he had a most remarkable interview with a tramp. The point Bonnet makes is that romance is all about us if we only open our eyes to it. But one must have something of the poet's romantic vision, he says. Perhaps this essay could only have been written by a native of San Francisco, the city of romance. It is a fascinating piece of work, and finds its proper place in The Lantern which is a typically San Franciscan publication.

The Popular Russians

There is such a vogue for Russian literature these days that it is pleasant to find two Russian stories in this July number of The Lantern. One of them is by A. Kuprin, a Russian writer whose name is beginning to be well known in Great Britain and the United States. This story is called "An Easter Party," and it is a powerful and affecting piece of work. The other Russian story is a bit of sly satire of a

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THE CROCKER NATIONAL BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO

CONDITION AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS JUNE 30, 1916

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$17,578,722.11
U. S. Bonds	2,001,200.00
Other Bonds and Securities	1,357,293.26
Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco	120,000.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit	807,619.34
Cash and Sight Exchange	15,552,087.18
	\$37,416,921.89

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	3,416,330.54
Circulation	1,958,000.00
Letters of Credit	829,619.34
Deposits	29,212,972.01
	\$37,416,921.89

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Gallic flavor. It is called "An Enigmatic Nature," and is by the famous Anton Tchekhov. Edward F. O'Day contributes an article on Tom Pinch, one of the best beloved of Dickens' characters. Lovers of Dickens will not care to miss this article. There are other good things in The Lantern, both prose and verse. The July issue is all that the most exacting "Lanternites" could desire.

Tobacco Comes Next

The professional prohibitionists, it is well known, make more money out of their crusade against the "demon" than they could hope to make in any other walk of life. But they are not satisfied. They want another string to their bow. They are starting a fight against tobacco. There are many signs that this fight is to be just as well organized as the fight

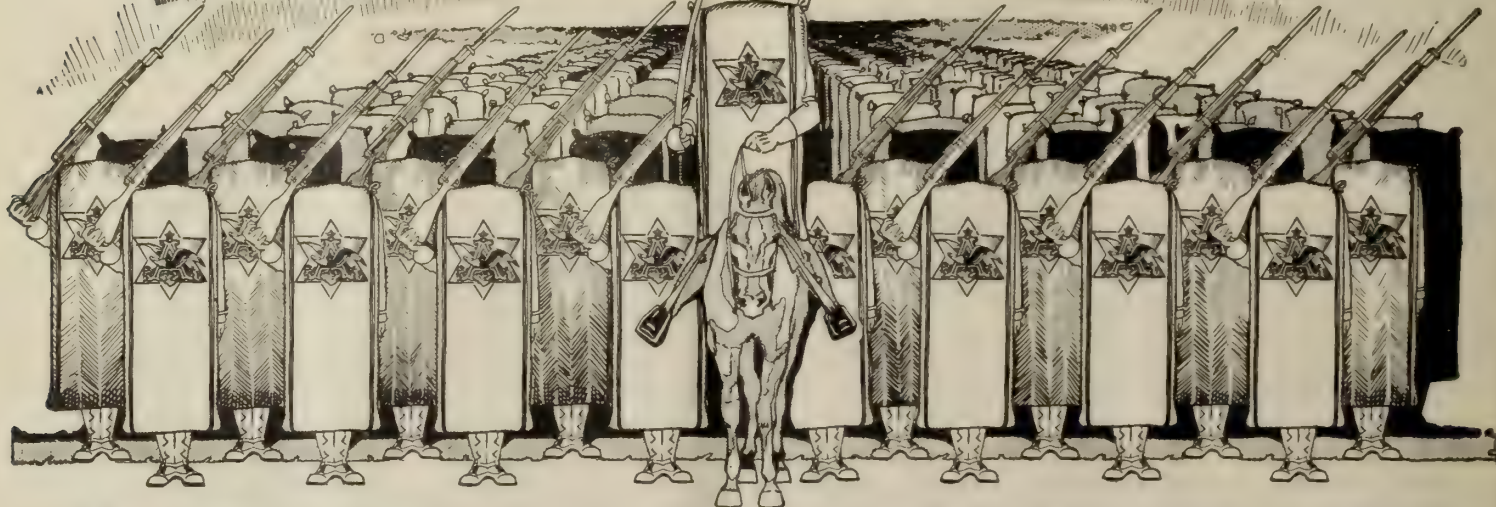
against liquor, and that it will make lots of money for the propagandists. It is most in evidence so far in the States of the Middle West, those enlightened communities which pride themselves on having exchanged the saloon for the blind pig. Thus, the anti-tobacco fight is proceeding merrily in Kansas. One of its leaders is H. J. Waters, president of the Kansas State Agricultural College. Recently he sent a letter to every man student in the institution in which he wrote: "It is my deliberate conviction, after using tobacco for twenty-five years, and then quitting it, that smoking is to be entered always as a debit item in the ledger of life." In Indiana the W. C. T. U. of Russia-ville which started the fight for Prohibition decades ago is busy putting out the cigar, the cigarette and the pipe. In Ohio Dr. William E. Poland of Bethany College has been preach-

ing an anti-tobacco crusade on religious grounds. Church papers are showing an interest in the new propaganda. And Edison's anti-cigarette views are being spread far and wide, although they have been "shot to pieces" by authoritative chemists. Those who think that prohibitionists will rest content when they have abolished the liquor traffic underestimate the resources of these busybodies.

Not His Fault

It was the first case ever tried in Stony Gulch, and the jury had sat for hours arguing and disputing. At last they straggled back, and the foreman, a tall mountaineer, expressed the general opinion: "We don't think he did it," he said slowly, "for we allow he wa'n't there; but we think he would of ef he'd had the chanst."

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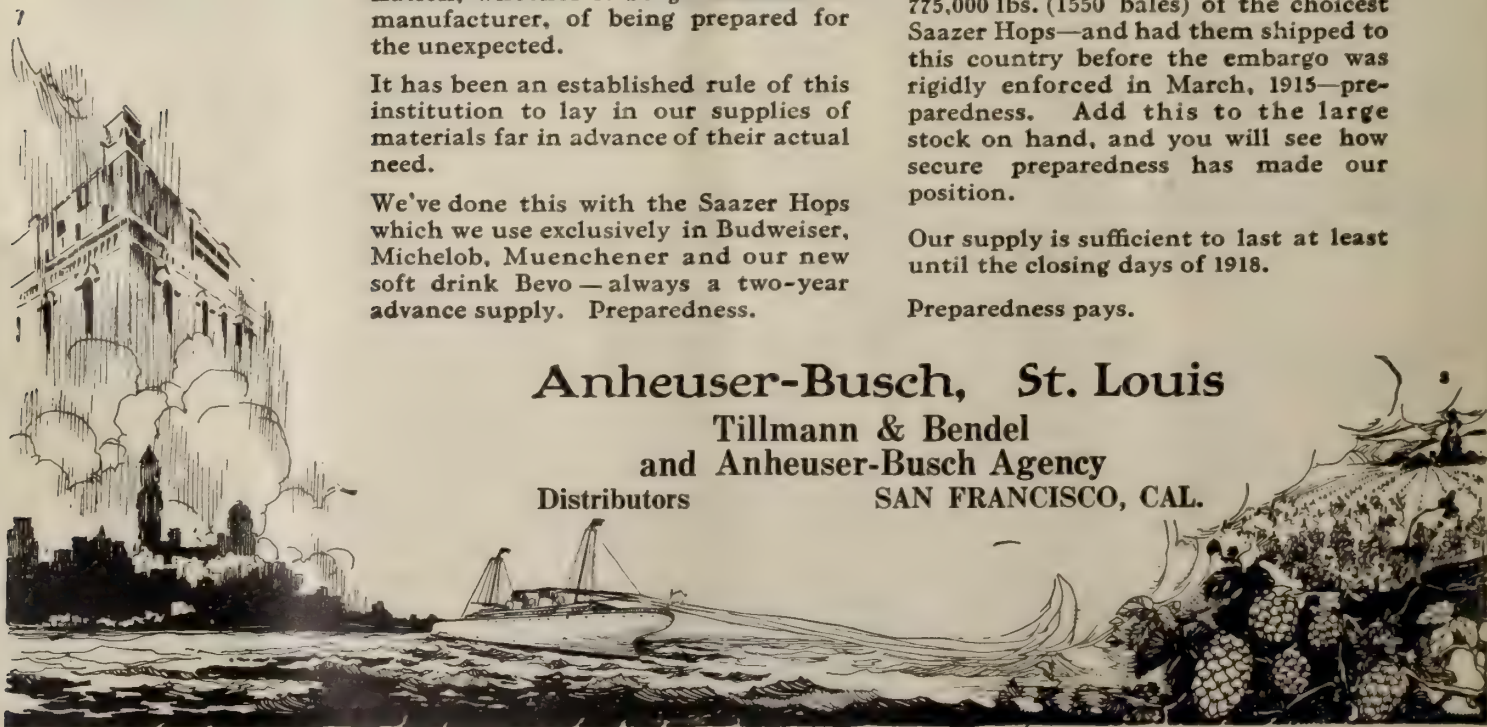
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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Telltale Pound Cake

A certain prominent matron of this city, the wife of a well known professional man, recently picked out a twenty-dollar fan at a department store where she has an account. It was sent to her home the day of an important social event. On the following day it was returned to the department store with the message that it was not wanted. It seems that this matron had returned articles in this manner several times before, usually on the morrow of some ball at which she was noted by the bavardes as being "among those present." On this occasion an employe of the department store telephoned to the matron that the store could not permit the return of the fan. The matron was very angry. The employe asked why the fan had proved unacceptable. The matron refused to give any reason except that she did not want it.

"I am afraid," said the employe, "that you must keep this fan."

"What do you mean?" demanded the matron. "I do not want it, and I have an account at your store."

"Even so, we cannot permit you to return the fan."

"I insist on returning it," said the matron. "I do not want it, and I have not used it."

"The fan has been used," said the employe.

"Do you dare doubt my statement?" cried the matron.

"I am afraid I must," said the employee, "for I am quite certain that when the fan left this store there was not a piece of pound cake sticking to it."

The Inspirational Mrs. Sesnon

For some time the friends of Mrs. William T. Sesnon have known of her deep studies in the art of inspirational dancing, but it was not until a few evenings ago that a number of them had an opportunity to compare Mrs. Sesnon with the professional artistes whose work she emulates. The occasion was an impromptu entertainment given to enliven a house party at the Sesnon place near Santa Cruz. On this occasion Mrs. Sesnon executed an oriental dance which all the spectators pronounced one of the most exotic performances they had ever witnessed. The setting for the dance was a Buddhist temple made fragrant with the fumes of incense. Mrs. Sesnon appeared in a bizarre costume of oriental gorgeousness and danced before the gilded image of Buddha. It is needless to say that the eyes of all her guests were riveted upon Mrs. Sesnon during this remarkable performance. Her movements were extremely graceful, and her pantomime was

highly symbolical. There were those present who compared Mrs. Sesnon's effort with the accomplishment of Ruth St. Denis, Gertrude Hoffmann and Roshanara in the same medium, and not by any means to the disadvantage of the society amateur. How interesting if Mrs. Sesnon were to repeat this dance at one or more of the charity functions this winter! None takes a greater interest in her terpsichorean work or applauds more enthusiastically than her husband popular "Bill" Sesnon.

Mrs. Atherton's Error

In a recent newspaper article Gertrude Atherton lauds the noble conduct of French women during the war. She praises their indefatigable labors, their self effacement, their unsuspected seriousness in a crisis. She has enthusiasm also for the generosity and personal service given by American women in Paris to aid the sufferers. In speaking of L'Oeuvre du Soldat Blessé ou Malade (under the patronage of the Minister of War) she deplores the fact that California is unrepresented there while Philadelphia has five wards in the great hospital. Mrs. Atherton is a California absentee else she would not have been guilty of an absurd comment. There is no lack of sympathy with France among the women of this State and it is characteristic of them that they are doing good in their own way, not following the example of Philadelphia or other great or small cities. If they are not maintaining a ward in a hospital they have sent money enough to maintain a whole hospital. With their own hands they have made clothes to supply an army. An ambulance service has been maintained at the front not by the city but by one woman—Mrs. Adolph Spreckels—who has spent a lot of time going among her friends encouraging them to contribute to the needy of France. Mrs. Will Crocker, Mrs. Jack Casserly, Mrs. Kohl and many other women have been vindicating their sympathy with France in many ways.

An Angel in Berkeley

Not only in San Francisco but across the bay women are working for France. I wonder how many know what Mme. Gustave Faucheux is doing. Madame Faucheux is the wife of the well known professor of the French Department of the State University where he has been a fixture for twenty years. Here is a typical French woman serving France in the way typical of French women. Long ago she organized a class to sew for the wounded and convalescent in France. It is called Les Amis des Blessés. Any French speaking lady who can sew may join. The ladies meet every Tuesday afternoon at Mme. Faucheux's home 2509 Parker avenue, Berkeley, and for one dollar a month they have the advantage of practicing French, conversation and thus contributing. This is an advantage indeed as Madame's French diction is the envy of even fluent French linguists. The ladies realize that while working in a noble cause they are absorbing invaluable lessons from their charming director. The money thus received is expended in parcel-post charges and minor expenses. At the end of May, Mme. Faucheux sent seventy pounds of undershirts and night-gales (wound covers) all made by her class. Out of the cuttings and other soft material, her class of children make cushions for the soldiers in the trenches. Poor boys! They

have but little time for rest, but cushions are a comfort and a protection from dampness. They are a reminder also that warm hearts are beating for them.

A Surprise for Madame

The French class does not absorb all Madame Faucheux's energies. She is interested in the Overseas Club and the Queen Mary Guild, the president of which is Mrs. Clement, widow of Major Clement who was killed in the Boer War. For her services in the present war she was recently decorated by Queen Mary. Another day every week Mme. Faucheux sews with the Berkeley Belgium Club of which Mrs. John Snook is president. Only Saturday and Sunday she keeps for her own affairs. Indeed I fancy that she is too modest to realize that on these days she busily works out plans for the furtherance of her work. She is always glad to receive assistance. One day she was perplexed on finding that every yard of flannel-ette in Oakland had been bought that very morning. Fancy her astonishment when she arrived at home to find that ninety-seven dollars and seventy-five cents worth of flannel-ette was waiting to be made up! It was the gift, as she afterwards learned, of a French confectioner in

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Oakland. He had heard about the sewing class, and it was he that exhausted the stores. If there are any people who want to help and to feel sure that their money is sent where they wish it to go, let them communicate with Mme. Fauchaux. The articles made by her club are sent to a French officer to be divided between the Orleans Red Cross and L'Hospital D'Evacuation. Also Madame sends children's clothing to an oeuvre in Paris for refugees from the north.

Mrs. Wiltsee's Diamond

"A diamond that might have been a twin to the famous Kohinoor." Thus one of our bavardes describes the gem which Mrs. Ernest Wiltsee wore on her finger at luncheon at the St. Francis the other day. "It was such a stunning gem," continues the bavarde, "that it immediately caught and held one's gaze fascinated. So incredibly large and beautiful was it that everyone within gazing distance indulged in a good long stare at the ring, which was worn on a hand pretty enough to stand the scrutiny." Obviously this was a very remarkable diamond. That it is "a twin to the famous Kohinoor" I think extremely unlikely for more reasons than one. In the first place, the great "Mountain of Light" which Queen Victoria acquired in 1849 has no twin. In the second place it would be quite impracticable to wear a twin to the Kohinoor in a finger ring—as impracticable as to wear the Cullinan diamond in an ear ring. The Kohinoor weighs a fraction more than one hundred and six carats, or more than three hundred grains. One does not wear on the finger diamonds of anything like that enormous size. One can only infer that Mrs. Wiltsee wore a remarkably fine ring which was magnified when the bavarde lorgnetted it.

Who Will Entertain Them?

"Billy" Dick and his bride who was Madeleine Force Astor, are motoring just now in Southern California. But they are coming back to San Francisco, and it is said that they will accept some of the attentions which our fashionable people are eager to bestow on them. The question is, who will secure them as guests? It is the question of the moment, and there are many answers. To entertain the Dicks is an honor to which all the ambitious hostesses

aspire. It will probably go to one of the peninsula families. The honeymooners may even be lured from the Fairmont to one of the country homes in San Mateo county. In that event the said country home will be the center of society for the time being.

Pictured Many Times

Miss Helen Hamilton, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Hamilton whose engagement to George Howard Jr. was recently announced, has sat for more pictures than most society girls. Hers is a type of beauty that artists are always eager to delineate. The best pictures of Miss Hamilton, perhaps, are those by Matteo Sandona, Douglas Crane and young Rollo Peters. The latter showed a drawing of Miss Hamilton during his exhibition last year at his father's studio, and it was greatly admired.

Tait's "Habitual Guests"

So they call themselves, a score of Family clubmen who banqueted John Tait in his own banquet room last Friday night. For some years now they have been members of the jolly parties to which Tait dispenses lavish hospitality every summer on his beautiful ranch near Ben Lomond. Feeling that it was time to make return of hospitality they gathered at the banquet board to toast their "habitual host" and say nice things about him to his face. It was a great evening. Daniel M. Hanlon was in the chair and gave everybody an opportunity to express himself either in after-dinner prose, post-prandial verse or banquet song. The guest received a memento of the pleasant occasion in the shape of a gold match safe. Those who were present: John Tait, D. M. Hanlon, James Woods, Samuel N. Rucker, Paul T. Carroll, W. A. Landry, Louis Sloss, Major Charles E. Stanton, Clarence W. Doane, Clarence R. Ward, W. A. Stringer, Alex J. Young, Frank Hooper, William F. Humphrey, Edward F. O'Day, W. W. Briggs, William L. Hughson, W. E. Travis, J. Harry Blohme and William A. Lange.

Sargent's Faux Pas

Is the great John S. Sargent impolite? Has the world-famous portrait painter no regard for the rules of courtesy? These are the questions that Bostonians are asking. In the city of

baked beans and culture an incident which occurred at the Copley-Plaza Hotel has started a buzz of unfavorable comment. Sargent was lunching there with another man, and Mrs. Jack Gardner who has one of the world's best private art collections left her table and went over to greet him. Sargent arose to shake hands with her, and then resumed his seat. So Mrs. Gardner stood and Sargent was seated while the conversation lasted. The man lunching with Sargent did not rise at all. When the conversation was over Mrs. Gardner returned to her table unescorted. To aggravate the offense, Mrs. Jack Gardner is an elderly woman.

At the Cecil

Miss H. L. Cooper, a charming young girl from Santa Barbara, arrived this week in San Francisco, and is visiting her uncle and aunt Mr. and Mrs. Ellwood Cooper at the Cecil. The management of the hotel gave a delightful card party Monday evening. There was a prize for each table, and at eleven o'clock a chafing dish supper was served. Among the guests who participated were Colonel and Mrs. Lloyd McCormick, Major and Mrs. I. L. Fredendall, Captain and Mrs. Richard Crisp, Mr. and Mrs. John Charles Doyle of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. John V. Rounsefell, Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt, Mrs. W. L. Clapp, Mrs. George Henry, Messrs. C. H. Haswell and J. Sacazan. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Plankinton, society folk of the Hawaiian Islands, are registered. They will be in San Francisco for a month. Several affairs are being planned in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Irwin of New Orleans. During their stay in this city they will make their headquarters at the Cecil. Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Heney arrived Sunday. They will be extensively entertained by their San Francisco friends. Among the attractive young folk at the hotel are Miss E. Holcomb and Miss N. Wittaker. They will return to their homes in Seattle the latter part of this month. John Espey of St. Paul is busy renewing old friendships in this city. Miss B. V. Witt motored from her home in Pasadena and is stopping at the Cecil.

Mother—Your hands are frightfully dirty.

Tommy—You should have seen them before I washed them.

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The Miller Players

By Theodore F. Bonnet

For many years (I'll not say how many) Henry Miller has been piloting theatrical companies to San Francisco and making the excursions pay. Always more or less successful in guessing what the people wanted, the people have come to regard him as a most dependable manager. Their confidence in him has never been shaken. They are sure he has a pretty good taste in plays, and as to his judgment of players they are convinced it is not to be surpassed. No wonder then that the Columbia was crowded Monday night when Mr. Miller came to us once again with new plays and new players, not to mention some old favorites hardly less warmly esteemed than himself. Among these old players is Mrs. Whiffen, whom it is very hard to accept as a player at all, so utterly unstagelike is her personality as revealed to us through the perfection of her art. Mrs. Whiffen has the rare gift of imparting atmosphere to a play, and consequently she is a great help to playwrights who give us plays that border on fantasy, like "A Golden Night." This little one-act play, given as a curtain-raiser, lacks nothing but proportion. The gold-

en night is the fiftieth anniversary of the Whitfields, and they are celebrating it when their granddaughter comes home to tell them she has left her husband, having discovered he is unfaithful. The husband comes in too, and the old folks reunite them and send them home to live happily ever afterwards. It is crowding matters to make the long story plausible in one short act, but the author, Edgar Woolf, handles his material with considerable deftness, and Mrs. Whiffen and Mr. John Findley do the rest. In their performance there is more to charm than in the play. I might elaborate this note of criticism somewhat and make it apply to "The Mollusc," a three-act play by Hubert Henry Davies. The performance of this play impressed me as a tour de force in histrionics, the players accomplishing the impossible of making something out of nothing. Hilda Spong, Bruce McRae, Charles Trowbridge and Alice Lindahl actually hold an audience and ripple it with smiles through three acts of Mr. Davies in his lightest most inane manner. Now Mr. Davies at his best serves in London mainly to enable such critics as Max Beerbohm and John

Palmer to expound the vices of conventional English drama. But I am not saying that "The Mollusc" is not an enjoyable play. For people that like plays of that sort it is doubtless good stuff, but it is a species of entertainment to which I am not particularly susceptible. "The Mollusc" is English comedy that takes you into English family life and introduces you to a wife troubled with an excess of apathy. Her salient quality is inertia. If she were merely lazy, or if she had cultivated repose as a fad, she would serve excellently for comic purposes, but one gets the impression that hers is a case of anemia; and there is really nothing comic in the misfortune of an invalid. However, there are agreeable moments in "The Mollusc" which I am not yet sufficiently hardened as a critic to have lost. Mr. Davies's dialogue is always entertaining. It is the genuine give and take of the stage. But whether you like this particular play or not, you will certainly like the company, for Mr. Miller conscientiously lives up to his standard. He has surrounded himself with artists who have an instinctive genius for extracting the last iota of meaning from a part.

Gossip of the Theatre

The Russian Ballet

No drama without words is quite so satisfactory as the kind the Russian ballet dancers give us. This sort of drama is the legitimate descendant of the old Greek pantomime, but it is doubtless more expressive and its appeal to the emotions is certainly more forceful. Here is drama that glints and flashes in movements of hand and foot and body with a fine clarity. The spoken word is no essential part of this airy drama which may be at once sentimental, melodramatic, comic or tragic. And it is not all pantomime. Many things may be said in this drama that are not said in the spoken drama. In the exquisite poise of a body there is more eloquence than in a rounded period, and in the varying expressions of a mobile countenance there are nuances of meaning of which words can give no hint. This is art that one speaks of in terms of painting and of music and of literature, and not only in its rhythmical but in its sensuous appeal it is irresistible. This is art that all the world interprets, art that is full of vitality and imagination. It is splendid, exhilarating, beautiful. Orpheum audiences are now enjoying a specimen of it, for Theodore Kosloff and Vlasta Maslova and several other Russian dancers are in vaudeville. I am not sure, however, that the Orpheumites are enjoying the dancers any more than they are enjoying Claire Rochester who, according to the programme, is a "phenomenal soprano-barytone." This is probably an accurate enough description, for the lady does emit two distinct qualities of voice. One might be tempted to ask, "Why does she do it?" but not after visiting the Orpheum and seeing how she is received by the people who made Calve weep a few months ago. They go wild over Claire Rochester, which goes to prove that in vaudeville freakishness goes before art. But there is a popular superstition that vaudeville audiences are wonderfully sophisticated. Evidently they are not; for as a matter of fact the power of emitting two distinct qualities of voice is not to be compared as a matter of oddity with

a three-leg calf. I have heard many "female impersonators" sing soprano and cough in a deep bass, but they only amused me, while Miss Rochester only makes me puzzle over the psychology of audiences in vaudeville theatres. Perhaps she points the way to vocalists who, owing to their inability to blend their registers have aspired to opera in vain; for certainly it pays in vaudeville to have registers as far apart as possible provided one makes pleasant sounds howsoever unintelligible.

—T. F. B.

Two Alcazar Actors

A run of three weeks at the Alcazar is quite a record for these motion picture days. This is the record of "The Song of Songs," a play that is somewhat different from the kind of drama we have been getting. It is not a great play, but neither is it conventional claptrap. There is something of real life in it, a phase of life that is not shown every day. Besides making a run the play brought Louis Bennison to the attention of people who were not aware that so talented an actor was of the Alcazar stock. Bennison's portrayal of Phineas K. Burnett is remarkable for its intellectual grasp and technical finish. Mr. Bennison looms up in this play as one of our great American character actors. I feel safe in predicting for him a speedy recognition in broader fields. He has gifts that are not to be long hidden under a bushel. Another actor who arrests attention at the Alcazar is Henry Hall whose fine portrayal of an old voluptuary I inadvertently attributed to Mr. Addison Pitt, the very capable stage manager of the Alcazar. Mr. Pitt is an excellent actor as well as a good stage manager, but as Hall's performance in this play is deserving of special commendation I would not have him confounded with another.

—T. F. B.

Nan Halperin at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will have as its principal new feature Nan Halperin, the de-

lightful comedienne who is entirely different from all others. While she is indebted for a measure of her success to a charming personality her greatest asset is her remarkable ability and versatility. Miss Halperin's contribution is entitled "Five Stages of Girlhood," and special music and lyrics have been written for it by Wm. B. Friedlander. Moon and Morris, original terpsichorean comedians, will present their remarkable dance "Two in One." These men have met with success wherever they have appeared. When it comes to card manipulation Leipzig is as much ahead of his competitors as the ace is above the deuce. He wears a handsome medal presented him by the Magic Circle, a society of English magicians. These conjurors gave a competitive performance at St. George's Hall, London, when fourteen internationally known magicians appeared before



DESIDER JOSEF VECSEI

Noted Hungarian pianist who will be the soloist at the seventh concert of the Philharmonic Orchestra at the Cort Theatre July 23

300 of the rank and file. At the conclusion of this unusual exhibition the medal for exceptional merit was presented to Leipzig by Neville Maskelyne. The Imperial Chinese Trio is a decided novelty. Tang Cheong who leads it is gifted with a splendid baritone which he uses to advantage in grand opera and popular numbers. Miss Lin Far plays the violin with unusual skill for an Oriental, and Fook Loo who distinguishes himself on the piano is appropriately styled "The Chinese Ragtime King." Claire Rochester, the phenomenal soprano-baritone who is scoring a great hit, will be heard in new songs. Kramer and Morton, and Consul and his adopted daughter Betty are also included in this bill. Next week will positively be the last of the famous Russian premier danseur Theodore Kosloff who with Vlasta Maslova and artists from the Imperial Russian ballet accompanied by Kosloff's Russian orchestra have caused a tremendous sensation.

"Canary Cottage" at the Cort

Better than "So Long Letty" is the report preceding Oliver Morosco's latest musical production which has been a wonderful success in the city of its production, Los Angeles, where it has been current for the past eight weeks. It comes to the Cort on Monday night. It is called "Canary Cottage" and is described as a comedy with music wherein the comedy brings out a constant succession of laughs and the

music (there are twenty numbers) is particularly tuneful. The book of "Canary Cottage" was written by Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris, and the lyrics and music have been supplied by Earl Carroll. Scenically "Canary Cottage" is said to be a riot of futurist coloring, for the scenery was designed and executed under the personal supervision of the well known New York artist Robert McQuinn who is also responsible for most of the handsome costumes. Mr. Morosco has gathered a cast containing the names of some great favorites. There are Trixie Friganza, Dorothy Webb, Eunice Burnham, Grace Ellsworth, Charles Ruggles, Eddie Cantor, Herbert Corthell, the Edwards brothers and a number of other favorites. The chorus is said to be made up principally of California beauties who are not only good to look upon but can sing and dance. Matinees will be given on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The Next Philharmonic Concert

Desider Josef Vecsei, a Hungarian pianist who has appeared with great success in Paris, Monte Carlo, Budapest, Vienna, Berlin and London, and who will commence his American tour here, will be soloist of the Philharmonic's seventh popular symphony concert at the Cort Sunday afternoon, July 23, at 3 o'clock. Under the baton of Nikolai Sokoloff the concerts of the People's Philharmonic are doing much to further the interest of good music in San



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Francisco by providing concerts of the very highest quality at prices within the means of all the people. In addition to providing for the first orchestral appearance in San Francisco of a great pianist, the programme for the July 23rd concert will give for the first time in San Francisco the unfinished symphony of Alexander Borodin, one of the most interesting musicians of the new Russian school of music, the ballet "Sylvia" of Delibes, the tone-poem "Finlandia" of Sibelius and the classical overture "Egmont" of Beethoven. Seats will be on sale at the usual places next week.

Adele Blood in "Innocent"

Another sensation is in preparation for the patrons of the Alcazar next week when Belasco and Mayer will present for the first time on their stage Adele Blood, one of the most beautiful actresses in America. The sensation will be a "double-decker," for on this occasion will be offered for the first time in San Francisco George Broadhurst's remarkable play "Innocent," which made New York gasp last season at its bluntness. "Innocent" is the leading female character and she is the daughter of an old roué who has brought her up in absolute ignorance of the world and on his death leaves her to the care of his only friend, a younger man who tries hard to fulfill his promise to the father. From the moment of her departure from her cloistered home her life is filled with thrilling surprises. Miss Blood who is a gorgeous blonde, promises to give a vivid characterization of the role of "Innocent," and Forrest Stanley will be seen in the role of her young guardian. Louis Bennison will be exceptionally well cast. This production will bring back to the Alcazar fold three of its last season's favorites, Henry Shumer, Alexis Luce and William Amsdell.

Petticoat Minstrels at Pantages

Thalero's Dog and Pony Circus, one of the few novelties in vaudeville, will be the topping feature on the new eight-act show which opens at Pantages Sunday. The "Ten Petticoat Min-

strels" are an aggregation of stunning show girls who have arranged a new and select old-time minstrel first part with the girls using the burnt cork, cracking old-time jokes and singing the ever popular plantation melodies. Charlie Seamon, the "Narrow Feller," plays the oddest shaped instruments, makes fun out of the angular proportions of his figure, and is one of the popular favorites with local vaudeville audiences. Mae Curtis, the "Personality Girl," gives several imitations of well known celebrities. The Three Rianos have an acrobatic novelty entitled "African Morn." Elwell

and Singer are big voiced harmonists. Collins and Collins have a new dancing specialty. Goldberg's "boob cartoons" and the eighteenth episode of "The Iron Claw" will be other splendid features.

Second Week of "The Mollusc"

It was only natural, on the part of theatre-goers, to find that Henry Miller's production of "The Mollusc" and the one-act play "A Golden Night" lived up to every advance announcement. It was Mr. Miller's intention to stage "The Great Divide" next Monday night,



NAN HALPERIN

The delightful singing comedienne next week at the Orpheum

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Anglo & London Paris National Bank

OF SAN FRANCISCO

At the Close of Business, June 30, 1916

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$19,225,916.56
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation at par.....	2,800,000.00
Other U. S. Bonds at par.....	100,000.00
Other Bonds.....	4,087,859.00
Other Assets.....	400,000.00
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit and Acceptances.....	2,913,982.21
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	18,313,182.35
	\$47,840,940.12

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock.....	\$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	2,082,070.22
Circulation.....	2,720,000.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign and Acceptances.....	2,913,982.21
Deposits.....	35,124,887.69
	\$47,840,940.12

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A. L. LANGERMAN, Secretary

but the success of this week's offering has been so great that it will be continued for a second week. "The Great Divide" with Henry Miller appearing as Stephen Ghent and Hilda Spong as Ruth Jordan will be produced Monday, July 24. It will be a massive production.

Cut It Out!

If you have a grouch that pains you,
Cut it out;
Or a habit that enchains you,
Cut it out;
Don't waste time in useless thinking;
You can't cure yourself by winking.
So, just can the foolish shrinking—
Cut it out;

If you're fond of sorrows telling,
Cut it out;
Ere you hear the chorus swelling:
"Cut it out!"

Folks are bored by all this goating
And this grief charged anecdoting;
If you want to keep a-floating,
Cut it out!

Pop—Well, what is it now?
Rudolph—Were the Twice Told Tales written
by a second-story man?

Flubdub—Did you ever see "Ten Nights in
a Barroom?"

Guzzler—Ten? Thousands of them, my boy;
thousands of them.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—For days, weeks and months we have been calling your attention to exploited stocks. We have pointed out that the stocks that had made the biggest advances had made them entirely on promises, none of which had been realized: outside of Bethlehem Steel, not a single war company so far has made good. We also pointed out to you for some days the discrimination against the newer class of industrial stocks, and the decrease in bank reserves. The 20 point break in industrial alcohol in one day, shows you what can happen to stocks that have been bid up by the public on hopes and not realities. Those long of good rails and the older classes of industrials, should have no difficulty in obtaining money at reasonable rates, while the houses which have made specialties of the war stocks will find them extremely difficult to carry. Call money reached the highest figure in some time, and has been the factor in forcing liquidation in the industrial list. Banks have been discriminating against the industrial list, and a good many commission houses have been advising the sale of this class of securities. The persistent decline in these issues, the past week, has had a tendency to weaken the railroad list some, and in the absence of support, prices for rails have shown some decline, which is natural, considering the bearish feeling displayed in the war stocks. Underlying conditions, as far as the railroad list is concerned, could not be better, and we believe that good stocks bought on the decline, which will probably take place when the industrials have been thoroughly liquidated, will ultimately show good returns on the investment.

Wheat—There was very little action in the wheat market last week, until near the close of the week, when, on reports of black rust, the market became excited and turned, what had been a liquidating market, into an old-time bull affair. The trade was generally bearish up to this time and short, but with heavy buying coming from Minneapolis, the local crowd became alarmed and ran to cover. We have black rust every year, and it seldom does much damage, but this year, owing to the wet period at planting time, the seed was planted on the stubble and the general opinion seems to be that it will take ideal weather to overcome this setback. The statistical position in wheat is not yet offering any particular consolation to the bull. Primary receipts are still running double those of last year, while the clearances are becoming insignificant. On Wednesday, wheat and flour combined showed but 823,000 bushels, and included were 224,000 bushels of bonded. This is getting back to the old days before the war, but the present inactivity is easily accounted for in the expectations of Europe in soon floating the crops of India, Australia and the Argentina, through the increased offerings of tonnage and the lowered freight rates. All of these countries have a big surplus, which

seems to be coming into direct competition with our own wheat. Broomhall calls attention to the fact that the continent has very moderate supplies, and that reinstatement will soon be compulsory, in which event an entirely different complexion might be placed upon the situation in this country. It must be remembered, however, that on June 15, the world's stocks showed heavier than ever before recorded, not including Australia, which has a generous visible. Much will depend upon the outcome of the crop in the Northwest, where conditions are said to be excellent now, but where the wheat did not get a good start, and where deterioration could easily develop and further reduce our 1916 possibilities.

Corn—The weather was regarded as more favorable for the growing corn crop, and realizing sales in July and short selling of December, caused a fair setback. Export demand was not so keen, although some business was done, and country offerings were held at a firmer premium, as compared with July. A big reduction in the visible supply occurred last week. Larger receipts were regarded as a bear influence, but the corn that is arriving and that will arrive in the next two weeks, will promptly move out on previous sales. Under present circumstances it does not seem advisable to press the selling side of old-crop months.

Cotton—The cotton market was a scalping affair the past week, and prices did not move much, either way. The heavy selling on the Government's condition figures was well taken care of by the larger professionals, and prices showed a fair recovery from the decline. A severe storm struck part of the Gulf States and the extreme Eastern belt, causing considerable damage to the growing crop, and this had a tendency to cause a further recovery. The advance, however, did not hold, as conditions generally throughout the belt, especially in Texas, were considered ideal, and reports had it that the Texas crop would be early this year, and a good run of new cotton could be expected next month from that section. Boll weevils are said to be numerous in some sections of the belt, but they have not, as yet, become a factor. Deliveries of cotton on July contract, so far this month, have been quite liberal. Traders have been under the impression that owing to the small stocks of spot cotton in New York, tenders would, of July, be small, but it seems that several large Southern spot firms have thought it advantageous to deliver cotton on the present basis. We hear that the leading spot houses are taking the cotton as fast as tendered, and will ship it abroad in the near future. This will further reduce the stock of spot cotton in New York, and make the old crop positions stronger. The speculative long interest in July was larger than expected, and it has been this liquidation that has kept prices from advancing.

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JUNE 30TH, 1916:

Assets \$63,811,228.81
Deposits 60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds 2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund 222,725.43
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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73543; Dept. 10.

SADIE BRADLEY, Plaintiff, vs. LAWRENCE BRADLEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: LAWRENCE BRADLEY, Defendant:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear on the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 5th day of May, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
423 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

5-27-10

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No. 2745.

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The principal place of business of the firm is San Francisco, State of California.

The full names and respective places of residence of all its members are subscribed hereunto.

Dated, June 17th, 1916.

F. J. GHISELLI,
No. 802 Filbert Street,
San Francisco, California.

G. A. GHISELLI,
No. 133 Jackson Street,
San Francisco, California.

(Cancelled 10 cent U. S. documentary stamp.)
State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 17th day of June in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixteen, before me, J. J. KERRIGAN, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned, and sworn, personally appeared F. J. GHISELLI and G. A. GHISELLI, known to me to be the same persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and they duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal in the City and County of San Francisco, in the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal)

J. J. KERRIGAN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed June 17, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

R. W. DENNIS,

301 City Hall,
San Francisco, California.

6-24-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco—No. 59410.

E. SEABERG, Plaintiff, vs. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.
LLOYD S. ACKERMAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Nevada Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

5-27-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEANNE CAZAUX (also called JEANNE CAZEAX), deceased.—No. 20,943. Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of JEANNE CAZAUX (also called JEANNE CAZEAX), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JEANNE CAZAUX (also called JEANNE CAZEAX), deceased.

GUILLAUME CAZERES,

Administrator of the estate of Jeanne Cazaux
also called Jeanne Cazeaux), deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, July 1, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administrator,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

7-1-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPHINE NIGLIS, Deceased.—No. 20,973; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of JOSEPHINE NIGLIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPHINE NIGLIS, deceased.

EUGENE NIGLIS,

Executor of the last will and testament of
Josephine Niglis, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, June 17th, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

6-17-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ISADOR LEVIN, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned EMANUEL M. LEVIN, Administrator of the estate of ISADOR LEVIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of E. H. Wakeman, 311 California Street, rooms 514-516 San Francisco, Cal., my attorney, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ISADOR LEVIN, deceased.

EMANUEL M. LEVIN,
Administrator of the estate of Isador Levin,
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 8, 1916.

E. H. WAKEMAN,
Attorney for Administrator,
311 California Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

7-8-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73611; Dept. No. 10.

KATHLEEN MARY GWILT, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE GWILT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GEORGE GWILT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's desertion, under Section 98 of the Civil Code, of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of May, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
HENRY L. CORSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
512-514 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

5-20-10

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TOWN TALK

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ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVIII. No. 1248

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 22, 1916

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVIII

San Francisco, July 22, 1916

No. 1248

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John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager
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FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

Let us try to sympathize with Mayor James Rolph Jr., the man who is nominally the Chief Magistrate of the great city of San Francisco. In this great city, less than a year after the close of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, it has been deemed urgently necessary to organize what is known as a law and order league. The call for that purpose was issued by no irresponsible individual or set of individuals. It was issued by the president of the Chamber of Commerce, a body universally recognized as a quasi-public body with the highest interests of the city at heart. More than two thousand men representing the vital interests of the city responded to that call, and they organized a league in the very nature of which is implied the futility of the existing government of the city. Surely the posture of affairs is such as to make Mayor Rolph feel the need of sympathy from any quarter where respectability abides. But perhaps what he needs more than all else is material for an apology; for the collapse of the Rolph administration was not a freak of nature. It was not caused by the elements. Nor was the league organized at the suggestion of our local chief magistrate. It was organized in spite of him. We have no doubt that in time there will come over Mr. Rolph's mind, like a picture flashed in the darkness, a swift but merciless consciousness of the terrible folly of playing politics instead of performing a sworn duty. For Mr. Rolph is not a man without a sense of honor. He was pretty well raised, and he knows something of the traditions and obligations of a gentleman.

“President Wilson will be remembered,” says a distinguished eulogist, “for his zeal in the service not of a nation but of mankind.” Which reminds us of Sir John Lubbock, a most zealous servant of

mankind, who has been almost forgotten, though he is perhaps the favorite author of people who estimate literature by the pound. Many are the people who have read Lubbock's little essays on the pleasures of life; few there are that know whether he wrote them in Babylon or Baltimore. Nobody ever quotes him; hardly anybody ever gives him a thought. Yet he spent more time and energy in the service of mankind than any other man of his generation, not excepting Darwin, his friend and contemporary. Lubbock put through more Acts of Parliament than any other member of his day and generation. When he entered Parliament it was with a fourfold prosaic aim: to reduce the national debt, to increase the number of public holidays, to promote the study of science in the schools, and to secure the preservation of his country's ancient monuments. Surely Sir John meant well. Service was Lubbock's watchword, and he worked from 6:30 in the morning until midnight improving his mind for the benefit of mankind. No ordinary, but rather an extraordinary man, was this apostle of the humdrum. He inherited a baronetcy, a fortune and the headship of a bank, but although he accumulated great stores of knowledge and lived a career crowded and beneficent, in the record of it there is nothing inspiring, and he might just as well not have been.

The Imperturbable Germans

Whatever the saving graces of the German people, and whether or not imperturbability is to be reckoned among them, it is certainly among their conspicuous qualities in the stress of war. Their enemies have told us they had degenerated, but certainly they have shown no signs of degeneration on the battlefield. At the beginning of the war *The London Times* told us that the German generals had taken “the wrong plan of operations out of the portfolio of Moltke;” that their tactics were belated and that no longer were the soldiers “possessed by that fervent spirit which characterized them in 1870.” “Let the Germans come on after they have muddled their way across the Meuse,” shouted *The Times*. The Russians were to be in Berlin in October of the first year. “For Germany a long dragging war was impossible.” The “stream roller” was irresistible. This roaring optimism of *The Times* greatly underestimated the German powers both of offense and resistance. Since the utterance of this prophecy there has been much hunger in Germany and much pessimism in England, but the Germans are still fighting. The Allies are in the midst of their big drive, but the Germans are

fighting on. Their tactics may be belated, especially their much decried mass formation, but, belated tactics are wonderfully effective, not only for the Germans but also for the Russians who have lately been employing cavalry on top of infantry and making some very successful smashes.

Maybe the best illustration of German imperturbability is to be found in the musical life of Germany. Fats may be scarce, but not music. In vivacious France music has virtually stopped; the Paris opera houses do nothing more than just “carry on” till better times shall come. The production of an important new work in Paris at present is unthinkable. Berlin, however, has had the first performance of Strauss's new work, the *Alpine Symphony*, and has taken the production, even in war time, as a matter of course; nor did it shrink from the expense of bringing the Dresden orchestra to Berlin to perform the work. Some time ago it was said in England that all the musical activity in Germany during the past two years—the numerous concerts and operatic performances and the many productions of new works—has been simply so much window dressing on the part of the authorities, designed to give resident neutrals and their own people the impression that Germany was unmoved by all the assaults of the Allied armies upon her. If so Germany has been making an excellent bluff, but surely resident neutrals are able to observe the temperament of audiences in the theatre—whether there is genuine enjoyment or merely pretense. But is it not likely that concerts have been encouraged rather as a means of varying the emotions of the people than for the purpose of bluffing the Allies? Whatever the truth the production of a new Strauss work was a notable event, and we are sorry that along with bromides and other things the blockade is depriving us of a new symphony. This Strauss work, by the way, was the first in years that did not attract the critics of the leading papers of the civilized world. The only criticism obtainable is that of Dr. Eagar Istel—an able German critic and historian—in the *Berliner Morgenpost*. The work is in one movement, lasting a full three-quarters of an hour. Dr. Istel says the new symphony is “one of the best of Strauss's works.” He praises the general painting of the *Alpine Stimmung* and especially what seems to be a remarkable representation of a waterfall. Evidently the Strauss passion for musical illustration is still growing. For this he has been much criticised, especially in England where critics have complained of the need of finger-posts in the score.

They have laughed at the cracking of a whip in *Elektra*, forgetting the music of duelling in *Don Giovanni* and the heehaw of the donkey in Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Nights' Dream* overture. A great many natural phenomena have been successfully translated into tone.

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According to Carnegie's
Pacifism inspired disciples in press
Versus and pulpit there is some
Preparedness thing sinister, much that is
artificial and irrational, in

the present enthusiasm for preparedness. In this dictum there is some truth. Undoubtedly a great deal of the enthusiasm for preparedness was stimulated by artificial means. But it does not follow that the enthusiasm is to be deplored as an evil. Nor would it be rational to conclude that the stimulation of it was inspired with a sinister motive, or that it was motivated in self-interest rather than in patriotism. The fact is that much of this enthusiasm for preparedness may be traced without any difficulty to the Carnegie propaganda. Never was a movement of any kind started in this world that did not meet with opposition. Conflict is inevitable in everything, as well as the law of compensation. As Hazlitt says in his essay *On the Spirit of Partisanship* (a spirit that is in every man deserving of his salt) to hate and proscribe half the species under various pretexts and nicknames is the only way to entertain a good opinion of ourselves and mankind in general. Now the agitation for preparedness received its original stimulus from that preposterous egotist, the Laird of Skibo, who, to compel the realization of his ideal of universal peace undertook first to render this country powerless. If he had suspended his heavily financed propaganda during the war that has convulsed Europe, by this time we should probably be a nation of mandragorites sipping narcotics from the lily white hand of President Wilson. Long before the war the Laird of Skibo, appealing through myriad avenues of publicity to all that was flabby and feminine in the character of the masses, propagated the cult of the negative virtues, and when the war broke out the good ship "Piffle" symbolized the American navy. At that time Josephus Daniels would have looked well in a short skirt leading the chorus of a popular ballad protesting that mother didn't raise little Archie to be a soldier. Notwithstanding the rubricated lesson of the war the President fell asleep at the switch, but the Pacifists never quit preaching. Our navy continued to deteriorate, and Carnegie went on propagandizing. His busy bureau went so far as to circularize editors, telling them that while it intended to spend a lot of money for publicity it desired to know, before broaching the barrel, who were in sympathy with the cause. And so, with our army and navy going from bad to worse and a plutocrat with money to burn cultivating complacency by the column, a feeling of mingled resentment and alarm swiftly spread among men.

The need of counteracting the poison was made obvious. Patriots perceived the importance of an awakening. They went to work stimulating enthusiasm by the same means employed in crankdom to lull us asleep. In time preparedness became a passion. Where then is the criminal feature of the enterprise? Have the honorable gentlemen who responded to the Carnegie letter, the noble editors who are now supplying puerile arguments against preparedness, have they anything to say in their own behalf?

—*—

Weinstock
the
Wizard

The case of State Market Director Harris (Honorable and Honorary Colonel) Weinstock is so luminiferous and instructive that it is deserving of the studious consideration of every molecule of the body politic. Get your understanding penetrated with the fact that this gentleman in a large sense is typical of his circle, and you will have made some progress toward fitting yourself for the part you presume to play in civic life. It will greatly improve your perceptive faculties to study him as a symbol while he pursues his political interests with the narrow pertinacity of a respectable ant. You may marvel at his limitations in the role he is filling, but be assured he is not peculiar. The fact is that for several years the business of the whole State has been managed on the same principle on which this Weinstock was flung into its intricate machinery. Mr. Weinstock is an innovator of the Progressive school. From a sort of Weinstock prospectus we learned that he was to become the head and front of a commission or bureau to mother the fruit industry of California. Though probably more familiar with dry goods than with fruit he had in view a political school to teach the penniless fruit grower how to plant, where to plant and when to plant. In the press he outlined a State agency to finance the farmer; not only to buy farms but to market farm produce. Given his head, it would probably have taken a special tax to finance this busy Colonel. But fortunately the Dried Fruit Association has been examining his divers projects and pointing out his colossal ignorance of just a few things. Hence the probability is that a halt will be called. Now the case of Harris Weinstock is not at all exceptional. As an economist he is really above the level of the majority of the Governor's bureaucrats, for he really had some success in business. He was a successful country-store keeper in Sacramento when Sacramento was a village and Governor Johnson was glad enough to have a country-store keeper for a client. He was a man with an ambition for a place in the sun of publicity, and he did some reading with a view to getting some second-hand ideas about Bible history and literature. Having a shallow foundation he became a culturine and a doctrinaire of the kind turned out in our wonderful summer schools. Such was the genesis of our market director, who lately became

a political economist eminently satisfactory to the statesman at Sacramento. We are not criticising the Governor. We are only indicating the qualities of our present temporary source of government. As a politician Governor Johnson is a man of parts. He has captured the imagination of some people by his devotion to what is called the Wisconsin idea, which is a curious idea that the people of Battle Bob's State were willing that California should try out in preference to Wisconsin. The full significance of this idea is only gradually penetrating the understanding of men who have to be shown even the most elementary things before they are able to judge of their merits. Among these men is Governor Johnson himself, who undoubtedly had faith in the Wisconsin idea and is now eager to join "Battle Bob" in the Senate.

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The
Paradise
of
Politicians

We regard the case of Weinstock as providential, for the Governor is again pointing with pride to his record and appealing for more public favor. In politics Time is usually a belated preacher. Time corrects our judgments, but before taking up his task he gives our politicians lots of rope that they may beguile us into mischief. So the Weinstock case is somewhat exceptional in this,—that before the honorary Colonel's enterprise was fairly launched he excited curiosity and provoked the timely criticism of the Dried Fruit Association. Had he been appointed before the Legislature met and been more circumspect in his progress doubtless his bureau of taxeaters would now be a theme of gubernatorial lyrics. No sooner are the taxpayers called upon to support an innovation than the thing is celebrated as a great success and the circumambient palpitates with dithyrambs in its laudation. Even when it is a melancholy failure the celebration goes on with great shouting, which is always grateful to the ears of that incredible ass the average citizen. Thus we see Weinstock himself, in response to criticism, calling attention to the wonderful blessings that have been bestowed on the State by the massive Johnson machine. Yet only little more than a year ago something like a seismic disturbance occurred as a result of the publication of figures from the office of the Secretary of State showing how the pay roll had been extended to enable the Governor to realize his beautiful ideals. And only last week we were told that owing to the incredible multiplication of commissions the million dollars voted for a State building in San Francisco was insufficient to rear a structure large enough to house them all. This is one story of the failure of the State Administration to start work in the Civic Center. California Johnsonized is a land of topsy-turvy where for the constantly swelling horde of politicians all days are delightful, all nights ambrosian, while for all others there is the ever imminent menace of a new Weinstock and another experiment.

Varied Types

290—NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

By Edward F. O'Day

"Why," I asked the distinguished president of Columbia, "do you think that we need a change from a Democratic to a Republican Administration?"

"In the first place," answered Dr. Butler, "because the Democratic party in power and President Wilson are the products of a minority vote. They have not represented and do not represent the principles, policies and convictions of the majority of the people of the United States.

"Also because this is a purely opportunist Administration. It has taken a few of the principles of Thomas Jefferson and combined them with some principles of the Socialists in a way that would make Jefferson turn in his grave. It cares nothing for consistency. It has no legislative programme except to get votes, even at the expense of its professed principles. The good things this Administration has done—the Federal Reserve Act, the Banking Act and one or two others—it has taken from the Republican party.

"As an Administration it is on the lowest level of executive competency of any in my memory. Nobody in this Administration, with the possible exception of Franklin K. Lane, seems to know or to care anything about administration. The Treasury under Mr. McAdoo and the Navy under Mr. Daniels in particular, reflect on the good sense and capacity of our people. In this connection it is worth recalling what Colonel George Harvey has said: 'A vote for Wilson is a vote for Daniels.'

"The vacillation and opportunism of this Administration are powerfully illustrated by the Mexican policy. When that policy has had a temporary success it has been an accident. It simply has stumbled along, and has cost us our influence abroad, and destroyed that respect for the flag and for American citizenship which once was the paramount feature of the foreign attitude toward the United States. I am told that in Mexico today the word 'gringo' is a term of contempt.

"The Administration seems to think that the alternative to its Mexican policy is war. As a matter of fact there would be no necessity for war if a proper policy were being pursued. On the other hand, the Administration policy is likely to land us in war. What we needed from the beginning was a firmer, a more thorough and more express policy.

"The extravagance of this Administration knows no bounds. It is estimated that they've appropriated about two hundred millions to distribute vast funds all over the United States and raise up enormous armies of new office-holders, a large number of them expressly exempted from the workings of the Civil Service Act in order that they might be added to the Administration's political machine.

"These are some of the reasons why I think that a change is needed, why I think that we should substitute a coherent and consistent national policy representing the best intelligence and the best character of the nation, the policy of a party which believes that the constitutional powers of government are adequate to meet our national needs and to satisfy our national aspirations."

"Dr. Butler," I asked, "what do you think of

the Americans who are opposing Preparedness?"

"They seem to me to be of two kinds," was the reply. "There are those who are purely impractical, who have no conception of national problems and affairs and who live in an unreal world. These are negligible. Then there are those who are honest and sincere, who think that the world has gotten on further than it really has toward international morality. They think the world could get along—as it ought to, of course—without some of the more discreditable forms of international aggression. The present European war ought to convince them that their ideals cannot be realized.

"What I have called in one of my books 'the international mind' must come before we can dispense with armies and navies. It is to be hoped that after this war Europe will join with American public opinion in forward steps toward the cultivation of the international mind. But we cannot trust to that alone.

"Military preparation is only a small fraction of national preparation. Economic and industrial preparation—preparation in policy—is more important than armies and navies. Perhaps the most pressing question before the American people today is, What shall our international policy be? President Wilson seems quite unable to give an articulate answer to this question."

"Dr. Butler," I said, "some time ago you spoke in the East about the evil influence of college professors who presume to settle all sorts of problems outside of their sphere. Perhaps you are aware that we have such a one in California."

"Dr. Jordan?" he said. "I don't take him with extreme seriousness. I have spoken and written a good deal on the subject you refer to. The academic mind works in a vacuum so far as practical affairs are concerned. The academic mind doesn't have to test its theories. Right or wrong, no matter what happens, the man of the academic mind gets his salary on the thirtieth of every month. By all means let him play his part, but if we take him as our guide in practical affairs we'll get into trouble. I mean, of course, the man of wholly academic mind. He is not subject to the rigorous examination of facts as is the man running a railroad or a bank or a fruit farm. You may tell the man running a fruit farm that the average rainfall is twenty-eight inches, but what does he care about averages if he only gets eight inches this year? The academic mind is a good critic, it is useful; but it is not a very safe guide in forward movements or construction. Unless, of course, the academic mind is associated with a practical temperament or with experience. But in that case we have the exceptional academic mind.

"President Wilson is a type of the wholly academic mind. He thinks, for instance, that the Mexicans are conducting a revolution on behalf of humanity, that the Mexican leaders are men like Washington or Patrick Henry. Hence his polite references to Mr. Carranza and Mr. Villa. If he were not wholly academic he would know that these men are simply bandits. He has been dealing with bandit number one, but just now it looks as if bandit number two may become bandit number one. Then no doubt the President would deal with him, and on the same polite terms. President Wilson is

off the ground of practicality and on the ground of sentimentality."

"Is Dr. Jordan the same type of academic mind as President Wilson?" I asked.

"No," answered Dr. Butler. "Dr. Jordan is the middle western type—Indiana. President Wilson is the middle southern type. If you are familiar with our geography and ethnology you will realize that these types are quite distinct.

"Dr. Jordan was trained in biology and zoology. He knows a great deal about seals and fishes. He had a rigorous laboratory training.

"President Wilson was trained in word subjects—history, economics and so on. He has the same regard for a word as for a fact. Indeed, a word is a fact for him. Had you asked him what he intended to do about the Lusitania matter he would have replied: 'Why, I've settled that. I wrote a letter about it yesterday.' And he believes that writing a letter is equivalent to settling the matter."

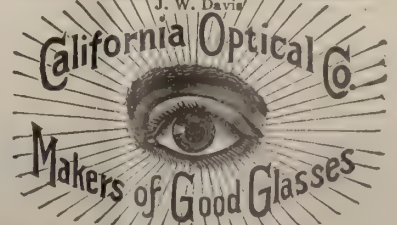
The impression which the president of Columbia University gives is of virility. He is strong physically and mentally. His favorite recreation of golf keeps him, I suppose, in good bodily trim. And he keeps his mind in training by using it. A thinker, he has the gift of expressing his thoughts forcefully, rapidly yet accurately. His face is a strong face with a fine brow, keen gray eyes, a firm mouth and a strong chin.

Dr. Butler was born in Elizabeth, New Jersey, in 1862. He was educated at Columbia, Berlin and Paris. He took his bachelor's, his master's and his doctor of laws' degrees at Columbia; and has in addition honorary degrees from Syracuse, Tulane, Johns Hopkins, Princeton, the University of Pennsylvania, Yale, the University of Chicago, St. Andrew's and Manchester, Cambridge and Oxford. His other distinctions are too many to mention here, but one may be put down: he is an Officer of the Legion of Honor. He has written and edited many books. And in contradistinction to President Wilson's and Dr. Jordan's, his is emphatically the exceptional academic mind—the academic mind associated with a temperament eminently practical and corrected by a rich experience.

Local Optical Firm Keeps Abreast of the Times

A local optical Company deserves a great deal of credit for their enterprise in bringing too the people of the Pacific Coast the newly patented "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals. These wonderful double vision lenses are superior in every way to the old style bifocals. They are actually ground from one piece of clear and perfect optical glass and combine reading and distance glasses in one lens. When worn they have the appearance of regular glasses. Substitutes are being offered; so remember the name and insist upon having genuine "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals.

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Perspective Impressions

How far we have traveled from the simple days when women were too modest to mention their corsets!

So young Orpet was innocent! Some folks we know must have been dreadfully shocked at his acquittal.

What did the ladies do with all those queer looking boots and shoes that went out of fashion so suddenly?

How many of the prurient have feasted on the coarse passages in Rabelais since Collector Davis called attention to them?

Now it's Minister von Jagow who cannot believe that the United States would neglect "to voice the energetic protest of civilization and humanity." Is it conclusive that one is anti-German if one refuses to eat this sort of stuff?

Get in line and never mind your step!

Everybody envies the man who goes along the street smiling to himself.

We note with pleasure that people have grown tired of quoting Sherman's definition of war.

That little blockade at Kearny and Geary last week was an object lesson in municipal ownership.

Isn't it about time for the State Department to advise Americans living along the border in Texas, Arizona and other States to withdraw farther into the interior of their country?

Now that we are able to glimpse the potentialities of municipal ownership maybe it would be well to postpone the purchase of more street railroad franchises.

What has become of the wiseacres who knew the war couldn't last a year?

The "demon" fought by the Prohibitionists is not the "father of lies;" the latter is probably a Prohibitionist.

Nobody pays much attention to a prominent clubwoman when she dons a bathing suit.

There is at least something paradoxical in the case of the Deutschland. Von Jagow says she is entitled to be hailed and visited. Yet the Germans designed her to defy visitation even though she be hailed.

Captain Paul Koenig is such a gallant tar that one likes to believe it is only because of his keen sense of humor that he writes like this: "We only aimed to make it a concrete, irrefutable evidence of Germany's good will for the United States."

My Friend "Ivan"

By Mrs. Alan Lethbridge

I used to see hundreds of him striding down the steep hills of Kieff or standing solidly on guard at the entrance to the fortress. If he was young he was usually below medium height, with a shorn, bullet head and small, cheerful eyes. As he grew older he often indulged in a beard and his frame seemed to become more supple, but his eyes—twinkling and deep-set—never altered their expression of good-humored placidity. At that time he was to me merely a soldier of the Tsar—one of countless units which made up the vast army scattered over one-sixth of the entire earth's surface—interesting simply from the peculiarities of his uniform. It was hard to realize that each "Ivan" differed from his brothers and had individual hopes and aspirations, a thinking brain under his close-cropped hair, probably a temper and certainly a will of his own. Later I was to know him better, and my first introduction to him as a personality was in the Cathedral of St. Isaak at Petrograd.

St. Isaak possesses none of the mellow charm of Our Lady of Kazan, or the riot of color of the Church of the Resurrection, with its treasures from Aladdin's cave. It is unusually austere for an Orthodox cathedral, although its chimes play ragtime every half-hour. Only its columns of malachite and lapis and its vast mosaics in the ikonostase relieve the prevailing gloom. I was preparing with my husband to endure the attentions of a guide through the more sacred regions behind the ikonostase, when I saw that a little figure in a rough, grey overcoat timidly desired to join our party. He was such a very young "Ivan" that his eyes had not yet lost the look of awe placed there by his first visit to a great city. His square, toil-worn fingers tightly clutched his cap as he edged nearer to us in the hope of hearing from the lips of our guide more about the wonderful place in which he stood. But that majestic personage, with true commercial instinct, swept him aside with a gesture and commenced to lead us on. No "peri" at the gates of Paradise could have gazed more longingly or more humbly over the barrier than did small "Ivan" when it seemed that disappointment was im-

minent. Yet he said nothing, only implored with his eyes. It was his mute despair which moved me, and the pompous guide was informed that we would willingly share his information with a third person. There was a grunt of disapproval, a shrug of the shoulders and then the rail was lifted, and "Ivan," stepping with infinite care and respect in his clumsy boots upon the marble floor, achieved his goal.

After that my interest in the treasures of St. Isaak was subservient to my interest in little "Ivan." He was so happy! With those square fingers of his he lightly touched the green and blue pillars and peered with his wondering eyes into the very depths of the mosaics, as though to learn the secret of their making. The guide, trusting that his patronage of the insignificant soldier would result in an addition to his tip, expatiated at length upon the marvels of the cathedral, and "Ivan" followed closely his every word, nodding his head with satisfaction. He was still speechless, partly from respect for his august (!) companions and still more from reverence for the holy place. At last the tour was over and he shyly produced from his pocket a scanty store of coppers, but my husband bade him put them back. "You were our guest," he said. And little "Ivan" drew himself up to his full height of five feet and a few inches and saluted, while he clicked his heels together. "I thank you, Barin, and you, Barinya," he answered in a clear, boyish voice, "I shall pray for you." He smiled happily and we saw him join a kneeling group in front of a distant ikon.

A few months later we were tramping idly through the dusty streets of a small town on the upper reaches of the river Kama when we heard the sound of singing. I think that Richard Wagner would never contemptuously have relegated the human voice to a secondary place amongst musical instruments if he had ever heard the Russians sing. Far more appealing than the lilt of the violin or the throb of the cello are the deep notes of the Slav male voices, blending, even when untutored, into cadences which stir the heart and awake

emotion long untouched. Like children to the strains of the Pied Piper, we followed the lure of the music and penetrated to an open space, bounded on one side by a church, on two others by low barrack buildings, and on the fourth by the river and rolling meadow land, where cattle grazed peacefully about a lonely shrine. In this space stood the garrison of Tcherdin—about half a company strong—singing their evening hymn. A matter of routine this, but the few score men put into the melody as much fervor and expression as though they had not sung it more times than they could count. We joined the audience—half a dozen small boys—on the grass below the churchyard wall, and listened to the final words. Then the ranks were broken and "Ivan" was at liberty to amuse himself according to his inclination. Two vanished into the guardroom and returned with a balalaika and a violin. They sat on the low step and played a dance with such a swing and with such a wild rhythm that we moved our feet involuntarily in time to its notes. But others, better versed than we, also felt the call. On the broad stone flag, measuring perhaps four foot by three, which lay before the step, two soldiers sprang. Booted to the knees with the clumsy, heavy footwear supplied by army contractors, they were as unlike the daintily shod, pseudo moujiks who trip and whirl on a London stage as it is possible to imagine. And yet their grace, as they stamped and turned in the complex figures, more than equalled that of their trained imitators. Another soldier produced a tambourine which he jingled and rapped in unison with the swift steps of the dance.

Then it was, and not until then, that "Ivan" scented an appreciative audience! No soldier the

(Continued on Page 17)

HONOLULU

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A Character Study of General Joffre

"The Saviour of Europe" is what the people of England are now calling General Joffre. Although we have heard a great deal of Joffre, there has been hardly anything said or written of him that bodied forth a personality. In the first days of the war when all was confusion in Europe we knew little more than the name of Joffre. It meant nothing to us. The first stories set afloat by the press gave one the impression that Joffre was a flamboyant person who had a fondness for rhetoric. Nothing could be more misleading. Taciturnity is the trait that distinguishes Joffre as it distinguished Kitchener. Of late the veil has been lifted, and we have been permitted to view the features of the man, the most remarkable man in France. There is no legend attached to Joffre, the reason being, perhaps, that like our General Grant, whom he resembles somewhat in character, he does not lend himself to anecdote. He is not a good mixer. Before the war he was known in France only as a scientist and an engineer. He never took part in politics, and when he was made Chief of

the General Staff in 1911 it was because General Pau, who is now idolized by the whole army, refused the post. When the appointment was made General Pau said: "Joffre is the only possible man."

Though Joffre has not much to say he has something of the gift of epigram, and in his early manhood he was at times fond of writing poetry. It was not very good poetry, but there are passages in it which indicate the dream and tendency of his life. "My visions will come true," he once wrote, "when our rifles are once more on the march to Strasbourg." Since the outbreak of the war Joffre has been able to express himself satisfactorily in prose. Just before the Battle of the Marne he gave utterance to a masterpiece of brevity that may thrill French hearts for many a year like Nelson's famous signal at Trafalgar. "You must be prepared," he wrote to his troops, "to die rather than yield ground."

Another of his remarks has already become historical:

"Laissez-moi faire. Je les grignette." (Leave me alone. I am nibbling at them.) Thus he announced, briefly and effectually, that policy of attrition which he has carried on for nearly two years. The policy has been triumphing all along, even when to the uninitiated the war looked like a hopeless stalemate. But the best informed minds in enemy countries have never been deceived. As one of them remarked of the French army, "At their head stands an army commander who, though he has won no decisive victory, has won a name for himself among the most famous Generals."

Joffre does not look at all like a warrior-poet. He looks more like a farmer, and he is as awkward as a farmer except when he is riding. Though he has not much to say, what he does say bites into the intelligence as the acid on the etcher's plate bites into the metal. He is above all things a man of great magnetism who has the power of inspiring unquestioning faith among great masses of people.

When The Kaiser Went to Kiel

The Belgian Minister to Berlin Tells of the Fortnight Before the War

We shall soon be in the third year of the greatest war of all history, and we appear to be approaching the beginning of the end. After dragging a little the colossal drama shows signs of coming to its denouement. With all the Allies on the offensive for the first time the balance appears to be in their favor. Though we have had many thrilling moments, and have been held in suspense often enough to keep up the interest, one may still go back to the diplomatic history of the fortnight immediately preceding the war and find there sufficient drama to raise one's imagination to a great height. This is history resembling studies of the French Revolution, where a casual phrase or a chance conversation, or even an appearance of anxiety or exultation reveals the heart and desires of the man within. Here was the culmination of forces which had been hurrying men to destruction; here was the consummation after months of intrigue marked by the laying of the mines, the placing of the powder-barrel to which the final flare-up was but the applying of the match to inflammatory and explosive material. It was then that history was flashed like a cinema before the eyes of a bewildered audience who were at once making and observing the forces that in the end burst through all barriers and swept like a desolation over the civilized world.

This thrilling bit of history is recited in vivid fashion by Baron Beyens, who was Belgian Minister at Berlin. In a book entitled "Germany Before the War" he tells us of the events of the last days of the violent negotiations which were suddenly stopped by the

flinging of ultimatums from Berlin to all the real or possible enemies of Germany. This is a subject of permanent interest. It will be the subject of permanent controversy. The Minister writes without anger, with extraordinary restraint, with full allowance for anything good or palliative in the people who have led his people captive and subjected them to treatment which has no parallel since the Thirty Years' War. He writes so dispassionately that one might fancy he was writing of some ancient war.

He is convinced that something was brewing between the Archduke Fritz Ferdinand and the German Emperor. He does not accept the somewhat sensational story that arrangements were being made for a tripartite division of the Dual Monarchy on the death of Francis Joseph in order to provide crowns for the unrecognized sons of the Archduke, who had been debarred for ever from the Imperial throne. But he is sure that the German Emperor did not go in April to Miramir, and in June to Konopisht (accompanied by von Tirpitz) merely to admire the Bohemian rose gardens of the de facto ruler of Austria. "The Archduke, so far as one can read into the soul of this inscrutable prince, seemed to be the most eager for war." Yet by a decree of fate he did not live to see the accomplishment of the plan. The news of the murder, Baron Beyens declares, "burst upon Berlin like an unexpected clap of thunder in the midst of a calm summer's day." He leaves the Austrian Embassy with M. Cambon, "discussing the results, still impossible to foresee clearly, that this fatality might have for European affairs." But instead of immediate action there follows a strange interval of silence: only the Emperor at Kiel remarks, in enigmatic words, "So my work of the past twenty-five years will have to be started all over again," and to the British Ambassador, more menacingly, "Es ist ein Verbrechen gegen das Deutschthum." (It is a crime against Germanism.) But he refuses to go to the Archduke's funeral, and sails away into the North Sea.

Diplomats went away for their holidays: the

terror seemed past. Yet "my colleagues in Berlin," says Baron Beyens, "did not live in a fool's Paradise." There was an oppression in the air, like that which precedes the coming of a cyclone. Suddenly, on July 23rd comes the bolt from the blue—the Austrian ultimatum, which all realized was as much an ultimatum to Russia as to Serbia, and which meant, unless some miracle of the eleventh hour could intervene, that the Germanic Powers were convinced that the right opportunity had occurred for their seizure of the hegemony of Europe through the fire of battle and conquest.

That "week of tragedy" passes, with alternate hopes and fears. At length, on the Monday evening, Baron Beyens receives from his own Government information as to the presentation of the ultimatum to Belgium and its reply. It appeared something brutal, incredible. At nine o'clock on Tuesday morning he is calling on von Jagow, and remonstrating and appealing against this criminal attack on his little country. "I invoked Belgium's honor, the honor that is no less sacred to a nation than to an individual, her obligations as a neutral, her past conduct, always thoroughly loyal to Germany (this the Secretary of State ungrudgingly admitted), and her inability to answer the Imperial Government's proposal in any other way than she had answered it already. He could not help acknowledging this, but he did so with an effort." But all such appeals were addressed to one who could not, if he would, arrest the calamity. He replied with cynical arguments, that the French fortresses south of Belgium were difficult to pierce, and that Ger-

(Continued on Page 17)

Coat of Arms of Families of Italian, French and Spanish Origin

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Poems About San Franciscans

XXXIV—TO EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY

By Ina Coolbrith

(Edgar Stillman Kelley is a San Franciscan whom San Francisco neglected to honor until the world outside our gates had acclaimed him. Kelley did newspaper work for a long time in this city, meanwhile expressing his larger self in musical compositions which are now almost classic. He was a member of The Examiner staff, and his Sunday articles on music were eagerly looked for by our musicians. Among the few who recognized his ability before he became famous was Ina Coolbrith. The following from Miss Coolbrith's volume "Songs from the Golden Gate" was written "on hearing Kelley's music of Macbeth.")

O Melody, what children strange are these
From thy most vast, illimitable realm?
These sounds that seize upon and overwhelm
The soul with shuddering ecstasy! Lo! here
The night is, and the deeds that make night fear;
Wild winds and waters, and the sough of trees
Tossed in the tempest; wail of spirits banned,
Wandering, unhoused of clay, in the dim land;
The incantation of the Sisters Three,
Nameless of deed and name,—the mystic chords
Weird repetitions of the mystic words;
The mad, remorseful terrors of the Thane,
And bloody hands—which bloody must remain.
Last, the wild march; the battle hand to hand
Of clashing arms, in awful harmony,
Sublimely grand, and terrible as grand!
The clan-cries; the barbaric trumpetry;
And the one fateful note, that, throughout all,
Leads, follows, calls, compels, and holds in thrall.

The Spectator

The Hold-Up at Lotta's Fountain

The Law and Order League organized under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce has been in existence nearly two weeks, but thus far the daily newspapers of San Francisco have preserved a philosophic calm. No evidence of excitement has been given anywhere except in the lovely Hearst paper, which took editorial cognizance of the hold-up at dear old Lotta's Fountain, where some of our new-born aristocracy of the municipal street railroad forced a blockade while attending to a little private business of great importance. In the language of Carlyle, speaking of the Manchester Insurrection, the editor, "Blusterowski," has shown himself "disposed to vilipend" the gentlemen of the municipal political machine. The case, to be sure, was a little different from the one discussed by Carlyle. That was a case of operatives "in utmost paroxysm of desperate protest against their lot." Our little affair was a case of an uprising of municipal pets receiving the highest wages paid to operatives in the same line of industry anywhere in the world. It was not merely an attempt to hold up a private employer of labor. It was a case unique, unprecedented in the whole history of labor disturbances the world over. While the immediate design of the municipal pets was to compel the employees of the United Railroads to go on a strike for more wages, they had for their ultimate object the coercion of the taxpayers of San Francisco. In other words, the hold-up in broad daylight was merely a preliminary.

The Whyfore of Blusterowski

By why the indignation of Blusterowski? Surely he is not worrying himself about the taxpayers of San Francisco; not at any rate to the extent of espousing their cause against the schemes of organized labor. No, Blusterowski is concerned about the principle of municipal ownership. And besides he regards the Geary street road as his pet enterprise. Here,

right before our eyes, we have an object lesson in municipal ownership, and to prevent the general reading of it our municipal Government is now suppressing many things that must eventually come to light. The hold-up, pointing clearly as it did to the potentialities of a political machine in a community committed to the initiative, the referendum and the recall, was enough to cause an attack of gooseflesh in The Examiner office. Hence the demand for the discharge of the culprits and the promise of immediate action. But you saw what happened. It was a thing demanding drastic action regardless of the possibility of injustice to individuals, but right away we learned that the police had erred and arrested innocent men. It was explained that one operator refused to start his car because an inspector was under it. Naughty inspector! Murderous policeman! Gallant operator!

The Utopia of the Unions

Even though nothing else had happened of late that hold-up was in itself of sufficient significance to warrant us in applauding the present activities of the Chamber of Commerce. That romantic scheme to intimidate an army of workmen and plunge a whole city into confusion was possible of conception nowhere else in the world. Here in San Francisco it seemed not at all Quixotic. San Francisco is a city in a class by itself. It is the Utopia of organized labor. Fancy a city wherein a theatre is boycotted because the manager prefers a good organ to a bad orchestra! Fancy an American city wherein men are maimed for life in broad daylight for daring to sell their labor without joining a union! Fancy an American city wherein all the daily newspapers are notoriously and fearfully reluctant to publish any news displeasing to organized labor. One of the immediate effects of the organization of the Law and Order League was the partial restoration of the freedom of the press, for the newspapers have taken some cognizance

of what employers have been doing to restore law and order. But even now they are suppressing the news. And the other day one association of employers quit giving the news to a paper because it was found that the copy was sent each day to union headquarters to be edited. Can you beat it? Of course a great change could be effected if the dailies would undertake to represent the whole city for a little while; if, in short, they would appeal to public sentiment and instruct Mayor Rolph to

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lend the light of his countenance to the city's interests with the same enthusiasm with which he bestowed it on the Rodeo at Salinas.

Scampering to Cover

From what one reads in our ineffable daily press these days one gets the impression that nothing unusual has happened. There is news of friction on the waterfront, and news of negotiations for peace; nothing more. Presumably peace will soon be restored, and there will be nothing more to say. This presumption is somewhat inaccurate. There is much to say right now. There are not only negotiations for peace, there are union men clamoring for peace. Union leaders have had a scare thrown into them, and they would get back to normal conditions before public sentiment gets a chance to crystallize. They perceive that holding up the port of San Francisco is an enterprise loaded with dynamite of a brand somewhat different from that with which the Times building was blown up. If they had not moved the merchandise on the wharves the Law and Order League would have moved it, and there and then the issue would have been joined. The consummation would have made some noise, and in that event it would no longer require newspaper help to inform the dear people. So the despots of union labor, who have been bossing the whole city with the connivance of Mayor Rolph, have been eager for wholesale pacification, the idea being that it would be expedient to let the storm blow over. But this is not the Chamber of Commerce idea or the Merchants' and Manufacturers' idea. They will restore peace on the waterfront, and then they will attend to emergencies west of Montgomery street as they arise.

The League to Persist

The idea of the long-suffering victims of the walking delegate is that a flash-in-the-pan revolt is not sufficient for San Francisco. This I have learned from Mr. Frederick J. Koster, the man who called the meeting at which the Law and Order League was organized. He says that the league has come to stay for awhile; not to fight union labor, but to safeguard all hands, including union labor, from the machinations of the marplots who have been bossing the unions. "The men at the head of our movement," says Mr. Koster, "are employers of labor, and it happens that every one of them is on good terms with his employees. Also it happens that each one is a believer in the principles of unionism. Indeed we have found that among employers generally there is a sentiment in favor of unionism, but at the same time we all realize that unionism misgoverned by men actuated wholly by self-interest and indifferent or antagonistic to the interests of the city is a menace not only to the city but to the unions themselves. So we are not working for or against any faction; nor are we working merely for today. We are working for the interests of the city. We are striving not merely to settle strikes. Strikes are a matter of minor consideration. We are striving to improve the general temperament of the community and to make it so easy to sense the spirit of the community that no group of men will approve any proposition hostile to the general welfare. It may take years to accomplish this, but we have the energy and the patience to persist, and we have the money to pay the cost." I think I may assure Mr. Koster that though the newspapers will not encourage the movement with forthright editorial comment, they will declare themselves in when the coast appears to be clear.

Hiram the Wizard

We have it on the authority of the Governor himself that he would not have been a candidate for the United States Senate had he not been constrained to run by popular demand. Hiram didn't want the job, doesn't want it now—but the people spoke and he had to listen. The interesting point here is that the Governor was able so accurately to anticipate the will of the people. Before that will was expressed he knew just what it would be. He gazed into a crystal or inspected the auspices or indulged in some other work of wizardry which enabled him to forecast what the notoriously fickle polloi would ask of him. He did this feat of magic so long ago that he was able to prepare the stage for the recent dramatization of the will of the people. There were a good many "stage props" to be assembled before the curtain was rung up, but Hiram the mage started so early that everything was ready when the slow-moving people expressed their will concerning him. Lo and behold, the people have spoken, and there is no legal obstacle in the Governor's path: the impediment of the law which prevented a governor from running for the Senate during his term of office having been removed by means of a constitutional amendment. The people received that constitutional amendment from the Governor's hands at a time when the people did not know how strongly they were going to yearn for Hiram as a senatorial candidate. But Hiram with his gift of prevision knew. Had he been specially commissioned to make up the people's mind for the people he could not have known it more accurately.

The Butting In of Bordwell

Not yet has the whirligig of time brought in its revenges for the Republicans of California. Progressives are still doing business at the old stand and in the same old way. Back in the Republican party which they split wide open, they are now affecting a great zeal for the party, but the only interest that concerns them is their own. Pretending to be for Hughes, they are first, last and all the time for the Hon. Hi. Johnson now aspiring to the United States Senate on account of his great love of the people. Fortune did not desert the Governor when Teddy left him holding the bag at Chicago. Out of the envies and jealousies of politics was created a situation that might be easily turned to his advantage. Phil Stanton gave him hope. Phil Stanton is a Los Angeles politician with a perennial grievance. He had a grievance against Willis Booth, and, so the story goes, he induced Judge Bordwell of Los Angeles to run for the nomination for the Senate. From this one might impulsively infer that Bordwell eats out of Stanton's hand. Well, it is said that politically he is Stanton's best asset. Bordwell made a big hit in

Los Angeles when he decided the San Pedro case. His decision was sustained by the Supreme Court, and people concluded that he was a big jurist. How facile is the making of reputations! As a matter of fact while the Supreme Court justices decided in favor of Los Angeles they had to find good reasons of their own. Bordwell's were so futile they were thrown in the waste-paper basket.

Bordwell Changed His Mind

Now it is not to be said that Judge Bordwell is not able enough to shine in a deliberative body that numbers among its members such intellectual giants as Ashurst, "Battle Bob" of Wisconsin and Martine of New Jersey. Judge Bordwell will do; but certainly he does not improve his reputation for common sense in getting into the fight for the Senate. It hardly seems credible that he is in the fight hoping that even though the South may be split he may beat a man from the North. Aside from the obvious absurdity of such a presumption, the suspicion that he was injected into the fight to elect Johnson seems well founded in view of the fact that only a few weeks before his advent he assured friends of Willis Booth that he had no intention of making the race. At the same time he said that in the event of Johnson's seeking the nomination it would be folly to split the South. The Bordwell announcement was like a bolt from the blue in Republican circles, but it put a broad grin on the Progressive faction. The Governor has been receiving congratulations on his success as a politician. His friends say that it was in his interest that his old enemy Heney was pulled out of the fight. Tim Spellacy is credited with having turned the trick, and behind Spellacy, it is said, are the Democratic leaders with whom Johnson conspired to beat the Republican candidate for the Senate two years ago.

A Chance for Patton

As a result of all that has happened in Los Angeles the Republican party in California is as far from being harmonized as it was before the election of delegates to the national convention. The Bordwell apparition has given rise to new enmities and started fresh discords, and it has also inspired the Democrats of California with something more than a forlorn hope. They perceive more than a glimmering of a chance for Charles Patton of Los Angeles who has consented to run for the Senate. "Consented" is really the word in Patton's case. Patton is no job-chaser. He has yielded to persuasion, but not after the manner of Governor Johnson who amended the laws of the State to improve the "going" along the narrow path. Patton never had any thought of joining Mr. Phelan in the Senate. The inspiration came indirectly from the brilliant coup of the Hon. Phil Stanton.



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When Phil Was Slipping

The Hon. Phil Stanton has become a figure once more in California politics. Phil Stanton was once upon a time Speaker of the Assembly. At the close of the session he dropped into obscurity as though he had fallen through a trap. His evanishment was marked by loud laughter more detonating than the crackling of thorns under a pot, for Phil was a comic figure at Sacramento. It was during that memorable session when Colonel Roosevelt in the White House was aghast at the prospect of legislation against the Japanese school boy. He was really in dread of war with Nippon, and he pleaded with Governor Gillett in many telegrams to subdue the passions of our great statesmen in legislature assembled. Then it was that Speaker Phil Stanton came to the front, exhorting and adjuring his associates to heed the warnings of the President. In the midst of great excitement he took the floor of the House and vociferated dread alarms. He spoke as one bubbling over with inside information of thrilling importance and everybody inferred that Phil was in direct communication with the President. This inference was strengthened when he solemnly declared in tones of anguish: "I feel the ground slipping beneath my feet." Somebody remarked that Phil was slipping with the weight of the nation on his shoulders. Afterward it was reported that as a matter of fact he knew nothing of the situation except what the Governor had told him, but that though he had sent innumerable wires to Washington, hoping to get a personal message from the President that would look good in newspaper facsimile, the Colonel was "on" and conducted all his negotiations with the Governor.

One of Barton's Songs

Everybody is recalling that the late Willard T. Barton wrote "Razzle Dazzle," "The Wild Man of Borneo," etc., but how many can recall the words of these songs? Not a great many, I am sure. One of "Billy" Barton's characteristic effusions was "The Lay of the Lingering Lung." This jeu d'esprit is no longer current. I doubt whether the few remaining members of the Bohemian "Old Guard" could repeat the words offhand. It is worth while therefore to publish it. I got my copy from the late lamented Frank Unger.

THE LAY OF THE LINGERING LUNG

In the balmy Sierra Madre dwelt a lone and ling'ring lung,
And it sighed and seemed so weary since its pard, the
left, had gone
That life was scarce worth living, and it wished it too
might go.
Released from double duty in this world of care below.

It would sigh and smile benignly as it breathed the
fragrant air,
And for the nonce seemed equal to a very healthy pair;
But its owner kept on living to the ling'ring lung's
disgust
That was weary of its duty, that was weary of its trust.
The being still was breathing, still was getting strong
and stout,
For in that balmy climate sands of life will ne'er run out;
Till one day he came to "Frisco" to our atmosphere
so fair
And the ling'ring lung seemed joyous as it breathed the
foggy air.

It had heard of dear old "Frisco," of its climate's
deathly fogs,
And it knew that quick consumption to this ling'ring
lung would bring
That peace so long desired by this sad and lonesome
lung,
And it saw the end approaching, saw its work was
almost done.

It saw its dear old partner that had long since gone
before
And the thought of reuniting with the old left lung
of yore
Caused a rattle in its thorax, caused its bronchi to
dilate,
Which closed its work for a moment and it flew to join its
mate.

Is Charles Eff Coming Home?

Perhaps the heat made me unusually cranky, but the fact is, I was in a querulous not to say peevish mood the other day when I picked up the paper and read something which filled me with more profound emotion. The Reverend Charles Eff had landed in New York! The British-American flivverite was actually back on American soil, and Akedizing as usual to the reporters. I was daunted. I was appalled. I was sort of panic-stricken. Had I been in the open air just then I'd have been a fine subject for sun stroke, for that news item lowered my resistance and decreased my vital energy. The stupendous thought swept upon me: "Will he come back to San Francisco?" and I was unnerved. When I recovered my equipoise I indulged in melancholy soliloquy: "Can you beat it?" I asked myself, weakly succumbing to a low form of expression. "Here we have a great war which inflicts stupendous suffering on the world, its effects so widespread that even neutral nations like ours feel the awful influence of the carnage. But out of this war comes an immense benefit to San Francisco: it enables San Francisco to confer the Reverend Charles Eff upon Hank Ford and Europe, or to put the thing more coarsely, it enables San Francisco to g-t r-d of the Reverend Charles Eff. It looked as though luck was with us. Yet here he is, back in New York, on his way to Detroit and the bosom of Henry Ford, and for all we know, planning to return to our happy city. Can you beat it?" Thus I soliloquized, and to the question I put to myself, myself returned the answer: "You can't, you can't."

He May Be Tempted

Surveying our present condition with reference to the momentous question, Will the Reverend Charles Eff come back to us? I cannot help seeing that there are elements in the local situation calculated to tempt him back into our midst. All the redlight district has not been abated, so he might resume his favorite campaign. The "priestesses of humanity" have been permitted a breathing spell; he could start exterminating them once more. There is a quiet but perhaps a growing sentiment that we made a mistake when we permitted the municipal clinic to be abolished; he could take up the cudgels against that sentiment. Margaret Sanger has left us, but the advocates of birth control are many in the midst of us; he could stir us up on this attractively nasty subject. There is always the possibility of another mess like the Slaughter trial; he could easily get himself detailed to report it for The Examiner. In other fields too there are inviting possibilities. Doubtless he would give lectures on the Open Shop fight of the Chamber of Commerce, on ice hockey, on the bridge across the bay, on the annexation of the San Mateo towns, on high boots and short skirts, on George Sterling's war poems, on the psychology of "Dr." Crawford, on the jitney peril. The campaign for and against Prohibition will

soon be in full swing; he would have much to say on that. We furnish a tempting field; but, brethren, let us pray that the Reverend Charles Eff will resist temptation—or what amounts to the same thing, that Hank Ford will renew his contract.

"Offensive Publicity"

When the Reverend Charles Eff landed on American soil he Akedized in characteristic fashion about the possibilities of peace. He let it be known that he was willing to continue his efforts at emptying the trenches provided Hank Ford would permit him to be the whole flivver show. The efforts toward peace, he said, must be more intimate, more private; there must be less "offensive publicity." Under this head of "offensive publicity" he probably includes the wide circulation of the picture of himself vaulting over the bowed form of Jemkin Lloyd Jones, the whiskered peace apostle of Chicago. It is said that that picture has penetrated to the trenches, and that the soldiers have many a hearty laugh over it in the intervals of fighting. But it is not true, as some have maintained, that a framed copy of this classic hangs in the vestry room of the First Congregational Church. The fact is, the picture did not make a hit with the people who worship across the street from the Olympic Club. It made some of the trustees very angry. It crystallized a lot of sentiment inimical to the former pastor. At Post and Mason as well as in the breast of the Reverend Charles Eff there is detestation of "offensive publicity." So maybe they won't take him back. At any rate, let's not worry unduly until the danger becomes acute.

The Salinas Rodeo

It was the biggest, the most colorful and the most successful Rodeo ever given in the capital of our cow country. It drew an unprecedented crowd, and after Salinas had exhausted its spare bedrooms the visitors overflowed into Monterey and Watsonville. Salinas has the grace of hospitality. This pretty county seat has nothing to learn about entertainment. Strangers were treated with unstrained courtesy; hotel rates and restaurant prices exhibited no high fever. The efficient men in charge of the Rodeo saw to it that Big Week should not be an unduly expensive week; so visitors had no cause for complaint and will gladly return next year. Out of consideration for our World's Fair celebration Salinas gave no Rodeo during 1915. It is pleasant to be able to record that San Francisco showed its appreciation of this kindness by sending throngs to Salinas this year. San Franciscans were particularly in evidence on Sunday which was the closing day and also "San Francisco Day." Mayor Rolph was there in cowboy Stetson and chaparejos, with Mrs. Rolph, Supervisor McLeran and others. The Mayor led the parade to the racetrack, displaying on horseback the same undaunted bravery which he showed when he drove the last horse car, worked the controller bar on the first municipal trolley, started Colonel Marston on his famous jog-trot and on all sorts of other special occasions. When he dismounted and walked to his box in the grand stand he was loudly cheered, and I shall not tell the name of the prominent San Franciscan who was asked "Who is that man?" and replied: "The walking delegate of the longshoremen's union."

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A Colorful Fete

O. Henry or the creator of Buck Parvin might describe this Rodeo. I cannot. The scene stands alone as a riot of color. There is nothing else so picturesque in all the West. Sitting in the grand stand you face the buckskin colored hills of the Gabilan range shimmering in the heat haze and exhibiting a different hue of beauty every hour of the afternoon. In the middle distance are close-cropped fields with here and there a stately eucalyptus to relieve the eye. Immediately before you is the track and corral, the open-air theatre of the Rodeo, showing long stains of vivid color where the mounted cowboys and cowgirls are drawn up in close formation. There is a regiment of them, but they lack regimental uniformity, for each and every rider is dressed according to the dictates of his or her wild color-fancy. Silk blouses of green and yellow, magenta and purple and red, bandanas that exhaust the possibilities of the spectrum, enormous "chaps" which look like bifurcated pelts and whose hues seem to explain the shortage of dyes, black Stetsons and tan sombreros, boots of all the shades that leather will take—these are the principal components of the Rodeo color scheme. Add the horses—black horses and white, sorrel horses and roans and pintos and buckskins—and you have a scene the like of which is not to be found anywhere in California except at Salinas during Big Week. And once seen it can never be forgotten.

A Succession of Thrills

The show itself goes with the rush of a thrilling circus, and has more thrills. The most blasé frequenter of the Coliseum in the palmy days of Domitian would react to its excitement. These cowboys ride like Arabs or Don Cossacks. But could a horseman from the desert or from the steppes keep his seat on the back of a bull maddened with "high life?" For these youngsters from the range a bucking broncho provides as comfortable a seat as grandma's favorite rocking chair. To see one of them "fanning" a colt that humps and twists and circles in a frenzied effort to be free from an unaccustomed burden is to learn a new standard of physical prowess. If you enter thoroughly into the spirit of the thing you vow that you'd give a year of your life for the skill to sit one of these wild animals without "pulling leather." Most thrilling of all is the "bulldogging," a pastime which consists in flinging oneself from a horse going at breakneck speed, grasping a racing steer by the horns, hurling him to the ground and twisting his neck till he must either have it broken or acknowledge defeat by flopping over in inglorious surrender. Yet the cowboys play this game of life and death as nonchalantly as though it were tiddledywinks—and it goes without saying, with a little more zest. To be appreciated a Rodeo must be seen. There is nothing to compare with it. It is unique. It is the last word in the celebration of brawn,

virility and physical courage. As the crowd was leaving the grand stand Sunday afternoon I heard one excited San Francisco belle say with withering self-pity: "And I used to think the Horse Show was exciting." To which a local man replied, in much the same tone: "Yes, and I used to think I could ride!"

Roosevelt to George Sterling

Colonel Roosevelt apparently was one of the first to receive a volume of "The Caged Eagle," George Sterling's latest volume of poems. The book has been out only since the first of the month, but already Sterling has received a letter concerning it from the Colonel. Writing from Sagamore Hill on July 14 Colonel Roosevelt begins his letter to Sterling with these words: "Three cheers for the unneutral sonnets!" He refers to the sonnets "On the Great War" which constitute the most talked-of feature of the new volume of poetry.

Clairvoyant Slang

Some time ago I gave specimens of the picturesque argot used by clairvoyants. Another bit of this particular variety of thieves' language has just been called to my attention. Among the seers "Camden" is the code word used to warn a member of the confraternity when he is in danger of arrest. When a clairvoyant gets a message with the word "Camden" in it be "blows," "makes his getaway," "takes it on the lam." Some time ago Herbert Cavitt alias Walton, the clairvoyant who died recently, fleeced one Antonio Spallatto out of \$6,000. Antonio took his grievance to the police, and the police immediately began looking for the clairvoyant. Cavitt's accomplices knew that he was in Santa Rosa engaged on a promising job, and this was the wire they sent him: "Antonio wants Herbert in Camden." The message was delivered to Cavitt as he sat at dinner in a Santa Rosa hotel. The five words told him all he needed to know—that Antonio Spallatto had gone to the police, and that the police were after him. He laid down his knife and fork, walked out of the restaurant and disappeared.

"No, Thank You!"

When the "No Thank You League" was organized in Sacramento by Alden Anderson, W. E. Gerber, C. J. Carragher, Scott Ennis, Elmer N. Fish, T. L. Enwright, Dr. T. J. Cox, Roger L. Scott and other prominent men, it created a good deal of amusement. Embodying the idea that the cause of temperance would be advanced if men refused to accept a drink at other men's expense, it was regarded as being rather an impractical though praiseworthy attempt. A "No Thank You" leaguer does not refrain from treating his friends (unless those friends happen to be leaguers too), but he declines to be treated by others. So he cannot be accused of stinginess. This was widely accepted as a good idea but difficult to carry out. However, the League has gone quietly about its work, and through the activities of its secretary Thomas Lloyd Lennon is now beginning to take a hold among the men of this city. Among the San Franciscans who have indorsed it are Archbishop Hanna, Bishop Nichols, Warren R. Porter, F. W. Van Sicklen, Judge Van Fleet and others. The League is not popular with Prohibitionists, which is a good point in its favor among reasonable human beings. It has the indorsement of Cardinal Gibbons who wrote to its secretary: "Your plan, it seems to me, promises to be more productive of results than the prohibition laws which cannot be enforced."

The Ballad of Hist! and Hush!

(Written after listening to a tremendous outpouring of "inside information" about the war.)

"Yes, I've found out the truth, I insist,
Should I blab it the world it would crush!"
Remarked Mr. Henry B. Hist
To Mr. J. Percival Hush;
"I know what the censor can't twist
Concerning Kut, Bitlis—and Mush!
But I must keep mum!" quavered Hist;
"The same way with me," quivered Hush.

"I know when the Briton will brush
The Teuton aside with his fist,
But—I cannot tell you, dear Hush."
"I quite understand, my dear Hist."
"I know something else you have missed—
This Egypt campaign—it's all gush!
But don't say I told," quivered Hist,
"Your secret is safe," quavered Hush.

"Today I took lunch with a friend
Of the wife of an Ambassador
Whose talk would stand Europe on end!
He told me—"We're watched!"—"Close the door!"
That waiter's a spy—see him blush—
Pretend to be calm—and blasé."
"What a beautiful day, my dear Hush!"
"My dear Hist, what a beautiful day!"
* * * * *

Ah, would that they'd cut out their war,
Their "knowledge" of battlefields red;
That 'straight tips from Joffre' were no more,
And "Kitchener said so" were dead—
Ah, would—but they still would persist!
Into topics of peace they would rush:
"Yes, Rockefeller told me so, Hist!"
"Yes, Carnegie told me so, Hush!"
—Thomas R. Ybarra.

Black—Has Blinks ever paid you that ten dollars he borrowed two years ago?

White—No. I offered to call it square for five, but he said he could not lower his business standards by a 50 per cent settlement!

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By TANTALUS

Those Awful Citizen Soldiers

Some of the guests at Del Monte, having nothing else to do, have been devoting a good deal of time to the ventilation of a grievance they entertain against the citizen soldiers. Be it known that the gallant fellows who are in the training camp at Monterey spend a good deal of their spare time at Del Monte. The day begins in the training camp at five o'clock in the morning and a mighty severe day it is till about five in the evening. Then the citizen soldiers are free, and a lot of them jump into their waiting cars and make all haste to the hotel. Citizen soldiering is a thirsty job, and the buffet is an animated scene when the military invasion takes place. A lot of the citizen soldiers dine at Del Monte and join in the dancing after dinner. There's the rub. Thence the grievance. The citizen soldiers come from camp in their citizen soldier uniforms—mighty attractive uniforms too. The only addition to the usual training outfit is a sweater coat. Of course the citizen soldiers dine and dance in this costume. Hence the grievance of some of the guests who are sticklers for the proprieties. These sticklers complain that it argues a lack of respect for the ladies when the citizen soldiers in their unconventional attire ask the ladies to dance. "If a dinner coat is out of the question, why not multi?" say these sticklers. And they will take no answer. Need I point out that the ladies do not share this grievance—the ladies at least whom the citizen soldiers ask to dance? And that the grieved ones are men of the leisure class who were doubtless too busy to join the training camp? So they get very little sympathy. The citizen soldiers laugh at them, and so do the ladies who would much rather dance with a citizen soldier than with the most carefully dressed civilian.

An Artist in Dress

Once more Melville Ellis has taken occasion to allude with a touch of sarcasm to styles in dress in San Francisco. Some folks scoff out loud at Ellis's criticisms. One writer remarked, "We should worry!" Now as a matter of fact we should worry unless we are not at all desirous of dressing well; for Melville Ellis knows what he is talking about. This is evident enough to anyone who has studied the gowns Mr. Ellis has designed for passing shows. Apparently some folk take his criticisms lightly because they are the criticisms of a mere man. They appear to be unaware of the fact that the art of dress like the art of music and all other arts is one in which no woman has ever been preëminent. An infallible taste in dress is never an accident but a pursuit, and Melville Ellis has devoted many years to it. He has genius for designing clothes; and in the costumes he

creates one perceives that they are the work of an artist who knows a great deal about line, form, color and suitability to the time, place and the girl.

Our Inartistic Women

As Mr. Ellis was very frank in his criticism of San Francisco girls' dress, he did his home town service in calling attention to the fact that women here are extremists. This becomes obvious enough whenever one visits New York or Paris. Many a San Francisco woman mended her ways and costumes immediately after getting away from the provinces. Perhaps Mr. Ellis has started some of them thinking on their native heath. If so they may be saved the trouble and expense of remodelling their costumes on their next trip to the centre of things fashionable. I was glad to see him touch on the subject of shoes and short dresses. It is only in the provinces, I am told, that women of fashion appear in the street exhibiting glaring contrasts between footgear and tailored frock revealing the color and texture of their hosiery. Women who pretend to have taste in such matters, even though they have shapely feet and well-turned ankles etcetera, affect much longer skirts than are seen in the streets of San Francisco. And the rouge girls—Mr. Ellis is right about them, too. Rouge is all right in its place when artistically applied. But it was never yet good taste to paint the lily or gild refined gold. How many beautiful complexions are ruined by the ruthless rouge paw! Vandal hands there are that rub the bloom from the peach and efface the priceless and irrecoverable treasure of youth. Yet a few years, and the touch of rouge is really needed, and then San Francisco ladies, ninety-nine time out of a hundred, exhibit that lavishness for which California hospitality is famous. If you must paint, dear sisters, take a hand mirror and go into the strong light which will shine upon your countenance when the eyes of others behold you. If you believe in looking painted, if yours is the savage's idea of beauty then go as far as you like. But be prepared to find that it isn't done when you go where people are who really know about the trinity of beauty, art and fashion.

When Melville Has a Temple

Melville Ellis says he is going to open a temple of dress in New York. I am glad to hear it. For we cannot all go to Paris, and after all advertisements of gowns from Paris don't always tell the whole truth. Even trade-marks lie. And besides things drop in price so rapidly at the close of a season that American merchants are sorely tempted. Ellis will be a great help to the ladies and always quite as diplomatic, if not more so, than Worth of Paris who when asked by an American client, "But, Monsieur, how can I walk in this gown?" answered, "Surely Madame does not walk with those feet." Ellis will always adjust matters in the interest of harmony. This artistic young Californian will be first aid to the ladies like the house decorator who knows what's wrong with a room and how it may be improved.

Sterling as an Actor

George Sterling will make his stage debut in the Stevenson masque "Tusitala" which Herbert Heron and John Northern Hilliard of Carmel are to present at Del Monte. The poet who looks like Dante is thought to bear also a sufficiently close resemblance to R. L. S. to warrant the impersonation. So Sterling will

appear in the prologue as the author of "A Child's Garden of Verses." It will be what is known on the stage as a "thinking part." Sterling has no "sides" to learn, for he will not speak a word. Indeed, I believe that it was only by assuring Sterling that he would not have to speak that the authors induced him to take part. Sterling has written several plays including a grove play for the Bohemian Club and two farm plays for the Family, but he has no longing for the footlights. It will be interesting to see how satisfactorily one poet can impersonate another.

Alvah Wilson and Good Cheer

Word comes to us through the Texas exchanges that Alvah Wilson, assistant manager of the St. Francis, acquired a new title during his recent tour of the South. He is now formally installed as "President of the Good Cheer Society," an office which he has long held informally in San Francisco. The event occurred, according to press reports, in Dallas where Wilson was manager of the sumptuous Hotel Adolphus before returning to illumine Peacock alley in the St. Francis with his radiant countenance. It is stated, furthermore, that no supersubmarine merchantman was ever launched with greater ceremony or enthusiasm

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than that which attended the flotation of this high office for "Alvah B. Wilson, Harrisburgh, Pa." The good news has been communicated to every leading hotel man who was with Wilson at the recent National Hotel Convention in the East, and from now on the president of the Good Cheer Society will realize that his office carries its responsibilities.

The Tait Skating Rink

Devotees of ice skating will soon be afforded an opportunity of enjoying their favorite sport to their heart's content at the new rink now being constructed at the old Pavilion, corner of Sutter and Pierce streets. John Tait and a number of other representative San Francisco business men have taken a ten years' lease on the premises and will expend in the neighborhood of \$100,000 in making the property suitable for their new venture. The building, which is 275 by 144 feet in size, has a frontage on three streets, affording splendid lighting by day and any number of emergency exits. It is within walking distance of the best residential section of the city, including Presidio Terrace, West Clay Park, Jordan Park and Sea Cliff and splendid parking facilities are afforded for automobiles in the immediate neighborhood. Every car line in the city, including the municipal service, passes within a short distance of the favored location. The skating floor will be as large as any in America, including the famous Duquesne Gardens in Pittsburg, the St. Nicholas Rink in New York City and the Hippodrome in Portland, Oregon, the frozen surface covering an area 210 by 90 feet, more than full size for professional hockey games. It is estimated that 1500 people can be comfortably accommodated at one time on the floor and there will be seating arrangements for several thousand spectators. There will be numerous and well-appointed dressing rooms for ladies and gentlemen and 1500 locker boxes will be installed for patrons who desire to leave their own skates in the building. Shower baths will also be provided for those who wish this luxury after a whirl on the ice. A military band under the direction of a noted leader will be one of the features and many novel effects in electric lighting will be shown. Exhibitions of skating by premier artists will be given and it is expected that the rink will be ready for patrons by the

first of October. The fact that the enterprise is one of John Tait's is sufficient guarantee that the institution will be right up to date and conducted in faultless style.

Notables at the Palace

Ostensibly on a pleasure trip to England from the Far East, William Dickson arrived at the Palace the other day. Mr. Dickson is the Hongkong manager of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China. He will join his family in England after thirty-four years of constant service in India and China. In these tumultuous days Englishmen from all parts of the world are returning to their native land. Sentiment draws most of them, but in the case of Mr. Dickson matters of interest to the Empire probably have something to do with his trip.

There is a gathering of mining men and men with big mining interests at the Palace Hotel this week. Conspicuous among them is Mr. W. H. Gould, manager of the famous Guadalupe quicksilver mine in this State. Not less interested in mines at present is James H. Collins of New York who has been at the Palace for several weeks. He is a representative of the Saturday Evening Post, and he is gathering material for a series of articles dealing with western mining. It is his intention, he says, to show something of the methods of financing and operating peculiar to the West.

James Pingree, president of the Pingree National Bank of Ogden, the National City Bank of Salt Lake City, and a string of other banks in Utah, is a guest at the Palace. Others there include Mr. and Mrs. Michael Manasse of London, who have been visiting in California several months, and have just returned from San Jose; G. B. Grosvenor of New York, a general manager of the Otis Elevator Company; S. A. Socovon, Durango, Mexico, and T. B. Hodgson of New York, who has banking interests in Guatemala.

J. E. Sexton, general manager of the Nevada-Palisade Railroad, a line which taps some of the richest and most diversified mining territory in the United States, is at the Palace. His railroad has just concluded one of its most prosperous periods. Among other guests are: William Llewellyn of the Llewellyn Iron

Works at Los Angeles; George A. Randel, real estate operator of Southern California, and Mrs. Randel; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Welch of Williams, Cal., Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Christian of Los Angeles, and Douglas Woodham of London.

At the Cecil

The Cecil is becoming headquarters for the United States army and navy. Colonel and Mrs. Henry I. Raymond of the U. S. Medical Corps have taken apartments and will make their home at the hotel during their stay in this city. Captain and Mrs. J. R. Thomas Jr. have come out from Fort Leavenworth and are stopping at the Cecil. They are accompanied by the latter's mother Mrs. Hugh White of New York. Lieutenant and Mrs. G. U. Stewart are also recent arrivals. Miss Blanche Harcourt gave a dinner Sunday for Prof. Ian C. Hannah in the private dining room of the hotel. After a delightful sojourn of six weeks in the Hawaiian Islands, Mrs. E. S. Highley and her beautiful daughter Miss Blanche Highley have returned to their apartments at the Cecil. Mrs. Laura Hopf Mills of Pasadena is registered. Mrs. George Henry and Mrs. W. S. Clapp gave a bridge tea recently for Mrs. John Beyson Kerfoot. The Pompeian room of the Cecil where the party was given, was handsomely decorated. During the afternoon a delicious beverage "A Southern Comfort" was served and several toasts were given to the guest of honor. The guests included Mesdames John Morris, Lloyd McCormick, Elizabeth Pratt, George Sneath, Fitzgerald Buckley, M. E. Rowley, Alfred Harms, Daniel C. Farnham, John Charles Doyle, Richard Crisp, William Franklin Morris, Ira L. Fredendall, C. G. Kenyon.

Aerial Ballet at Techau's

And now we've with us as a summer novelty the Aerial Ballet. You'll find it at the Techau Tavern where it adds zest to the delightful hours one may spend in the dining salon on lazy mid-July afternoons. After the matinee or the close of the afternoon session at the Ice Palace everybody scurries to the Tavern for a glimpse of the ballet in the air. It is Director W. R. Hughes' idea, and a good one. Here we find a bevy of clever and pretty girls in summer clothes doing a lot of bright things high up on swaying swings.

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Gossip of the Theatre

"Canary Cottage"

This musical farce is well named, for it is very yellow. Canary Cottage presents a yellow front to the audience, but the prevailing color does not stop there. There is yellow in "Canary Cottage" that wasn't put in by the scene painter. There is a streak of yellow running through the play itself. It is a timid play; it shows the yellow streak because it lacks the courage of its naughtiness. All the denizens of Canary Cottage are either naughty or eager to be naughty. Their naughtiness is of only one kind. Some of them call it "polygamy," others call it "falling for the dames," and there are other phrases equally elegant used to describe the particular kind of naughtiness which makes Canary Cottage an unquiet nest. The Canary Cottagers can twitter of nothing but this theme. Their heads are full of it. It must be mating season in Canary Cottage. Every man seems to have designs on every woman there, and the women are just as designing as the men. The only difference is that the women are franker about it than the men. They are quite feverish in their desire to be loved. The married women are more restive than the single ones. In Canary Cottage one's own husband is quite unsatisfactory, and so is one's wife. To put it plainly all the Canary Cottagers are lickerish. It is not put so plainly in the play; the streak of yellow prevents. The sensitive ears of the audience must not be shocked. But there is plenty of suggestion for the mind to work upon. It is all very vulgar, and it makes a hit. In this play as in "So Long Letty" the audience is treated as a collective Peeping Tom. It is permitted to peek through a curtain while the female Canary Cottagers disrobe. This episode is one of the triumphs of Elmer Harris's technique. The play is not all by Harris however; Oliver Morosco collaborated. Doubtless he contributed the acrobats who turn handsprings. Early training gave Mr. Morosco circus ideals, and he is elevating the stage with them.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Artists in O'Farrell Street

"The world's greatest Celestial baritone" is what the Orpheum programme calls Tang Cheong without suspicion of exaggeration. The world does not abound in Celestial baritones. Indeed vocal artists of any kind are rare throughout the East. So in all probability Tang Cheong is the "world's greatest" in his line of endeavor. Not only that: Tang Cheong is a baritone above the average in vaudeville. He sings the Prologue from Pagliacci in a fine, resonant baritone, and for all I know his Italian is not beyond the comprehension of the Latin Quarter. At any rate when he sings English he is more easily understood than some professional singers I have heard. Like the Japanese prima donna who was here recently in grand opera he is worth hearing, not as a curiosity but as a vocalist. Along with Tang Cheong there is a Celestial rag-time piano player who pounds the piano with vim and vigor and starts the gallery humming. He, too, is probably the world's greatest, and surely Miss Lin Far who fiddles is without a peer among the women of the Flowery Kingdom (or is it still a republic?). This week's bill at the Orpheum is notable for many reasons; chiefly for the reason that it has so few dull moments. One of the reasons is Nan Halperin, a fine, impersonal dramatic artist with a dry

humor and a sly. She has a personal charm, a gift of illustration and the art of realism. Illustrating the five stages of femininity from the girl in short dresses and ribbons in her hair to the grass-widow of eight days' experience as a wife, she makes you realize that there is a difference between her and almost any other vaudeville artist you ever met. She can suggest, she can portray, she has an instinct for telling reticence, and there is nothing conventional in her act. I fancy that she will show in time a wide gamut in the purely comic.

—T. F. B.

Henry Miller in "The Great Divide"

The Henry Miller season at the Columbia will take on a special interest Monday night with the first appearance during the present engagement of Mr. Miller himself. The event will be the revival of what many claim to be the great American drama "The Great Divide" which William Vaughn Moody wrote expressly for Mr. Miller and which the actor-manager brought into fame as an international success. Three hundred nights in London and over five hundred nights in New York are marked to the credit of this play set in the Grand Canyon

of the Colorado. Mr. Miller has taken unusual steps to stage "The Great Divide" on the most elaborate scale in the history of stage productions in this city. Opportunity is given for some wonderful scenic effects, and the master-hand has not underestimated or slighted these possibilities. They will make a wonderful frame work for Mr. Miller's virile and intensely interesting characterization of the untamed man of the west, Stephen Ghent. The story of how this rough character of the west crosses the path of Ruth Jordan, the girl from out the east, is one wrought with intense dramatic qualities. Ruth Jordan will be played by Hilda Spong. Others in the cast will be Mrs. Thomas Whiffen and Bruce McRae. Matinees are announced for Wednesday and Saturday.

Alexander Carr at Orpheum

At the Orpheum next week Alexander Carr, without doubt one of the best of American character actors whose success as Mawrus Perlmutter in the dramatization of Montague Glass's story "Potash and Perlmutter" is well remembered, will appear in a comedy written by himself and Edgar Allan Woolf called "An April Shower." It is an appealing little sketch



ALEXANDER CARR

Late star of "Potash and Perlmutter," in "An April Shower" next week at the Orpheum

and affords Mr. Carr in the role of a gentle sacrificing Jew an opportunity to cull fresh laurels and to present a true picture of Jewish life. G. Aldo Randegger, the leading Italian pianist who has made several successful concert tours in the East and whose fame is international, is now playing a brief engagement in vaudeville and is meeting with enthusiastic recognition. Randegger's repertoire includes the Franz Liszt composition "St. Francis Walking Upon the Waves" and "Mazeppa." Two musicians hardly more than boy and girl, Jim and Betty Morgan who have met with great success, will be heard in songs of their own composition. Martinetti and Sylvester, pantomimists and comedians best known as "The Boys with the Chairs," will provide a novelty in acrobatics. Moon and Morris in their exceptionally clever dancing act, and Leipzig the marvelous card manipulator are among the attractions. It will be the last week of the singing comedienne Nan Halperin who will present a new repertoire of songs by William B. Friedlander. In compliance with a very generally expressed wish and because of the tremendous sensation they have caused it has been determined to retain the famous Russian dancing stars Theodore Kosloff, Vlasta Maslova and the Imperial Russian Ballet for another week which will most positively be their last.

Second Week of "Canary Cottage"

The biggest kind of a hit has been made by "Canary Cottage" at the Cort. That the local engagement will be a most prosperous one is already assured, for the sale is such as to indicate a series of capacity houses. Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris are responsible for the book, and Earl Carroll for the melodies. This is the same trio that wrote "So Long Letty." Trixie Friganza, Charles Ruggles and

Herbert Corthell head the cast which also embraces Dorothy Webb, Eddie Cantor, Grace Ellsworth, Eunice Burnham, Willie Pollard, the Edwards brothers and the Morin sisters. Harry James holds the baton over an augmented orchestra. The second week begins Sunday night.

La Scala Sextet at Pantages

After a vaudeville triumph of several months over the Pantages circuit, La Scala Sextet, gathered together here by the local Pantages management, will return as the star headline attraction on an exceptionally strong eight-act show on Sunday. The singers have added several new operatic selections to their already extensive and popular repertoire. The most tuneful bits from "Carmen," "Ernani," "Trovatore" and a new arrangement of the soldier chorus from "Faust" will be among the numbers rendered. The following are the singers who have added to their local laurels: Signorina Lillian Bianca, prima donna soprano; Mme. Jenna Jennings, mezzo soprano; Luisa Silva, contralto; and Brua, tenor; Puccini, baritone, and Rubens, basso. On the same bill will be the big musical comedy star, Harry Breen, the man who first started the now prevalent "nut" comedy so frequent in vaudeville circles. Breen has a style that has been copied by almost every other "nut" funster in America. The Five Florimonds, driven here by the fates of war, being residents of stricken Belgium, will present a sensational and daring act on unsupported ladders. This act was the big rage in Paris and Germany for many seasons. Other splendid acts will be the Venetian Four, musicians de luxe; Johnson, Howard and Lizzette, "three dusty rhodes;" Charles Mason and his players in "Who is Who," the dancing Wainwrights, and the next to last chapter of the great mystery serial "The Iron Claw."

The Philharmonic Concert

Nikolai Sokoloff, the capable and enterprising conductor of the People's Philharmonic Orchestra, has prepared another most interesting programme for next Sunday afternoon's popular symphony concert at the Cort. Every Sokoloff programme is intended to reach the heart as well as the head of the audience. Every programme has some outstanding feature; either the playing of a selection brand new to San Francisco, a new interpretation of the older works, or the presenting of a great soloist. Tina Lerner played for the first time in this city, at a concert of the People's Philharmonic Orchestra, the great "G Minor Concerto" of Saint-Saens, and San Franciscans did not know what a great artist this city had in Kajetan A. Attl, the Bohemian harpist, until he was introduced as a soloist by Mr. Sokoloff. At next Sunday's concert which commences promptly at three o'clock, a celebrated Hungarian pianist whose European tour was cut short by the war, and



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TRIXIE FRIGANZA

The merry comedienne in "Canary Cottage," which is a tremendous hit at the Cort

who has triumphed with the great symphony orchestras of Budapest, Berlin, Vienna, Paris, Monte Carlo and London, will make his American debut as soloist with the orchestra. Mr. Vecsei received the most flattering notices from the Paris newspapers for his playing of the "E Flat Concerto" of Liszt, one of the greatest works ever written for pianoforte. This will be his contribution to Sunday's programme. One movement of the "Unfinished" symphony of Alexander Borodin, a great Russian composer of the new school, will be played for the first time in San Francisco at Sunday's concert. Borodin was the composer of the grand opera "Prince Igor" produced last season at the Metropolitan Opera House, and this "Unfinished" symphony while but a fragment of what Borodin would have written had he lived, is a most interesting one. Clement Delibes' ballet suite "Sylvia," one of the most beautiful in the modern repertoire, and Jean Sibelius' tone poem "Finlandia" which "records the impressions of a Finnish exile on his return home after a long absence," will complete the programme.

PEOPLE'S PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

CORT THEATER

Sunday, 3 P. M.

NIKOLAI SOKOLOFF, Conductor
DESIDER JOSEF VECSEI, Soloist

PROGRAMME:

BEETHOVEN.....Overture to "Egmont"
BORODIN.....Symphony Unfinished
(One movement First time here)
LISZT.....E Flat Concerto
DELIBES.....Ballet Suite "Sylvia"
SIBELIUS.....Tone Poem "Finlandia"

Popular Prices: 25c, 50c, 75c Box, Loge and First Ten Rows Orchestra, \$1.00

SEATS NOW ON SALE AT CORT THEATER

DELINQUENT ASSESSMENT NOTICE

At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION, held on the 13th day of July, 1916, the Board of Directors made the following order:

RESOLVED, That the day of sale of stock which may be delinquent for nonpayment of assessment No. 1, be continued from the 25th day of July, 1916, at the hour of 10 A. M., to the 7th day of August, 1916, at the hour of 10 A. M., at which time the sale of the stock delinquent for assessment, shall be sold according to order heretofore made and published.

FREDERICK H. OLSCHESKI,
Secretary of Sequoia Club Hall Association.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE

SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION—Principal place of business: 1725 Washington Street, City and County of San Francisco.

NOTICE

That there are delinquent upon the following described shares of stock on account of Assessment No. 1, levied on the 26th day of May, 1916, the several amounts set opposite to the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Names.	No. of Certs.	No. of Shares	Amount
Merian Nelke	11	10	\$ 3.50
Charles Vogelsang	15	100	35.00
T. P. Woodward	21	100	35.00
E. R. Barron	22	30	10.50
Leon Bly	23	20	7.00
Henry Eichoff	24	10	3.50
Mrs. Arthur Regensberger	26	10	3.50
Lorrain S. Davis	37	20	7.00
Stanley L. Dodd	39	10	3.50
Mrs. C. O. Scott	38	100	35.00
Emile V. Lonigo	6	50	17.50

In accordance with the law and an order of the Board of Directors made on the 26th day of May, 1916, so many shares of each parcel of the said stock above made as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction at the office of the said SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION, at 1725 Washington Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 7th day of August, 1916, at 10 A. M. to pay delinquent assessments together with the advertisement and expenses of sales.

FREDERICK H. OLSCHESKI,
Secretary, Sequoia Club Hall Association.

"He says he's traveled thousands of miles!"

"Ah, he must have seen a great deal!"

"Yes, many things. He's been floorwalker in a department store for twenty-seven years."

Click—Is he a good aviator?

Clack—Yes; he knows the business from the ground up.

A Slander

By Anton Tchekhov

(Reprinted from The Lantern)

Sergay, the writing master, was marrying his daughter Natalya to the teacher of history and geography. The wedding festivities were going off most successfully. In the drawing-room there was singing, playing and dancing. Waiters hired from the club were flitting distractedly about the rooms, dressed in swallow-tails and dirty white ties. There was a continual hubbub and din of conversation. Sitting side by side on the sofa, the teacher of mathematics, Tarantulov, the French teacher, Pasdequoi, and the junior assessor of taxes, Mzda, were talking with animation. In the next room the literature master, Dodonsky, was expatiating.

Just at midnight the master of the house went into the kitchen to see whether everything was ready for supper. The kitchen from floor to ceiling was filled with fumes composed of goose, duck and many other dainties. On two tables the accessories, the drinks and light refreshments were set out in artistic disorder. The cook, Marfa, a red-faced woman, whose figure was like a barrel with a belt round it, was bustling about the tables.

"Show me the sturgeon, Marfa," said Sergay, rubbing his hands and licking his lips. "What a perfume! what a miasma! I could eat up the whole kitchen. Come, show me the sturgeon."

Marfa went up to one of the benches and cautiously lifted a piece of greasy newspaper. Under the paper on an immense dish there reposed an immense sturgeon, masked in jelly and decorated with capers, olives and carrots. Sergay gazed at the sturgeon and gasped. His face beamed, he turned his eyes up. He bent down, and with his lips emitted the sound of an ungreased wheel.

"Ah-ha! the sound of a passionate kiss. . . . Who is it you're kissing out there, little Marfa?" came a voice from the next room, and in the doorway there appeared the cropped head of the assistant-usher, Vankin. "Who is it? A-a-h! . . . Delighted to meet you! Sergay! You're a fine grandfather, I must say!"

"I'm not kissing," said Sergay in confusion. "Who told you so, you fool? I was only. . . . I smacked my lips . . . in reference . . . as indication of . . . pleasure . . . at the sight of the fish."

"Tell that to the marines!" The intrusive face vanished wearing a broad grin. Sergay flushed.

"Hang it!" he thought, "the beast will go now and talk scandal. He'll disgrace me to all the town, the brute!"

Sergay went timidly into the drawing-room and looked stealthily round for Vankin. Vankin was standing by the piano and, bending down with a jaunty air, was whispering something to the inspector's sister-in-law, who was laughing.

"Talking about me!" thought Sergay. "I'll speak to them all, and he'll be shown up for a fool and a gossip."

Sergay scratched his head, and, still overcome with embarrassment, went up to Pasdequoi.

"I've just been in the kitchen to see after the supper," he said to the Frenchman. "I know you are fond of fish, and I've a sturgeon, my dear fellow, beyond everything. A yard and a half long! Ha, ha, ha! And, by the way . . . I was just forgetting . . . In the kitchen just now with that sturgeon . . . quite a little story! I went into the kitchen just now and wanted to look at the supper dishes. I looked at the sturgeon, and I smacked my lips

with relish . . . at the piquancy of it. And at the very moment that fool Vankin came in and said: 'Ha, ha, ha! So you're kissing her!' Kissing Marfa the cook! What a thing to imagine, silly fool! The woman is a perfect fright, like all the beasts put together, and he talks about kissing! Queer fish!"

"Who's a queer fish?" asked Tarantulov.

"Why, he over there, Vankin! I went into the kitchen . . ."

And he told the story of Vankin. " . . . He amused me, queer fish! I'd rather kiss a dog than Marfa, if you ask me," added Sergay. He looked round and saw behind him Mzda.

"We are talking of Vankin," he said. "Queer fish he is! He went into the kitchen, saw me beside Marfa and began inventing all sorts of silly stories. 'Why are you kissing?' says he. He must have had a drop too much. 'And I'd rather kiss a turkey-cock than Marfa,' I said. 'And I've a wife of my own, you fool,' said I. He did amuse me!"

"Who amused you?" asked the priest.

"Vankin. I was standing in the kitchen, you know, looking at the sturgeon . . ."

And so on. Within half an hour or so all the guests knew the incident of the sturgeon and Vankin.

"Let him tell it now!" thought Sergay, rubbing his hands; "let him! He'll begin telling his story and they'll say to him at once. 'Enough of your nonsense, you fool; we know all about it!'"

And Sergay was so relieved that in his joy he drank four glasses too many. After escorting the young people to their room he went to bed and slept like an innocent babe, and next day he thought no more of the incident with the sturgeon. But alas! man proposes, but God disposes. An evil tongue did its evil work, and Sergay's strategy was of no avail. Just a week later, when Sergay was standing in the middle of the teachers' room, holding forth on the vicious propensities of a boy called Visckin, the headmaster went up to him.

"Look here, Sergay," said the headmaster, "you must excuse me . . . it's not my business, but all the same I must make you realize . . . it's my duty. You see, there are rumors that you are living with that . . . cook . . . It's nothing to do with me, but . . . live with her, kiss her . . . as you please, but don't let it be so public, please. I entreat you! Don't forget that you're a schoolmaster."

Sergay turned cold and faint. He went home like a man stung by a whole swarm of bees.

"Why aren't you guzzling as usual!" his wife asked him at dinner. "What are you so pensive about? Brooding over your amours? Pining for your slut of a Marfa? I know all about it. Mohammedan! Kind friends have opened my eyes! O-o-o . . . you savage!"

And she slapped him in the face. He got up and, without his hat or his coat, made his way to Vankin. He found him at home.

"You scoundrel!" was how he addressed him. "Why have you covered me with mud before all the town? Why did you set this slander going about me?"

"What slander? What are you talking about?"

"Who was it gossiped of my kissing Marfa? Wasn't it you? Tell me that! Wasn't it you?"

Vankin blinked and twitched with every fibre of his battered countenance, raised his eyes to the ikon and articulated: "God blast me! Strike me blind and lay me out if I said a single word about you!"

Vankin's sincerity did not admit of doubt. He was not the author of the slander.

"But who then—who!" Sergay wondered, going over all his acquaintances in his mind.

Who then? We, too, ask the reader.

When The Kaiser Went to Kiel

(Continued from Page 7)

many must advance through Belgium in order to overwhelm France. Finally, the Belgian Minister shoots his "Parthian arrow," which he had kept in reserve. "The violation of Belgium would mean a war with England." Von Jagow "merely shrugged his shoulders." And so they parted. In the afternoon the Chancellor is talking in the Reichstag of the "crime" they are about to commit. Only in the evening came the ray of hope out of black despair. "That same evening," writes the Minister, "I dined alone at the Kaiserhof, a prey to the gloomiest forebodings. As I left the restaurant a handful of papers was flung to me from a 'Berliner Tageblatt' motor car. Marvelling at the swift fulfillment of my prophecy, I read that Great Britain had declared war on Germany." He rushed to the British Embassy to obtain "further details of this wonderful news." He found in front of it a vast crowd shouting German songs and cat calls, and hurling showers of missiles through the broken windows. "I had seen and heard enough," he concludes. "As I was wending my way homewards, a gleam of hope stole into my heart with all its grief and anguish. I saw a terrible face rising above the blood-red horizon, the face of the British Nemesis."

All Europe was awake through the few hours of troubled darkness of that historic night. Everywhere the soldiers were assembling, the weapons of war being prepared, the gathering together of the forces of Death and Destruction. One wonders most what could have been the thoughts of those who having been heirs to the heritage of Bismarck, now at last found themselves brought face to face with reality. One wonders also what are now the thoughts of the men who framed that ultimatum to Serbia and of those who planned and executed the rape of Belgium.

My Friend "Ivan"

(Continued from Page 6)

world over, be he "Ivan," "Tommy" or "Jean," can resist playing to the gallery, whether it consists of two persons or two hundred. Consequently when the first dancers were exhausted others leaped to take their places and attempted to outdo their predecessors in agility and improvisation. When the fingers of the musicians began to feel the strain and the feet of the dancers lacked something of their first fleetness, the sergeant in charge of the company disengaged himself from the group and came towards us smiling. He was tall and lithe, browned by the summer sun and hardened by the winter cold—a fine specimen of manhood. For an instant I thought he was going to ask for the "nachai" (tip) which our entertainers so richly deserved, and the next moment I was ashamed of the thought. With his white teeth flashing in his dark face he said the men would appreciate a copy of the photograph they had seen my husband take while they were dancing. Would it be possible for him to spare one? Then two or three others came up, grinning sheepishly at our compliments, to ask the usual questions. Were we English? Were we stopping long at Tcherdin? Where were we going? And when we pressed a silver coin into the sergeant's hand he bowed with the grace of a courtier and said, "We will drink to your safe journey." They waved farewell to us as we climbed down the dusty track which did duty as a road, and our last glimpse of Tcherdin was of the weather-beaten barracks

overlooking the green meadowland where cattle grazed beneath the watchful eyes of the ikon in its shrine.

Only a month had passed when "Ivan" and ourselves were traveling companions on a river steamer. Over three hundred sturdy Cossacks had obeyed the summons and were on their way from Southern Siberia to join the forces pouring into Omsk. We had witnessed the mobilization in a small steppe town near the Chinese frontier, we had been spectators of the parting between them and their women-folk—a scene to move the hardest heart—and fate had decreed that we should be shipmates for four sultry summer days. They were as merry as children! They sat on the deck, their great boots dangling over the side, enjoying a constant feast of sunflower seeds or munching black bread and cucumbers, while they joked and laughed and sang. It was impossible to go into the dining saloon without finding a score of naively interested faces flattened against the window panes. A little shy until they realized that we were allies and not "Niemtsi," they soon became almost inconveniently our friends. A large horny hand reached through the open window and inquisitively touched the cover of a book which I was reading. "What are those strange marks, Barinya; can you really read them?" Explaining that I really could, I handed out the book for "Ivan's" inspection. He held it right side up, then upside down, then sideways, and finally returned it with a beaming smile and a shake of the head. By this time several friends had gathered round to get the full benefit of this illuminating conversation. "I should like to go to England," said "Ivan," "but I should never learn to speak the language." "And it is a very long way," added a comrade. "You had far better stay at home when war is over." Never for a moment did they anticipate death or disaster.

At night, when darkness hid the steppe and only a few sailing marks glimmered here and there to indicate our course between the sand banks, friendly shouts from the shore often penetrated the silence. A young Cossack would go to the rail, and raising his hands to his lips would answer, "Yes, it is I. Tell them at home that I am gone." A pause. "Are you joining us, Ivan? Tell the little wife I am well." Another pause. "God keep you, Ivan! we shall meet soon." Then we could hear only the soft lap, lap of the little waves against the steamer's side and the grunt and wail of a concertina in the bow.

My last glimpse of "Ivan" was in Archangel hospital; long rows of cots each with its patient, uncomplaining occupant grateful for the least attention. Two men there were, whose hands and feet had suffered so cruelly from frost-bite that they would always be cripples, yet they smiled with pleasure at my cigarettes. It was very cold in the trenches, they told me. "And how did you manage about food?" I asked. "Oh, quite well, Barinya! When there was food we ate and when there was none we went without. Don't cry. We are very comfortable now." A bearded giant in the next cot called out, "Comfortable! I should think so! We are eating enough to last us for a year." A ripple of laughter ran down the ward, and the giant rolled a cigarette with his one remaining hand.

"What did the editor say when you read your poem to him?"

"I can't repeat it," replied Mr. Penwiggles. "But I will say that in his choice of language he took every advantage of the fact that his words were not intended for print."

Letters

For the Exceptional Boy

Francis Rolt Wheeler has added another volume to his excellent series designed to encourage boys with exceptional tastes. To some extent these books are meant to counteract the impression that there are only two pursuits in life that are worth while—athletics and piling up a fortune. In this instance Perry Hunt's interest was in fossils and extinct monsters generally, and he was fortunate enough to have a father who sympathized with him and had the means and the good will to assist him, as well as an uncle who was employed as a collector for museums. So the interested reader may follow an expedition into Egypt and the Soudan, and join another to the Bad Lands of our own country, and besides some elementary geology and geographical facts not included in school text books, learn how discoveries are made, species identified, preserved and restored. Incidental to the main theme there are any number of adventures, such as a sand storm in the desert, a long journey by camel caravan, and an interestingly realistic description of the "last fight with a dragon" which any live boy will appreciate. Mr. Wheeler takes infinite pains with the details of his books and has his facts and deductions checked by established authorities, so that the information they contain can be relied upon. There are more than fifty illustrations in "The Monster Hunters," nearly all from photographs loaned by the American Museum of Natural History. From Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

A Call on Gladstone

A London paper, speaking of a lecture delivered by the publisher, Mr. John Murray, said:

Mr. Murray drew an amusing picture of Gladstone in bed. "The last time I was at his house," he said, "I had breakfast early and alone, as I was going to Scotland. When I had finished, I was told that Mr. Gladstone did not know that I was leaving so early, and that he wanted to have another talk with me. I went to his bedroom—a very large room with a double bed in it.

"Gladstone was dressed in a nightgown, with a brown Shetland shawl round him. He was lying flat on his face, his head at the foot of the bed and his feet on the pillows. In one hand he held a cup of coffee and there was a book in the other. I shall never forget that interview and the comicality of the great lion head popping up as I went toward him."

The lecturer next alluded to Dean Stanley, whose writing was so bad that he could not read a letter he himself had written, and whose contraction of "Jerusalem" into "Jerus" resulted in the compositor's setting it up as "Jones."

Two friends once dined with the dean, and there was cold duck on the table. The dean carved; but he was so engrossed that he first let the duck slip upon the table and then upon the floor. One of the guests, knowing that the duck was the only thing they had for luncheon, shouted, "I see a cat in the room!"

"Ah," said the dean, "you need not be afraid of the duck! I have my foot on it."

Mother—Good gracious, Bobby! What is the matter? Why, you're in awful shape.

Bobby—I told a lot of boys I was too proud to fight.

Male Straphanger—Madam, you are standing on my foot.

Female Ditto—I beg your pardon. I thought it belonged to the man sitting down.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The bears were still in control of the market at the close of last week, and prices, while not actually weak, were generally lower on selling by the professional element. Actual holders did not sell freely, and when the market is in that condition, offering stocks down amounts to no more than putting chalk marks on a blackboard, except as it affects the position of the banks. As the banks have been discriminating against most of the industrials and specialties for some time, and conservative houses have been calling heavy margins on them, the bears are not able to make money as easily as they did earlier in the campaign. The danger of overselling is always present, but it is less dangerous than usual, because the bull side of the market is disorganized. Some very high priced shares were marked down on light sales. Such declines have no real significance because nobody is speculating in them, but they do affect sentiment, and the bears can point to breaks in gilt edged shares that receive enormous dividends as a sign that the worst is yet to come. What counts today is the crops, the activity of trade, and the railroad traffic and earnings. Last week saw the finest weather for crops in many years for the season, and everything made good progress. Trade is booming in the midst of the normally dull summer season, the number of idle cars has decreased when an increase is usual, and railroad earnings are breaking records. The May report of the Great Northern Railroad showed a gain in net earnings of nearly 100 per cent and broke all previous records for the month. Delaware & Hudson and the "Soo" lines also reported large gains. These facts cannot be brushed aside by any stock market bear or political spellbinder. Foreign Governments are buying steel products in large quantities. They may not be ordering shells, but they are taking rails, billets, bars, barbed wire, etc., in large quantities.

Wheat—Black rust reports from the Northwest, and a disposition on the part of the Southwest to stack their wheat, gave the market a sensational bulge, last week. Until demand shall overtake supply, it will be useless to expect a sustained advance in prices. The reserves of the last three crops seem exhausted, not only in our own country, but in Canada as well, which latter condition stands heavily in the way of any increase of export activity. The old crop is discriminated against, and while gossip is telling us of considerable foreign buying of new, it is difficult to believe, so long as our northern neighbor has unlimited quantities of wheat and of unexcelled quality which she is desirous of getting rid of before another harvest could be conveniently handled. In addition, the harvest in the Southwest is practically completed, so far as the cutting is concerned, and the new grain is grading No. 2 and is already being marketed. This will

lead to more or less hedging, which will prevent, for a time, much headway on the part of the bulls, although it may not be much help to the bears. There are many in the trade whose opinions are highly considered, who consider the depressing factors in the wheat market fully discounted, and who firmly believe that any change in conditions will be in the direction of impairment from now on. Good people in the Northwest are not feeling so sure of the yield this year, and are predicting a sure visitation of black rust. If genuine, it would quickly restore prices to the very high levels of last year. We do not think it good policy to short the market except upon sharp reactions.

Corn—The corn market finally woke up to the reports of dry weather in southern and central portions of the belt, and this with advance in wheat, started shorts to covering, and prices were advanced 3 to 4 cents for the deferred futures. Receipts of old corn were large, but the demand for corn for export is so urgent, that stocks do not accumulate and are actually decreasing. The demand from Europe is explained by the high freight rates existing between Argentine and the United Kingdom, which makes it more profitable to the foreigner to buy American corn, owing to the difference in freight rates. Dry, hot weather seems to have the call just at present, and while as yet there has been no damage, a continuation of the present high temperatures is apt to bring about a very bullish situation.

Cotton—Despite official storm news and reliable advices of serious damage in almost all portions of the eastern belt, the professional element in New York remains intensely bearish and fights the market from day to day. The lack of outside buying seems to be taken as indication that damage reports are not serious, and only confined to small localities, and when this buying exhausts itself, the market begins to slip, although the market is so narrow it does not go very far. The South has been selling more than they buy, and this has encouraged the bears. Some of the larger houses in the trade, who have been very bullish of late, and talking higher prices, were on the selling side, and it may be that they have changed their views. It has been very easy to sell the market off, but we believe shorts will find it difficult to get back their contracts except at a loss, inasmuch as a large portion was absorbed by the trade. Complaints of crop damage are becoming more numerous, and we believe they will increase further when true conditions can be ascertained. Receipts of spot cotton at the ports are light, and the demand from domestic mills is good with prices showing no weakness.

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Assets\$63,811,228.81

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Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00

Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 2,084,033.89

Employees' Pension Fund 222,725.43

Number of Depositors 68,062

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ISADOR LEVIN, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned EMANUEL M. LEVIN, Administrator of the estate of ISADOR LEVIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of E. H. Wakeman, 311 California Street, rooms 514-516 San Francisco, Cal., my attorney, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ISADOR LEVIN, deceased.

EMANUEL M. LEVIN,

Administrator of the estate of Isador Levin, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 8, 1916.

E. H. WAKEMAN,
Attorney for Administrator,
311 California Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

7-8-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73543; Dept. 10.
SADIE BRADLEY, Plaintiff, vs. LAWRENCE BRADLEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: LAWRENCE BRADLEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear on the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 5th day of May, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
423 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

5-27-10

The Lantern

A Periodical of Lucid
Intervals

Edited by Theodore Bonnet
and Edward F. O'Day

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THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT THE UNDERSIGNED are transacting business as copartners in the State of California under the firm name of GHISELLI BROS.

The principal place of business of the firm is San Francisco, State of California.

The full names and respective places of residence of all its members are subscribed hereunto.

Dated, June 17th, 1916.

F. J. GHISELLI,
No. 802 Filbert Street,
San Francisco, California.
G. A. GHISELLI,
No. 133 Jackson Street,
San Francisco, California.

(Cancelled 10 cent U. S. documentary stamp.)

State of California,

City and County of San Francisco.—ss.

On this 17th day of June in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixteen, before me, J. J. KERRIGAN, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, residing therein, duly commissioned, and sworn, personally appeared F. J. GHISELLI and G. A. GHISELLI, known to me to be the same persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and they duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal in the City and County of San Francisco, in the day and year in this certificate first above written.

(Seal)

J. J. KERRIGAN,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed June 17, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

R. W. DENNIS,
301 City Hall,
San Francisco, California.

6-24-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 59410.

E. SEABERG, Plaintiff, vs. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal)

By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

LLOYD S. ACKERMAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Nevada Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

5-27-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEANNE CAZAUX (also called JEANNE CAZEUX), deceased.—No. 20,943. Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of JEANNE CAZAUX (also called JEANNE CAZEUX), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JEANNE CAZAUX (also called JEANNE CAZEUX), deceased.

GUILLAUME CAZERES,

Administrator of the estate of Jeanne Cazaux also called Jeanne Cazeaux, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, July 1, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administrator,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

7-1-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75045; Dept. No. 3.

BECKIE DROY, Plaintiff, vs. SAM DROY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: SAM DROY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73611; Dept. No. 10.

KATHLEEN MARY GWILT, Plaintiff, vs. GEORGE GWILT, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GEORGE GWILT, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's desertion, under Section 98 of the Civil Code, of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 8th day of May, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY L. CORSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
512-514 Foxcroft Bldg., 68 Post St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

5-20-10

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IN THIS ISSUE:

If Shakespeare Were Alive

The Crimes of a Community

A City of Feuds and Disorder

The Superman in the U. S. A.

Our Amazing Church Street Line

Sidelights on Pacific Coast Prohibition

Hilda Spong Talks of Stage and Screen

The Boycott in the Board of Supervisors

The Stairway of the Alps—A War Sketch

“Manfred” at Berkeley Revives Byronic Controversy

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FOR PRESIDENT:

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

The Crimes of a Community

Every man who attains to some degree of influence over the minds of his fellow mortals and presumes to sway their judgments incurs a great moral responsibility which no person of tender sensibilities would lightly assume. This fact, suddenly and with tremendous force was brought home to some of our citizens on the day of the preparedness parade when red ruin was let loose in the midst of a group of men, women and little children. The whole community was startled by a fiendish crime, and at once in the minds of some men the thought occurred: "This is what comes of the outpourings of malevolent agitators who preach the modern gospel of let us hate one another." It is not without reflection that we employ the epithet malevolent in this instance. The whole agitation against preparedness has been conducted in a manner to inflame weak minds. Agitators of all degrees of intelligence from university professors to labor leaders have wantonly assumed that the campaign for preparedness was inspired by munition manufacturers and fostered by their agents for the sordid purpose of reaping a harvest from a carefully planned national panic. Men of the highest character, the leading spirits of a movement clearly designed to startle a stupid Administration out of perilous apathy, were vilified and held up to scorn and contempt as enemies of their country. With all their might and main these character assassins, masquerading as lovers of humankind, have appealed to class hatred and to the passions that haunt the minds of ferocious anarchists. What a fateful occupation was theirs! Great was their responsibility as self-constituted guides of this community: great because only minds diseased were susceptible to their vaporings. Now let us not put the blame on the agitators who

figured at the anti-preparedness meeting in Dreamland Rink. The community as a whole is more or less implicated in a madman's deed. For this was a community wherein murder and freedom were becoming synonymous terms. License was in the air we breathed. It was encouraged by a Government concerned only with winning and holding the sympathy of the disaffected. It penetrated the fibre of organized bodies of men. Our Chamber of Commerce, realizing that discipline and orderliness were at an end, organized the Law and Order League and employed armed guards to guarantee the protection to life that our public servants should ensure. We were rapidly reaching that state of affairs that preceded an outbreak of anarchy in Paris twenty years ago when it was a beau geste to fling explosives into a harmless crowd. Then as now there were intellectual prigs taking to the platform for their own base purpose and preaching in one breath sympathy with mankind and hatred of the prosperous. It was in those days that an orator, standing at the grave of a murdered policeman, asked the question: "Is not the large public an accomplice in these murders?" And he went on to say that there was too much philanthropy in the air, adding "too long and too loudly has an appeal been made to sentimentality." Often has the fretful echo of ignorance warned us against the mischievous appeals of the intellectually dishonest, but no heed has been paid to such things in this city where, for our sins, we have been given the most depraved daily press in all the country; a daily press that has tolerated the kind of things that led to the organization of a league for law and order and that has not had the decency to protest against the crimes connived at by our municipal government. Now it has been said that you cannot indict a people, but assuredly here is a community whose merchants may be indicted for deliberately encouraging with their support more than one daily journal brazenly and defiantly devoted to the anti-social principle which is at the very foundation of anarchy.

If Shakespeare Were Alive

If Shakespeare were alive today, says one of the many English writers who have been paying tribute to his memory in this tercentary year, "he would be congenially employed in hounding and routing all the legion tribes of cranks, freaks, windbags, wordsters and impossibilists that infest our land; all the crazy pacifists whose mewlings and pukings have brought about this war; all the slugabeds and time-servers and pleasure-seekers that

have lulled themselves with the sleepy drench of that lake of forgetfulness and sloth wherein England has lain sprawling for the last generation." All of which may or may not be true. It is not easy to differentiate Shakespeare's personal philosophy from the sentiments which he attributed to his characters in making them psychologically true. We know only that he wrote much from experience, and the presumption is that he had a certain mode of life out of which that experience came, and which argues a certain temperament and a certain character. Judging from what he revealed to us of the experience he must have had, and the temperament that his experience argues, it is to be regarded as quite likely that when he wrote "valor is the chiefest virtue" he probably meant it; in other words, that he was not a crazy Pacifist. We know there is a great deal of heroics in Shakespeare, and we also know that he was versed in the evils of the thing that is "arrayed in flames like the prince of fiends." He knew the horrors of war "when the gates of mercy shall be shut up," what it does to "fresh fair virgins" and "flowering infants." Yes, the impression one gets from the reading of Shakespeare is that he never reasoned like a Henry Ford, a Norman Angell or a Chancellor Jordan. We are inclined to agree, therefore, with the Englishman who tells his countrymen what Shakespeare would be doing were he alive today. Indeed we should not disagree with him were he to tell us that Shakespeare would probably write a comedy on the anti-preparedness movement in the United States.

Fielding the Puritan

Smoking, drinking and dancing—these are the devil's trip-lets, so to speak, judging from the blue laws recently reiterated and reenacted by our friends the Methodists in solemn convention assembled. Profane editors, indifferent to the eternal importance of otherworldiness, are inclined to scoff at this fresh evidence of religious concern for the welfare of the flesh. One of them suggests that a little modernism might do these twentieth century Puritans a world of good, and he exhorts the shade of Fielding to overwhelm them with satire. Why Fielding? We should be pleased to learn. Of course we remember the keen satire of *Jonathan Wild the Great*. Henry Fielding could write satire! Also, we remember *Tom Jones*, a book that no good Methodist would admit to his library, a book offensive to delicacy, and, some say, to morality. But Henry Fielding, the author of *Tom Jones*, was himself a Puritan, and were he to attack the Methodists of our day they would be able to confound him

with his own works. It is one of the ironies of literary history that a Puritan should become the author of a book regarded by Puritans as too indecent for them to read. You see, the Puritan mind has devious ways its righteousness to vindicate. Henry Fielding, novelist and Bow street magistrate, is not generally known as a man of puritanical temperament, but that is precisely what he was, as we may perceive from his charge to the Westminster Grand Jury in June, 1749, wherein he homilized thus: "Gentlemen, our newspapers from the top of the page to the bottom, the corners of our streets up to the very eaves of our houses present us with nothing but a view of masquerades, balls and assemblies of various kinds, fairs, gardens, etc., tending to promote idleness, extravagance and immorality among all sorts of people." Henry Fielding was shocked at the Londoners of his day for not being content with three theatres instead of desiring a fourth. Having no conception of how the Puritans of posterity would treat his masterpiece, Fielding thought it would be well if the works of Aristophanes and Rabelais were burned by the common hangman. The fact is that Henry Fielding was a typical Puritan in this: that while he was a very bold censor of morals, he had a strong passion for what he condemned, and yielded to it. He was a good animal as well as a good preacher—like innumerable God-fearing pulpitiereers of our own day.

Whatever the truth we may be pretty certain that any man who stands out from his fellow men is endowed with a special element. And though, as has been said, had Wordsworth been as rich as Rogers he would have written no better than Rogers we are far from believing that Rogers in a shack, with any amount of energy, might have composed *The Ode to Duty*, or *The Excursion*.

—:—

The Superman in the U. S. A.

Although the foolish notion that Nietzsche was responsible for the war is still prevalent in Europe, the cult of the Superman is still flourishing; not in England but elsewhere. It is said that belief in the Superman is in a fair way to become the modern substitute for religion, so strong are the passions of fear and hatred he arouses. For example here is Ernest Mach, a noted physicist, who turns aside in a book called *The Analysis of Sensations*, to denounce the Superman in much the same terms as a member of the A. P. A. employs to describe the Pope. According to Leo Berg, a German writer, who has written a book called *The Superman in Literature*, the Nietzschean idol has got beyond the stage of propaganda and is actually exercising an influence on conduct. "I know one individual," he says, "who thinks it belongs to the special rights of the Superman to spit about him in company and to eat greedily with his fingers. When this brought him into collision with some of his neighbors, who protested violently against this hoggishness, he appealed proudly to his individuality and declared himself a Nietzschean." Mr. Berg is not an admirer of the Superman, but takes him seriously. In consequence he has a gloomy view of the future. "If ever," he says, "the stagnant mass of political forces should be really set in motion—if ever the politicians begin to attack one another on anything more fundamental than economic questions and party catchwords—there is no doubt that the aristocrats will appeal to Nietzsche as today they appeal to Christ, and in the name of God and Zarathustra they will 'devise new reactionary laws and privileges of the nobility.'" Now if Mr. Berg will take a survey of the recent past in this country he will see himself as a belated prophet. In this country are people who, though they never heard of the Superman, believe in him just the same. He is more of a superstition to them than the devil, though they are not aware of it. Some years ago politicians in this country began attacking one another on things more fundamental than economic questions, and in the name of God and Roosevelt they proposed to overthrow the Supreme Court and devise new progressive laws and privileges for the American nobility—the multitudinous mob. For many years we worshiped Roosevelt as a Superman. His shortest and ugliest word made liars of all men. To him no fundamental rule governing the relations of men was sacred. Such was the power of

his individuality that he might have done worse than spit on his neighbors. The cult of the Superman, which is nothing more than the worship of heroes preached by Emerson and Carlyle, is especially to be deplored in our country where the people rule, for widespread dulness makes it a great danger. Human beings will always worship something, and they do not always worship what is worth while. In our day the tendency has acquired a peculiar poignancy by reason of the fetish of education. Education is like water. The more it spreads the shallower it becomes, and in the flood small things come to the surface. Hence it is that in this era we have made a President out of a college professor and give eager ear at once to a university chancellor and to a William J. Bryan.

—:—

Apparently there is very little romance left in the profession of the war correspondent. He goes to a Government bureau for his news, writes it at headquarters far from the scene of battle and sends his letter through the post-office with never the hope of beating a rival or getting a scoop. No longer is he rejoiced like Job's war horse on scenting the battle from afar. It's too far to be scented. Opportunities that bring fame and fortune are no longer among the potentialities. The war correspondent of the twentieth century leads a rather humdrum existence, never on horseback, generally in a motor car. Formerly the war correspondent was a romantic hero who had free passes to the front ensuring civility everywhere, for even commanders were in dread of criticism. The ideal correspondent was a rollicking good fellow like one of Lever's heroes, overflowing with fun, charged with anecdote, a welcome guest at mess or bivouac. Once upon a time he made money at lecturing. Several correspondents in the discharge of their duty received medals for their bravery. They were fine fellows, they did wonderful work and their feats were discussed at many a campfire. It was a war correspondent, Archibald Forbes, who revived the failing fortunes of the London Daily News. He proved his professional zeal and pluck when he carried a memorable message from Metz over heavy roads to a Luxemburg post-office after outwitting several rivals by a native shrewdness which assured him that a floating rumor was a fact. Daring fellows were the correspondents of our Civil War who had the gift of thinking under fire and scribbling vivid descriptions on the saddlebow, but commanders in the field never liked them. Now the correspondent is nowhere *persona grata*. No longer does he get *carte blanche* to go where he pleases. News travels too fast nowadays, making the correspondent a worse nuisance than ever. Modern warfare shows no sort of consideration for him. Nevertheless when the war is over correspondents will come back in troops to write books and find publishers.

Many are the definitions of genius, and there are several theories in explanation of the Great Man. A new one, or, rather, one thought to be new, is that success is won by vitality, without which concentration and perseverance cannot be. According to the author of this theory, to become a great man one must acquire an abundance of energy. This theory is in harmony with the dictum that poverty produces masterpieces and riches smother. The infinite capacity for taking pains, which is Carlyle's definition of genius, is to be acquired rather in poverty than in wealth, and to have an infinite capacity for any purpose one must have energy. It is poverty that puts a man to the test. Wealth is not conducive to ambition. But it would be absurd to say that success is striven for only by the poor. Even the rich are moved by an enormous force of vitality which struggles within them as the fire and lava burn and boil in the heart of the volcano struggling to find a way out. Consider John D. Rockefeller, for illustration. He is a man of genius who does not know what to do with his money, but stored up in his nature is a certain amount of energy which has to be employed in some way. Probably the same was true of Bobby Burns, of whom it has been said that he could not have survived a bank account, and also of Balzac of whom it has been conjectured that wealth might have made him sterile.

Some Reflections on Genius

Varied Types

291—HILDA SPONG

By Edward F. O'Day

"Where have you been, Miss Spong, since you played here with Crane in 'An American Lord'?"

"In Australia and England," answered Henry Miller's leading lady. "I was away from America for five years, and from San Francisco for eight. Eight years! It's a long time. One is forgotten in eight years. One comes back as a stranger to begin all over again."

Sitting in her dressing room off Mason street, with two silent maids busy preparing her for the role of Ruth Jordan in "The Great Divide," Hilda Spong turned her big, brown, liquid eyes upon me and smiled. One maid was shuttling an electric iron up and down an ironing board; the other was coiling Miss Spong's yellow hair round and round her head. This operation was interrupted while Miss Spong turned and smiled at me, smiled not sadly but in philosophic acceptance of the fact that when a fine actress returns to us after eight years' absence she finds herself forgotten and must begin building her local fame all over again.

But is it a fact? Is it a situation that calls for smiling, philosophic acceptance? I do not think so. Hilda Spong left her impress on our habitual theatregoers. She has always been recognized here as a superior actress, and she has had that enviable sort of following which pays the homage, not of adoration as to some more or less "adorable" star, but of discriminating praise and expert criticism. These theatregoers—they are the "fans" who hold their enthusiasm for the drama against the insidious approaches of the films—remember quite well the time that Ashton Stevens interviewed Hilda Spong, and made her a personality for them. They remember the performance of an Irish widow which Hilda Spong gave when she came here with William H. Crane in "An American Lord." It was a delightful performance, it was one of those performances—the "fan" does not acknowledge many such—which stand out from the ranks of memory.

So I say to Hilda Spong: You are not forgotten by the theatregoers who count. Your name may mean nothing to the people who have deserted the theatre for the cinema-house; but by those of us who yield one of the most honest and purest emotions within us to a fine player in a fine play, you are certainly not forgotten.

Well! with that off our minds we may listen again to Miss Spong.

"I paid a long visit to Australia. It is my home. It was there that I had my training for the stage, under the younger Boucicault and Rignold. Actresses are not trained that way any more. They are not taught now to play everything from melodrama and farce to Shakespeare. More's the pity! But I was not in Australia—I was in London—at the beginning of the war. I was at the Aldwych Theatre in the latest Sims play. I came to the United States on the Lusitania—the last voyage she completed. We were chased by torpedoes, but managed to escape. Alas! there were many of my friends on that return trip which was her last voyage of all."

I asked Miss Spong the first inevitable question in a theatrical interview.

"Yes, I have been in them," she answered.

"But only once. It was in New York. The film is called 'Divorced,' and has had some success."

I asked Miss Spong the second inevitable question.

"I cannot say that I like them," she replied. "You see, I love the sound of the human voice. At its best it is the most beautiful of all instruments. Then again, my face is not suitable for the movies. Unfortunately, I show emotion too readily. Every feeling within me is expressed in my face. It is the stolid, wooden-faced actor, you may notice, who makes a great success in the movies—often too, the actor who totally failed on the stage succeeds on the screen."

"In my single experience it was necessary for me to do a love-scene in Central Park. It was a great treat for the casual passer-by, but not for me. The director pointed out a man whom I had never seen before that moment, whom I had never spoken to, and said: 'He's your lover; embrace him.' So I embraced my lover; and when I kissed him—you must actually kiss for the films—the director yelled 'Hold it,' and I had to stand there with my lips pressed to the lips of my stranger-lover while they made what they call a 'close-up.' There is no sentiment in any stage kissing, of course; but on the stage we at least have a few minutes to get acquainted before we rush into an embrace. No, I cannot say that I like the movies."

"They are valuable though. Moving pictures should be taken in every stock company, so that the players may see themselves act and correct their faults."

"Since my return to America," continued Miss Spong, "I have had the privilege of acting with two of the greatest stage directors I know of—Henry Miller and Arnold Daly."

"Two of the greatest and most tempestuous," I commented. Actors tell many stories of the rages Henry Miller permits himself when he is confronted by stupidity or incompetence. And I myself have seen Arnold Daly hurl a tray containing a heavy silver mirror and other articles at the head of his Japanese valet.

"There is always a reason for their tempests," laughed Miss Spong.

"Yes," I said, "in the case of Arnold Daly, his valet had presumed to ask when the Chinaman might call for the laundry."

"Thank heaven, I have a sense of humor," rippled Miss Spong with a peal of laughter. "Perhaps that is why these tempests have never gathered about my poor head."

"And speaking of humor, I am offered an opportunity to meet George Bernard Shaw this coming season. Mr. Faversham is going to present 'Getting Married' and Mr. Shaw is coming to New York to supervise the production. Mr. Faversham wants me in the cast. But on the other hand, Mr. Miller thinks of reviving 'The Great Divide' in New York this season. It is difficult for me to decide between the two offers."

"You love your part in 'The Great Divide'?"

"I love the part of Ruth Jordan. It goes without saying that I have not nearly mastered the role yet, for I played it for the first time Monday night after only two weeks' rehearsal. There is still much for me to learn about Ruth."

It will be some time before I give anything like a finished performance of the part."

I smiled, and Miss Spong paused inquiringly. "I smile at your notion of a finished performance," I explained. "Monday night's seemed a finished performance to me."

"Oh, there are many things to be improved, many places to be strengthened yet," she answered. "And the effort is pleasant, because I love Ruth. I love the primitive in her, and the Puritan in her. You know, we English women are rather primitive. We want our masters. We want a strong hand over us. We have not the American woman's idea of a husband."

"You are theorizing, Miss Spong?" I asked.

"Yes, I am still Miss Spong," she answered smiling, "but I think I am right just the same. I am rather primitive myself. The primitive in Ruth appeals to me, as nothing in the role of the Mollusc did. And there is Puritan in me too, for I had a Scotch mother. I think I understand Ruth. There are such women, although I fancy most people who see the play do not think so. The audience loses patience with Ruth. She irritates. 'Why cannot she accept the love and devotion of that splendid, strong Stephen Ghent?' they ask. 'What's the matter with her?' Of course Stephen is the appealing figure in this play. But they forget that all during the second act—the act with which they have least patience—Ruth is not normal. Ruth is going to have a child, and she does not love the father of her child. Her outbursts in that act are the outbursts of a frenzied, almost insane woman. Ruth is a true study in human nature. And I love the study of human nature. I love my fellow man. There actually are few people in the world I dislike."

"Perhaps that is why you are so good an actress," I ventured.

"I don't know that I am a good actress," Miss Spong answered quite sincerely. "When I meet people for the first time they sometimes say, 'You are an actress?' and I have to reply that really I do not know. Perhaps I shall be some day."

At this point in our chat there was a light tap at the dressing room door. It opened a little, and the wardrobe mistress inserted a smiling face. Might she borrow the electric iron? She held up in explanation the handkerchief which stanches Stephen Ghent's blood in the first act. Of course she might borrow the iron.

"To iron out Mr. Miller's blood," I commented as she withdrew.

"Rather gruesome, isn't it?" said Miss Spong. "And it's such sticky blood too!"

She smiled as she said it, smiled that very attractive smile which lights up her face and sets her eyes a-dancing. The smile was not improper, for of course Henry Miller sheds stage blood only.

But now one of the maids stood beside Miss Spong in silent hint that the time had come to dress for the part of Ruth, and it was time for me to go. But I could not leave without assuring Hilda Spong that old San Francisco had not forgotten her. As for new San Francisco, it will not forget her either, once it has seen her play Ruth Jordan.

Perspective Impressions

You don't have to be a shark to be attracted by a bathing girl's bare leg.

The Examiner has discovered Frederick J. Koster and the Law and Order League.

Judge Bordwell explains that his friends put him in the fight. Well, can't his friends take him out?

Yone Noguchi has written an essay on American newspapers without once mentioning Hearst or his string. No wonder Hearst wants war with Japan.

Examiner headline: "Transbay may swell reward." Never mind that; let us have the money promised to the Exposition and we'll be satisfied.

James Whitcomb Riley is dead, but his heart songs are immortal.

The passage of the jitney ordinance was a severe blow to the undertakers.

We always knew that Germany was the greatest military power on earth—now we realize what that means.

A summer savant at Berkeley has discovered that women are more amenable to suggestion than men. Is it to be treated to piffle like this that students go to the summer schools?

Wonder if the wise guys of the anti-preparedness movement were sure that everybody in the parade was either a greedy capitalist or a dampfool.

So President Nicholas Murray Butler doesn't take Jordan seriously. But Jordan does, and so do the folk who read his books and listen to his lectures.

The mind that thinks it feasible to block preparedness is of the same type as the mind that plans to get the boys out of the trenches before Christmas.

Dr. Aked says the other flivverites are crazy cranks and dreamers. Now let's hear what the other flivverites think of the reverend leap-frogger.

England's poet laureate has written an ode on the tercentenary commemoration of Shakespeare. To borrow the faint, damning phrase of the dramatic critic, it is "adequate."

The Stairway of the Alps

By Sidney Low

There is no prospect on earth quite like the immense irregular crescent of serrated peak and towering mountain wall that is thrown round Italy on the north, as it unrolls itself from the plains of Lombardy and Venetia. How often one has gazed at it in sheer delight over its bewildering wealth of contrasting color and fantastic form, its effects of light and shade and measureless space! But now, for these many months past, keen eyes have been bent upon it, eyes not of the artist or the poet, but those of the soldier.

It was such a pair of military eyes that I had beside me a day or two ago, as I stood upon the topmost roof of a high tower, in a certain little town in Northern Italy, where much history has been made of late; and, since the owner of the eyes was likewise the possessor of a very well-ordered mind and a gift of lucid exposition, I found myself able to grasp the main elements of the extraordinarily complex strategic problem with which the chiefs of the Italian army have had to grapple. As I looked and listened I felt that the chapter which Italy is contributing to the record of the greatest war of all time is one of which she will have every reason to be proud when she has at length brought it to its victorious conclusion.

There are few such view-points as this. In the luminous stillness of a perfect morning of the Italian summer I could look north and east and west upon more than a third of the battle line that goes snaking among the mountains from near the Swiss frontier to the Adriatic. And what a length of line it is! In England some people seem to think this is a little war that Italy has on hand, little in comparison with the campaigns in France and Russia. But it is not small weighed even in that exacting balance. The front measures out at over 450 miles, which is not very far short of the length of that ribbon of trench and earthwork that is drawn across Western Europe.

Here, as there, every yard is held and guarded. It is true there is not a continuous row of sentries; for on the Austro-Italian front there are places where the natural barriers are impassable even for the Alpine troops, who will climb to the eyrie of the eagles. But wherever nature has not barred the way against both sides alike the trenches and fortified galleries run, stretching across the saddle between two inaccessible peaks, ringing round the shoulder of

a mountain, dipping into the valley, and then rising again to the very summit, or passing over it.

There are guns everywhere—machine guns, mountain guns, field guns, huge guns of position, 6in., 10in., 12in., which have been dragged or carried with all their mountings, their equipment, their tools and appurtenances, up to their stations, it may be 3000, 4000, 6000 feet above the level. And at those heights are the ladders of shell which must always be kept full so that the carnivorous mouths of the man-eaters may not go hungry even for the single hour of the single day in which, at any point, an attack may develop.

Such is the long Italian battle line. When you know what it is you are not surprised that here and there, and now and again, it should bend and give a little before an enemy better supplied with heavy artillery, and much favored by the topographical conditions; for he has the higher mountain masses behind him instead of in front, and is coming down the great Alpine stairway while the Italians are going up.

That, of course, is the salient feature of the campaign. The Italians are going up, the Austrians coming, or trying to come, down. On the loftier uplands, range beyond range, in enemy territory, the Austrians before the war had their forts and fortified posts and their strategic roads; and almost everywhere along the front they have observing stations which overlook, at greater or less distance, the Italian lines. Thus the Italians have had to make their advance, and build their trenches, and place their guns in the face of an enemy who lies generally much above them, sometimes so much above them that he can watch them from his nests of earth and rock as though he were soaring in an aeroplane.

It is a great achievement in strategy and military engineering that the Italians are attempting. But it is also something more. It is the reversal of a historic process that has gone on at intervals for over fifteen centuries. Down that mountain stairway to the fertile fields and wealthy cities of the plain have the invaders of Italy tramped. Hun and Goth and Lombard, Frank, German, Austrian, flung themselves from the heights upon that low-lying delectable land of sunshine and verdure.

As it was before, so it might have been

again. It was commonly expected outside Italy, and I believe by most people in Italy itself, that the story of the former campaigns would be repeated. The Austrian armies, with all their advantages of position accentuated by their superiority in heavy artillery, would have forced their way down the valleys of the Brenta and the Adige, and the Italians would have been compelled to retire behind the Lombard fortresses, and then, since fortresses are no more than temporary barriers in modern warfare, they might have had to effect a further withdrawal beyond the Po. The retirement might have been retrieved, when the full strength of Italy developed in a victorious advance. But even though the invasion of Italy had ended in failure, it would in itself have been a misfortune of the gravest kind.

The seizure of those rich and famous northern towns, and of that busy agricultural region, would have been a misfortune comparable to those which have delivered the wealthiest manufacturing regions of France and Russia to German occupation. With Venice, Mantua, Brescia, Milan, perhaps even Turin, in Austrian hands, Italy would have carried on the campaign under financial and industrial difficulties that cannot well be exaggerated.

The Italian General Staff must have considered this disastrous contingency and were no doubt ready to meet it if it arose. But they determined to counter it by striking first. Instead of waiting for the enemy to come down the passages from the Trentino, they rushed the stairway themselves. Their magnificent Alpine troops and mountain artillery brought up their guns by incredible exertions to the gates of the Austrian frontier fortresses, battered some of these into shards, and pushed their way to within a few miles of the capital of Italia Irredenta. There they hung grimly all through the winter and spring.

General Cadorna had rightly read the lesson of this war, the lesson of all wars; which is that a passive defense is not the road to victory. And so, with forces not yet completely embodied, and with a conspicuous inferiority of artillery and munitions, he boldly forced the game, and placed his scaling ladders against the bastions of the enemy. The people of Italy have been spared the tribulations of France, Belgium, Serbia and Poland. For twelve months the fighting was done virtually outside Italian soil.

A City of Feuds and Disorder

By Theodore F. Bonnet

Of recent happenings in San Francisco one is able to think only in terms of the tragic drama. At this writing, though we are all thinking of the sanguinary climax, the spectacle of men women and children writhing in a welter of blood in the main street of the city, there is some danger of an anti-climax; for a mass-meeting has been called to express the feelings of the community, and some folks have lost sight of the logical sequence of events; nay, of the exposition of the drama itself. Let us not forget the long and tedious prologue. Long before the fear of militarism was inflamed by indecent assaults on our emotions it was important to watch the safety valve. There has been much strife and lawlessness in San Francisco. We have suffered much from breeders of mean suspicions and from coddlers of the kind of men who are ever ready to aggravate discontent, even to the point of exasperation and menace.

Not at Dreamland Rink did the protagonists of the drama make their first appearance. We have known them for years, the Fremont Olders and all the pestiferous hangers-on of the old Graft Prosecution to whom in other days we gave their head that they might improve the moral tone of the community. Ever since then forces, inimical to the sweetness and light of a community have been under their direction. We have been paying the penalty of our original lawlessness of the days when the courts were bludgeoned with the acquiescence of the dear people. For much poison meanwhile has been injected into the public mind, and under the present government directed by survivors of the old Graft Prosecution there have been dissensions and lawlessness. Through the years hatreds have survived giving color and tone to social affairs, industrial transactions and political bargainings. We have been living ever since in a State ravaged by envy and hatreds, like Florence of old in the days of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. What a sombre picture one might draw of this city of feuds and disorder, torn with strife and rent with the mean passions of lean souls! O, for a little love and laughter in the hearts of men! Are we ever coming to the growth of a new spirit? Or is Rudolph Spreckels to torment us forever?

All of this is beside my thesis, which is that the drama itself takes its rise not in the campaign against preparedness financed by Carnegie, but in the forces of disorder groomed through the years by The Bulletin for just such scenes of riot, bloodshed and sudden death as have occurred of late on the waterfront.

Here in San Francisco where class hatred was insistently preached by Older and Spreckels contempt for law and order was fostered. The movement against preparedness was but incidental to a propaganda that appealed to the blind prejudice of ignorant labor leaders obsessed with the vague notion that murderous strikers may enjoy immunity from punishment if they ever succeed in destroying the military power of the nation. As a result of the general tone and preachments of these mischievous demagogues the city was rapidly becoming a hotbed of anarchy, and out of an intolerable situation grew the Law and Order League. But meanwhile the city was made ripe for any kind of disturbance, any deed of violence. This was evidenced by the street car blockade of three weeks ago, as bold an undertaking as may be found recorded in the whole ugly history of

unionism. In a city where such madness was conceivable anything was possible. Surely we were moving logically toward the climax with the infernal machine for the piece de resistance. All the while the anti-preparedness agitators were practicing their fine art of disparagement. The people listened with a careless apathy to canting reformers whose hypocrisy is in inverse ratio to their power of self-analysis. There were strikes and riots, but the Mayor of the city sat tight, and the newspapers were not taking the Law and Order League too seriously. Long before the Dreamland Rink meeting The Bulletin was shrieking its mean innuendos against the leading spirits of the defense movement.

What a curious irony this, by the way, that at such a time the mainspring of viciousness should be found in the office of the paper founded by James King of William, to whom the present editor of The Bulletin so frequently refers as an apostle of law and order in the days of the Vigilantes. This present editor it may be worth while to remark parenthetically, was a whipper-in for the Dreamland meeting. From the office of The Bulletin, men whose purpose of parading for preparedness had been reported in the press, received telephone messages of inquiry. Was it true they were going to parade? The motive may not have been intimidation. But we may be sure of this, that the editor was not gathering information with a view to acquainting his readers of the existing enthusiasm for preparedness. Of course it was merely a coincidence that at this time prominent citizens were receiving letters and postal cards warning them against parading and assuring them that Death would be lying in wait for them.

But I am needlessly digressing. As I was saying, the mass-meeting followed on the heels of the car blockade conspiracy against the United Railroads and the taxpayers of San Francisco, which was of so little interest to Mayor Rolph that he went to Salinas to give dignity and prestige to the great Rodeo. Thus were the episodes of the drama crowded into the picture with a swiftness that would mar the ordinary play and make it seem to be utterly lacking in proportion and plausibility. The mass-meeting itself was on the very eve of the gruesome tragedy that marked the climax.

Now far be it from me to hold a brief against the darling sentimentalists who have been posing as Pacifists out of love for mankind. To be sure I do not like them. I have always regarded them as humbugs less interested in the cause of truth than in warming an audience with violent language. Pacifists indeed! Spending most of their lives rating one man beneath another, exercising their spleen by sitting in judgment on others, in them I have yet to find anything of tenderness or compassion; those white-winged angels of healing are never to be found in the heavy and suffocating air of uncharitableness. How interesting to reflect that these vociferous sentimentalists were behind a mass-meeting of other days, the one called when Heney was shot by the man he maddened with his vicious tongue. Of course such ardent lovers of mankind wouldn't harm anybody, but they did try to suggestionize the mob at that meeting, and when in the midst of it they learned that Haas, the man who had shot Heney, had committed suicide, they refused for a time to inform the audience. They held the crowd a little longer.

But all this is ancient history. The reformers of that remote period are sentimentalists now. And after all their inspiration of class hatred at Dreamland was in harmony with the times. They had no prevision of trouble ahead. Full of the present, the bounty whereof sufficed them, no miscreant's solitary figure was painted for them on the cloud-curtain of the future. They were intent only on the casual delirium of their dupes. But to tell the whole story that it may point a moral one should call attention to the reckless looseness of their language. Perhaps they may be discussed at length at the mass-meeting that will be held before these words are off the press. I hope not. I don't like mass-meetings. There is too much exuberance and fluency at them; not enough sober thought. However, there is some promise at this one. Consider the high spirits exhibited at the other Dreamland meeting held by the darling sentimentalists whom I am now treating merely as pegs to hang a serious sermon on. One should not lose the opportunity of impressing on all preachers of class hatred the peril from which they themselves are not free. He who sets the wheel of revolution whirling cannot stop it when he wills. The business of disseminating inflammatory sentiments is fraught with danger.

Some of our preachers have shown a disposition to resent certain unpleasant imputations. In the present mood of the community this is not a sensible thing to do. For while it is characteristic of the incendiary orator to repudiate with indignation the logical consequences of his speech, men are inclined to be impatient of that sort of thing. Even so earnest a defender of liberty and free speech as J. S. Mill was in favor of a close scrutiny of the pearls of wit that sowers of discord and revolt freely distribute to the dupes that hang on their lips. "Opinions lose their immunity," said Mill, "when the circumstances in which they are expressed are such as to constitute their expression a positive instigation to some mischievous act." This is not an unreasonable view to take of the matter. Idle words falling on ignorant ears may have more power to injure society than fire or sword. We know from the French Revolution that nothing more is needed than words to create a savage orgy of blood. So spellbinders should be discreet and cautious lest their ignorant auditors lose control of their wits. Standing on a platform glib and self-satisfied, the less than half-educated teacher of others is easily intoxicated by the applause of the mob, and on the spur of the moment he comes to believe himself the last repository of wisdom. Quite often he is but a degree removed in mentality from the average soap-box orator of the curb, yet his words may become fire-brands for the unbalanced.

Consider by way of illustration the perfervid flubdub of the leading orators at Dreamland last week. Some of it was published in The Bulletin as "Epigrams on War Parades." Not all of it, for even The Bulletin deemed it wise to mask the sentiments of its favorite orators. Election Commissioner McDevitt, it appears,

(Continued on Page 17)

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 **DEPENDABLE STORES** **14**
OPERATING
UNITED CHEMISTS STORES

Poems About San Franciscans

XXXV—TO TERESA THOMPSON BENET

By William Rose Benet

(William Rose Benet is one of the important poets of the United States. Mrs. Benet who inspired the following beautiful lines, was Teresa F. Thompson, a member of the brilliant San Francisco family of Thompsons. Her father was the first president of the Bohemian Club. One of her sisters is Kathleen Thompson Norris, the writer of novels and short stories. These lines form the dedication of Benet's volume of poetry "Merchants from Cathay," published by the Century Co. in 1913.)

Braver than sea-going ships with the dawn in their sails,
Than the wind before dawn more healing and fragrant and free,
Fairer than sight of a city all white, from the mountain-top viewed in the vales,
Or the silver-bright flakes of the moonlight in lakes, when the moon rides the clouds and the forest awakes,
You are to me!

For you are to me what the bowstring is to the shaft,
Speeding my purpose aloft and aflame and afar.
Through the thick of the fight, in your eyes' steady light my soul hath seen splendor, and laughed.
Now, however I tend betwixt foe and friend, through the riddle of Life to Death's light at the end,
I ride for your star!

The Spectator

The Union Label and the Boycott

Once more the city printing is tied up. The lowest bidder is a print shop without the union label, and the supervisors refuse to make the award. This despite the fact that the Supreme Court and the people by their votes eliminated the union label provision from the charter. Last Monday a supervisor stated in open meeting that his undertaking business had been boycotted because he cast his vote in the board in accordance with the will of the people and the decision of the Supreme Court. It was in the course of the final jitney debate, and the champions of the jitney were invoking the will of the people. Whereupon Supervisor Fred Suhr arose and said:

"There is a great deal said here about the will of the people; but it doesn't seem to make much difference whether the people express their will or not. They expressed their will on the union label, and I have voted according to their will and according to the decision of the Supreme Court, with the result that my business is boycotted."

And John O'Connell, secretary of the Labor Council, expressed the union attitude by remarking:

"We've got the power, and we intend to use it."

Supervisory Dignity

Members of the Chamber of Commerce are making it their business to attend every session of a police court at which infractions or alleged infractions of the law in connection with the two strikes on the waterfront are considered. The influence of their presence has been a salutary one for certain of our police judges. I suggest that members of the Chamber also make it their business to attend the sessions of the Board of Supervisors. They will get a firmer grasp on municipal problems when they know what sort of representatives we have in the City Hall. And perhaps there will be more decorum at the meetings if representative citizens are seen in attendance. Such an exchange as the following is eloquent of the meetings as conducted at present. I am quoting from memory:

Supervisor Hayden: I should like to ask

Your Honor what your disposition is with regard to this jitney ordinance.

Supervisor Gallagher: Supervisor Hayden wants to know how Your Honor feels about it so he'll know where to light.

Supervisor Hayden: I worry you, Andy, don't I?

Supervisor Gallagher: Yes, just as a flea does when it gets on my skin under my undershirt.

Supervisor Hayden: I get your goat.

The Church Street Road

The Church street branch of the municipal railway is finished. The rails are down, most of the street paving has been completed and the wires are strung. But injunction proceedings started by the United Railroads prevent the city from connecting it with the Van Ness avenue line, the only feasible means of connection being over United Railroad tracks. The Church street road has no outlet, no transfer privileges and no cars. Otherwise it is a perfectly good street railroad. Indeed, it has an element of distinction which is lacking in all our other street car lines, municipal or otherwise. Starting at the back of the old Mission Dolores Cemetery on Church street at Sixteenth this interesting line extends to Thirtieth and Church. From Sixteenth to Eighteenth and again from Twenty-second to Thirtieth the roadbed keeps the middle of Church street like any ordinary street car line. It is in its manner of avoiding the steep Church street hill between Eighteenth and Twenty-second that this line achieves distinction. The United Railroads recently solved a similar problem on the Hayes street hill, and solved it with simplicity and comparative ease. But on the Church street line the problem was solved in a fashion which suggests the snake of the old rhyme:

He wiggled in and he wiggled out,
And still he left the world in doubt
As to whether the snake that made the track
Was going in or coming back.

At Eighteenth street the roadbed curves boldly into Mission Park, cutting a gash in the fair surface of that beauty spot. At Twentieth it curves out again. From Twentieth to Twenty-second it enjoys a right of way, the snakiest, crookedest right of way this side of Mount Tamalpais where they have the "crookedest

railway in the world." This right of way was cut out of a thickly built-up district, with the result that passengers on this line—when it comes to be operated—will enjoy an intimate view of back yards, back porches and rear houses. Riding leisurely along (and the cars will have to go slowly, the track has so many turns and twists) the passenger will be able to inspect a multitude of family washes hanging out to dry, an array of garbage cans, wood piles and coal bins, and will have occasional peeks through bedroom windows so close that he can almost touch the panes. All this for a nickel, with or without a transfer. Truly, the Church street line will be a scenic route of unique fascination.

Lathrop Once More

Our old friend the Rev. Charles N. Lathrop paid us a visit the other day, and could not resist the temptation to rush into the controversy between Thornwell Mullally and Rudolph Spreckels—if it can be called a controversy. The temptation to talk is one which Dr. Lathrop has never learned to overcome. And so, returning to us as a visitor, he made the faux pas of injecting himself into a matter which did not concern him. He had bitter words for Mullally, a panegyric for Spreckels. Dr. Lathrop's opinions are not very important. It will be remembered that just before he departed from our midst he uttered certain slanderous remarks about some of our biggest and most respectable hotels, and was compelled to eat his words. That experience might have taught Dr. Lathrop a lesson. The fact that it did not helps to supply us with a measure for his mentality.

A Narrow Escape

Clarence Ward and Willis Polk were among

Coat of Arms of Families of Italian, French and Spanish Origin

Write and state from which country your family originates and the family names of the various branches of your ancestors and research will be made if your family or any branches thereof bore coat-of-arms. NO CHARGE IS MADE FOR THESE INQUIRIES. If our search is successful we only charge you for a tracing of the coat-of-arms and a transcription of the history of the family. Address PROF. MAGNUS of the Historical Genealogical Association, 33 Via Margutta, Rome, Italy.

the architects who walked in the architects' division of the Preparedness Parade last Saturday. The architects' division formed on the Embarcadero. Polk and Ward walked down Market street together, on their way to line up with their brethren of the craft. They paused at Steuart street, on the fatal corner, to watch the parade for a minute.

"This is a fine sight," said Ward. "Let us wait here, Willis, until our division marches past. Then we can fall in. Meanwhile we shall see something of the parade."

"Oh, no," said Polk. "Let's get along, and start marching when the rest of the architects start."

So after watching the paraders for a minute or two more, the two architects continued their walk to the Ferry. Three minutes after they left the fatal corner they heard a tremendous explosion.

"I thought it was a signal bomb," says Ward. "Even when our division marched past Steuart and Market and I found myself walking in blood I did not dream of what had happened. A minute later Kenneth Macdonald fell into line beside me and told me what had happened."

"It must have been Clarence's good angel that saved our lives," said Polk: "I'm afraid I haven't any."

The Lid in Arizona

The people of Arizona are going to have another wet-and-dry election this year; but the wets are spending no money for publicity. The reason why is prohibition. By this I mean that the Arizona wets are convinced that as the dear people voted themselves a luminous object lesson a year ago it doesn't require a surgical operation to let more light into their noddles. At any rate the wets, who have been importing their booze from California and elsewhere, are not spending a five-cent piece to educate their neighbors. However, it is the consensus of opinion, a correspondent informs me, that the State has recovered its sanity, having been cured by prohibition. He says that with the Prohibitionists on the lid more drunkenness and general depravity have been visible in Arizona than at any time since flush times in Tombstone, when Calamity Kate was a local heroine and it was fashionable for a man to wear snakes in his pegtop boots.

A Dry Contrast

My correspondent is only a sojourner in Arizona, but he has been there several months and has visited all sections of the State. "There is one good thing about the people down here," he writes, "they are not like the New England hypocrites one meets in Maine. In Maine, you know, the people drink the patent nostrums that contain a higher percentage of alcohol than the concentrated beverages. I have been in houses in Maine where Peruna, which is 18 per cent alcohol; Hall's Great Discovery, 43 per cent alcohol, and Hamlin's Wizard Oil, 65 per cent alcohol, are kept on the sideboard. They serve these things as 'tonics.' Far be it from the Maine Yankee to confess to you that he takes a tonic because it is stronger than a cocktail. Now in Arizona it is different. Hypocrisy which is a by-product of prohibition, has not bitten into the Arizona system. You can get

honest straight-good goods down there—Cyrus Noble, Jesse Moore, Old Kirk and such things in preference to drug store Duffy's Malt. Which reminds me of a story that may interest you. I met a drummer from Los Angeles the other day who represents on the coast several brands of 40-rod tonics manufactured in Kansas. He is a prohibitionist. I told him I was one too and he believed me. He told me on the quiet that a good deal of the money the prohibitionists were spending in this State was supplied by the manufacturers of the patent nostrums."

Booze in Fine Packages

This story from my correspondent is not at all incredible, for the manufacture of the patent nostrums that take the place of ardent spirits as beverages is a business enormously profitable. Also it has been growing enormously in volume as a result of the spread of prohibition. "It has been conservatively estimated," says the United States Health Service in Bulletin Reprint No. 227, "that the people of the United States expend annually \$500,000,000 for medicines and that by far the greatest part of the medicine purchased is consumed haphazardly and not under the direct supervision of experts whose knowledge would tend to prevent harmful intoxication and untoward results." According to the Internal Revenue Department there are manufactured in this country 287 preparations which, under the guise of tonics, stomach bitters, rheumatic cures, nerve restoratives, kidney cures and dyspepsia cures contain variously from 30 to 90 per cent of alcohol. Also, according to Dr. Edward Huntington Williams, many of them contain the habit-forming narcotics as well, so that the victim, as he says, "finds an easy means of satisfying his craving," and curiously enough despite federal and State legislation the Government furnishes by its widely disseminated bulletins exact data about these various nostrums, thus enabling any one to choose the one best suited to his taste. It is somewhat significant that ten of these nostrums are manufactured in prohibition States, and doubtless a plant will be established for the manufacture of one of the concoctions in this State as soon as we destroy all our breweries and wineries.

In "Dry" Seattle

Since Washington went dry on the first of January the number of drug stores in Seattle has increased by one hundred and thirty-one. This is not due to any phenomenal spread of disease in Seattle. The explanation of the increase is to be found in the rhyme which says:

There, little bar room!
Don't you cry—
You'll be a drug store
By and by!

And in "Dry" Portland

W. G. Nevin, better known as "Billy" Nevin

in the clubs of Los Angeles, dropped into the midst of us the other day on his way home from Portland. "Billy" tells about being fitted for a suit of clothes by a Portland tailor.

"And do you know the question they ask when they're building you a suit up there?" he queries. "Whether you want to be measured for a pint or a quart pocket!"

Opponents but Friends

Looking into the Palace grill at breakfast time the other morning I noticed an interesting group gathered about a table. It was a congenial group, and there was a great deal of laughter mixed with the conversation. This took my attention because the principal breakfasters were Willis H. Booth, Republican candidate, and George Patton, Democratic candidate for United States Senator. The others at the table were Secretary of State Frank Jordan, Fred Swanton of Santa Cruz, Hans Jevne of Los Angeles, and Leo Youngworth, the Los Angeles lawyer who handled Frank Flint's campaign for the Senate. All of these men are active supporters of Willis Booth's candidacy for the Republican nomination. It was not strange to find Patton in the group, because he and Booth have been life-long friends, and political warfare cannot interrupt their cordial relations. They are both that kind of men.

A Political Straw

At the great Republican dinner at the Palace last Saturday night National Committeeman William H. Crocker mentioned the names of Willis H. Booth and Walter Bordwell. When the name of the original candidate for the United States Senate was mentioned the diners jumped up on their chairs and cheered. When the name of the interloping candidate was mentioned there was a frost—and it was a warm evening at that!

Byron's "Manfred" Given

I did not miss the opportunity of seeing the production of "Manfred" in the Greek Theatre, for I realized that such another opportunity might never present itself. When Byron wrote "Manfred," one of the gloomiest and most powerful of his works, he knew that despite its dramatic form it would not lend itself to stage production. But when Schumann gave it the musical setting which is one of the most ambitious of his compositions a way was opened for its presentation. That way was the way in which Leo Cooper and Paul Steindorff gave it to us last Friday afternoon in the Greek Theatre. Leo Cooper read the essential scenes—read them with fine dramatic effect—and his reading was the frame setting off the beautiful musical picture of "Manfred" which we owe to Robert Schumann. A big orchestra, a



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big chorus and a number of well known soloists did full justice to Schumann's great composition.

A Little Known Drama

How many people read "Manfred" nowadays? How many, indeed, read any of Byron's plays? To go further, how many of the present generation have read the whole of "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan," or even "Lara," "Mazeppa" and "Beppo?" Some of Byron's shorter pieces are in the school readers, and high school students, I believe, read "The Prisoner of Chillon," but Byron has not the vogue he had in our fathers' and our grandfathers' prime. This is a pity, for if Byron were read more there would be a better taste for poetry among us and a severer criticism of those poetical pretenders who are so much in evidence. To cultivate one's taste by reading Byron is to get rid of the sweet tooth to which the majority of our "idle singers" make their appeal. Besides, Byron hated cant with all the fury of his unleashed mind; and that is a hatred not widely enough diffused. To go back to Manfred: it richly repays reading. Not only is it of a wild and overpowering beauty, but—and this may attract if that does not—it is a document of the first importance in the dark controversy which has waged around the fame of Byron for one hundred years.

Was Astarte Mrs. Leigh?

In this strange drama Manfred is an Alpine nobleman who shuns his fellowmen and communes with spirits, commanding their attendance through his mastery of the black art. It is not necessary to give the tragic story. Suffice it that Manfred is a "man of strange words, and some half-maddening sin that makes him people vacancy." His life has been wrecked, his soul filled with remorse and despair through the death of a loved one whom he had wronged. This loved one is the beautiful Astarte, and the text hints strongly that Manfred had betrayed her into an incestuous passion. Those who are familiar with the life of Lord Byron know of the horrible charge which has been made against him in connection with his half-sister Mrs. Leigh. In 1869, it will be recalled, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stow affirmed to the world that Lady Byron had expressly told her that this horrible charge was true. And in 1905 the second Lord Lovelace (Byron's grandson) printed a work which was designed to uphold and prove the truth of this charge. This book (which has never been circulated publicly) was entitled "Astarte," in allusion to the supposedly corroborative evidence supplied by the drama of "Manfred." Whatever weight attaches to this odious book "Astarte" hangs on a letter contained in it, a letter supposed to have been written by Lord Byron to Mrs. Leigh. This letter bears the date 1817, and that is the year in which "Manfred" was written. If the letter is authentic it may be taken as a confession of Byron's guilt, or it may be taken as a proof of his mendacious malignity. But the letter may be a forgery. At any rate the horrible charge stands at present non-proven. The latest contribution to this controversy was made by Robert Edgcome who in 1909 wrote a book to prove that Mary Chaworth, not Mrs. Leigh, was the object of Byron's passion, and that Mrs. Leigh was only shielding her. The notorious "Astarte" was withdrawn from circulation almost as soon as written, and as it

was copyrighted it has been securely retired. At the time of Lord Lovelace's death a few years ago it was common gossip in London that an elaborate answer to "Astarte" had been prepared, to be published about 1954 when the copyright on "Astarte" expires.

What Byron Said

When "Manfred" was published the inevitable comparison with Goethe's "Faust" was made immediately. Goethe himself wrote: "This singularly intellectual poet has extracted from my 'Faust' the strongest nourishment for his hypochondria; but he has made use of the impelling principles for his own purposes." But Byron replied, "It was the Staubbach and the Jungfrau, and something else, more than Faust, that made me write 'Manfred.'" What that something else was, Lord Lovelace pointed out, to his own satisfaction at least. That Schumann should have been attracted by "Manfred" was not strange, for Schumann was a musical Byron. He read Byron's poems at school, and his first important bit of writing was a critical essay on Chopin's variations on a theme from "Don Juan." Incidentally, Schumann attempted to commit suicide in much the same way that Manfred attempted it. "Manfred" shows the influence which Shelley exerted on Byron, and also the influence which Wordsworth exerted on him through Shelley. Is it generally known that the name of a California resort was taken from this drama? Here are the lines:

One of the many chiefs whose castled crags
Look o'er the lower valleys

"Manfred" is written with great passion, and has long passages of sustained sublimity. But it also contains some absurd lines. For instance:

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains:
They crowned him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow.
Around his waist are forests braced

That last line suggests nothing but the monarch's right royal trousers braced by suspenders. And there is absurdity in dialogue like the following:

First Destiny: 'Welcome' Where's Nemesis?
Second Destiny: At some great work,
But what I know not, for my hands were full.

Just the same "Manfred" is a fine poem, and Professor William Dallam Armes deserves our thanks for presenting it in the Greek Theatre with the fine Schumann music.

Dr. Butler Reports on the West

Whitney Warren, a well known New York architect, recently made an address in Paris on the attitude of the United States toward the Allies. Among other questions he answered was the interesting one, How does the West feel toward France and her fighting partners? For his answer Warren says he depended on Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, our latest distinguished visitor whom Warren describes as "most eminent" and "least open to the suspicion of partisanship." Here is the English translation of the letter which Dr. Butler wrote in answer to Warren's question:

My Dear Friend: Before you sail for France I wish to give you a summary of my impressions of popular feeling in the West and Northwest. I have just made a tour of about 7,000 miles, and here is the result, not of my personal desires, but of what I observed.

The West is healthy to the core and understands wonderfully well the great stake in the

European war. It sides overwhelmingly with the Allies and the cause for which they are fighting. This is true even of some of those whose parents and grandparents were born in Germany. Of course, in places where there are many German citizens born in Germany or of Teutonic descent, such as Milwaukee and other places in Wisconsin, in St. Louis and elsewhere in Missouri, and in some other regions, opinion more or less favors the Central Empires. But these are isolated cases easily explained by race or descent.

Especially noticeable is the unbounded admiration for France and the French. The press, conversations, public speeches, abound in exceptionally eloquent and extremely significant praise of the French people and spirit. During my Western tour the battle of Verdun was the topic of the hour; every morning there were anxious inquiries whether the French line still held. When dispatches came announcing that it still held people showed the greatest satisfaction and relief.

The West is much pleased that President Wilson has kept the American nation from taking part in the European war, but there he finds little support and much criticism in many of the things that he does or does not do. There is no warlike spirit in the West, but people there will support a sensible programme of military preparedness for public defense on account of events developing in other parts of the world.

A Bad Day for Sulzer

One day last week it really seemed that the notorious William Sulzer of New York, the man who used to look like Henry Clay, had a chance to capture the Prohibition nomination for the presidency. On that day two statements were made, one attacking Sulzer and the other defending him. For the life of me I cannot decide which of the two should peeve Sulzer more. In the convention at St. Paul the adherents of Frank Hanly who finally captured the nomination, accused Sulzer of "accepting the support of the liquor interests in his candidacy for the Prohibition nomination." That charge strikes me as being about the limit in political unkindness. On the same day our old friend Donald Lowrie, writing the foreword to his newest Sing Sing serial "Making Over a Prison," gave us these words: "The wardenship had been offered to Mr. Osborne, it appeared, by the retiring Governor, Glynn, who had succeeded Sulzer following the latter's shameful impeachment by the Legislature for being too conscientious." This almost sounds like irony. But perhaps Donald Lowrie did not read the testimony during the Sulzer impeachment, and has taken Sulzer's word for it that he was "shamefully" impeached for being "too conscientious." Sulzer is alike unfortunate in his enemies and his defenders.

"Somewhere in Wyoming"

Three congenial spirits, to-wit: Irvin Cobb, Charles E. Van Loan and Tom O'Connor, leave this week for a hunting, fishing and story-swapping trip into the wilds of Wyoming. Van Loan who lives in Los Angeles, came up to San Francisco to meet O'Connor, and they will be joined by Cobb at Salt Lake. Thence they will begin their offensive against the French Creek region of Southern Wyoming. The trip is notable for many reasons, among others be-

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cause Cobb, Van Loan and O'Connor are distinguished for their embonpoint and are said to make the heaviest trio that ever pushed into the Wyoming wilds. It is even said that their combined tonnage is eight hundred pounds; but this is probably an exaggeration—seven hundred and fifty is nearer the mark. They are to have the finest camp cook in Wyoming and an entourage of expert woodsmen, guides and listeners. These last servants are expected to be kept very busy, for all three men are renowned raconteurs. The camp equipment is of the de luxe order, including the very latest in rods, shotguns, rifles and camp beds—the last made to order (owing to the size of the campers) in Kansas City. The sport will consist of trout fishing, the shooting of sagehens, grouse and "such small deer," and the exchange of new stories around the camp fire. I need not mention that all three are famous authors. Van Loan wrote the great "Buck Parvin" and "Old Man Curry" stories; Cobb is the author of the "Judge Priest" yarns; while O'Connor is the author of that slogan of the Market street merchants "The Jitney Peril" and also of that popular nickname for Rudolph Spreckels, "Emperor Norton the Second." All three men are expected to drop a good deal of adipose on this trip—providing the best camp cook in Wyoming falls ill.

Some Tributes to Cobb

Not with the intention of exalting one member of this imposing trio at the expense of the other two, but solely as a matter of news I am constrained to repeat some of the nice things which were said of Irv Cobb at a dinner they gave him recently in New York. All his panegyrists were not there to praise him to his face. Thus, Arnold Bennett cabled from London, saying:

"Monumental on a boot-cleaning stand, he is equally interested in cigars and in assassinations, and he likes to wear his thinnest clothes in winter. His stories are always reliable, even when they deal with the British war office. After annexing Broadway, he took Belgium, and his book thereon is history. He sees straight and writes straight, and I am his friend and his fan."

And George A. Birmingham sent this:

"There is nothing in the world pleasanter than meeting nice people, and by nice people I mean in the case of men, good-tempered and entertaining people. Women, to be really nice, must also be good-looking. An author—it is to this tribe that Mr. Cobb belongs—gives us the pleasure of meeting him twice; meeting him twice, that is to say, for the first time. I met Mr. Cobb in a train between Chicago and Memphis, a vile train which went through a very dull country. Mr. Cobb was the one redeeming feature of the journey. I had him in my bag and I fought for the possession of him with my wife. He was nicely bound and there were more than 200 pages of him. The next occasion on which I met Mr. Cobb for the first time was

at an afternoon party. It was quite as dull as the railway journey until a foolish person insisted on my making a speech and then on another man making a speech. That shows how dull the party was. Then the same person, turned suddenly wise, said that Mr. Cobb was to tell stories, and he did. The party was not dull any more. That was the second of my two first meetings with Mr. Cobb. I met the author and I met the man. There was no disappointment about either meeting."

Wallace Irwin had this to say:

"We have long appreciated the corn of the South whose bright kernels, properly distilled, make brighter colonels still. Yet when before have we worshipped the Cobb of the South? Here, surely, is all the brightness and all the stimulation and all the nourishment which a fat land can give to a lean and hungry world. More joy comes from one Cobb than from 1,000,000,000 bushels of corn—and, although he is rare in one sense, in another he may be ranked as the South's largest output."

Colonel Farley's Narrow Escape

The "steamroom athletes" of the Olympic Club are telling a story about Colonel John Farley which I suspect to be altogether untrue. On second thought, however, there is some truth in it, for there is no doubt that Al Coney, the advance man of the "baby wine," left a bottle of oil on a shelf, oil of a deep emerald hue. It is also authenticated that Charlie Asher came running up to Al Coney and Tom Keating of the St. Francis—they share a dressing room at the club—and demanded that Coney get possession of the bottle before evil ensued.

"What's the matter?" asked Coney.

"Why," said Asher, "Colonel Farley thinks it's a bottle of creme de menthe, and he's been looking everywhere for a straw. He wants to sample it."

"Did he find the straw?" demanded Tom Keating.

"No," said Asher.

"Farley's life saved by a straw," ejaculated Keating.

"Is that young lady I saw you with the other day your wife or sister?"

"Er—I haven't asked her yet."

"I can't understand this code of ethics."

"What code is that?"

"The one which makes it all right to take a man's last dollar, but a breach of etiquette to take his last cigarette."

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YVONNE OF BRITTANY

By Ernest Dowson

(Reprinted from The Lantern by request)

In your mother's apple-orchard,

Just a year ago last spring:

Do you remember, Yvonne!

The dear trees lavishing

Rain of their starry blossoms

To make you a coronet?

Do you remember, Yvonne?

As I remember yet.

In your mother's apple-orchard,

When the world was left behind:

You were shy, so shy, Yvonne!

But your eyes were calm and kind;

We spoke of the apple harvest,

When the cider press is set,

And such-like trifles, Yvonne!

That doubtless you forget.

In the still, soft Breton twilight,

We were silent; words were few,

Till your mother came out chiding,

For the grass was bright with dew:

But I know your heart was beating,

Like a fluttered, frightened dove.

Do you ever remember, Yvonne?

That first faint flush of love?

In the fulness of midsummer,

When the apple-bloom was shed,

Oh, brave was your surrender,

Though shy the words you said.

I was glad, so glad, Yvonne!

To have led you home at last;

Do you ever remember, Yvonne!

How swiftly the days passed?

In your mother's apple-orchard

It is grown too dark to stray,

There is none to chide you, Yvonne!

You are over far away.

There is dew on your grave grass, Yvonne!

But your feet it shall not wet:

No, you never remember, Yvonne!

And I shall soon forget.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Greenway's Successor

During the last winter season the retirement of Ned Greenway from the active leadership of society was felt keenly, for our social set had to do without those famous assemblies which in the past were the rallying points for all the various cliques. We did not lack for formal dancing parties, but as they were given by individual hostesses the lists of those present did not represent society en masse but merely the friends and acquaintances of the particular person who dispensed hospitality. The public social affairs were the Charity Ball, the Mardi Gras and one or two other affairs not patronized exclusively by those who consider themselves exclusive. At the Greenways, of course, only those who were supposed to "belong" were found in attendance. The Greenways were a sort of clearing house for society. Hostesses ascertained the dates of the Greenways before fixing the dates of their own private entertainments. Most of the big dinner parties were given on Greenway nights. Without the Greenways society is like a ship without a rudder, or better still, an army without a general. So the question is being asked with some anxiety: Will not some expert man step forward and volunteer for Ned Greenway's job? So far there has been no acceptable volunteer. Certain young men are known to entertain the ambition to succeed Greenway, but they are not altogether satisfactory. San Francisco does not care to face the ordeal of another season without a social leader, but it may have to. It is a melancholy situation, but society people are like sheep—they need herding, and submit to it quite willingly.

The Death of Vesta Shortridge

She died Mrs. Henry C. Davis, but we knew her best and always speak of her as Vesta Shortridge. Even while she was the wife of Emile Bruguere we called her Vesta Shortridge. She had a personality which marriage did not subordinate, and her name was the symbol of it. She had all the Shortridge brilliance, the Shortridge wit, the Shortridge vivacity. She was only in her thirtieth year when blood poisoning followed the extraction of a tooth and cut her off. She had lived a large life. She was just "sweet sixteen" when she drew attention among us as an amateur actress of rare ability. She belonged to the extinct Beta Sigma Dramatic Club and appeared with eclat in such pieces as "Trelawney of the Wells" and "The Young Mrs. Winthrop." Flushed by that first success she thought of going on the professional stage. Managers made tempting offers, and there is no doubt that

she would have been successful. But she changed her mind, and married Emile Bruguere. As his wife, and later as a grass widow she was the center and inspiration of a merry, light-hearted circle that woke up the sleepy old town of Monterey as it has never been awakened before or since. Her pranks were without number, and there was always the impress of a real brain upon them. She wrote with considerable cleverness, but only a few of her pieces reached the public. Her second marriage was a romance of the Philippines. It had the effect of quieting her exuberance, and that may be taken as a sign that she was happy. There are many hereabouts to mourn good-looking, witty, madcap Vesta Shortridge.

First and Second Debuts

It is the fashion nowadays not to rest content with a single debut. A second debut is quite "vogue," provided it take place in a different city. Thus Miss Hannah Hobart who made her bow to local society last winter, will be presented to Philadelphia society this autumn. Mrs. Charles Wheeler, the mother of Miss Hobart, makes her home in Philadelphia, and the young lady will be greeted on the occasion of her second coming-out by the most exclusive families of that city. Another girl who was presented to San Francisco society last winter is Miss Emily Timlow, the granddaughter of Mrs. James Carolan. She will make her second debut in New York where her parents live. Among the San Francisco girls who will make their first debut—it is necessary to say "first," in view of the new fad this season, are Emily Pope, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Pope; Jean Boyd, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Boyd; Alice Keeler, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Starr Keeler; Alice and Lucy Hanchett, the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis E. Hanchett; and Veida Dodge, the daughter of Washington Dodge.

An Engagement Announced

Informal announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Mazie Cook and Mr. Edward F. O'Day. Miss Cook is the daughter of Mrs. Mary E. Cook of 1540 McAllister street. Her sisters are Mrs. James Raleigh Kelly and Sister Barbara of the Dominican order. Miss Cook is a graduate of St. Rose's Academy in this city. Mr. O'Day is associate editor of Town Talk and of The Lantern. The wedding will take place in October.

"Society Women Are Nereids"

Reading the above statement in one of the local society columns and being desirous of confirming it, I showed it to a very popular belle, the graduate of a smart finishing school. She said she never heard of Nereids before, and wanted to know whether it had anything to do with preparedness. Application to other belles brought no more encouraging results, so I finally went to the encyclopedia. I found there what I had suspected, that Nereids are sea nymphs, a species I thought extinct except in the movies for which Annette Kellerman poses. I found that the Nereids live in the depths of the sea, which makes it quite absurd to say that "society women are Nereids." Also that Nereids are always lightly clad, which, I must confess, is true of society women

as we see them at balls and on the beach. Also that Nereids ride on dolphins or sea monsters. I never heard of a society woman who dared to ride on a porpoise even. I must conclude, therefore, that the bavarde's statement is not correct, that society women are not Nereids. Perhaps the bavarde meant that some society women are good swimmers, and fond of the water.

Have a Nickel Handy

If you go to call on Joe Redding at his home, be sure to have a nickel with you. For Joe Redding levies this toll—no more, no less—upon all the friends who visit at his house. The nickel goes into a box labeled "French Red Cross," and the money is forwarded to Paris by the Redding cook, a Frenchwoman who sends every cent she can spare from her wages to the beloved republic. The nickels help to swell her contributions materially, for Joe Redding entertains a great many friends. And it goes without saying that Joe does not confine himself to nickels in his personal contributions to the cook's fund. This cook—she is an artiste, by the way—has twenty-seven relatives fighting in the French army.

A Great Sorrow

A great sorrow has come into the lives of the Robert Hendersons, stirring the deep sympathy of their friends. Their little boy, Robert Burns Henderson, after a brief illness, died at the Adler Sanitarium on Monday of this week. He was two years and eight months old. Mrs. Henderson was formerly Miss Louise McCormick, daughter of Mr. E. O. McCormick, vice-

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president of the Southern Pacific Company. Before her marriage with Mr. Henderson, which took place five years ago, she was quite active in social circles, and she and her husband have many warm friends who have been deeply touched by their sad bereavement.

A Privileged Baby

A baby girl has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe Jr. of Woodside. If she could only realize it, she is a privileged little tot, for she has more than the usual number of forbears to look after her. In addition to her parents she has two living grandmothers, and two living great-grandmothers, to make no mention of masculine forbears who of course don't count much in a case of this sort. The two grandmothers are Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe and Mrs. James Athearn Folger. The two great-grandmothers are Mrs. Emilie Donohoe and Mrs. Abby Parrott. It goes without saying that the baby will receive more attention than she can appreciate in her present indifferent state of mind.

Elkins in Good Company

Felton Elkins, playwright, will find himself in excellent company on next Saturday evening, for one of his plays is going to share attention in Mrs. William Miller Graham's Country Playhouse at Montecito with "The Twelve Pound Look." Elkins and Barrie! It is a combination calculated to daunt a rising playwright. And yet Elkins called his maiden dramatic effort "Felton's First Play," thereby reminding us of one of Bernard Shaw's amusing pieces. So perhaps he will pluck up sufficient courage to stand the ordeal of comparison with Sir James Matthew Barrie. The name of the Elkins play which is to be seen with the Barrie play in which we all adored Ethel Barrymore is "Feet of Clay." The leading part will be taken by Mrs. James Putnam of New York. Another part will be taken by the Baroness de Ropp. Moncure Robinson of New York, a brother of Mrs. Putnam, will help stage the play, that being one of his favorite amateur activities. A number of San Francisco and San Mateo people will go to Montecito to see how Felton Elkins makes out. They are prepared to shout "Author!"

Guests at the Palace

Robert T. Harper of Denver who is largely interested in the Colorado sugar beet industry, is a guest at the Palace. Mr. Harper says much Mormon Church money is being invested quietly in sugar beet plants in Nevada, the San Joaquin country of California and the Medford and Grant's Pass regions of Oregon. In his opinion Bishop C. W. Nibley of that church has made a marked success in investing some of its funds in sugar beet propositions. W. H. Snedaker of Tacoma, the railroad-car wheel manufacturer; and George W. Markell of Wilmington, Del., who is actively interested in securing nitrates from the California kelp beds for one of the Delaware powder companies, are guests. So is Banker W. E. Gerber of Sacramento who founded the "No Thank You League" several months ago at the State capital. Mr. Gerber says it now has 5600 members. He is opposed to treating for drinks in saloons. E. L. Doheny and Thomas A. O'Donnell of Los Angeles, leading factors in the Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company, are guests. Also Willis H. Booth of Los Angeles, candidate for the Republican nomination for United States Senator; F. F. Spencer, superintendent of the McCloud River Lumber Company, McCloud, and Mrs. Spencer, and F. O. McGavic, attorney for the same concern. Walter B. Pearson and W. L. Carter, both of the Alleghany Mining Company of Nevada, are at the Palace. Other recent arrivals were: C. D. Terwilliger of the Verdi Mining Company of Nevada, Dr. and Mrs. C. D. Six of Stockton and J. H. McConnell of Los Angeles.

At the Cecil

Brigadier-General and Mrs. W. W. Robinson of the United States army are recent arrivals at the Cecil. They will be in San Francisco for about a month. They are close friends of Colonel and Mrs. Lloyd McCormick who are also stopping at the hotel. Miss V. L. Chandler of New York is visiting Mrs. J. B. Hillhouse. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Brode of Los Angeles are being extensively entertained by their San Francisco friends. They are guests. Colonel and Mrs. Raymond of the United States medical corp have been joined by their son W. B. Raymond. Mr. and Mrs.

W. Jones, Mrs. Frederick Betts and Miss Katherine Betts motored up from Los Angeles and are domiciled in attractive rooms. Mrs. Dora Alhborn gave an elaborate luncheon Wednesday. The private dining room was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Mrs. Alhborn is a society woman of Honolulu who is sojourning for the summer. Misses K. Beans and E. Little motored from their homes in Saratoga, and will be guests at the Cecil for a week or ten days. Mrs. William Franklin Morris gave a delightful week-end party at her beautiful summer home at Menlo Park.

Electric Swings at Tavern

The Electric Swings and the Aerial Ballet continue to fascinate that portion of society remaining in town. It is the daintiest and most striking novelty ever introduced at the Techau Tavern. High from the dome of the dining salon of the Tavern are suspended swings all garlanded in flowers and carrying a swaying freight of pretty girls doing all sorts of clever things. The illumination scheme is a feature in itself. The Electric Swings and the Aerial Ballet are to be seen and enjoyed during the afternoon, during dinner and after the theatre. The perfume favors continue at the Tavern—three large four-dollar bottles of La Boheme perfume. Every Tuesday night the championship hockey match and the dinner at the Tavern preceding the game at the Ice Palace remain one of our brightest events.

The Gentle Cynic

There is quite a difference between throwing your whole soul into a thing and putting your foot into it.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it's when a man finds himself in hot water that he gets cold feet.

You never can tell. Many a man whose clothes last him a long time will wear out his welcome with astonishing rapidity.

Heroes are sometimes merely fools who rush in where angels fear to tread.

A woman's idea of wasted energy is telling a secret about a person no one is interested in.

The woman who pins her faith to a man should be careful to use a safety pin.

Preparedness against War

"Safe-Tea First"

In the Household
Your troubles
will be over
when you buy

Ridgways Tea

Awarded Gold Medal—Highest Honor
India-Ceylon Teas—San Francisco, 1915

Gossip of the Theatre

A Girl in the Chorus

Occasionally at the theatre one's attention is attracted to a girl in the chorus. Even when there are several pretty girls in the chorus one individual sometimes stands out either from force of magnetism or personality. An instance is that of Liane Carrera now at the Cort. When this young miss becomes a famous star she will, I am sure, have delightful recollections of her experience in the chorus where she is now singing and dancing with a number of other pretty girls. I am sure she will be a star, for, so I am told, she has her mind set upon a fixed place in the theatrical heavens where she will be shining not by any reflected radiance. As she is a girl with a very strong, highly cultivated mind, a firm will and a definitely planned course of procedure along lines of preparedness, the attainment of her ambition is a foregone conclusion. When you see her in Canary Cottage you will know her at once. She is the girl with the glorious eyes, the one with the lovely smile, the beautiful hair, the adorable hands, the one who acts every second, in brief, the girl whom the whole audience watches whenever she comes on the stage. Not only has this French girl beauty and grace; she has rare ornaments of education as well as of nature. She was educated in Germany as well as in France, and she speaks four languages. Her German is as impeccable as her French. A girl of a cultivated mind is Liane Carrera, who thinks for herself and observes with insight and interest all that goes on in the world. She has a knowledge of social forms that would mean a high salary to a social secretary, a sense of order amounting to an exact science and a gift of repartee such as made the fame of many of her attractive country women who reigned in salons frequented by savants. This sounds like exaggerated praise, but it isn't. Best of all Liane Carrera is a real girl, natural, courteous, modest, full of the joy of youth and always surprising one with her lively, winning ways. And yet she is now being a very, very naughty little girl, for she is a runaway, and, I fancy, a bit dubious about the result of having her own way. Her mother, Anna Held, took her to Los Angeles about a year ago to live with her life-long friend Mrs. Banks, a sister of Charles Hanlon; for Los Angeles is believed to be a safe distance away from theatrical companies and agents; and Anna Held's principal ambition in life has been that her daughter should not be an actress. Everyone knows that Miss Carrera ran away in New York about two years ago when she got an engagement as the star of a vaudeville company on the Orpheum circuit. It was later on that her mother coaxed her to stay in Los Angeles. As a compromise she reluctantly gave her daughter permission to study the work in the movies. As opportunity to be featured didn't arrive soon enough to suit the ambitious girl, she decided to embark on a cruise of her own navigating. Two weeks ago she went to the manager of Canary Cottage, said her name was Lillie Carr, that she wanted to learn to be an actress and would he take her in the chorus. As the business of a manager is to have sensitive sight and hearing and an infallible taste in girls, he would. Probably he wondered why the manager of a provincial company should have the luck that the managers of the best New York shows would give a great deal to have. How-

ever, a New York manager would probably not have assigned this girl to the chorus. But Los Angeles and New York are two such different places. Besides Liane said she wanted to go into the chorus, and people usually let her have her way. But now there is a scolding ahead for her in New York. Well, after all, "youth will be served." I believe it would be as easy to teach a little bird to keep its lovely wings always folded as to succeed in making Anna Held's daughter stay off the stage.

—H. M. B.

"The Great Divide"

Here we have Massachusetts and Arizona in conflict. The spirit of New England engages in war with the spirit of the West. The refined woman of Milford Corners comes in contact with the raw man of the Catalina Mountains. Civilization's latest product clashes with the crude humanity of the desert. The woman is like a hot house flower; the man is like a chunk of quartz. There is exquisite fragrance in the flower; there is gold in the quartz. Elementally these twain are one, but layer after layer of tradition must be removed before their unity is recognized. Love works the miracle with the aid of suffering. East is East, and West is West; but there is nor East nor West when a man and a woman like

this man and this woman meet on the Great Divide. It is a poet's play, the play of that great poet William Vaughn Moody who died in the midst of his ripeness. Moody was very close to the heart of America, so this play has truth—not alone the truth of realism to which we are used in the theatre, but that rare, that significant truth which is spoken for the enlightenment of the understanding, for the shaping and the betterment of conduct. Like an old tragedy this play purges the emotions. It is not merely an entertainment; it is an influence. In the history of the American stage "The Great Divide" must forever be associated with Henry Miller. It was written for him; he created for the stage the character of Stephen Ghent, and it is his most powerful creation. Others have played Stephen Ghent, but they are not to be thought of with Henry Miller. Actors who play the part in the future—for this is a play which will not die—may command respect only as they approximate Miller's greatness in the role. Much the same thing may be said henceforth of Hilda Spong in the role of Ruth Jordan. This finished actress makes Ruth Jordan a woman of almost agonizing vitality. She makes us all actors in her drama; we experience all the heavens and hells of feeling which sweep over her. It is a splendid portrayal. To see "The Great Divide" as Henry Miller presents it at the



MRS. RALPH HERZ

Next week at the Orpheum

Columbia is to participate in the best the American stage of our time has to offer.

—Edward F. O'Day.

The Sokoloff Concert

At the People's Philharmonic concert last Sunday afternoon at the Cort Theatre we made the acquaintance of a pianist who came to us unheralded but who needed no introduction. His art was enough to put him on good terms with his audience. Desider Josef Vecsei is his name. He is a young Hungarian, a virile musician, possessed of physical dexterity and passionate precision. He has the power of startling music into a surprised awakening. His number was Liszt's Concerto in E Flat, and he played it with the brilliance that Liszt requires. While he was playing a spell was over everyone. He is the sort of musician one longs to hear again. The Philharmonic concerts, by the way, are steadily growing in favor. Nikolai Sokoloff has been giving people music that they like, and evidently they like him as a director too. Last Sunday he gave us a programme full of color, poetry and rhythm. Among the delightful numbers were Borodin's "Unfinished Symphony," Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture, Sibelius's tone-poem "Finlandia" and the ballet suite "Sylvia." It was a programme of exquisite harmonies and the orchestra played with fine effectiveness.

—The Music Lover.

Laughter Rampant at Pantages

Pantages this week has taken all the nuts of the circuit and combined them into one show, making the most laughable entertainment in vaudeville. "Who is Who" by Charles Mason and Company is the title of that farce which your friends have told you not to miss. Two Germans having the same characteristics, the same name and a twinlike appearance, live across the hall from each other in the same hotel. One has a beautiful wife; hence many comic complications. Imagine what Harry Breen must be when this appears under his name on the programme—"A nut without a grain of sense." He shows that he means every word of it. Buster and Bailey are also laughter-makers. They are a couple of colored folk that sing a little, talk a little and dance a-plenty. Mr. J. J. Cluxton has a big-town act that toured the circuit last year with great success—the La Scala Sextet. They again sing their way to favor. The Venetian Four supply music that makes their allowed time seem too short. The Three Dusty Rhodes close the bill with their laughing acrobatic stunts after the circus style.

—The Second Nighter.

Ruth St. Denis at Berkeley

The event of the season at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, occurs on the evening of July 29 when the Ruth St. Denis Dance Pageant will be given of "The Life and After Life of Greece, India and Egypt." Miss St. Denis will be assisted by her husband and dancing partner Ted Shawn, a ballet of one hundred and a symphony orchestra of forty. Ruth St. Denis is the first dancer ever honored by an invitation to appear at the University of California, and this pageant will be the last word in artistic ensembles, gorgeousness of costuming and incidental music. The costuming and backgrounds for the pageant were all executed at Denishawn.

Anna Wheaton at the Orpheum

The Orpheum bill next week will be rich in novelty, variety and merit. A new vaude-

ville combination is that of Anna Wheaton and Harry Carroll, both of whom have achieved remarkable success in their respective lines. Miss Wheaton has succeeded both in drama and musical comedy, and Mr. Carroll's ability as a composer and pianist is generally conceded. Miss Wheaton began her career as a dramatic actress and appeared in support of Maude Adams, Margaret Anglin and many other stars. More recently she was associated with De Wolf Hopper and Sam Bernard. Mr. Carroll collaborated in composing "The Passing Show of 1914" and has written many popular songs including "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "There's a Girl in the Heart of Maryland," "Let's Go Round to Ann's" and "Off With the Old Love." Mrs. Ralph Herz who will divide the headline honors is the wife of the popular musical comedy and vaudeville star. Her contribution will consist of a comedy oddity by Sada Cowan entitled "I Wish I Knew" which is said to be thoroughly original in its idea and to afford Mrs. Herz abundant opportunity to display her ability both as an actress and dancer and to wear several fascinating costumes. It also gives her an opportunity to introduce a new waltz written for her by Paul Irving. Lou Holtz who styles himself "Father Joy's Boy" has been a feature of several of the Winter Garden productions and has scored heavily in musical comedy. He is one of the wittiest, cleverest and most amusing monologists in vaudeville. Mary Melville, until recently a member of the popular team of Melville and Higgins, is relying solely on her own efforts for success and is said to be much funnier by herself. G. Aldo Randegger, the famous Italian pianist, will be heard in an entirely new programme. Jim and Betty Morgan will sing new songs of their own composition. Martinetti and Sylvester, "The Boys with the Chairs," will perform novel and diverting feats. It will be the last week of the famous character actor Alexander Carr and his company in "An April Shower."

Hilarious New Farce at Alcazar

Sensational drama will give way next week at the Alcazar to hilarious farce comedy when Adele Blood and Forrest Stanley and their associate players will be seen in the very first production in this city of the latest and greatest New York laughing success "The Blue Envelope." This lively concoction which is absolutely warranted to drive away the blues, is the work of a former member of the Alcazar players Robert Homans who was associated with the popular playhouse before the big fire. Collaborating with him is another actor Frank Hatch, and all the things these two clever men know about the comedy stage have been crammed into "The Blue Envelope," with a clean and sparkling farce as the result. Miss Blood whose blonde beauty and charming personality have completely captured local theatregoers, is going to surprise even her most ardent admirers with the ease and grace with which she can jump from a role of the calibre of "Innocent" to that of the lively Angelica in "The Blue Envelope." Handsome Forrest Stanley will be equally well cast as a bright and breezy young American. Ollie Cooper, the Alcazar's new ingenue, will make her first appearance in this offering, and all of the Alcazar players will be happily cast. The stage production, under the personal direction of Addison Pitt who has returned from his vacation, will be up the Alcazar's high water mark.

Second Week of "Great Divide"

Henry Miller has most assuredly surpassed all his previous efforts in the presentation of a play in this city, with his production of "The Great Divide," now drawing immense audiences to the Columbia. The play is to be continued for another week, and already the advance sale is immense. Hilda Spong, Bruce McRae, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Alice Lindahl, Walter Connolly, H. R. Sams, John Findlay and others support Mr. Miller in the presentation. Matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. Ruth Chatterton is in San Francisco and under the direction of Mr. Miller, is rehearsing with her supporting cast, featuring Bruce McRae, in the new three-act comedy "Come Out of the Kitchen" which is to follow "The Great Divide"



MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON

The Most Gorgeous and Pretentious Novelty Dancing and Acrobatic Production that has Ever Been Booked Over the Pantages Circuit

"THE SLAVE DEALERS"

A Pantomimic Production With Twenty-four Artists from the Court of the Shah of Persia Presented Under the Direction of Al Golem

A WONDERFUL EIGHT-ACT SHOW AND THE CONCLUDING CHAPTER OF THE GRIPPING MYSTERY SERIAL "THE IRON CLAW" CAN YOU GUESS WHO IS THE "LAUGHING MASK"

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse Phone Franklin 150 Geary and Mason

Beginning Monday Night, July 31

SECOND WEEK—Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

HENRY MILLER

Appearing as Stephen Ghent in an Elaborate Revival of

"THE GREAT DIVIDE"

By William Vaughn Moody

NEXT PRODUCTION

"COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN"

First Time on Any Stage

Orpheum

Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

J. FARRELL and STOCKTON & POWELL Phone Douglas 70
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day

ANNA WHEATON & HARRY CARROLL in Songs by Harry Carroll; MRS. RALPH HERZ & CO. in Sada Cowan's Novel Skit "I Wish I Knew;" LOU HOLTZ, "Father Joy's Boy;" MARY MELVILLE (Late of Melville & Higgins) Offering Herself Alone; G. ALDO RANDEGGER, the Leading Italian Pianist in New Repertoire; JIM & BETTY MORGAN in New Songs of Their Own Composition; MARTINETTI & SYLVESTER, "The Boys with the Chairs;" Last Week ALEXANDER CARR & CO. (Late Star of "Potash and Perlmutter") in "An April Shower."

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

CORT

LEADING THEATRE
Ellis and Market

Phone Sutter 2460

Third Big Week Starts Sunday Night, July 30

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

OLIVER MOROSCO Presents

The Scintillating Successor to "So Long Letty"

"CANARY COTTAGE"

With a Typical Morosco Cast

SPECIAL MOROSCO \$1.00 PRICES

at the Columbia. Harry Mestayer, Margaret St. John and Mrs. John Craig have been specially brought from the East for the new play.

Third Week of "Canary Cottage"

"Canary Cottage" has caught San Francisco in no uncertain fashion, if packed houses are a criterion. The Cort has registered capacity ever since the Oliver Morosco "comedy with music" came to town, and the advance sale for the third week of the engagement augurs a continuance of prosperity. That "So Long Letty" has been outdone by "Canary Cottage" is the general verdict. It is by the same authors, Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris who are responsible for the book, and Earl Carroll who wrote the music. The score abounds in catchy song numbers. "I Never Knew," "Canary Cottage," "The Syncopated Harp," "It's Always Orange Day in California" and other melodies are particularly popular. Trixie Friganza, Charles Ruggles and Herbert Cortrell lead the funmaking, and the cast includes such well known people as Dorothy Webb, Leola Lucey, Eddie Cantor, William Pollard, Grace Ellsworth, the Edwards brothers and the Morin sisters. The chorus of "canaries" gets a good share of attention, and naturally, for the girls have beauty and grace and can really sing.

Shah's Entertainer at Pantages

The Al Golem troupe of court artistes from the royal household of the Shah of Persia, offering a vaudeville version of the world famous pantomime "The Slave Dealers," will be the stellar attraction at Pantages commencing Sunday afternoon. Golem bears official seals, stars and an assortment of varied gold crescents which bear witness to the fact that he was really master of entertainments for his royal majesty, and those who have seen the troupe in action claim that he should have little difficulty holding the job. There are twenty-four performers with the Golem company and they do everything that has been done before in vaudeville, and add quite a number of novelties. Aside from the acrobatic and dancing features of the production it is one of the most gorgeously dressed that has ever been booked over the circuit. Of the other acts there are Joan Marston and John Storm who have a dandy little playlet called "His Alibi;" Joe Roberts who strums the banjo; Rose and Ellis, the "jumping jacks of vaudeville;" the Browne, Fletcher trio in a sketch of the streets of New York; "A Christmas Carol;" Mabel Harper who is not ashamed to be termed a "nut" comedienne; Davis and McCoy, singers and dancers; and the concluding chapter of that absorbing mystery serial "The Iron Claw."

The Next Philharmonic

With Mariska Aldrich, dramatic soprano from the Metropolitan Opera House, as soloist the

People's Philharmonic Orchestra, Nikolai Sokoloff conductor, will give the eighth popular symphony concert of the summer series at the Cort Sunday afternoon, August 6. The programme which will commence promptly at three o'clock, includes Mozart's G Minor Symphony. Mariska Aldrich will sing the great aria from the "L'Enfant Prodigue" of Debussy and the "Liebestod" from "Tristan and Isolde." The dainty intermezzo "The Night" by the Bohemian composer Edward Franzevich Napronik, and the march "Promp and Circumstance" of the English composer Elgar will complete this most interesting programme.

From a Hermit's Note Book

I used to understand the world so little, when I was in it. Now that I am out of it, I understand it better than to go back to it.

I have no philosophy—I am a philosopher.

I slept late this morning—the sun almost beat me up.

Every man is weak, not according to the temptation created for him, but according to the temptations he creates for himself.

I remember when the spectre of loneliness filled my soul; that was when I was never alone.

Achievement is the fruition of constant failure.

The Wonders of Science

A camera man, working for the educational department of a film company, met an old farmer coming out of a house in one of the Middle States, and explained his presence on the place thus:

"I have just been talking some moving pictures of life on your farm."

"Did you catch any of my laborers in motion?" asked the old man curiously.

"Sure, I did!"

The farmer shook his head reflectively, and then said:

"Science is a wonderful thing!"



TED SHAWN

To be seen at Greek Theatre with Ruth St. Denis

Martyrs

There are two sorts
Of martyrdom,
Two ways whereby
The crown may come.

Misguided feats
To glory flung,
There is the fool
By sages hung.

Immortal made,
Forever gemmed,
There is the sage
By fools condemned.

If fool judged fool
Or sage judged sage,
No martyr's tale
Would gild the page.

—McLandburgh Wilson.

Wise Precaution

Mrs. Jones was about to go away for a couple of weeks, and her husband said to her: "My dear, I want to ask you one favor before you go."

"What is it?" questioned Mrs. Jones.

"Don't try to put the house in order before you go," replied Jones.

"Why, it isn't hard work," continued Mrs. Jones.

"Perhaps not," replied Jones, "but think of the expense of telegraphing to you every time I want to find anything."

In Exalted Company

One of the members of a committee of inspection on its tour of a certain penitentiary found himself in conversation with one of the convicts. The latter was disposed to be confidential, and thus unburdened himself:

"It is a terrible thing to be known by a number instead of a name, and to feel that all my life I shall be an object of suspicion among the police."

"But you will not be alone, my friend," said the visitor, consolingly. "The same thing happens to people who own automobiles."

There must be moments in the life of city people when even death seems unpleasant.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75,177; Dept. No. 4.

HELENA HORSTMANN, Plaintiff, versus CONRAD HORSTMANN, also known as CHARLES HORSTMANN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CONRAD HORSTMANN, also known as CHARLES HORSTMANN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's habitual intemperance and of Defendant's failure to provide Plaintiff the necessities of life; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ALCAZAR THEATRE

PHONE KEARNY 2

Commencing Monday Night, July 31

ADELE BLOOD

and

FORREST STANLEY

Latest and Greatest New York Laughing Success

"THE BLUE ENVELOPE"

By Robert Homans and Frank Hatch

First Appearance of

OLLIE COOPER

The Alcazar's New Ingenue

PRICES—Evenings: 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees: 25c, 50c

A City of Feuds and Disorder

(Continued from Page 7)

was too heroic for The Bulletin. He recommended the cowardly assassination of paraders. You see, McDevitt was affected by the atmosphere and the wheels went round. At this moment he is in some danger of forfeiting his shallow head to Mayor Rolph, for this gentleman, back from the Rodeo, is now very heartily in sympathy with the Law and Order League.

Though McDevitt was pretty savage he wasn't the whole show. At this meeting where murder was recommended, were many distinguished men. The day before the meeting The Bulletin reported that Father D. O. Crowley was to act as a vice-president and sit on the platform. I haven't heard whether he was there, but knowing that he was the only priest in San Francisco in sympathy with the Graft Prosecution, and that he is one of Fremont Older's bosom friends perhaps I may safely assume that he was on hand along with Olaf Tveitmoe, Professor A. W. Pope, Professor Ira Howarth and the other illuminati listed as vice-presidents by The Bulletin—the day before. I know one good religious teacher was there in the graceful person of the Rabbi Nieto, for I read his epigrams in The Bulletin, which described his speech as "bristling with sarcasm and punctuated with flights of sardonic eloquence." Give ear to a Nieto "epigram:"

"Next Saturday out will walk the great fat-bellied banker in august panoplied grandeur, holding his hand on his stomach, etc. Behind him will march a man in a stove-pipe hat, perhaps left over from the Exposition."

How characteristic is this sort of stuff, of the mind and heart of the preacher of class hatred. The Rabbi added:

"They'll pretend that they are fighting for the spirit of '76. They're not. They're fighting to hold what they've got, and perhaps to get more."

According to this same speaker, a preacher of religion, "The fifteen millions of men in Mexico are fighting for freedom there more nobly than we are doing it here today." He added: "What are they really getting this thing up for anyhow? Why they want contracts, these big manufacturers, etc." Further, he told his hearers that he did not hate anybody; and I believe he spoke the truth. It was probably merely a case of a vain man pouring back on his audience in a flood, as Gladstone once remarked, what he received from them in a vapor. But such are the perils of oratory. All the speakers proclaimed their great love for humanity, voicing at the same time sentiments from which one must infer that they have a very vigorous aversion to people who have accumulated a large supply of the world's goods. By accident, let us hope, they wallowed in the slime the demagogue exudes in his best moments. Though one of them suggested that rather than prepare for the defense of the country we should organize our industries, they had nothing to say of the virtue of industry. Indeed the prevailing sentiment appeared to be that when a man becomes a successful organizer of industry, perforce he becomes a rascal. They would give one the impression that with all their love of humanity they would thrust every captain of industry beyond the pale of a tolerant civilization. Chairman Spreckels, whose bones ache for humanity, talked as though in his opinion no man can get a certificate of character without first disowning the whole tribe of prosperous citizens. "I am not here," he said, "to represent the

capitalistic class." Nevertheless he gave utterance to this sweet sentiment: "I come here tonight with a kindly feeling towards all those who live on this earth with you and me." After this one might have expected to hear him hiss when he heard the amiable Rabbi on the platform observe: "Each night and morning those heroic marchers are groomed by their valets . . . Their country and their flag!—long, long let us pray." Maybe some day we shall make it a felony for a man to employ a valet. And long before that perhaps we shall be furiously impatient of any man with a valet who presumes to affect devotion to his country's flag.

But let us have compassion rather than anger for these unfortunate victims of their verbosity whom some folks have been making very uncomfortable. Really we should be sorry for them. How unfortunate was the contretemps that befell them! But it may teach them a lesson, and they may reform. Even Rudie may turn over a new leaf now that he sees what happens to a man who goes about hiding his pet aversions behind moral disapproval and assigning the wrong reason to private whims to give them a public character. The dog in the manger policy may be abandoned, and like one of the Supervisors of the days of the Graft Prosecution he may see the wisdom of becoming a good dog for a while. Who knows? Think of the transformation that has been wrought in The Examiner.

Some months ago I paid tribute to the wonderful Mr. Hearst's remarkable celerity in beating the backwash whenever the tide of public opinion begins to ebb. Behold him now! He got a slight intimation from the Law and Order League, but he printed no editorial on the subject. He wasn't sure the Chamber of Commerce that he abused some months ago was in earnest. Apparently he is growing old, for this time it took a bomb to quicken his perceptions. But at once we were given a broadside editorial that makes Tartuffe and Pecksniff look like amateurs. The editorial is a rebuke to fomenters of class hatred. Here is the real old boy himself rebuking sin with a vengeance! Fancy the most vociferous of all Cleons since the death of their prototype complaining of newspapers that incite class hatred! It was only a few months ago that the Hearst papers published in the Sunday edition the most vicious appeal to class hatred that ever appeared in any paper. The pretext was a discussion of the Astor family. In his unrepentent editorial Hearst complains of "fomenters of disorder and crime." Did anybody ever before hear of a similar complaint from this source? Ambrose Bierce, who was a member of Hearst's staff for years, tells us in a book that the standing order in Hearst newspaper offices is to take the side of the strikers in all disturbances without investigation. In this editorial Hearst also complains of people who "traduce upright judges." On the same page not long ago he was traducing Judge Sturtevant and appealing to class hatred and intimidating all the judges of the superior bench. The truth about Hearst is that he is more to be dreaded than any Red that ever preached anarchy or appealed to the emotions of the unbalanced. Who was it, by the way, that was lately traducing the President of this country for not stopping the manufacture of munitions, thus inciting the scoundrels who were causing explosions in munition factories and putting bombs on Atlantic steamers? It is easy to have compassion for the men who preached at the anti-preparedness meeting, but the ineffable Hearst inspires only disgust. There is no hope for him. Let us not take him too seriously. Only be well

pleased that force of circumstances has for the time being swept him to the side of law and order along with some of our public servants. As to Mayor Rolph let us hope he will now be found co-operating with the forces of law and order. I was glad to see him in the parade and on the reviewing stand. He was beating the backwash himself, for, I am told, he was not enthusiastic about the parade. The man who inspired the parade, by the way, was Charles F. Hanlon, president of the Pacific Coast Defense League. Now Charley Hanlon is no munition manufacturer. And if he has a valet, at least he has no potbelly. Among other things he is a patriot, and he spent some of his own good money to finance the parade. He expects to get some of it back from subscribers, among them our merchants who first promised a thousand and then renigged to the extent of five hundred because Hanlon would not agree to hold the parade in an empty city on the Fourth of July instead of on a Saturday afternoon. Now Charley, I am told, had a hard time enthusing the Mayor. He wanted the Mayor to appoint a list of citizens, but Secretary Rainey "kissed him off" until he rang up all-powerful Matt I. Sullivan who got him an audience. The Mayor wanted to refer the matter to the Supervisors, but Mr. Hanlon was sceptical on that point. He had heard during his negotiations that there was some objection to his list of citizens, and he thought that there would be some demand for labor leaders with wet blankets. But why go on with the sad story? Suffice it that we followed the lead of seventy big cities and had our parade with the Hon. James Rolph at the head of it. At heart of course our Mayor is a patriot and loves his city as well as humanity. As soon as he saw things in the right light he was strong for the parade, and he has been growing stronger ever since. At present the town is full of patriots, but let us not forget that among them is one Frederick J. Koster, president of the Chamber of Commerce who woke up without the help of a bomb.

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Outside of the specialties, the general list did not show much activity the past week. Steel acted the strongest stock on the list, and this probably had a tendency to hold the general list steady, as speculation is so light that it would not have taken much selling to start the market on a downward course. The strength, or rather, the firmness in steel was due to the expectation of an extra dividend at its next meeting, and while the best posted people are not expecting an extra dividend, they are looking for earnings to show up the largest on record, and expect the earnings report to bring about a stronger market. Coppers were quite inactive. The metal price showed some decline, due probably to the break in London, but as the copper shares are now selling on a basis of 15 cents, and with the price of copper metal now above the 20 cent mark, copper shares are already discounting a break in the metal. General business continues very good in all lines, and especially so in the steel trade. Railroad earnings are showing up well, and there is really nothing in the situation to warrant the dullness in speculation, except possibly a fear of a sudden peace, which might bring about a quick decline in prices. Foreigners, however, are said to be selling high class railroad shares on every advance, and with speculation so light in this country, the floating supply of stocks becomes burdensome, and the market reacts quickly from any advance, as the load is too big to carry. The reception of the new French loan in the West, as well as in New York, has been favorable. Since the big Anglo-French loan was floated in New York, nearly a year ago, the hyphenated opposition to such financing has lost its influence, and bankers and business men all over the country realize that the United States must accept such securities, and buy back American stocks and bonds in order to sell agricultural products, steel, copper and munitions of war to the Allies, while the war lasts. Americans are taking a broader view of the situation, and are thus putting the country in the lead in international trade and finance. Foreign trade is very profitable, and the only way to hold it is to exchange products. We cannot sell as we are doing without buying in return. When the balance sheet is cast up, it will be found that our vast export trade has been made possible by our purchases from others, of merchandise and securities, and that the gold we are receiving will not pay for 10 per cent of our exports. Two years of war have given us larger profits and wider trade than we have ever before enjoyed, and business men have learned much about the methods to be pursued in trading with other countries.

Wheat—The market developed into a runaway affair at the close of the week, and prices closed at the highest point on this upward move. No fault could be found with the quantity of the

damage reports coming out of the Northwest, but the public has not seemingly been satisfied until now. The speculative family are becoming more suspicious every year of the ruination described by the professional reporters and the private sources of information, which seeps through the gossip channels at prescribed periods. It seldom checks up with actual results, and so the official showings have come to be relied upon, and those emanating from the large elevator interests extending into the heart of the wheat belt. In the latter case we get the opinions of men who have known the territory for years, and who are thoroughly acquainted with the soil and its annual production, and who are constantly in touch with every phase of development. Many of the large handlers are now accustomed to review the situation once per month during the summer, and their reliability has commended itself to a large proportion of the public interested. So far these reports have shown the crop in excellent shape, and while the rust has been alluded to as prevalent, it has not been referred to by any as proving a serious menace to the gathering of a substantial harvest. It looks to us as though the rust was becoming a little stale as a price irritant, but we do not believe it good policy to oppose as strong a situation as now is apparent.

Corn—The strength in wheat and the large clearances of corn frightened the shorts, and prices at the close of the week were well above the 80 cent mark for the July option. The new crop month, while showing some advance, did not keep pace with the July future. Receipts of old corn are as large now as they were early in the year, but the demand seems to take care of all the offerings, and stocks showed another decrease for the week. The new crop is growing very fast, and it is now said to be up to its normal growth at this season of the year. The trade in the big belt, so far this month, shows a deficiency as compared with former years. However, as yet, there have been no reports of damage, but the crop is reaching the stage now when moisture will be needed, and unless we get general rains we are apt to witness fireworks in this commodity. It's a weather market.

Cotton—Bearish sentiment has been in the ascendency during the entire week, and the short interest has increased accordingly. Favorable conditions in the western half of the belt have eclipsed the damage done in Central and Eastern States by terrific wind and rain storms, which have been practically continuous now for over 30 days. Rainfall in portions of Georgia and Alabama has exceeded 20 inches within the past two weeks, and reliable authorities say that large percentage of the lowland will be abandoned entirely. As a matter of fact, rains have fallen so incessantly that all farm work has been suspended for over three weeks, and

even crops in hill lands are full of weeds. We think the market is oversold, and the speculative interest is arrayed on the short side; we still feel confident that cotton bought now will son pay nice profits.

Father—Can you support her in the style to which she has been accustomed?

Suitor—Better; I think I can get more out of you than she did.

Ethel—Here is a notice of Olive's betrothal. It must be her fourth this year.

Max—She is getting to be quite a veteran of the engagement ring.

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Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 2,084,033.89
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ISADOR LEVIN, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned EMANUEL M. LEVIN, Administrator of the estate of ISADOR LEVIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of E. H. Wakeman, 311 California Street, rooms 514-516 San Francisco, Cal., my attorney, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ISADOR LEVIN, deceased.

EMANUEL M. LEVIN,
Administrator of the estate of Isador Levin,
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 8, 1916.

E. H. WAKEMAN,
Attorney for Administrator,
311 California Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

7-8-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 73543; Dept. 10.

SADIE BRADLEY, Plaintiff, vs. LAWRENCE BRADLEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: LAWRENCE BRADLEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear on the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 5th day of May, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.
SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
423 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

5-27-10

DELINQUENT ASSESSMENT NOTICE

At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION, held on the 13th day of July, 1916, the Board of Directors made the following order:

RESOLVED, That the day of sale of stock which may be delinquent for nonpayment of assessment No. 1, be continued from the 25th day of July, 1916, at the hour of 10 A. M., to the 7th day of August, 1916, at the hour of 10 A. M., at which time the sale of the stock delinquent for assessment, shall be sold according to order heretofore made and published.

FREDERICK H. OLSCHESWSKI,
Secretary of Sequoia Club Hall Association.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE

SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION—Principal place of business: 1725 Washington Street, City and County of San Francisco.

NOTICE

That there are delinquent upon the following described shares of stock on account of Assessment No. 1, levied on the 26th day of May, 1916, the several amounts set opposite to the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Names.	No. of Certs.	No. of Shares	Amount
Merian Nelke	11	10	\$ 3.50
Charles Vogelsang	15	100	35.00
T. P. Woodward	21	100	35.00
E. R. Barron	22	30	10.50
Leon Bly	23	20	7.00
Henry Eichoff	24	10	3.50
Mrs. Arthur Regensberger	26	10	3.50
Lorrain S. Davis	37	20	7.00
Stanley L. Dodd	49	10	3.50
Mrs. C. O. Scott	38	100	35.00
Emile V. Lonigo	6	50	17.50

In accordance with the law and an order of the Board of Directors made on the 26th day of May, 1916, so many shares of each parcel of the said stock above made as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction at the office of the said SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION, at 1725 Washington Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 7th day of August, 1916, at 10 A. M. to pay delinquent assessments together with the advertisement and expenses of sales.

FREDERICK H. OLSCHESWSKI,
Secretary, Sequoia Club Hall Association.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75045; Dept. No. 3.

BECKIE DROY, Plaintiff, vs. SAM DROY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: SAM DROY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 59410.

E. SEABERG, Plaintiff, vs. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT and ALICE WALLSTEDT, his wife, formerly ALICE J. JOHNSON, otherwise known as MRS. SIGURD J. E. WALLSTEDT, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 26th day of September, A. D. 1914.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

LLOYD S. ACKERMAN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Nevada Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

5-27-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JEANNE CAZAUX (also called JEANNE CAZEUX), deceased.—No. 20,943. Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of JEANNE CAZAUX (also called JEANNE CAZEUX), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers, within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JEANNE CAZAUX (also called JEANNE CAZEUX), deceased.

GUILLAUME CAZERES,

Administrator of the estate of Jeanne Cazeaux,
also called Jeanne Cazeaux, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, July 1, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administrator,
No. 333 Kearny Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

7-1-5

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVIII. No. 1250

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 5, 1916

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE:

Bigotry With a Cloak

Our Callous Sense of Humor

The Curse of the Community

Dynamiters in the City That Is

Influence of the Movies—A Sketch

A Bibliophile Talks of the Public Library

Beerbohm Tree—His Philosophy and Humor

Two Governors of California—History Repeating Itself

The Dawn of a New World—Jonesco's Great Speech

Watch For The August Lantern

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVIII

San Francisco, August 5, 1916

No. 1250

Published Weekly by
PACIFIC PUBLICATION COMPANY (Inc.)
88 First Street, San Francisco
Phone Douglas 2612

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

The Curse of the Community

While we are all thinking seriously of purifying the atmosphere it would be well to consider the next Legislature and what kind of legislation would be good for us. We would suggest the advisability of stemming the torrent of reckless utterance from soapbox to tripod. We are not in favor of infringing the right of free speech or the liberty of the press—blessed concomitants of democracy—but we are in favor of making men and women responsible for their loose and incendiary utterances. The Athenians of old were very jealous of their sacred rights of civil liberty, but they protected themselves from demagogues by means of what was known as the indictment of illegality whereby, when a statute proved mischievous, they looked up the author of it and punished him. Now may we not do the same; that is to say, may we not take note of an incendiary utterance from bema or tripod, by which a crime is instigated, and, if perpetrated, hold the instigator of it responsible? Let us not be carried away by the mischievous cant of free speech and liberty of the press. Let us discipline our itinerant anarchists and the editors who consort with them, men like Fremont Older, warm admirer and friend of local anarchists. Perhaps we may go so far as to resent the claptrap drivél by which he appeals to class hatred. Too much we pass as harmless. An example of the baleful appeals that should be at least discouraged appeared in *The Bulletin* on the very day of the meeting held in the Auditorium under the auspices of the Law and Order League. It was entitled "One Cause of Infantile Paralysis." According to *The Bulletin* the cause is unsanitary conditions which exist where the poor live because there is "no inducement for any private interests to improve matters." This important information is given us: "It is invariably safer to be well-off and live in the better part of town," for the community does not give equal protection to all classes of the citizen." Further: "We should protect the puniest, dirtiest baby as earnestly against the assaults of preventable disease as against more tangible forms of violence." Did the learned editor have any suggestions to make as to the introduction of Utopia where poverty is no more? No, he did not. He is interested only in posing problems that only God knows how to solve. The motive of his insincerity is obvious enough. Now if our merchants have any sincerity in their ex-

pressions of indignation they would very quickly put an end to such vicious appeals to class hatred by a little wise discrimination in advertising.

Our Callous Sense of Humor

American insensibility to English humor is almost proverbial. Americans have been rather proud of it, and often with great glee have some of them pointed to the incomprehensible witticisms of *Punch*, never dreaming that the fault was not a matter of English humor but a matter of American dulness. Years ago George Meredith, in his essay *On the Idea of Comedy*, pointed out that he who addresses the mind is not to be understood where there is not a moderate degree of intellectual activity, and that whereas some people are ready to surrender themselves only to witty thumps on the back, breast and sides, the Comic Spirit aims principally at the head. Hence it is that in this country where slap-stick comedy is preferred to all other kinds George Bernard Shaw has a limited audience and is frequently misunderstood. We have seen for instance that his observation that it might be well for English soldiers to shoot their officers in the back and go home has been taken seriously in this country. It has been taken seriously not by the unschooled but by college professors and other academic philosophers who are evidently not to be touched by the humor of extravagance that sets all common sense and serious concern at defiance. Another amusing instance of a misunderstanding of Shaw is to be found in last Sunday's *Examiner* where a writer laboriously gives us a mathematical demonstration of the soundness of one of Shaw's witticisms. Some time ago the English humorist, resorting to his familiar practice of setting up a straw man to be demolished, gravely pointed out how absurd it was to talk of destroying a nation since you cannot destroy a nation without killing all the women. Of course Shaw was jesting as he usually does in argument, his favorite method being to pervert the meaning of his adversary. Shaw knows that Poland was destroyed as a nation when it ceased to exist as an independent organized political body, and he knows also what is meant by destroying the German Empire that was created by Prussia and that is now the pride and glory of the Hohenzollerns. This is a consummation not in sight at this time, but certainly it is feasible. Here is *The Examiner* writer, however, after seriously quoting Shaw, pronouncing the talk of destroying a nation "mere twaddle." And to demonstrate the twaddlesomeness of it he gives us facts and figures—the number of Germans killed, the number left, how many might still be killed and how many would then

be left, etc., etc. This is the sort of thing the sardonic Shaw loves, for his idea of a successful witticism is not having it laughed at but having it taken seriously.

Bigotry With a Cloak

Some of the Eastern dailies have been expressing astonishment at the strength shown in the National Convention of the Prohibitionists by the anti-Catholic movement. It will be remembered that the advocates of the so-called anti-Catholic plank almost won their fight and that only after an all-night session were they defeated. Now the astonishing thing is not that the bigots should have shown so much strength but that they should have failed to carry their resolution. As a matter of fact prohibition is for many a cloak for anti-Catholicism, and doubtless many Prohibitionists opposed the resolution because it would mean the removal of the cloak and their exposure in their naked skin. Yet their general character is obvious enough. Prohibitionists would prohibit the manufacture of wine, and wine is essential to the practice of the Catholic religion. If they permit the sale of wine for the sacramental purpose it is because under the federal Constitution the statute would be pronounced invalid, but the hope is cherished of some day amending the Constitution. Now it is not at all singular that men and women who are so fanatical as to be eager to destroy personal rights that were once thought to be indestructible, and who have great enthusiasm for the regulation of our inner lives in our own homes should desire to dictate in the matter of religion. The very essence of prohibition is intolerance which is the mother of religious bigotry, a harlot that haunts dark places and hates the light.

The Expansive Heart

"I am here with those who believe that humanity has rights." Thus in stentorian tones affirmed the chairman of the meeting that was held to voice the protest of the wise, the good the true and the illuminati against preparedness. What a lot of ardent lovers of humanity there are in this country today! Wherever you turn there is somebody loudly attributing his zeal for a personal prejudice to his profound concern for the wellbeing of mankind. Philanthropic motives are as common as rag-time melodies. Christianity may be bankrupt in Europe, where all is frightfulness and horror, but here how numerous the men accessible to ecstasy and divine illumination. It is a curious thing though that where the love of mankind is on parade we hear very little of those refreshing kindly sentiments that denote a deep human sympathy with Tom, Dick and Harry. Apparently lovers of mankind are

not individualists. On the other hand, it appears that the man who loves men by retail, who wins the gratitude of Tom, Dick and Harry is deprived of the felicity of a zeal for humanity. By way of illustration we need not go beyond the circle of the Spreckels family. There are two brothers, John D. and Adolph, who have liberally helped their friends in need. There is a very strong affection for them among their acquaintances who know something of their expansiveness of heart. But we have never heard of them climbing the peaks of publicity to affirm their concern for humanity. Offhand we should say they don't care a hang for humanity. Evidently they have never been favored with that wonderful divine grace which we used to think peculiar to a St. Francis, without which it is impossible to love God's creatures in bulk with a consuming passion. Rudolph has it; not his brothers; and so though they have given generously to the cause of charity, they have done nothing notable for mankind. Yet their hearts of common clay have been touched by human suffering on both sides in the great European war, and from them the wounded, not only of France but of Germany as well, have received aid. Now, their brother Rudolph is a much more conservative man; not that he is at all lacking in kindly impulses but that he is preoccupied with the large things of life. His thoughts are concentrated on humanity. In other words, he is the man humane on a vast scale, like President Wilson, to whom the idea of being President for but one nation is repugnant. Here are two typical lovers of mankind.

The Speech of a Statesman "It is time," says President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, "for America to learn to think internationally." To get an idea of what President Butler means when he speaks of the importance of thinking internationally one should read the speech delivered by M. Take Jonesco in the Roumanian Chamber of Deputies last December. Excerpts from this speech are to be found elsewhere in this paper. They are well worth reading for the light they throw on affairs which are at this time of supreme international interest. No more remarkable speech has been delivered anywhere since the outbreak of the war. In this speech Minister Jonesco exhibits an eloquence, a dignity of utterance, a subtlety and persuasiveness seldom found outside the orations of Demosthenes. Like Demosthenes in his most notable addresses this obscure Roumanian statesman appealed to the self-interest of his countrymen, and like Demosthenes the sentiments he uttered are of a noble character breathing the loftiest patriotism. Although the speech deals mainly with Balkan politics the outlook is that of a statesman who thinks internationally, who has surveyed the whole situation and knows what the war means to all the world. Far is the

obscure Roumanian statesman from regarding the war as it is regarded by the little Jordans and Fords and Bryans of this country who see nothing but madness let loose by kings much to the injury of great masses of people. To Jonesco the war is something more than a twentieth century calamity calling for perfervid rhetoric.

The Scornful Englishman

Years ago a New York wit spoke of Seth Low as "a man with an imperishable principle and an impossible personality." Of this epigram we are reminded by a brochure that lately came out of England. It is entitled *What England Is Doing*, and it is a celebration of her achievements in the war. The work was written by an English ranchman in New Mexico. It was sent by a friend to the British national publicity bureau in London and there it was printed for distribution. Describing himself as an American citizen, the author causes us to reflect that all hyphenated Americans are not Germans. There are many Englishmen to whom the witticism on Seth Low is so obviously applicable that it might have been uttered to describe John Bull himself. The author of this brochure, which, by the way, was received with great favor in London, avails himself of the opportunity of insulting the people whose country is the country of his adoption. He says he is deeply attached to our democracy, is proud to have a son holding a responsible position in the service of Uncle Sam and believes that he "takes as keen an interest in national affairs and the welfare of his State as the average native-born American business man of his acquaintance—*though somehow or other that does not seem to be saying so very much.*" Here is one of those mean little English slurs that make one feel somewhat resentful. But what's the use? England is having troubles enough of her own with patriotic Englishmen like the Americanized Aked, the Germanized Chamberlain, Frank Harris, George Bernard Shaw and scores of others that one might name. They appear to be even less lukewarm than some Americans toward their native land notwithstanding that she is in greater need than this country of whole-hearted allegiance. Poor insular England! How she does suffer from the narrowness of her spirit of nationality. Will her sons ever stop making us laugh?—the Charles Whibley's, for instance, who notwithstanding their brilliant intellects utter such rot as this: "We have a silent assurance which is often misunderstood: we take for granted that which others clamor for. Ours is the good breeding which does not care to insist." England has done many great things in this war, but she could do nothing greater than simplify the native smile of presumed superiority and then quit rifling our mails. But perhaps when the war is over the Allies of England will lecture her a little on the native ineptitudes that have made it so hard for them to retain the friendship of neutrals. Every reader of

English papers is familiar with the innumerable ineptitudes committed by London journalists. Americans are not the only people who have been disgusted with the arrogance of Englishmen. Englishmen themselves, of the wiser sort, have protested against the condescension and patronizing airs of English writers who are forever celebrating qualities in Tommy Atkins that are "so English." Tommy goes into battle with the typical care-free air; Tommy has the perfect self-confidence of his race; nothing ever raises Tommy's blood pressure; Tommy smiles at danger as though it were a musical comedy. Tommy on the whole and in short is "So English." But after all the French poilu defended Verdun and the Russians are making terrific drives. For awhile London journalists were very glad to have American sympathy with them, but since the turn of the tide how striking have become our evil qualities; how American! In recent years some of the leading literary men of London who love the French and have learned something of Gallic urbanity and the ugliness of national pride in its offensive ebullience have striven to educate their countrymen in the value of restraint, but in vain; and so today the Belgians and the French are the only peoples who appear to be coming through the war without reproach.

According to a writer in *The Teutonic Examiner* the war has given us fresh proofs of the superiority of German genius, such for example as its devices for slaughter—gas and liquid fire—and the trip of the Deutschland across the Atlantic. Were not this writer obviously a eulogist of Germany we should suspect him of trying to disparage the genius of the Teuton. German genius needs no laurels at Armageddon. The world was familiar with the genius of Germany long before the war. Ideas that serve as landmarks indicating the progress of the race were born in Germany. She has not added to her glory with liquid fire or deadly gas fumes, and as to the submarine that crossed the broad Atlantic in time to have attention cleverly diverted from the Allies' offensive on the Western Front, have we forgotten that the submarine is an American invention, improved in recent years by American inventors? And is *The Examiner* really in ignorance of the fact that submarines, the parts of which were made at the Union Iron Works and put together in Canada by American mechanics, steamed across the Atlantic and into the Mediterranean a year ago? Now, many wonderful inventions have come out of this war; also many discoveries from which mankind will receive benefit in the years to come, but it would require much more knowledge than we have at present to enable us to pronounce judgment on the question of superior genius. In the final summing up, however, the name of one man will be writ large, the name of him who undertook the task of creating an army and finished off the job in less than two years.

Varied Types

292—ROBERT REA

By Edward F. O'Day

Twenty-seven years ago a bright looking, dapper, alert and smiling youngster asked for a job at the Public Library in the City Hall. He got it. His work consisted in rummaging on the shelves of the book stacks for the volumes desired by patrons, and carrying them, an armful at a time, to the desks where they were given out to the public. It was hard work pattering back and forth over the cement floor of the big book room, but it was far from being disagreeable work to one who loved books, and "Bob" Rea was a bibliophile. He did his work so well that he did not remain a page very long. He was promoted to the work room, to the classifying and numbering and cataloguing department, then to the book lending department where he came into direct contact with the public, and then he became assistant librarian. In 1911 he was made librarian. Entering the Public Library in the humblest position in 1889, he rose in twenty-two years to the highest, and occupies it today with distinction.

"Bob" Rea can talk books with the book-worms who haunt the Public Library, and than these there are no more deeply versed book-worms to be found anywhere. And he can talk library methods on equal terms with the head of the Congressional Library, for he belongs to the new school of scientific librarians—in fact, he grew up with that school.

"Who were the best sellers when you were a page in 1889?" I asked "Bob" Rea.

"The best seller as we use that term today was unknown in '89," answered Rea. "I should say that the first of the best sellers was 'David Harum' which was one of the first novels heavily advertised to the public. It ran through many printings in a remarkably short space of time. But in '89 the modern methods of book exploitation had not come into use. At that time the popular as opposed to the literary favorites among novelists were Charlotte Braeme, Bertha M. Clay, Mary J. Holmes, The Duchess and Augusta Evans. That was the day of the Seaside Library. It was quite the ordinary thing for women and girls to come to the library and ask for 'anything by Braeme or Clay.'

"The patrons of the library who used to read these writers now read Robert W. Chambers and other fiction writers of his class. In my opinion this is not a change for the better. Those books of the Seaside Library were not literature of course, but they were harmless. As much cannot be said for some of the most popular novelists of today. Eroticism was unknown in those old books; it is very prominent in the best sellers.

"Not that the writers I have mentioned have all lost their vogue. There is a steady demand for some of their books. Mary J. Holmes' 'Lena Rivers' and 'Tempest and Sunshine,' Augusta Evans' 'St. Elmo,' 'Beulah' and 'Infelice' are asked for all the time. You will never find these books on the shelf. Many school girls of today are so enthralled by 'Lena Rivers' or 'St. Elmo' that they read everything else in the library by the same authors. I suppose that in my time the Public Library has used up at least two hundred copies of 'Tempest and Sunshine' and an equal number of copies of 'St. Elmo.'

"Some favorites of the past are quite dead

today. 'The Children of the Abby' is dead. Rose Nouchette Carey is no longer read. 'East Lynne' was dead until it was presented as a film play; then it came to life again. The movies have brought back many novels from the grave.

"The best sellers have not the vitality of those old Seaside Library books. The vogue of a best seller lasts about six months; after that the heavy demand for it is over. In a year and a half it is usually dead on the shelves; it is what librarians call 'a plug'—it won't move. This in itself is proof that the best seller is inferior to those books by Braeme, Clay, etc., at which so many people like to poke fun.

"The most popular best sellers? I suppose Gene Stratton Porter, the author of 'Freckles,' heads the list, and I suppose Harold Bell Wright comes next. The vogue of Robert W. Chambers was at its height three years ago; it has fallen off perceptibly. Florence Barclay, the author of 'The Rosary,' is extremely popular. But her popularity is all dependent on 'The Rosary.' It is a case of one book carrying all the others with it. We have three complete editions of the books of Rex Beach, and you never find a single volume of his on the shelves. They all go out as soon as they come in. The vogue of the works of Robert Hugh Benson is remarkable. His books are never on the shelves. His brothers don't rank with him in popularity. Joseph Conrad is read a great deal; his 'Chance' is what we call 'a heavy worker.' There has been a striking revival of interest in the sea stories of Morgan Robertson and Clark Russell.

"Of course there are some best sellers which the Public Library does not handle. We have never had 'Three Weeks.' If there is any doubt about the propriety of buying a book we don't buy it. And if an author's purpose is salacity we don't touch him.

"There is not any demand for poetry comparable with the demand for the best sellers I have mentioned. The striking exception is Robert W. Service whose books of poetry are as much in demand as the best sellers of fiction. After Service comes Kipling. Paul Laurence Dunbar is much read, but his vogue is not comparable with that of Service and Kipling.

"But there is a very marked demand for the modern dramatists. This is in the nature of a revival; it is a real feature of present day reading. Shaw comes first, and after him Pinero. There is a constant call for Ibsen.

"Another interesting feature of the popular liking is the vogue of writers like Ralph Waldo Trine, author of 'In Tune with the Infinite,' and Orrison Swett Marden, author of 'Be Good to Yourself' and 'Every Man a King.' These authors are being read all the time. Marden says in one of his prefaces that you cannot drive a tack with a sledge hammer. Well, he supplies a tack hammer.

"Books on accounting and other departments of business are in great demand. And so are books on Spanish. It is plain that a great many people are studying Spanish, not for its literature but for commercial purposes.

"What foreign books are most in demand? German books. The Germans are the most consistent readers of their own books. Then

—at some distance—come the French; then the Italians and the Spanish.

"There are two distinct classes of novel readers: those who read the popular new novels, and those who stick to the literary novels that are classics. Among the classics Dickens and Dumas are most in demand. It would be difficult to say whether Dickens or Dumas is more read. After these come Thackeray and Scott. Marryat is not read much, or Wilkie Collins or Reade. Smollet holds his own. 'Tom Jones' is in constant demand. There was quite a revival of interest in 'Tom Jones' dating from the symposium on favorite novels in the New York Times—you will recall that 'Tom Jones' was in nearly every list published in that symposium. When a book is advertised in any special way we buy it immediately, for there is sure to be a demand for it. Browning heads the classic poets in popularity. And Longfellow is in constant demand; that is perhaps explained by the use of his poems in the schools.

"Of course a public library does not supply a perfectly accurate guide to the taste of the reading public. We can feel the public pulse on fiction, however. You see, twenty per cent of our books consists of fiction, and sixty per cent of our circulation is in books of fiction. Aside from fiction we have not the best facilities for generalizing on what people read. But we can say that the drama has come into its own again, the demand is so great.

"During the year 1915-16 we circulated 1,200,000 volumes, as against 800,000 during the year before the fire. We have 55,000 card holders, as against 38,000 in 1906. One explanation of this great increase is to be found in the systematic attempts we make to interest the people in their library. We encourage people to come to the library. We talk to the children in the schools, and tell them what we have for them. The response is very gratifying. But this has always been a book reading city.

"It must be said, however, that we work under difficulties. Our appropriation for running expenses this year is \$100,000. Of that we shall spend \$27,000 for new books; we should spend \$40,000. The other Pacific Coast cities made larger appropriations for their public libraries. Seattle appropriated \$190,000 this year; Los Angeles, \$175,000; Oakland, \$120,000. Our minimum allowance is one mill in the dollar of taxation, and our maximum two mills; but we have never received the maximum.

"When the new Library Building is completed, and the new branches in Eureka Valley and Sunset are opened, we shall have as good a system as any city of our size. But we need more money to run it. Our staff is one-third smaller than in other cities of the same size. Just the same, it is a staff which cannot be excelled anywhere. As a State Library Examiner I find that there are no library workers in California who know so much as our staff about the theory and practice of library work. They know how to handle people as well as books. During the past year we met about three million people, and I had only three letters of complaint. When I wrote to the complainants asking them to call so that their difficulties might be straightened out I received no answer. We are proud of that record."

Perspective Impressions

The Russians have captured Brody, presumably with the remark, "I gotcha, Steve!"

So Dr. Aked is going on the lyceum circuit. Why doesn't the Chautauqua book him and Bryan in a game of leap frog?

So "Cyclone" Davis has been beaten for re-nomination to Congress! Being a Prohibitionist he cannot have the benefit of a drink to drown his sorrow.

Mayor Rolph and Supervisor Power have buried the hatchet, and Supervisor Power's sister-in-law is to get a good job. Three cheers for nepotism, and three groans for Civil Service!

"But Japan is not only planning to control Asia," says The Examiner: "She is planning also to control the Pacific." And we have been under the impression that Furuseth and "Battle Bob" took the job off her hands.

The halting of the Russians appears to be a continuous performance.

A San Jose couple were married in Esperanto. But they'll probably fight out their troubles in plain English.

They jailed a birth-controller in Boston the other day. Won't Margaret Sanger please go to Boston?

The talk of our acquiring the Danish West Indies is shocking. Their principal product is rum.

We read in the war news that the Russian army is approaching Angora. And why? Naturally, to get the enemy's goat.

A local Methodist clergyman preached on "John Maysfield's" poetry Sunday night. Here's hoping his doctrine is more orthodox than his spelling.

It appears to be a question of open shop or deserted village.

So the Stevedore's Union has decided to vote for prohibition! Is this by way of retaliation on the Chamber of Commerce?

While Woodrow in his usual wobbly manner was four-flushing on woman suffrage Mr. Hughes took a stand. In other words the judge beat him to it.

The gallant captain and crew of the Deutschland have won our sympathy, but it is evident that the new merchant marine line will be maintained under difficulties.

John Bull thinks we ought to be glad it is he that has control of the seas. Some years ago he thought we ought to be glad to be taxed without representation. But we weren't, as he ought to remember.

Influence of The Movies

"Say," said the young man with the incipient black mustache, resting his elbows on the arms of the uncomfortable chair in which he sat and making an unsuccessful effort to anchor himself on the peak of the shiny black leather seat, "I was to a swell pitcher show last night."

The young woman, who had slid into a corner of a similar chair, crossed her feet and continued examining her dainty fingernails.

"That so?" she inquired with languid interest. "I don't go to pitcher shows very much myself. I guess I ain't been to one for more'n a week."

"Well, you'd ought to a' seen this one," continued the young man eagerly. "It was a peach, all right—all about a fellow and a girl, and, gee, she was a peach all right, and the fellow was crazy about the girl and the girl wasn't crazy about the fellow until pretty near the end, but then she was. And so they got married and went to live in the swellest little bungalow!"

"Gee," said the girl, putting her fingers across her mouth, and yawning elaborately. "I don't wonder you was crazy about it."

The young man reddened slightly.

"Well, of course, I know it don't sound like much of anything the way I tell it," he said, looking crestfallen. "I always was a natural born dub to tell things and get the punch in. It was great, just the same," he concluded doggedly.

"I don't know as anybody said it wasn't," said the girl. There was a few minutes' silence. Then she continued.

"Say, will you excuse me a minute?" she said. "I want to go out in the dining room and phone Will Riley. I promised I'd call him up right after supper and here it is twenty after eight and I never thought a word about it until just this minute, and I'm afraid he'll think it's awful funny! You won't mind if I go out and do it now, will you?"

The young man's backbone straightened.

"Sure not!" he said. "Don't let me being here prevent you calling up any of your gentleman friends. I wouldn't a' butted in at all if I'd known you was expecting another fellow."

The girl smiled brightly.

"Who said I was expecting another fellow?" she queried. "Can't I say I was going to call up a gentleman friend of mine without you feeling you got to pass a remark like that?"

"I don't know as you could call it passing a remark," said the young fellow stiffly. Then, with a palpable effort to appear indifferent, he added: "All I said was don't let me being here interfere with any of your plans in any way. Go to it!"

"Oh, there's piles of time," said the girl, easily. "I guess he'll be to home all evening. I can call him up any time. Well, say now, what was it you was telling me about the pitcher show you was to? Who did you say you went with?"

"Oh, just some folks in our building," said the youth. "What I was telling you was how the fellow was willing to do anything for the girl and the girl was willing to do anything for the fellow, just because they was so crazy about each other. And even though the fellow wasn't pulling down awful big wages after they was married they was happy. Say, it was great, all right."

"Listens kind of like a frost to me," commented the girl. "I like a show where there's something doing. Did you say the folks you was with lived in your building?"

"Sure," replied the young man, "right acrost from us. They thought it was great, too, and awful true to life, 'cause it showed how two folks could get married even if they didn't have much money and be happy."

"When it comes right down to it," said the girl critically, "I don't know's I'm so awful keen on mush. Did you say the girl you was with was crazy about the show?"

"Girl?" exploded the badgered youth. "Who said I was with a girl? I wasn't with no girl. I was just with these here folks acrost the hall and the lady's a friend of ma's and she's a pile older'n what ma is at that. Her husband was along, too. I come out my door just as they come out of theirs and she says: 'Come on over to the show with us, Ed.' And I was feeling kind of blue over something you said the other night about how you thought a fel-

low'd ought to have as much as two or three thousand dollars salted down before he asked a girl to marry him. So after I seen this show and it was all about how two folks could be happy even if they didn't have a lot of money, I thought maybe some time—" He paused.

"But I guess it ain't no use. I guess you're right. A fellow hasn't got no business to ask a girl—"

"Say, Ed," interrupted the young woman, twisting her dainty fingers together while the pretty color mounted her cheeks, "you hadn't ought to pay no attention to what I say sometimes. I—I—talk awful crazy when I get going. Ma says I'm a fright."

"Honest, I don't ever remember passing such a remark, and that shows how I couldn't a' meant it, when I don't even remember saying it, don't it?"

"Say, Ed," she continued, suddenly jumping to her feet, "I made some dandy fudge last night. Let's go out and fill up a little box of it and let's go out and take a walk. And, say, Ed, if that show's over to the pitcher show-house again tonight I think it would be kind of nice to go in and see it, don't you? It's been an awful long time since I was to a show. I bet it's been most a couple of weeks."

—St. Louis Mirror.

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EDDY AND JONES STS.

The Dawn Of A New World

Remarkable Speech of Take Jonesco in the Roumanian Chamber of Deputies

Shall we inquire, gentlemen, what is the meaning of that which is happening around us? Is this merely a war like all other wars? Is it just one of those numberless historical incidents which at first sight seem to be important, but, as one realizes later, were of no more than passing interest? Or are we indeed face to face with one of those great upheavals which, occurring but rarely, make the end of one world and the beginning of another? Contemporaries, gentlemen, seldom realize the importance of the events amid which they live. In their wars they count the thousands of the slain, the millions of money lost; but rarely do they take into account the far-off consequences of these events, obliged as they are by the necessities of life to go on living their everyday existence amidst the tragedy all around. Those who lived in the time of Jesus Christ had no idea of how the history of humanity was to be affected by the coming of Christianity. During the barbaric invasions nobody took into account what transformations they involved. Nobody knew that therefrom might result the death of civilization for a thousand years. If people had realized the meaning of these things they would have made better defense against them. At the time of the French Revolution people had no idea of the tremendous consequences it was to bring, of the far distance they would reach. Today, gentlemen, I think we are confronted, not with an ordinary war which will simply involve a certain changing of frontiers, with things, after that, very much as they were before. We are faced by a catastrophe involving the whole of the human race; we have before our eyes the declining twilight of one world preceding the dawn of another and a new world. (Applause.) If it be otherwise there is no understanding that which we see happening.

France is working miracles which have won our admiration, and she offers to the world the spectacle of a people held to be "flighty," transformed into a people the most determined that ever was—and all for the sake of recovering the lost provinces? Germany is making her efforts merely in order to create a colonial dominion. England can show to the rest of the world her four millions of volunteers, enrolled for that military service which was hitherto despised. England, unassailed in any quarter, is spending hundreds of millions and risking the empire she has built up after centuries of sacrifice, simply to avoid the rivalry of Germany, which she could have done in so many other ways? No, gentlemen. So narrow a view of things cannot be true. When a large number of nations consent to make the sacrifices that are now being made with so much firmness, with such lightness of heart, and with so great a determination not to stop short of victory—a victory which shall crush their adversaries—then there must inevitably be working beneath all this something still more profound, something more than a question of colonies, something more than a matter of commercial rivalry, something more than that which is involved in fourteen thousand square metres of Alsace-Lorraine. And there is something else. Here we have the last fight made by the forces of reaction against the principle of national sovereignty, both in its internal and external relations. (Prolonged applause.)

And note, gentlemen, how grave is the prob-

lem with which humanity is faced today! You see Italy, instead of accepting a gratuitous increase of territory, throwing herself of her own free will into the horrors of war. And it is not alone the peoples of Europe who are throbbing with excitement today. Have you never asked yourselves what these new nations are doing in the great conflict—the young Republics founded by the Anglo-Saxons across the ocean? Why is it that we see Canada, Australia, New Zealand enrolling from 7 to 8 per cent of their populations as volunteers for the front? Is it for love of the mother country? Sentiment does not move humanity to such a degree as that. How is it the conscience of the United States of America has become uneasy? Out of love for England? Nothing of the sort, gentlemen. To attack Great Britain has always been recognized as a safe and popular note by orators in the United States: it is known as twisting the British lion's tail. Why, then, is it disturbed, this democracy of a hundred million souls, engaged in making the most glorious experiment imaginable: the creation of a civilization without prejudices, with no class distinctions, with no monarchy, no militarism, no hindrance of any sort—a civilization based solely on nationalist sovereignty carried to its extremest limits?

Gentlemen, the truth is that in this war, which was most certainly provoked by the Germans, we see the last attempt made by a single people to secure for itself a universal hegemony. If the German soldier were to win today, the first result would be that the same military force, which is the greatest in the world, would also be the greatest naval force, and there would be no more independence, no more liberty for anyone in the world, not even for the great American democracy. On the day when one and the same State should have domination not only on land but also on sea—the day when the Roman Empire should be reconstituted in conformity with the affirmation once made by the Emperor William, that the hour would come when all men would be happy to call themselves German, just as formerly each exclaimed joyously *Civis Romanus Sum*—then the free life of each one of us would be at an end.

Well, and what is the basis of this attempt that is being made? Is it founded on some higher state of civilization? Is it justified by a superiority of such a nature that it should have the right to dominate the whole world, with the rest of us content to run behind the conqueror in his triumphal car?

You will have noticed that M. Stere, who was compelled, of course, to deal with this subject—he did so very superficially, by the way—in his speech, could do no more than declare that it would be an injustice to deny the Germans credit for their contribution to the common treasure of human civilization.

But who ever dreamed of denying them their due share of credit?

But what, after all, is this contribution of Germany's? Is it of finer quality than that produced by France, for instance, or than that of Italy, or than that furnished by the Anglo-Saxons?

Is there a single hypothesis among all the hypotheses forming the basis of poetry and of science; is there one of all the discoveries which have contributed to the progress—the material progress—of modern life; is there one among all the ideas that have roused the world to

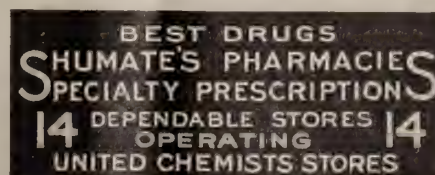
enthusiasm; is there one of all the creations of art which would be lost if we were to remove Germany's contribution? No, gentlemen, the treasure possessed by the human race would remain intact, a little reduced to be sure, but in no wise diminished in quality. It would remain as it was before. (Prolonged applause.)

What is there in the assets of Germany to set against the extraordinary productions of our neo-Latin civilization? One thing alone there is that is characteristic in Germanic culture, and that is its political organization, which to us is a riddle. How is it possible to reconcile an ultra-modern economic organization with a political organization dating from the Middle Ages? How reconcile a teaching so generalized, a material well-being so highly developed, with a political system which enables one man to declare "My will is the highest law," or "I owe my power not to the assent of the German people but solely to the Divine mission with which I have been entrusted on earth?" Such are the characteristics of German civilization, of the far-famed Kultur. And, gentlemen, that springs, unhappily, from the manner in which the unity of Germany was formed.

If this German unity had sprung from the Liberal movement of 1848, a great new nation would have been added to the existing Liberal nations of Europe. But German unification is the product of Prussian caporalism, with regard to which a very intelligent German holding a high position remarked to me five or six months ago: "You are right, all you say is true; there is nothing more antipathetic than Prussian 'caporalism,' but it is invincible, and we are forced to accept it just as we accept the Deluge, or the locust, just as we accept, in fact, all the ills that Fate may send us." But, gentlemen, that is not the fact. While M. Diamandy was speaking of the Battle of the Marne someone replied that it was an engagement like any other. To which I retort: It was not a battle, it was an historic moment, it was the proof that even the brute force of 'caporalism,' in a State in which one man can proclaim that the highest law is his own will, may be vanquished by the armies of a democratic Republic wherein abuse of liberty was mistaken by fools for moral decline and loss of virtue. (Prolonged applause.)

And now, gentlemen, how did the war originate? What was the state of things before this war, before—shall I call it?—this human earthquake? After the French Revolution two new dogmas came into the light: One was national sovereignty in the internal life of all States, the other was a like supremacy in international relations. One after another, all the races, so far as was compatible with the state of their civilization, adopted this novel doctrine, and one after another those forces which stood in contradiction thereto everywhere declined; and, furthermore, national sovereignty transported into international relations had succeeded in obtaining recognition and there was proclaimed the principle of nationalities.

(Continued on Page 17)



Poems About San Franciscans

XXXVI—ON A PORTRAIT OF LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE

By Louis A. Robertson

(The late Lucius Harwood Foote was a San Francisco poet whose complete poems were published through the kindness of his friend Raphael Weill in a volume called "The Wooing of the Rose." The following tribute to General Foote by his poet-friend and fellow Bohemian is to be found in "The Dead Calypso and Other Verses" published by A. M. Robertson in 1901.)

When Art's apt fingers almost show the mind,
And Genius doth unto the canvas lend
The look of life, the colors thus combined
In an immortal masterpiece do blend;
Though skilfully and well hereon are laid
The conjuring pigments, yet when Time shall stain
And dust bedim, a voice from out the shade
Will echo on in an undying strain.

We know, white-souled and loyal-hearted man,
That unto all who shall this picture scan,
Though it may be far on in distant days,
Thy face will be familiar, for the fame
Which now thy modest heart bids thee disclaim
Will crown thy brow with Art's eternal bays.

The Spectator

The City That Is

To the credit of our community be it said we have perfect control of our emotions. Attacks of hysteria were common enough in the San Francisco that was. But that was a mad, bad, glad San Francisco, peopled to a large extent with men that lagged hilarious on the stage from the days of '49. They were a temperamental lot, those gallant pioneers and the earliest of their descendants. They had imagination and a zest in living. They made history on the Sand Lot and on Nob Hill and wherever the caprice seized them. But at the time of the earthquake they had thinned out considerably, and ever since that epochal event San Francisco has been a city of sentimentality and refinement, nay a sweetly lackadaisical city rich in the civic virtues. Devoted to woman suffrage and other womanly things, The City That Is cultivates an early-Victorian repose, welcomes a Margaret Sanger with open arms and would not be rude to anybody, not even to an anarchist. Thus we see that under strong provocation the community behaves itself, and Mayor Rolph proves himself a man of self-restraint as in the case of the Election Commissioner who advocated murder from a public platform. In other days this man would have been incontinently thrown out of office, for the Mayor would have been unable to resist the clamors of the press. But now there are no clamors, and the Mayor is so refined that he will not even let himself go.

The Crime of Capital Punishment

The City That Is loves the repose peculiar to Los Angeles, a city where some years ago a bomb explosion killed twenty odd people. In a little while that city saw the wisdom of refraining from capital punishment. Los Angeles threatened in the first flush of excitement to hang the cowardly assassins but by the time the assassins were captured the people regained their normal composure. It was revealed to them that were they to inflict capital punishment on the murderers they would betray a revengeful spirit. Now revenge as Juvenal tells us, is the "abject pleasure of an abject mind." This was made quite clear to the darling sentimentalists of Los Angeles by one of the illuminati of magazinedom, the charming Mr. Lincoln Steffens. Maybe it will be

remembered that this distinguished scholar, Ph. B. of our own State University went to Los Angeles whence he wrote to our red daily, The Bulletin, a plea in behalf of the McNamaras and all their tribe. He pointed out what a great shame it would be to hang anybody; how much better it would be to love them and show them kindness and feed them indefinitely at San Quentin. Under his tuition we learned that Society, not the murderers, should be blamed for the explosion and that Society should be sorry and compromise. Thus was Los Angeles induced to retain its self-respect.

The Conspiracy Against Mooney

Now are we to permit Los Angeles to surpass us in altruism? Heaven forbid! Indeed, in all probability our refined instincts will forbid us even so much as to convict the murderers. Already our emotions have subsided, and presently we shall be felicitating the Mayor in treating McDevitt like a beneficent leader of thought at the expense of the dear people. At any rate we may be sure The Bulletin will not allow the psychological moment to pass without edifying us. Even now we are being suggestionized from a prison cell by Mr. Mooney, a zealous unionist round whom the cold-blooded police are now ruthlessly tightening their coils. He tells us there is a conspiracy against him because of his hostility to the United Railroads. It will not surprise me to learn presently from the same veracious source that the explosion of the bomb was a "frame-up" invented by the officers of the damnable corporation. When this happy thought occurs to the childlike and bland Mooney you will see a revolution of public sentiment; for The Examiner and The Bulletin have not persistently preached hatred of the United Railroads in vain. Is there anything this company will not do? It is the same company, remember, that had the audacity to affront organized labor more than once, and that even went so far as to get an injunction from Judge Sturtevant much to the wrath and indignation of a Hearst editor.

Mooney's Past

Considering Mooney's past he may be found deserving of public sympathy as he has suffered much at the hands of public service cor-

porations. The Pacific Gas and Electric Company went so far a few years ago as to hire special counsel to prosecute him for dynamiting, and so strong was the evidence gathered against him that he had to defend himself through three trials. Fortunately for this victim of corporation brutality the third trial occurred in Martinez, where organized labor is very powerful. Many union men sympathized with the oppressed, and so Mooney was given a "square deal" at Martinez. In view of what happened to Mooney in the Gas Company case, his case today presents something of a coincidence—the connection once more between the prisoner and Billings and a suitcase. Billings was arrested for carrying a suit case from this city to Sacramento. It was suspected that he carried it for Mooney, but the detectives,

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who had been waiting for him, fearing that he might get away arrested him before the expected man arrived to receive the dynamite. Billings was convicted, but he would not testify against Mooney. He was brought from the penitentiary to testify, and he was asked if it was not Mooney to whom he intended to give the suitcase. His answer was that if he swore in the affirmative he would convict himself of perjury as he had previously testified that it was not Mooney. In those days Mooney was attended by precisely the same weeping figures that are proclaiming his innocence today. And though his wife was not in trouble at that time she was recognized as "the brains of the family."

Two Governors of California

Once before in California we had a Governor running for the United States Senate, and at that time we had a Booth running, too. Thus, we see, history is making coincidences for us. The Booth of the seventies, by the way, was not of the blood of the Booth of today. Newton Booth—that was his name—bore a stronger resemblance to Hiram Johnson than to the man from Los Angeles. For the Booth who wanted to be a Senator in the seventies was the Governor of the State. He was a politician, like Johnson, and he made no scruple against turning a corner on the people who elected him to the gubernatorial office and employing for his own selfish ends the political machinery they had put under his control. Now history, as we are told, is philosophy teaching by example, but unfortunately we do not refer back to it often enough. If we could keep the philosophy of history fresh in our memories we should presently become like gods, for we should never repeat our mistakes. In all probability the voters of California would never have made it possible for the present political boss of California to run for the Senate if they had not forgotten all about the history of the seventies. I will explain.

Hi Johnson's Masterstroke

The self-seeking of Governor Booth in the seventies was the subject of much spirited debate in the Constitutional Convention of 1879. Because of what Governor Booth had done it was resolved to make it impossible for any future Governor to make similar use of the machinery of the State. A clause in restraint of overweening political ambition in Governors was inserted in the Constitution, and the Constitution was adopted by the people. The sentiment thus embodied in the State's highest law was respected for many years; until, indeed, the miniature, second-hand Roosevelt of California rose to power and fascinated the perennial dupes of democracy. What is the Constitution between friends? Why should it thwart the ambition of a plaster idol of the dear people? Such was the Roosevelt sentiment till the people woke up everywhere but in California. They may be awake now, but they were certainly drowsy when Hi Johnson asked them to make it possible for him to repeat the Booth deal of the seventies. The people revoked their own law for Hiram's benefit at Hiram's request. And so in California the spectacle of the seventies is repeating itself.

The Folly of Prediction

Some folks are predicting that the Governor

will come a cropper in the midst of his present political manoeuvring, but let us not have too much faith in political prophets. One never knows how much the public stomach will stand before it revolts. Nowadays it is harder than ever to tell; for if the people are clamoring for purity of government they appear to be under the delusion that it doesn't matter what sort of men they select to run their government; whether they are men of high character or low character, men with a fine sense of decency and honor or just plain, groveling politicians with nothing but expediency as their principle of conduct. Here for instance is Governor Johnson posing as a reluctant candidate, willing to bow to the will of the plain people who are clamoring for him. Yet as I have shown he had the Constitution amended to make himself possible. Registered as a Progressive he would like to have the Republican nomination and is striving for it though in the event of his failing to get it he will try once more to defeat the party. Now it may be that my judgment is horribly warped; that in this topsy-turvy world the elements of honor and morality are inextricably confused; so I will refrain from being dogmatic. There may be people who see the Governor as I see him, but if so they must be in a very small minority else he would not be on exhibition in his present colors.

The Palace Conference

"A few score Republicans" attended the Palace Hotel conference which unanimously endorsed Willis H. Booth's candidacy for the United States senatorship, according to The Bulletin. "Only a hundred or two of them," was the estimate of Governor Johnson, seeking to minimize the effect of the conference in his speech at Oakland. As a matter of count there were more than five hundred representative Republicans present from all but a few of the mountain counties, and more than seven hundred more were represented by certified proxies. All the conferees were members of the Republican State Central Committee and of the various county committees. It was a remarkable gathering, and not least significant was the enthusiasm which was manifested every time a speaker denounced Governor Johnson's attempt to invade the Republican party and to wrest the Republican nomination from a genuine Republican and from the South where it rightfully belongs this time. One of the most telling points was made by Frank C. Roberts of Long Beach in his speech presenting Willis H. Booth's name for consideration by the conference, when he said: "Mr. Johnson—if his expressed beliefs of the past five years are still in force—regards the Republican party as the embodiment of all evil, political and otherwise; yet Mr. Johnson, while upholding one hand in gesticulatory protest against that party, does not hesitate to extend to it the other, behind him, palm up, in silent supplication for political alms."

Beerbohm Tree and "Gold"

Every succeeding Bohemian grove play brings a larger number of notable visitors to San Francisco and to the owl's roost among the redwoods of the Russian River. This year the lion of lions will be Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, the leading actor-manager of London. Tree is in this part of the world for another try at the movies, and he is seizing the opportunity to see a Bohemian grove drama, for they talk of those grove dramas in the London clubs and the chance to enjoy one is esteemed a great piece of luck. The grove dramatist this year is genial Fred Myrtle, former newspaper editor and now publicity manager of the gas company. His musical collaborator is Dr. Humphrey Stewart. The name of the drama is "Gold." Beerbohm Tree will see "Gold." Perhaps he will express his opinion of it. Is it strange if Fred Myrtle feels a little nervous?

Of German Descent

Beerbohm Tree is a thoroughly patriotic Englishman, but of German descent. He was born in London in 1853, the son of Julius Beerbohm who was a London merchant of German parentage. So the great actor-manager's real name is Herbert Beerbohm. When he went on the stage he assumed the name of Tree. He is a half-brother of Max Beerbohm, essayist, dilettante and dramatic critic who used to be called one of "the three cleverest young men in London," the other two being Chesterton and Belloc. Max Beerbohm was born in 1872, so he is nineteen years younger than his half-brother Herbert. What Max thinks of Herbert's acting has always been a puzzle in London. During all the time that Max was the corrosivating critic of the Saturday Review he never once reviewed a Beerbohm Tree performance. It was said that he did not regard Herbert as a good actor, and took the easiest way of avoiding embarrassment. It may be recalled that Ashton Stevens did otherwise in the case of his brother Landers. Ashton always expressed himself frankly in print to the effect that Lander's acting would never set the bay on fire. Beerbohm Tree went on the stage at twenty-three; but it was eight years before his acting drew particular attention. Then he scored as the curate in "The Private Secretary." Thereafter he was successful in melodramatic roles. Henry Arthur Jones' "Dancing Girl" gave him his first big opportunity in what is called a "modern" role. He was equally successful in romantic roles, and increased his fame in Shakespearian parts, both tragic and comic. And in the poetical dramas of Stephen Phillips he made a wonderful success. He is regarded as carrying on the tradition of Irving insofar as magnificence of mounting and historical accuracy of production are concerned. His wife Maud Holt is an actress, and so is his eldest daughter Viola. In 1907, it is interesting to recall at this time, Tree was invited by the



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Kaiser to bring his company to Berlin. He went, and achieved a brilliant success in repertoire.

He's Quite a Wag

Beebom Tree is witty and waggish. It is told of him that once he bet a friend five pounds that he could make a London post-mistress laugh, the women employed in the various branch postoffices of London being noted for their solemnity, not to say waspishness of demeanor. Approaching the window Sir Herbert doffed his topper and made a profound bow.

"I should like to see some stamps," he said gravely.

"Half-penny stamps, penny stamps or wot?" asked the woman at the window.

"Ah ha," said Sir Herbert very seriously, "let me see your penny stamps, if you please."

The post-mistress produced a sheet of penny stamps. Sir Herbert carefully laid down his cane, adjusted his monocle and studied the sheet of stamps with the greatest interest.

"I think I shall take that one," he said finally, pointing to a stamp in the middle of the sheet.

And then the woman laughed.

Tree on Humor and the War

When Tree arrived in New York in April of this year he gave a remarkable interview on humor and the war. It is characteristic of his epigrammatic style. "A sense of humor," he said, "would paralyze the arm of the murderer. If the divine right of humor were bestowed on monarchs there would have been no great war. All madmen are deficient in the quality of humor. Persons without a sense of humor always write long letters. Do you know that all madmen write letters of more than four pages? Should we derive from that that all persons who write more than four pages are mad? The symptom should be watched, at any rate. Napoleon had no sense of humor. Neither has the German Kaiser. But there was one moment of this great war which was tinged by a divine humor. It was at Christmas time two years ago when the British and German soldiers fraternized. When the sense of humor becomes widespread there will be no more war. Humor, being an attitude of mind, can be cultivated. Children should be taught lessons in happiness: that, for instance, it is not a sin to be joyous any more than it is a virtue to be miserable. Humor assuages pain—and yet, do you know, I have not found it efficacious in tooth-ache or seasickness. Humor at its highest is a nice balance of the mind, an intellectual poise. Wisdom is thought—plus humor. When we have dined well we do not go by preference to witness a tragedy. What is tragedy? An empty stomach. What is comedy? A full one. After a good dinner the average man is not revengeful, he is not repentant, his mind does not soar to the heights of imagination or descend to the depths of despair. His animal nature is uppermost during the process of digestion, and in this state he will prefer the gentle titillation of a comic song to the dogma of the drama. The drama should be a poultice and not an irritant. It should leave men and women happier. There cannot be anything finer than to make your fellow-beings happier. I like romance. As for truth—what is truth?" At this point the interviewer interrupted to say that Bernard Shaw tells the truth. "I think I know pretty nearly all the truths Shaw

has to tell me," answered Tree. "But why should he tell them to me while standing on his head? He has such a delightful head it seems a pity he should make his boots so prominent."

He Shocked Boston

Our artists will not overlook any opportunity of lionizing Frederick MacMonnies, the sculptor. MacMonnies received a special invitation to the Bohemian grove play from the author Fred Myrtle who is his kinsman by marriage. MacMonnies was one of the few great American sculptors not represented at our World's Fair. This omission caused considerable discussion, especially in view of the fact that MacMonnies's position as a sculptor of international reputation was fixed by his great Columbia Fountain, made for the World's Fair in Chicago. MacMonnies is descended on his mother's side from Benjamin West, one of our earliest painters. He studied his art as an apprentice in the studio of Augustus St. Gaudens, studied it to such advantage that he is now bracketed with his master and Daniel Chester French as the three American sculptors about whose standing in the world of art there need be no controversy. One of his best known works is the statue of Nathan Hale in City Hall Park, New York. But it was his "Bacchante" which drew him to the attention of the general public which is not interested in art but lives on sensations. The "Bacchante" was made for the Boston Public Library, but when the Bostonian Puritans saw its insouciant nudity they hid their eyes in horror and would have none of it. Times have changed since then, perhaps even in Boston. Compared to some of the pieces of sculpture shown without protest of any sort at our World's Fair the "Bacchante" seems humdrum enough for an old maid's boudoir. Rightly considered the "Bacchante" is an extraordinary combination of realism and imagination; it is instinct with Renaissance feeling, full of joyous humor and incidentally, a triumph of modelling. The authorities of the Metropolitan Museum saw its worth, and were glad to obtain it. MacMonnies' first wife was Mary Fairchild, an able painter who was represented at our Fair. She afterwards married Will H. Low, the artist.

Baggerley's Good Fortune

Hyland T. Baggerley, former sporting editor of The Bulletin and one of the best liked newspapermen in San Francisco, has just purchased the Evening News of San Jose, which means that this little daily will henceforth be an important factor in Santa Clara Valley journalism. There is an interesting story about the manner in which Baggerley acquired the money to make this deal. He is a graduate of Union College, Schenectady, and many of the members of his class have risen to the highest distinction in various walks of New York life. Baggerley was one of the most popular members of the class, and his old classmates have kept in touch with him through the years. During that stage of the war excitement when steel took a sudden leap and fortunes were made overnight in Wall street, Baggerley received a letter from one of his classmates, now a millionaire who likes to dally with the stock market. The letter brought the information that his friend had bought for his account four hundred shares of Steel stock and was holding them for a clean-up. The clean-up took the form of a check to "Hy" Baggerley for one hundred thousand dollars!

"Story of a Neglected Grave"

This is a story which exhibits our friend and neighbor Jack Casserly of El Cerrito in the attractive role of a grandson with a pious regard for the memory of his distinguished grandfather. Six weeks ago a correspondent wrote to the New York Catholic weekly "America" an account of how he had stumbled upon the neglected grave of Patrick Sarsfield Casserly in Calvary Cemetery, New York. The plot was "in one of the best sites of that silent city of a million Catholic dead," but the grave was "covered with a rank growth of weeds and grass, the fencing thick with rust, the top of the once imposing shaft broken." The correspondent told of the eminence of Patrick Sarsfield Casserly, and hoped that the neglected grave would be put in order. It was put in order at once. The letter in "America" was called to the attention of Jack Casserly, the grandson of Patrick Sarsfield Casserly, and immediately he got into communication with the cemetery authorities. It is easy to understand how the grave came to be neglected, for the width of a continent has separated the grave and the Casserly family for two generations. It is to the credit of Jack Casserly's family pride that the neglect was remedied. The news of his action has been published in "America" where the story of the neglected grave first appeared.

A Distinguished Educator

Patrick Sarsfield Casserly, the father of Eugene Casserly and the grandfather of Jack Casserly, came to New York from Ireland in 1824 and was one of New York's first Catholic classical schoolmasters. He was an editor of the Weekly Register, and a contributor to the Truth Teller, two of New York's earliest Catholic papers. He edited several Greek and Latin text-books which were held in high repute and were used for two generations in the New York schools. A curious advertisement in the Truth Teller of 1828 reads: "Chrestomathic Institution or Seminary for General Education, No. 36 Cherry Street, a few doors from Franklin Square. P. S. Casserly, T. C. D., Principal. . . . A select Female School has been established at Mr. C.'s residence, No. 6 Pell street, next door to the Bowery, under the superintendence of experienced Ladies, one of whom will teach French and Music in a superior style. They will also have the assistance of the masters employed in the Institution." Among Casserly's pupils was his son Eugene, later a Georgetown graduate, who was admitted to the bar in 1844 and served as New York's Corporation Attorney, 1846-7. Like his father he was connected with early Catholic journalism in New York as one of the first editors of the Freeman's Journal. In 1850 he came to San Francisco where he took rank at once as a leading Democrat and was elected to the United States Senate in 1869. He died June 14, 1883. Another son, Bernard, was for years a member of the New York State Commission of Immigration and a trustee of the Emigrant Savings Bank. Mrs. P. S. Casserly, the grandmother of Jack Casserly, was one of the teaching staff of the "Chrestomathic Institution."

Redfern Mason's Mistake

Redfern Mason, the musical critic of The Examiner, was a guest of the Athenian Club of Oakland during the presentation of the club's annual grove play in Niles Canyon. Arrived at the club camp, Mason was taken

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in tow by one whom he supposed to be a club servant but who was in fact one of the most prominent members of the Athenian, a well known Oakland banker. The cicerone called Mason by name and conducted him from point to point of interest, explaining everything, pointing out the men who were to take part in the jinks, and so on. When he had shown Mason all that there was to be seen he excused himself, whereupon Mason thanked him cordially, grasped his hand and left a quarter in it as a tip. The Oakland banker tells the story on himself.

"And being an Oakland banker," he concludes, "I kept the quarter."

That Misleading First Name

When we studied Latin grammar we learned that proper nouns of the first declension ending in "a" were feminine. But what applies to Latin doesn't necessarily hold good of American names. For instance, Uda is emphatically masculine when it occurs as the first name of one of our leading organists. But this escaped a paragrapher of the San Diego Union. Uda Waldrop went down to San Diego to play the great Exposition organ given to the city by John D. Spreckels. The regular organist is Dr. Humphrey Stewart, but Dr. Stewart wrote the music for the Bohemian grove play this year, and he's up in our part of the State rehearsing the orchestra for the jinks. Here is the way the San Diego Union paragrapher chronicled Uda Waldrop's arrival:

Miss Uda Waldrop of San Francisco, who is appearing in organ recitals at the Exposition, is at Hotel del Coronado with her friend Mrs. S. Mitchell of Visalia.

When Uda Waldrop walked in upon Editor McGrew of the Union and announced himself as "Miss" Waldrop, apologies were forthcoming, and he took the editor out for a drink.

Waldrop Was Stumped

Waldrop scored a great success in San Diego. His organ recitals were heard by large and appreciative audiences. It was with great regret that the music-lovers saw him leave. One of the favorite numbers at all his recitals was the dainty dance music which he wrote some time ago for a Bohemian jinks sired by Dr. J. Wilson Shiels. Waldrop had to give it in response to requests time and time again. There was one other request, however, which stumped him. It came to him from the audience in the midst of a recital, pencilled on an envelope, and read thus: "Request of several people. Will you kindly play as opening piece tomorrow p. m. the sacred anthem 'Jerusalem, My Glorious Home,' with variations, and oblige?" Waldrop had to confess his ignorance. He blames it on the sad, bad days when he played truant from Sunday school.

Radicals and the Mission

Our warm belt seems to be the stamping ground for radicals. The district which gave us "Mission Jim" who is not "ultra" in anything, also harbors advanced thinkers who would reshape the world or parts thereof. "The Blast" is published out on sultry, drowsy Dolores street. Denied the use of the mails but not a habitat in the Mission, "The Blast" goes forth by express from Dolores street to its subscribers. The notorious Berkman and his associate Eleanor Fitzgerald, the two "Blasters," probably find the warm belt congenial, for they are hot-spirited anarchists—but if we may believe Miss Fitzgerald—harmless, very harmless. Liberty is said to love the hill, and out on Hill street in this same warm belt of our town the Indian Ram Chandra publishes a newspaper and conducts a news service, both with the slogan "India for the Indians." Ram Chandra doesn't like Great Britain, and it may be that Great Britain doesn't like Ram Chandra. At any rate he conducts his propaganda from San Francisco, and from the Mission. Will some psychologist tell us why radicals set up their printing presses in that humdrum district of respectability?

The Vagaries of Josephus

Josephus Daniels is indefatigable in the exhibition of his dampfoolishness. The North

Carolina editor who presides over our Navy never misses a chance to meddle or blunder. Two recent instances are typical. One was reported in a despatch from Washington which stated:

Secretary Daniels has written to Captain W. S. Sims asking him to rewrite his statement about the naval battle off Jutland and make it conform to the dictates of strict neutrality.

The phrase "low visibility" came into currency with that battle. In view of Daniels' letter to Sims, the phrase might be applied to Josephus. Another instance: Josephus has issued an order to American warships to turn in to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, for sale by auction, all cut glass services "save olive and pickle dishes, and hand mirrors." These cut glass services on battleships were usually the gift of States or cities. The order insults not only the gentlemen of the Navy but also the donors of the cut glass.

"The Rudolph Spreckels of Los Angeles"

It will be recalled that Rudolph Spreckels subscribed \$25,000 to the Panama-Pacific Exposition fund, paid \$10,000 of the amount and "welched" on the remainder. He was sued by the Exposition company, judgment was rendered against him, and he had to pay. This bit of local history explains why E. T. Earl of Los Angeles, Governor Johnson's bosom friend and political bedfellow, is called "the Rudolph Spreckels of Los Angeles." The money men of Los Angeles raised a large fund to keep the San Diego Exposition open this, its second year. Earl's contribution was \$5,000. When the time came to pay it Earl "welched." Why? On the lofty moral ground—totally unjustified by any facts of the case—that the San Diego Fair was being run as a sideshow of the race track at Tia Juana. Earl buttressed his position by launching an offensive against race-track gambling in general and Tia Juana race-track gambling in particular, the attack being made through the columns of Earl's holier-than-thou papers the Tribune and the Express. The other Los Angeles papers affected to respect Earl's conscientious scruples about paying what he had promised, and guiltlessly suggested that he disprove the charge of "welching" by donating the \$5,000 to charity. Earl has not paid his subscription—and he has not given it to charity. "The Rudolph Spreckels of Los Angeles!"

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Crabshaw—Because it is fiction.

Knicker—What is fisherman's luck?

Bocker—To be believed.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Fuller Divorce Case

For awhile the Fuller divorce case threatened to supply the dailies with an abundance of material of the kind that delights lovers of family secrets and inspectors of closet skeletons. Fortunately the case petered out, much to the gratification of the Fuller family, and the curious public was denied a feast of domestic scandal. However, there was some eavesdropping on the edge of newspaper columns, and readers were encouraged to turn their imagination loose in lush pastures, for before the compromise many pregnant hints served as aids to vulgar curiosity. And of course much was to be surmised from the activities of private detectives. When a husband employs private detectives to spy on a beautiful and discontented wife the mere circumstance is in itself the meat of a scenario for any reporter worth his salt. The lesson taught by this case is that husbands should not employ keyhole sleuths; not at any rate if they are desirous of avoiding newspaper scandal, as was Mr. Fuller's case, who, as a lover of reticence, offered his wife \$12,000 to go to Europe as soon as the divorce was granted. It was unfortunate then that so many detectives were sent to the firing line. But perhaps Mr. Fuller was not to blame. Perhaps it was his attorney Mr. McKannay who called in the detectives. Mr. McKannay was formerly secretary for Mayor Taylor whose Administration was spotted all over with detectives, and maybe Mr. McKannay became so accustomed to them as authorities that in his brief experience as a lawyer he prefers them to the authorities that lawyers call citations. Whatever the truth he received a shock when all his detectives were trapped and photographed by Mrs. Fuller's attorney Mr. Charles F. Hanlon. Apparently Mr. McKannay was outmanoeuvred every time he ventured out of the trenches, but what happened to his detectives was the best thing that has happened in a divorce case in many a year. Hereafter detectives may not play so important part as formerly in divorce cases.

No Exile for Her

It was immediately after the routing of the detectives that the Fuller case was compromised, but not before Attorney McKannay withdrew a charge that he had made and that, according to his own confession, he could not prove. Apparently the compromise was quite satisfactory to Mrs. Fuller who leaves her husband with nearly \$100,000 less than he had when he married her. Mr. Fuller was a very

impetuous wooer. He fell in love at first sight, but not so the beautiful Mrs. Ottman. She did not fall in love with Mr. Fuller right away. She took her time. A very attractive widow was Mrs. Ottman, a woman of many qualities that appealed to Mr. Fuller, but according to her story his individuality was such as to repel her. Apparently he had as much difficulty in getting her as she had in getting back to her pre-Fuller days. As to the trip to Europe I hear that she has no intention of exiling herself, and that the money for the trip will be sent back to her former husband. Mrs. Fuller loves San Francisco.

Medeleine and Billy in Church

Madeleine Astor Dick and her husband Billy attended the First Presbyterian Church regularly during their stay at Santa Barbara. One of the bavardees commented admiringly on this fact, adding that they "appeared as ordinary worshipers." In what other guise they might have appeared at church I am at a loss to guess. Is there such a creature as an extraordinary worshiper? Was it expected that they would mount the pulpit and worship there? Or sit on the floor and worship like Turks? Is it not strange that the rich cannot perform any of the duties of an ordinary, decent, Christian life without exciting the wonder of some bavarde?

Billy Is Talkative

While Madeleine and Billy were at Pasadena, doing their best to avoid the gaping multitude, an enterprising reporter made his way into the presence of the bridegroom and proceeded to interview him. Billy Dick proved to be a rather talkative young fellow. Perhaps the restraint which he has imposed upon himself was too great, and he had to break loose. At any rate he answered all the reporter's questions, and expatiated at great length on all the topics submitted to him for consideration. But alas! in the very height of the reporter's success Madeleine's voice called out from another room, and Billy had to excuse himself. Madeleine has had more experience with reporters than her husband has had, and she knows that if you give them an audience they will improve the opportunity as skilfully as book agents or life insurance agents. So she cut the interview short.

An Exclusive Skating Club

So we are to have an exclusive skating club, with Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Fred McNear and Mrs. Francis Carolan acting as outside sentinels to see that none but the elect get in. It is good news, as is any news to the effect that our petted aristocrats are indulging in healthy exercise. And this is a strong trio to initiate any movement of a social nature. Mrs. Walter Martin and Mrs. Fred McNear have ever been strenuous in the pursuit of healthy sports—golf, the beagles, hiking, swimming are among their favorite pursuits. The third name, however, gives me pause. Mrs. Carolan is the blue stocking of our ultra-exclusive set. Her tastes are cultivated along musical and literary lines. She sings, and she has a fine library. She is not as much an out-door woman as the other two. It has ever been her ambition to establish a salon here. Now it is a long step from a salon to a skating club. Is it possible that Mrs. Carolan is discouraged, that she has

come to think that high society cannot be interested in bookish pursuits? Has she thrown away the plans and specifications for a salon, or is that project still in abeyance? I should like to know. At any rate Mrs. Carolan is showing her versatility. A literary person may skate, but the people who haven't a mind above skates cannot be made literary, even at the urge of a Mrs. Carolan. Mrs. Carolan is to be applauded for meeting society on its own level; but will she ever again try to raise it to hers?

Now for Winter Plans—

It may not seem reasonable at first blush that the arrival of a steamer should have an important influence on the programme of winter gayety in San Francisco. And yet the arrival of the Matsonia on Tuesday makes it possible for hostesses to start their preparations for the season that will soon be upon us. For the Matsonia brought back from Honolulu Mr. and Mrs. Charles Templeton Crocker and Mrs. Fred Kohl. So long as these leaders of "our set" stayed away we were in the vacation period. Now that they are here once more the serious business of having a winter season may be undertaken. Mrs. Templeton Crocker will be a leading light in private and public affairs; Mrs. Kohl too. The two great balls of our season as it exists today without a successor to Ned Greenway, are the Mardi Gras and the Charity Ball. What would the Mardi Gras be without Helene Irwin Crocker? What would the Charity Ball be without Mrs. Kohl? The returning vacationists were met at the gang plank by Mrs. W. G. Irwin, Mrs. Malcolm Whitman and others. You may be sure there was talk of the San Francisco winter as well as the Honolulu summer as the limousines rolled uptown.

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Rattling the Skeleton

The Diary of James Gallatin has just been published in New York, and some old, almost forgotten skeletons have been rattled in their closets. James Gallatin was the son of Albert Gallatin who in 1814 resigned as Secretary of the Treasury to go to Europe as an ambassador for the negotiation of a peace with Great Britain. On that trip James Gallatin acted as his father's secretary. Among other things the Diary tells how Albrt Gallatin refused to enter into partnership with the first John Jacob Astor. Albert Gallatin writes of his father that "though he respected Mr. Astor, he could never place himself on the same level with him. Astor was a butcher's son at Waldorf, and came as an emigrant to this country, with a pack on his back." There is also the following entry in the Diary:

Really Mr. Astor is dreadful. Father has to be civil to him, as in 1812-3 he rendered great services to the Treasury. He came to déjeuner today; we were simply en famille, he sitting next to Frances (James's sister). He actually wiped his fingers on the sleeves of her fresh white spencer. Mama in discreet tones said: "Oh, Mr. Astor, I must apologize; they have forgotten to give you a serviette." I think he felt foolish.

A Wedding at the Palace

Next week two brothers, Frank G. Marcus and Henry C. Marcus, sons of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Marcus of Menlo, will be married at the same ceremony. The bride of Frank Marcus will be Miss Helen Walker, daughter of Mrs. Mary B. Walker of Sacramento street, formerly of San Rafael. The bride of Henry Marcus will be Miss Hettie Belle Matthew, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Matthew of Santa Rosa. The young ladies are both of the Junoesque California type, handsome and accomplished. The wedding, to which only relatives will be invited, will be at the Palace Hotel and afterwards the happy pairs will leave for a honeymoon trip to Alaska.

Gus de Brettville's Luck

It is Gus de Brettville's expressed determination to make himself a millionaire, and he seems to be on the right road. The latest

news is that he has found the celebrated Blue Lead channel in the Herkimer Mine, the channel that used to yield about three million dollars to the mile. The story goes that there are 3,000 feet of the channel on his Sierra county property, and that he should clean up two millions and a half. Mining for the yellow metal is "mighty uncertain," but the unexpected is to be expected from time to time in the California gold country. So perhaps Gus is going to realize his ambition without further delay. He took some time from his mining interests recently to patent and put on the market his "flivver hotel," the sleeping, eating and camping equipment which can be attached to the back of a Ford car. That invention has developed great possibilities. So Mrs. A. B. Spreckels' handsome young brother has more than one string to the bow with which he is hunting a fortune.

Music at St. Dominic's

On Sunday, August 6th, the feast of St. Dominic will be solemnized in St. Dominic's Church. The St. Cecilia Mass by Gounod (Dr. Maurice W. O'Connell at the organ) will be rendered by a large choir of mixed voices. For the offertory Mrs. Theodore Bonnet will sing an Ave Maria by Percy B. Kahn.

Proll-Marsh Marriage

Dr. and Mrs. Rudolph Basil Proll announce the marriage of their daughter Ruth Gertrude and Mr. James Wallace Marsh on July the twenty-second. There will be a reception at the Proll residence, 2710 California street, on August tenth from four until nine o'clock. The bride and groom are a very youthful couple. Both belong to well known California families. The bride is a granddaughter of Rev. S. A. Ringo and of William Proll, a pioneer manufacturer, while the groom is a son of L. D. Marsh and a grandson of Mrs. J. W. Burnham.

Events at the Cecil

Mrs. Charles Barth, wife of Colonel Barth of the United States army, is stopping at the Cecil Hotel. Mrs. Barth will leave next week for the Philippines where she will join her husband. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Booth are among the Honolulu people who are guests.

Mrs. K. S. Vosburg, Miss Katherine Vosburg, Miss M. L. Chilberg and Louis Chilberg motored from Los Angeles and are domiciled at the hotel. Mrs. Lloyd McCormick, wife of Colonel McCormick, U. S. A., and Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt were joint hostesses at a bridge tea Friday. It was given in Mrs. McCormick's apartment. Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Matlock and Miss Nettie Green of Philadelphia, Pa., were hosts at a dinner Tuesday. The private dining room was decorated with red roses and asparagus ferns. Mr. and Mrs. Bonestell of Fresno arrived in San Francisco Sunday and are at the Cecil. Mrs. Dora Ahborn of Honolulu gave a beautifully appointed dinner Sunday evening. The function was a compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Ormand Wall and Arthur Wall of Honolulu. A private dining room was the setting for the affair, and the decorations were a profusion of pink roses. G. N. Hauptman and nephew are receiving a cordial welcome from friends. The former is a wealthy lumberman of New York. Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Wallace of Parker, Arizona, are registered. Mr. and Mrs. B. L. T. Purvis and Miss L. Purvis came up from their home in Honolulu Tuesday. They will be at the hotel for a month. Mrs. S. T. Kernan, a society woman from the East, gave an enjoyable bridge luncheon Monday. The decorations were rose-colored dahlias. George C. Moore, brother of Charles Moore, has returned from the East where he has been sojourning for several months. He has joined his mother at the Cecil. Miss Maud Mooney, who has been stopping at the hotel, has returned to her home in Oakland.

The Horrid Man!

She was giving him his congé. "Here," said she, "is your ring. I have decided that I can never be your wife. So the engagement's off, and I shall expect you to return everything you have in your possession that came from me."

"All I have," said he, "is a lock of your hair and a photo. I don't suppose you care anything for the photo, but the lock of hair you will no doubt want to preserve as a souvenir."

"As a souvenir of what?"

"Of the time when you were a brunette."

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Gossip of the Theatre

Broadway of the Orange Groves

"Canary Cottage" is entering upon its fourth week at the Cort. This musical comedy from Los Angeles makes a strong appeal to the taste of folk who like friskiness and flesh, the familiar kind, coupled with flash witticisms in a melodious setting of farce. This is really the up-to-date conception of musical comedy and it is realized to the full in Canary Cottage, thanks to the industry of such clever fun-producers as Trixie Friganza, Charles Ruggles and Herbert Cothall. The piece has lots of go to it and no lack of material to please the eye. The remarkable thing about it is that it comes from Los Angeles where "So Long Letty" came from. Fancy Los Angeles supplying theatrical fare for Broadway!—and the very kind that Broadway demands in productions intended to thrill suburbanites from the provinces! But Los Angeles is looking up. It is shedding its Puritanism, a revolution having taken place there as a result of the transplanting of some of the flora and fauna of Broadway in deference to the moving picture industry. Nothing like industry to appeal to the orthodox of Los Angeles. You cannot make moving pictures without actors and actresses, and the people of the stage create atmosphere wherever they go; and so it is that Los Angeles has yielded to the manners and taste of its new colony. Hence the brand of sprightly musical comedy that now comes out of Los Angeles. It is indigenous there like oranges and prohibitionists.

—The First Nighter.

The Philharmonic Sunday

Mariska Aldrich, dramatic soprano from the Metropolitan Opera House, famed for her gloriously beautiful voice and charm of personality, will be the soloist at the eighth popular symphony concert of the People's Philharmonic Orchestra, Nikalai Sokoloff conductor, at the Cort Sunday afternoon at three o'clock sharp. Miss Aldrich will sing, with orchestral accompaniment, the Recitative and Aria of Lia from "L'Enfant Prodigue" of Claude Debussy and "Isolde's Liebestod" from "Tristan and Isolde." The latter, by a simple harmonic device, is attached to the Prelude played by the orchestra. Mozart's Symphony in G minor, a great favorite with musicians and the public alike; Napraonik's charming intermezzo "The Night" and Elgar's military march No. 1 "Pomp and Circumstance" will also be given by the orchestra. The treasurer of the People's Philharmonic Orchestra points with pride to the fact that his records show that more than one hundred and twenty thousand persons have paid to attend the concerts of the People's Philharmonic since the inaugural concert given free in the auditorium of the Mission High School on the afternoon of Thursday, November 14, 1912. The orchestra was organized with the definite purpose of giving to the people, at prices which all could afford to pay, the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the works of the great symphony composers, and the evidence at hand is deemed sufficient to prove that it has done so. Seats for Sunday afternoon's concert are on sale at the box offices of Sherman, Clay and Company, Kohler and Chase and the Cort.

Nora Bayes Coming

The mere announcement that Nora Bayes, America's greatest single singing comedienne, will begin an engagement next Sunday matinee

at the Orpheum is enough to make us sit up. A card to draw to is Nora Bayes. Both in this country and in Europe this clever woman is recognized as an artiste of superlative merit, peerless in her particular line. She has starred at the head of her own companies, has been identified as principal comedienne with many of the greatest New York musical comedy hits, and has proved herself one of the most popular headliners the vaudeville stage has ever known. For her engagement in this city she will present a programme arranged to enable her to display her wonderful versatility and talent. She brings with her as accompanist Donald Gainard, an excellent pianist. "Petticoats" is the title of an exceedingly witty and diverting comedy by John B. Hymer which will be presented by Grace Dunbar Nile and a fine little company. "Petticoats" is an incident in college girl life and furnishes much enjoyment. Music lovers will be delighted to hear that those deservedly popular grand opera singers Claudia Albright and Mario Rodolfi who on the occasion of their previous engagement made such a splendid impression, will be included in next week's attractions. Chester Spencer and Lola Williams who sing, dance and talk entertainingly will present a sparkling comedy conceit entitled "Putting It Over." The Leo Zarrell Company, two men

and a boy, perform with amusing sangfroid a series of astounding and novel gymnastic feats. Mrs. Herz and her company will appear in the terspsichorean skit "I Wish I Knew" and Lou Hertz will divert with new witticisms. Anna Wheaton and Harry Carroll who have registered a great hit, will enter on the last week of their engagement and will sing new songs.

A Farce from Paris

"Madam President," once the rage of Paris, a farce comedy in which Fannie Ward scored heavily for two consecutive seasons in New York, will be produced here for the first time next Monday night at the Alcazar, with the beautiful Miss Adele Blood in the title role. Belasco and Mayer have arranged for a sumptuous production of this comedy success, and the full strength of the popular Alcazar players will be utilized. "Madam President" was adapted from the French of Maurice Hennequin and Pierre Verber. The situations are of the most sprightly character, Miss Blood's characterization of Gobette, a fascinating actress of the dashing, vivacious type, will not only afford her unlimited acting opportunities but will permit of the display of a number of stunning Parisian gowns which she has received since her present engagement opened. Besides



NORA BAYES

America's greatest single singing comedienne next week at the Orpheum

Forrest Stanley and the Alcazar players there will be a number of extra people who have been specially engaged for the production. "Madam President" is a comedy in three acts with plenty of spice and laughs galore. The staging will be in the capable hands of Addison Pitt who promises a number of novelties in the matter of furnishings. During the present week "The Blue Envelope," a screaming farce which scored a big hit, is drawing crowded houses.

Third Week of "The Great Divide"

In response to the heavy demand for seats for the performances of "The Great Divide," Henry Miller will continue to essay the role of "Stephen Ghent" in this great American drama for a third and final week beginning Monday night, August 14th. The engagement was originally arranged for a fortnight, but the popularity of the revival of this play with Mr. Miller in the chief role, has forced the actor-manager to arrange for the additional performances. Though the remarkable characterization of Stephen Ghent by Mr. Miller has created a profound impression upon local theatregoers, the production itself has also attracted no little attention. The stage setting of the second act giving a glimpse of the Grand Canyon, is a truly wonderful piece of directorship. Hilda Spong, Bruce McRae, Charles Trowbridge, Mrs.

Thomas Whiffen and the other members of the splendid company appearing in "The Great Divide" have won individual praise for their respective work. The final performances are announced for Saturday night, August 12th. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday.

Henry Miller will make the first production of A. E. Thomas' three-act comedy "Come Out of the Kitchen" on Monday night, August 14th, when he will present a cast headed by Ruth Chatterton and including Bruce McRae, Harry Mestayer, Mrs. Charles Craig, W. S. Sams, Robert Ames and Alice Lindahl in its leading roles. It is this play in which Miss Chatterton and the identical cast that will appear in this city, will inaugurate the New York season, immediately following the local engagement. The company and production will travel intact to the metropolis. Mr. Miller is personally supervising every detail in the forthcoming performance of which great things are expected.

Attractions at Pantages

Rita Gould, "the girl with the gladsome personality," who was starred in "Maid in America" at the New York Winter Garden, is the stellar attraction at Pantages next week. Miss Gould prides herself on carrying a wardrobe of frocks that would make the famous Parisian gown-makers green with envy, and her boast is that every stitch was also "made in America." The comedienne has a repertoire of exclusive ballads, a few courtesy dances, and the rest of her twenty-minute offering is shown in her dainty, beaming stage presence. This is Rita Gould's first appearance on the coast, but her success has won for her an immediate return contract. For the little folks, who these days are making up a good portion of the Pantages' audiences, Mr. Pantages has booked Lipinski's canine comedians who appear in a splendid one-act pantomime called "Every Day in Dogville." There are twenty-five dog actors, three special assistants and a carload of miniature scenery for the animal production. Leila Shaw and her players will present a gripping sketch which tells a lesson, the title of the piece being "The Truthful Liar." Mlle. Lilyan and Martha Boggs, two beautiful young dancing girls, have a decided novelty in old-time cake walk prances with elaborate costumes. Danny Simmons, a great local favorite styled "The Military Hobo," Florence Moore, a soprano; Dicky Gardner and Gertrude Revere, just back from a triumph in Australia; and Rio and Norman, Roman gladiators, with a couple of movies, will round out the bill.

Another Frohman Story

Every now and then you run across a new and amusing story about Charles Frohman, for there are more now in circulation than when he was here. The Frohman legend is already in the making.

There is this one. Frohman was in London, when there came in his morning's mail to the Savoy a communication from one who had seen an actress in his companies and who had since married and become a great lady. He opened the envelope, and found therein a formal card announcing that his erstwhile star would be "At Home" on such and such an afternoon. Out came the famous blue pencil he always carried, and before the card went back there was written on the other side just this:

"So will I.—C. F."

"The originator of things frequently fails to get credit for them."

"That's right. A milliner gets about two-thirds of the credit for an ostrich feather."

My Day

This day, I said, shall sacred be
To the untrammelled ecstasy
Known to the free.

No gyve to thrall, no bond to bind
The restive body or the mind;
One with the wind!

One with the cloud, the spindrift; one
With the exalted sovereign sun;
Chains, fetters—none!

From grass and reed, from flower and fern,
Sweet secrecies for which I yearn
My sense shall learn.

The bee that builds the nectared comb,
The fragrance of the upturned loam,
Wild things that roam,

With these for solace, these for guide,
I shall be sane and satisfied,
Whate'er betide.

My day shall round as from the swirl
Of waters, whorl on prismy whorl,
The perfect pearl!

I shall go back through aisles of light,
As doth the truant bird from flight,
To Mother Night.

And, to life's burdens reconciled,
I shall, on sleep's breast undefiled,
Rest like a child.

—Clinton Scollard.



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Dramatic Soprano, Soloist

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MOZART.....Symphony, G Minor
DEBUSSY.....Aria from "L'Enfant Prodigue"
WAGNER.....Prelude and Isolde's Love Death
(From "Tristan and Isolde")
NAPRAONIK.....Intermezzo, "The Night"
ELGAR....."Pomp and Circumstance"
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RUTH CHATTERTON

In A. E. Thomas' Three Act Comedy

"COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN"

The Dawn of a New World

(Continued from Page 7)

For the principle of nationalities is simply the right of each community of men, conscious of being bound by the memories of the past, by the interests of the present, by the aspirations of their own souls, to lead a life free and without restraint, be their numbers what they may, no matter how large or how small the extent of their territory, and despite all the abuses centuries should have passed since that conquest, as in the case of the Magyar conquest over the Roumanians beyond the mountains. (Prolonged applause.) This principle of national sovereignty leads straight to the diminution of monarchical power in those States where the forms of medievalism still linger. It leads to the suppression of Austria, which is a conglomeration of different peoples, having no other bond between them save the monarchy, and this is a monarchy based on the ancient idea that it is not the nation that chooses its dynasty, but rather the dynasty that creates the nation. It leads straight to the definite abolition of Turkey, of which, when it shall have disappeared, its historian must record that it will have left to humanity no memory of its more than four-century-long domination, a domination which today—the day, as I hope, of its definite decline—crowns itself, like Nero setting fire to Rome, with the massacre of a million Armenians, slaughtered without the allies of Turkey so much as raising a finger to prevent this, the greatest ignominy of our time. (Applause.)

But beyond this principle of national sovereignty there was something else that was making progress in Europe. Like it or not, there is no disguising it! I mean the theory of the improvement of the material condition of the greatest number in the greatest part of the good things of the earth. This theory, gentlemen, was everywhere in the ascendant. This was the atmosphere we all breathed, some with satisfaction, others in spite of themselves, but we all breathed it. In face of this great movement of the new world, which would have led, if not to the final disappearance of warfare, at least and certainly to a prolonged period of peace, to an improvement in the relations between the races, to what is called a Utopia, but a Utopia in which it was necessary to have full faith, because the bluest of blue skies is essential if we are to soar, we helpless humans—(Applause.)

—In face of this movement there had nevertheless remained one State which represented its exact opposite, a State which, founded on conquest, has never hesitated to proclaim the right of the strongest as the only right, which has embraced to the point of frenzy the worship of brute force, which regards as a mere sentimentalist, as one useless in political life, anyone who should dare to speak of justice, of law, of respect for one's signature, for all that constitutes the moral treasure of us neo-Latins. (Prolonged applause.) And something else had happened in Europe. By great good fortune it chanced that on the throne of another land, which also is an autocratic land, where likewise the will of a single man settles everything, there was found another dreamer, a Nicholas, but a Nicholas who, instead of trying to play the part of Nicholas I—who, as you know, was the gendarme of European reaction and in 1848 went so far as to save the Hapsburgs solely in obedience to the principle of l'ordre prime tout—actually proposed the limitation of armaments, which means a diminution of human suffering, or, in other words, a step in the direction of Justice. This man is Nicholas II.

And who was it that opposed this idea, gentlemen? Was it England, on whom day by day Austrians and Germans call down Divine punishment because they say she provoked the war? Was it England, who had nothing to gain by the war, and everything to lose? Was it she who opposed the restriction of armaments? No, the opposition came from Germany! And thus humanity, instead of advancing towards disarmament, marched straight towards the madness of armaments unlimited, so that it became evident either that thrones must be overturned or that, in order to make an end of the old world once and for all, blood must flow like water and the victims be numbered by millions. (Applause.)

And if such is the meaning of the war now raging, how can it be supposed that it can end with the customary peace, the sort of peace in which so many gold-laced, decorated plenipotentiaries will discuss a lot of nothings around a green cloth? Can one imagine that it will end like a duel with button-tipped foils, in which the swordsman hit exclaims "Touché!" and after shaking hands and putting the weapons in their case, the two adversaries go off and drink to each other's health? No, gentlemen, today it is a war of nations rather than a war of armies; the conscience of all the races is awakened; this war must and will go on until one of the two sides shall have been crushed in such a manner that the victor shall be able to impose his rule upon the vanquished. No other peace will be acceptable to the nations. If Germany is victorious her rule will be the rule of the mailed fist, the reign of a single people chosen by God; if the others win—and win they will—the law they will impose will be the law of justice, in order that the whole world may enjoy the benefits of civilization. (Prolonged applause.) Such is the problem. But you will ask me: "What! Is Germany to disappear?" Who can imagine any such thing? It is Austria that might and should vanish away. (Applause.) Austria ought to have disappeared long ago. When she has vanished from sight a general sigh of relief will be heard; everyone will be glad that at last she has paid the price of centuries of wickedness, for you may search the pages of her history through and through, and you will not find that she has done good to anyone of any sort, while many and many have been the sufferers from her treachery and her brutality. What would I not give to anyone who should point out to me a single good action ever done by this Monarchy? (Applause.) And things being as they are, gentlemen, can you doubt on which side victory will rest? I forget who it was said just now that it was childish to introduce the idea of morality into international politics. How slight must be his acquaintance with the philosophy of history! Individuals, like peoples, pay the price of the offenses they commit against morality. In the one case punishment follows immediately, in the other case it is delayed; but there would be no order in the universe, life would be without value, were it not that we have the conviction of the existence of a moral law above us. (Applause.) And if, gentlemen, the problem is as I see it; if the events through which we are passing are as I have attempted to describe them, how can one talk of neutrality? Is there a single State throughout the world which will not be affected, which will not be transformed by the results of this war? No, gentlemen, there is not one. But note this difference: There are some States which will suffer from the consequences of the war without power to have their say, because they let their sword rust in its scabbard; others there are which, while suffering no less

severely from the effects of the conflict, will at least have a hearing: their utterance will be either that of the conqueror, who decides, or that of the vanquished, who, having done his duty, may rightly claim the respect of the victor. (Applause.) But the man who supposes that we can remain untouched in the midst of this convulsion is simply hiding the truth from himself. Untouched? No. But it might well happen that others decided on our fate without troubling to consult us. Therein lies the whole difference between the policy of neutrality and the policy of action. (Applause.)

I have heard talk of yet another course of political action, that which M. Stelian termed the policy of the carrion crow; others have styled it the policy of the hyena. That is the policy which traffics with the one side and with the other, deceiving both, which lies in wait watching for its opportunity, unhampered by any sort of moral guidance, without inquiring in which direction its duty lies, knowing nought of the demands of honor, and, according to the turn of the scales this way or that, would induce you—even you—to administer the coup de grace to the expiring combatant, in order the more conveniently to rifle his pockets. (Prolonged applause from the Opposition benches.) Political action of this kind is not only unworthy of a people which has displayed so many virtues throughout the centuries, but, believe me, it is a stupid policy, for the reason that it never succeeds. When the universe has been turned upside-down, as now, when so many sacrifices have been patiently endured, you may be sure the victors and the vanquished—knowing full well that others have been lurking in the darkness like hyenas—will in the end clasp hands like brave men, who respect one another, and the punishment will be for the cowards. (Applause.) Gentlemen, I know of cases in which, in normal circumstances, this hyena-like policy may have been pursued, but I know of no case in history in which a nation has announced beforehand that it intended to play the hyena's part. That is the height of incapacity combined with the height of immorality. (Prolonged applause.)

And as regards ourselves. Do you not realize the perils of such a policy for us Roumanians, a policy which, I feel convinced, is not the policy of the Government? It cannot be, for Roumania is incapable of producing a Government which should adopt methods of so base a kind. (Prolonged applause.)

The material danger of such a policy would also be grave. It has been said that in times like these, when men are dying by millions, when all the virtues have been revived, when there is being written in letters of blood an epic without a parallel, the proper role of the statesman is to be a thorough-going realist, to take no account of emotions or of sentiments, just as though life consisted of nothing but calculations, as though it was not, above all, controlled by the passions of men. (Prolonged applause.)

Let it be so, gentlemen! Even accepting the basis of calculation, the policy would be a mistaken one, since it is impossible for us to expand except at the cost, not of Austria properly so-called—that corpse full-ready for a successor!—but of Hungary. In spite of all our hostility towards the Hungarian people, we here are bound to recognize that they are most remarkably endowed with vital energy, patriotic force, and the power of recovery.

This right every people feels to be the primordial and essential right, and that is why the Roumanian people has always understood, sometimes perhaps unconsciously, but at others with an absolutely conscious realization, that

(Continued on Page 18.)

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—A market of this dull and featureless sort requires no comment, and its early trend is any one's guess. Bull news in munition orders continue to confront us, though a careful reading will show repetition of earlier published items. We very much doubt that the public will be again induced to enter this field of speculation. Earnings of such companies as have contracts will, no doubt, go into plant extension, as evidenced in the munificent distribution of the Crucible Co. of a quarter of one per cent. Such stocks as have merit, and there are many, such as United States Steel, Norfolk, C. & O., Hide and Leather, Third Avenue, Western Union, Union Pacific, Reading and others, will be picked up by the discriminating purchaser on all weak spots. The railroad wage question, while a deterrent factor, is likely to be settled after some parley, and until this matter is amicably adjusted, the rails will continue heavy. There is also the matter of foreign loans, which will cause further liquidation in this group from abroad. It is a waiting market of great dullness, and further commitments should be discriminatively made.

Wheat—We are reminded every day that the crop situation in the Northwest is not unanimously in the discard, for the contradictions are as emphatic as the claims of serious deterioration. The movement to primary markets from both sections of the wheat belt, is unusually heavy, and does not denote any anxiety as to future supplies. The same feature was noticeable during the Hessian fly scare in the Southwest, the receipts holding to normal during the period of greatest excitement. There has not been any increased demand for cash wheat, and sales are being made to go to store almost daily, showing no urgency in the inquiry. The foreigner is not seemingly interested, as would naturally be expected if the crop injury had been as radical as reported, and, in fact, there were reports of sales emanating from abroad. It may prove possible that there will not be more than a 25 per cent reduction in the final yield, but there will have to be great improvement over the conditions now existing to save even 75 per cent of last year's returns, and some excellent authorities say that this cannot be done, for the rust has spread over too expensive a territory already. It will be, perhaps, well to recognize the possibilities of this worst enemy to the wheat plant, for its effects are vicious, and beyond the control of any human agency. The public has not as yet taken any unusual interest, but are soon expected to, unless some check is found to the progress of this pestilence.

Corn—There were a great many reports of heat damage from the interior, but they were by no means unanimous. There was no relief in sight in the Southwest, but from various parts of Illinois, there were messages claiming that frequent showers had occurred, although

the weather was hot. From some sections firing was claimed and curling was very frequently alluded to. Some of the reports received referred to tasselling, but we hardly believe that this condition is general all over the belt. We believe that the present advance will disappear very quickly, if rain should be announced within two weeks, and we can hardly see why there is any reason for believing that higher prices for corn should be necessary.

Cotton—There is very little change in price as compared with last week's closings. The continued rains in the Eastern belt has kept the market firm, and the local crowd has been very bearish, and no doubt would have forced the market down, but were afraid of the monthly Government figures. The crop in the Eastern belt is getting a very poor start, and fields are said to be either washed out completely, or so full of grass that the damage is estimated as high as 50 per cent in some localities. In the Western belt the crop is about all that could be desired, and picking is just getting under way in some sections of Texas. There has been some new cotton on the market from the extreme South and New Orleans is predicting a fair movement from Texas this month. The South generally is bearish, and some hedging sales are being made from day to day, but, as yet, this selling has not become a factor. There are reports of boll weevil coming in from parts of Texas and Georgia, but the weather has been clear and hot, and this has a tendency to curtail this pest. On the whole, the growing crop is doing well, and with increasing receipts of new cotton becoming a factor in the near future, we believe it will take something out of the ordinary to bring about a higher market.

The Dawn of a New World

(Continued from Page 17.)

for a thousand years back a problem has stood between it and the Hungarians; either the Hungarians are to occupy the heights of the Carpathians, and from that position to dominate us, or we are to establish ourselves in the citadel of Transylvania and from that position to dominate the plains of Hungary. There is no third possibility. For a thousand years the problem has faced us in this form, for a thousand years it has been present to our minds; but naturally those who have directed the State have viewed it in relation to the forces at our disposal. We have not been a State of Don Quixotes, but neither have we been a State of men without perception and feeling. Every man of us—from the village schoolmaster with his map of Trajan's Dacia, with his roll of Roumanian lands lying under foreign domination, up to our statesmen—yes, even on the day that they signed the treaty which bound us to Austria—every man of us had engraved on his heart in letters of fire the words "Ar-

déal," and "Union of the Nation!" (Prolonged applause.)

Of a truth, gentlemen, our educational leagues, our concern for the Roumanians on the other side of the Carpathians—all this movement implied, fundamentally, a mental reservation. It all resolved itself into a provisional attitude, destined to last just so long as the European situation which prevented us from realizing our national ideal. (Applause.)

For our ultimate object, which was cherished in the minds of us all and made all our hearts beat, has always been the same—a union of the nation not merely intellectual but also political—our unification within the boundaries traced for us by Trajan—I mean, astride the Carpathians, and pushing out to right and left with all our power! (Prolonged applause.)

The hour has come sooner than we expected. Let us rejoice at its coming! Let us rise to the greatness of the occasion! (Applause.)

Willis—Bump borrows trouble.

Gillis—What is his latest cause for worrying?

Willis—He wants to know, in case nobody should vote this fall, who would be elected.

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Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 2,084,033.89
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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ISADOR LEVIN, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned EMANUEL M. LEVIN, Administrator of the estate of ISADOR LEVIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of E. H. Wakeman, 311 California Street, rooms 514-516 San Francisco, Cal., my attorney, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ISADOR LEVIN, deceased.

EMANUEL M. LEVIN,
Administrator of the estate of Isador Levin,
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, July 8, 1916.

E. H. WAKEMAN,
Attorney for Administrator,
311 California Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

7-8-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75,177; Dept. No. 4.

HELENA HORSTMANN, Plaintiff, versus CONRAD HORSTMANN, also known as CHARLES HORSTMANN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CONRAD HORSTMANN, also known as CHARLES HORSTMANN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's habitual intemperance and of Defendant's failure to provide Plaintiff the necessities of life; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

DELINQUENT ASSESSMENT NOTICE

At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION, held on the 13th day of July, 1916, the Board of Directors made the following order:

RESOLVED, That the day of sale of stock which may be delinquent for nonpayment of assessment No. 1, be continued from the 25th day of July, 1916, at the hour of 10 A. M., to the 7th day of August, 1916, at the hour of 10 A. M., at which time the sale of the stock delinquent for assessment, shall be sold according to order heretofore made and published.

FREDERICK H. OLSCHESKI,
Secretary of Sequoia Club Hall Association.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE

SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION—Principal place of business: 1725 Washington Street, City and County of San Francisco.

NOTICE

That there are delinquent upon the following described shares of stock on account of Assessment No. 1, levied on the 26th day of May, 1916, the several amounts set opposite to the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Names.	No. of Certs.	No. of Shares	Amount
Merian Nelke	11	10	\$ 3.50
Charles Vogelsang	15	100	35.00
T. P. Woodward	21	100	35.00
E. R. Barron	22	30	10.50
Leon Bly	23	20	7.00
Henry Eichoff	24	10	3.50
Mrs. Arthur Regensberger	26	10	3.50
Lorrain S. Davis	37	20	7.00
Stanley L. Dodd	49	10	3.50
Mrs. C. O. Scott	38	100	35.00
Emile V. Lonigo	6	50	17.50

In accordance with the law and an order of the Board of Directors made on the 26th day of May, 1916, so many shares of each parcel of the said stock above made as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction at the office of the said SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION, at 1725 Washington Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 7th day of August, 1916, at 10 A. M. to pay delinquent assessments together with the advertisement and expenses of sales.

FREDERICK H. OLSCHESKI,
Secretary, Sequoia Club Hall Association.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75045; Dept. No. 3.
BECKIE DROY, Plaintiff, vs. SAM DROY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: SAM DROY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RETTA J. BIRD, deceased.—No. 21159, N. S.; Dept. 10 Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of RETTA J. BIRD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Joseph Slye, Esq., Room 1003 Phelan Building, 760 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of RETTA J. BIRD, deceased.

L. H. CONDON,

Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Retta J. Bird, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 5th, 1916.

JOSEPH SLYE, ESQ.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
1003 Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

8-5-5

"If you don't mind, sir," said the new convict, addressing the warden, "I should like to be put at my own trade."

"That might be a good idea," said the warden. "What is your trade?"

"I'm an aviator," said the new arrival.

Town Talk Press 88 First St., S. F.

An Old Garden

Damson and dahlia, rose and pea,
Hollyhock, hive and sun-kissed walls;
Hark; through the boughs a ripe pear falls;
(Lavender, thyme and rosemary.)

Fair as the sun, with laughing eye,
Lady my love, in gown of green,
Rips as the fruit thy cheeks are seen,
(Lavender, thyme and rosemary.)

—M. M. Johnson.

Columbine, sunflower, bird in tree,
Honey-love bee with golden thigh,
Tell to the winds she passeth by!
(Lavender, thyme and rosemary.)

Crawford—What do you think of peace-at-any-price?

Crabshaw—It seems to be all right until the time comes when you have to pay the price.

Mr. Gnaggs—Oh, there are worse fellows in the world than I am.

Mrs. Gnaggs—Don't be such a pessimist!

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Intervals

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THE LANTERN



Edited by THEODORE F. BONNET and EDWARD F. O'DAY

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 12, 1916

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IN THIS ISSUE:

The World of Unrest

Nora Bayes Talks Religion

In the Interest of Labor Unions

Shakespeare as You Like Him

A Big Industrial Deal by Eastern Capital

A Change of Flag for Robert Louis Stevenson

From Strenuosity to Sentimentality in the U. S. A.

Wisdom From the Prize Ring—Advice to England

Where the Decision May be Reached—A War Article

Read The Lantern For August



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TOWN TALK

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RUTH CHATTERTON

To appear in "Come Out of the Kitchen" at the Columbia Theatre commencing Monday, August 14

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FOR THE OLD FREEDOM

FOR PRESIDENT:

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

Living in a world of war, revolution and general disaster where one is struck by the universality of folly and outrage, how absurd to be especially concerned about our own little parochial troubles!

Strikes and lockouts in San Francisco are not of supreme importance, especially not at this time when organized unionism threatens the whole country. There are other things that matter even aside from questions regarding the ethics of war. The world is in agonizing convulsions, and the sovereign people of this country, as was once said of the people of England, are in a "beastly state." They are so drunk on materialism that they are taking but a mild interest in politics as manipulated by as mean a lot of politicians as ever appeared anywhere under the sun. But let us not be pessimistic. The earth is still revolving, and this is but a day in the conflux of two eternities. We may be no worse off than the peoples of Europe, though, to be sure, war is at least an awakening and a means of spiritual renovation, and in war politicians even of the Lloyd George class become patriots. It is our fate to be at peace with all the world but ourselves, and we are plunging deeper into the morass of rotten, hypocritical politics. Becoming more susceptible than ever to the sentimentalities and theatricisms of statesmen who dare not look one another in the face, we watch the feverish jockeying of jobchasers high and low at the barrier to the polls, and we smile at the cleverness of him who outwits an opponent by whatsoever trick or device, no matter how it may affect the vital interests of the nation. From Washington, D. C., to San Francisco on the western verge, wherever we turn, the spectacle is the same, the spectacle of politicians speculating about ballots and concerned only about majorities; willing for their aggrandizement to make any kind of deal either with the devil or a dynamiter. The question is always the same: How will it profit Me?

In the Interest of Labor Unions

Things are seldom as bad as they seem. And despite the signs of the times there remains so much to be thankful for that we may calmly wait the "morrow's hidden reason," fearing not "what hap soe'er it brings." Now it is easy to find fault, but difficult to lay it on the right shoulders. Doubtless our politicians are much to blame for the present perplexed state of affairs in this city, but are we not a little to blame for what they are? Here we are today facing perils that we might avert, but instead of trying to avert them we are preparing to meet them though the consequences of their ripening may be of a very painful character. Relations between capital and labor are very badly strained. San Francisco is paying the penalty of long years of apathy and indifference, not to mention toleration of much false teaching and mischievous preaching. We have not only coddled unionized labor, we have given it false notions of its own interests. Trade unionism is constantly described as the organization of Labor whereas in reality it is nothing of the kind; it is an organization of laborers, which is a quite different thing. A very small fraction of labor is unionized, and that which is unionized is entitled to no more right under our government than free and independent labor. Indeed, it should be treated as an enemy, for it is opposed to the interests of the government itself. Whatsoever its professed principles the fact is that unionism obeys the law only when obedience to the law is not inconvenient. Further, trade unionism is not to be encouraged on the theory that its end is production. Such may be the end of organized labor, but it is not the end of laborers organized under the principles of trade unionism. The end of trade unionism is not production but the cessation of production; not the prescribing, the devising and allotting of tasks, but the taking of men away from them. It is the organization not of production but of obstruction. Yet we have been treating unionists as though the nation owed them encouragement, and today we find a Woodrow Wilson hobnobbing with a Samuel Gompers and pussy-footing for the labor vote. Surely we should not pick out a Rolph for special execration when we find him weeping on the shoulders of the jitney boss and treating a McDevitt with extraordinary deference. Our college professors and our newspapers have been educating him up to a kind of reverence for unionism as though it were a perfect embodiment of the one righteous democracy. As a matter of fact it is not even a good industrial democracy. It is controlled usually by bosses and strike-managers of the kind that are only too common in this city; the kind that sympathized with the dynamiters of Los Angeles, men of the stripe of President McMahon who will employ a Mooney to provoke a strike among men well satisfied with their lot and eager to be let alone. But this is not a time for reprobation and

crimination. As we have said, the community is in trouble. There is more trouble ahead. Labor bosses are brewing trouble. They fear that they may be compelled to earn an honest living, since, as a result of their aggressions and audacity and the purposes to which they have put their power in this city, employers of labor have evinced a disposition to revolt. They have resolved at least to resist union domination and dictation. In the circumstances it might be well for the newspapers of San Francisco to give advice to our public servants and common-sense counsel to the men who have been following the lead of labor bosses. Good advice is badly needed, and the press is a sage. Some of our papers are quite influential, and they are able to stir things up a little, especially when they insist on decency and respect for the law, as they have done at long intervals. What a splendid thing it would be if *The Examiner*, for instance, should communicate privately with Mayor Rolph, as it has done on innumerable occasions, and earnestly request him to drop politics for awhile and consider the vital interests of the city? There is no need of any harsh language or of any uproar such as we were thrilled with when the editor called for the punishment of bad carmen employed on the municipal road. Now we are not scolding anybody. As to Mayor Rolph we sympathize with him, realizing as we do the kind of atmosphere he has been breathing and the education he has been getting from newspapers that are no better and no worse than the merchants who have been supporting them. We believe the Mayor is a tractable man disposed to do what is right. Surely he is entitled to the cooperation of the press. Following for several years the line of least resistance, he has reason to be grateful to the labor unions. Now that a change of policy is required, it is expecting too much to expect him to assume an attitude toward the unions that would seem hostile. Of course the truth is that it would be less detrimental to the interests of the rank and file of the unions to have San Francisco peacefully redeemed from the tyranny of self-seeking labor bosses than to be plunged into industrial strife. This is the fact to be pointed out to Mayor Rolph. It might stir his enthusiasm as a friend of the unions.

From Strenuousness to Sentimentality

To be a success in the politics of a democracy a man should make himself part and parcel of his generation. He should reflect its ideas, its sentiments—even its sentimentality. He should echo back the notions, even the cant, of the people. It is not enough for him to have talent for the commonplace, he must have enthusiasm for it, and utter himself as though with a sense of soaring audacity. This was the manner of Mr. Roosevelt when he was uttering his copy-book platitudes on the goodness of being good

and the badness of being bad. He talked with the enthusiasm of a discoverer of epochal truths, and the man in the street stood spellbound. That was after the war with Spain when strenuousness was an ideal and the big stick was a symbol of manliness. After a protracted and thorough soaking in soft-soap sentimentality preached by ladlike philosophers who had been reading Maeterlinck and misunderstanding him, we were in a receptive mood for the transcendentalism of a schoolmaster from Bryn Mawr by way of Princeton. Hence his gush has come to us like an Apocalypse. Among the thinkers of ancient Greece—Plato for one—it was generally assumed that different forms of government occur in cycles. The same appears to be true with respect to different attitudes under the democratic form of government. After the patriotism of the jingo with the big stick came the patriotism of the smug idealist in a stovepipe. For instance:

I hope that we shall never forget that we created this nation, not to serve ourselves but to serve mankind.

The United States was founded not to provide free homes, but to assert human rights.

These sentiments are from a speech delivered by Mr. Wilson on September 30th, 1915. It was thus he asserted the mission of our country, indicating that we have been mistaken. Reading President Wilson one infers that the founders framed a Constitution not for the people, but for the downtrodden of other lands, and so in later years when there was talk of the Constitution following the flag it was meant that the flag should go not for the protection of Americans but for the service of foreigners. When Americans in Mexico were in danger we sent word to them, word that all the world was privileged to hear, to come home right away, and of course the native contemptuously took a kick at them before they got across the border. Doubtless in time there will be a change of attitude but for the present at least, epicene drivel will be easily assimilated by a people copiously drenched with sentimentality of the kind that made them weep for prisoners in the penitentiaries and raise their hands in horror at interstate philandering.

Such is the ugly spirit of
Heat partisanship that in all contro-
Without versies there is more or less
Light intellectual dishonesty, malice
and uncharitableness. The natural tendency is described in the two lines

Each lolls his tongue out at the other,
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.
So it is that today (not in this city perhaps) to be for preparedness is to be an ass or a crook or a butcher. Only the Pacifists, in their philosophy, are men of gentle nature and ripe intelligence. It is assumed that advocates of preparedness are beset either with an absurd fear or the hope of making money, and we are told many of them regard war as a fine school of noble sacrifice and

are stirring up enthusiasm by singing its glories. All this sort of flubdub has the sounding ring of insincerity like the argument that there is great danger of our becoming a militarist nation. Though poets sing of the glories of war this is not a good time to stir up enthusiasm for war by singing of its glories. Surely in no such strain are the advocates of preparedness singing. To be sure there is much to be said in extenuation of the evils of war, as, for instance, it may be said that war is sometimes an instrument of justice and a background of chivalry. We have seen it argued that men return from war nobler citizens than when they went forth to fight. The history of our pension list, however, does not bear out this theory. And we know that when Caesar's soldiers came home from the war they did not go through the streets of Rome singing national anthems glorifying civic patriotism. They were much given to ribald songs, mocking Caesar himself, like the one beginning: "Citizens, look after your wives, for here comes a bald adulterer." There is much cant about war. It may be an instrument of justice, but it does not follow that it is a good thing in itself. And though we may extol some of the qualities it develops we do not thus imply that we conceive its horrors to be delightful. As there is cant about war, so also there is cant about peace. Even peace is not always a good thing in itself, as some of the most obtuse of us must have learned from recent events in Mexico. If we prepare for war it will not be on account of a passion for war. There is not much danger of our falling into the Prussian illusion about the religion of valor and ending by regarding militarism as the only religion fit for a gentleman. Not that we are superior to the Prussians, but that they have taught us the folly of concentrating on things that may imperceptibly harden our nature.

Shakespeare
As
You
Like
Him

Of all the speculation in which men have indulged regarding Shakespeare there is none so utterly absurd as that for which authority is sought in sentiments expressed by characters in his plays. It is absurd because Shakespeare never interposes between his characters and his audience. He is always a disinterested spectator. There are many playwrights to whom the stage is a platform for the purpose of debate. Shakespeare is not one of them. Their characters are puppets constructed to discuss a thesis. Their stories are nothing but vehicles invented for the transportation of their views. They make their views quite clear. Now Shakespeare was above all things a dramatist. He had nothing to prove, no prejudices to expound. He saw life as a great panorama, and he surveyed it steadfastly with no criticism to make of the divine playwright. He was an artist who never lost his temper or his poise. He did not even take the trouble to invent his stories. He did little more than select

and make other folks' stories plausible and dramatic by breathing life into the characters. How absurd to hold him responsible for their sentiments! These sentiments taken as a whole are so greatly at variance, so emphatically antithetic in many instances that to regard them as Shakespeare's own is to regard Shakespeare as a man with no set opinions regarding the most important matters that engage the attention of mankind. Hence the wide divergence of conviction among the silly commentators who have confounded him with his creatures. For example: Hartley Coleridge and Charles Whibley pronounce him a Tory; William Archer is sure he was an aristocrat and a snob; Frank Harris is sure he had contempt for the mere citizen; yet Swinburne thought him a Socialist, while F. R. Benson regarded him as a democratic imperialist, and Lord Morley thought him a Feudalist and Professor Dowden was not quite certain whether he was a Liberal or a Conservative. The fact is you can make anything you please out of Shakespeare if you will take it for granted that like George Bernard Shaw he was concerned only about his own viewpoint. This is what has been done by many writers who have written about him in this tercentenary year. Perhaps the silliest of them all is Henry Arthur Jones, who has published a pamphlet entitled *Shakespeare and Germany* to prove that Shakespeare's opinion of the Germans was identical with his own. He has disinterred the line from *Cymbeline* wherein Posthumus compares Jachimo in lustfulness to "a full-acorned boar, a German one." In this speech, according to Mr. Jones, "Shakespeare manifests 'his own personal opinion of Germans and his feelings toward them.'" The hysteria of war-time has Mr. Jones in its grip. Doubtless he is indignant that the Germans should be saying that Shakespeare was not a good Englishman but rather a good German. He is sure that Shakespeare was "preoccupied with an intense dislike for Germans." But so disorganized are his wits he is at pains to explain that while Shakespeare expressed his personal opinion of the Germans, in *Henry IV* he wrote only as a dramatist when he made Talbot speak of a "yelping kennel of French curs."

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Varied Types

293—NORA BAYES

By Edward F. O'Day

She was stitch-stitching away at a kimono when I invaded her elaborate suite at the St. Francis. First you notice that she is trig and petite; then that she is alert, quick-brained and keen-eyed; finally, that she is good to look upon.

"It's for one of the Nashes," she explained, looking up, but not stopping the play of her needle. "They are both nice girls, fine actresses and good friends of mine. I think Florence will like this for dressing room wear."

She held it up, and I joined her in respectful contemplation of its uncompleted folds. It was a blue kimono, and she was giving it a touch of vivid color by annexing to it an edging (shall I say?) of some material in rich Chinese red. Speaking as an outsider I should say that Miss Nash will probably like it immensely. I liked it myself.

"I've just been giving an imitation of a dog chasing his tail," continued Nora Bayes, menacing me with her thimble. "Shall I show you how a dog does it?"

And without waiting for an answer she shed her sewing, jumped up and whirled like a very charming dervish of the feminine gender—if such dervishes there be.

"You used to be here at Fisher's," I told her when her gyration had been applauded by her Orpheum accompanist and myself. "What was that song of yours we all used to like?"

"Follow the Crowd?" she suggested. "It did go well, didn't it? Do you remember the lazy, floppy chorus girl who was the big hit in the acting of that song?" And without waiting for an answer: "But I was out here after the fire—at the Chutes. It was then I received one of the nicest compliments of my stage career. I had finished my songs, and was bowing to the curtain-callers. When I had bobbed and bobbed, and the curtain kept on going up, I finally told the audience I had no more songs."

"Aw, sing them all over again, Nora," said a big, fat, good-natured man up in front.

"The audience liked the suggestion, and there was nothing for me to do but act on it. Such a reception. I was quite overcome."

"I saw Ashton Stevens on the way out here, at Chicago. Never saw him looking better. I told him I had taken up Christian Science, and that every time I picked up 'Science and Health' I could not help saying 'Very good Eddy,' it had done me so much good. What do you think? Ashton published that. He will get me in bad with the Scientists."

"A lot of actors go in for Christian Science," I said.

"They need it," answered Miss Bayes who is a propagandist. "They are troubled with nerves. Christian Science is bad for the ego; it destroys that remarkable condition known as 'artistic temperament.'"

"If that is true," I commented, "it is the best defense of Christian Science I ever heard."

This remark gave Miss Bayes pause for a moment only. She proceeded, not to defend but to elucidate the creed.

"When I go on the stage," she said, keeping right on with the Chinese red edging of the blue kimono for one of the Nash girls, "there are really two who go on—God and I. I lean on God, and of course I cannot fail. Equally of course I cannot sing anything or do anything vulgar."

"You know, the time has gone by when we take off our hats when we speak of God. We lean on Him for support. We know He is always there to help us. Motoring lately I nearly had a fatal accident. But I leaned on God, and was miraculously saved."

"Do you have much trouble getting new songs?" I asked, a little uneasy in the presence of Christian Science.

"No trouble at all. Most of them I have to rewrite. But there's no difficulty about getting them. When I need a new song I tell myself that God will bring it to me. He always does."

I am afraid this did not impress me profoundly. I accepted the sincerity of it, however. We talked of a certain fine actor, a mutual friend.

"He is spiritually starved," said Nora Bayes. "He is reaching out for spiritual comfort. He has gone to Christian Science for it."

I must have conveyed my surprise, for Miss Bayes hastened to explain that she was not trying to influence him in a change of religion—he is a Catholic.

"I am not trying to convert anybody," she said.

But there's no denying that the "Scientists" as a whole are persistent proselytizers.

"All my people are Scientists," said Miss Bayes. "They live in Los Angeles, you know. I was supposed to have cancer. My people were after me all the time to go to a Christian Science healer. I laughed at them. The trouble was in my throat, and I told them there was too much at stake for me to waste time on that sort of foolishness. My doctor bills were enormous. Finally I went to the healer. My throat doesn't trouble me any more. Nothing troubles me any more."

It is the story one is ever hearing from "Scientists." But there is so much left unsaid in this story. It is like the work of a master of fiction who gets his literary effects as much by what he leaves out of the telling as by what he puts in. I do not wish to be misunderstood: I am not saying, I would not insinuate that Nora Bayes had edited her experience of Mary Baker Eddy's extraordinary cult. But the people who are converted to Christian Science are not always the most logical, the most analytical thinkers in the world. The brain is so often the victim of the emotions. And the acting folk are exceedingly emotional. And Nora Bayes is an exceedingly fine actress.

But we had to interrupt our talk on Christian

Science. Perhaps it was just as well. Religion is the most dangerous subject in the world for casual discussion; and religious is more futile than political argument. One never gets anywhere, except occasionally into a bad temper or a worse misunderstanding. So I welcomed the interruption of our talk. Miss Bayes had to taxi to the Embarcadero to meet a friend. Would I go along? I would. Would I share her bag of candy? I would not. So Miss Bayes munched stick candy like a little girl, and I tried to fix the elusive, the more subtle features of her charm. For she is very charming.

Passing Steuart street I mentioned the bomb outrage of the Preparedness Parade. She stuck her head out of the taxicab to see the hole in the sidewalk. She asked for all the details of the tragedy. When the friend had been met at the Embarcadero and the conversation became general, Nora Bayes changed the subject back to the bomb affair. She is avid of information. She absorbs it seriously, her intent look showing the concentration of her mind on the topic that interests her.

When I left the taxi and Nora Bayes I went over in my mind all that she had told me and all that I had told her. I found to my surprise that she had been interviewing me; that I had said more than she had said. Naturally—for she took a polite interest in my remarks—I concluded that Nora Bayes was a mighty clever woman!

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Munsey having killed The Sun that Dana knew who cares that the presses have been damaged by fire?

Curious so many of the peace propagandists who were at the anti-preparedness meeting are for anything but peace now in San Francisco.

The best way to work for law and order is to appoint a committee to look after the election machinery of San Francisco and see that citizens who affect an interest in the welfare of the city are on the register and resolved to vote.

Every man to his own tools. Thus an ice-cream vender has been arrested for trying to murder a man with an ice pick.

Why pickets? Are they for intimidation? If not why is more than one man needed in front of a restaurant to shout "unfair house?"

Everywhere but in San Francisco picketing is regulated. Isn't it about time for us to have a law making it possible for a man to go where he wishes to buy without danger of a browbeating or worse?

If the merchants of San Francisco aid in supporting newspapers that conceive it to be to their interest to represent a faction rather than the interests of the whole community are not the merchants getting precisely what they deserve in the newspaper line?

The despatches tell us that the Chinese of Sacramento have been eating cricket on toast. The poor, benighted heathen has yet to learn what a delicious delicacy is snail on the half-shell.

"Japan has got control of the world's trade," says a despatch from Washington that tells what a good thing the La Follette bill has proved for Nippon. Even so, we have the satisfaction of knowing that Andy Furuseth's ideals are now embodied in the laws of the United States.

A father of twelve children, who works by the day in Pinole, has been arrested at his home in Alameda for failing to provide for the dozen little ones. As he was caught in the act of visiting his wife it is probably a case of birth control.

Where the Decision May be Reached

The Effect of the Russian Offensive and the Importance of the Situation in the Balkans—The Rumanian Enigma

By ROBERT McTAVISH

We are all watching the Western front in the great war, but I am still firm in the belief that the decisive things are to be done in the East and the Near East. It is still worth while to keep an eye on the Balkans. In the despatches of Monday was one from Hungary telling us that Count Karolyi was heading a movement for a separation of the Hungarian troops from the Austrian troops in order to pave the way for a separate peace. There was also a despatch to the effect that the Serbians were making a successful drive against the Bulgars. And all the while the Russians are on their mettle. These things presage big doings. The Russians may not be going so fast as they were a month ago, but they have not been halted, and it is evident from Monday's despatch that there is some uneasiness in Hungary. Since the Russian offensive, which began on June 4th the losses of Austria-Hungary have been enormous. It will be remembered that just before the Russians opened their drive the Austrians started an offensive against Italy with a concentration of guns in the crucial sector of the Trentino front alone which was estimated at 2000. This was at a time when the Germans had a great concentration of guns at Verdun. Doubtless the guns had been withdrawn from the Russian front on the theory that the Russians had not recovered sufficiently to do much damage. There was a clear opening for the Russians and General Brussilov took advantage of it. And now the Russians are in Galicia where they were in the autumn of 1914. They have not swept across it as formerly because on their first visit Russian Poland was in their hands. Now there is danger of an untenable salient. So they went south across Bukovina to the Carpathians making a deep impression in Rumania whose ambiguous position on the flank of the two great belligerents is no doubt a source of anxiety to both of them. Now as a result of the Russian invasion the question of Austro-Hungarian man-power is becoming specially acute. Some time ago the Dual Monarchy called up all classes to the age of 50—that is, several years older than in either France or

Germany. A fresh revision of the older classes has now been ordered, to bring in men previously regarded as unfit. These are the very last military expedients to which a Power can resort—several stages beyond what the other belligerents have reached. A State so situated can least of all afford abnormal losses such as have been experienced since the renewal of offensives both by the Russians and Italians. There are surely indications of an approaching collapse of the Dual-Monarchy whose armies are now under the command of General von Hindenberg. Surely if there is to be a psychological moment for Rumania it must be near at hand.

Thus far Rumania has managed to remain aloof. The sphinx of Europe has not yet spoken and today the enigma of Rumanian policy is puzzling the world. The Government of the country has shown masterly qualities of keeping its own counsel. The King, Ferdinand, is a Hohenzollern of the elder branch whose aunt was the mother of the King of the Belgians. He has been regarded as a German sympathizer, but I am informed by one who knows him that he is above all things a Rumanian sovereign desirous of serving the welfare of his subjects and promoting the future of his country. He is a Rumanian first and last, and so is the Queen, the daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh who has Russian blood in her veins. The throne will decide on national, not on family lines. The Rumanian policy is an eminently sane one. It has taken no chances that might lead to the fate of Serbia.

Rumania has today contact only with one of the Allies, and that one until a month ago least able to help and the least trusted at Bucharest. Besides, the loss of Bessarabia is more recent than the loss of Alsace-Lorraine, and whereas Germany was the enemy of France, Russia had just been saved on the slopes of Plevna by the young Rumanian army. Also Rumania lies between Russia and Bulgaria and the way to Constantinople. Two dominant forces exert influence in Rumania—mistrust and fear of Russia and dread of a Greater Bulgaria.

Rumania is a country depending upon agriculture and oil for revenue, and is in no position to manufacture munitions. Nor had she a large stock in hand. The ammunition ordered and paid for in Germany before the war was not delivered, has never been delivered—a significant indication of how little sure Berlin is of Bucharest. But it was essential of Rumania, before embarking on war, to have adequate supplies accumulated or assured. The Salonika line, even at its best, was a poor line to rely on, change of gauge and transshipment made arrivals slow. From Russia munitions were not to be had. Also, when the Russians were forced back from Bukovina and Galicia the railway connection through Moldavia was imperiled.

Now as a matter of fact Rumania has done much for the Allies. For her neutrality has spelled ruin. The whole wealth of Rumania is in cereals and petroleum, and both these are in a terribly bad way. At the time when the Allies had the idea of starving out Germany, Rumania by refusing to allow her railway trucks to pass the frontier, practically stopped the export of grain. She also killed her petroleum industry. It is at a standstill, the production has fallen, all the tanks are full, prices are practically non-existent. Germany and Austria have not had grain or petrol from Rumania, but Rumania is ruined.

But there is still more proof of Rumanian friendliness. Until the occupation of Serbia gave the Central Powers contact with Bulgaria and Turkey, Rumania consistently stopped the passage of war stores to Constantinople and Sofia. Whole trains were held up at the frontier, while truck-loads clandestinely introduced were seized at Bucharest. Every manner of device was resorted to in the hope of securing the passage of vital parts of shells, etc., but the vigilance of the searchers let little past. But it was necessary to do this stopping work very circumspectly because the long frontier with Austria and Hungary rendered reprisals easy. But Rumania loyally stopped the bulk of the munitions. On

(Continued on Page 17)

Wisdom From the Prize Ring

By Frank P. Slavin

(The author of this article was once a famous pugilist. He came to this city from Australia. He fought Peter Jackson in London and was beaten. The article was written for The English Review. It presents the case of Ireland in a way that ought to appeal to the intelligence of intelligent Englishmen.—Editor's note.)

It is more than probable that a good many readers may wonder what a retired pugilist, turned soldier in his fifty-sixth year, can have to say about the inner feelings of the Colonies and the Empire and the war—that is, anything worth reading. That wonder is quite natural, for I suppose that very few people in these islands have ever heard anything about me or about my life, outside the boxing ring. But, as a matter of fact, I became a professional pugilist more or less by accident, as most professional pugilists have done. My accident, if I may say so, was directly due to the centuries old antagonism between Ulster and the rest of Ireland, and made me not only a pugilist, but a politician as well, of a kind. It happened this way.

I have always been called a Cornstalk (i.e., a New South Walian), but, as a matter of fact, I am a South Australian by birth, though my father moved to West Maitland, in the Upper Hunter Valley, New South Wales, very soon after my birth, where he took up a big tract of land, and built up a big business in cattle-raising and market produce. So you see that I was a farmer before I became anything else. I might have remained a farmer all my life if the Irish question had not spread over into Australia and affected my career. Unfortunately my father died in September, 1868, when I was seven years old, leaving my mother with seven children (the eldest a girl of twelve); and a large ranch to run. That was a year of exceptional drought, and she naturally had her hands full. Our nearest neighbors were a family of the name of Campbell, dour Ulstermen, strict Methodists, and rigid Sabbatarians, who were naturally highly annoyed at having to suffer the contamination of a horde of "Papish Beasts" (as they called us) in their vicinity. So they set out to prove the superior loyalty of Ulster, and incidentally to save their own souls, by invoking curses on all our enterprises, and by, more actively, assisting their curses to roost by lifting as many of our cattle as they could whenever they found an opportunity of so doing. There were plenty of professional cattle thieves about in those days, but though we suffered at their hands, our heaviest losses were due to the political and religious fervour of the Campbells.

As a material result, my brothers and I always fought the Campbell boys whenever we met them, and a nice little civil war raged until old Campbell caught me one day and gave me the worst hiding (with a stockwhip) I have ever received in my life. I was only nine years old at the time, but he beat me into a senseless condition, and, indeed, very nearly killed me. Of course, I had to get even, though I had to wait thirteen years for the chance.

The big drought of 1872 ruined my mother and sent me off gold-mining—into my real profession, that is to say. For, although I have turned my hand to many callings in my time, the one job I have always come back to is that of mining engineering. Drifting into Sydney around my twentieth year, and coming across old Larry Foley, I remembered the Campbells, and at once settled down to learn all I could about the art of self-defence. After a year's study and practice with Foley, and a few

lights, I decided that I could attend to the Campbell family, quite as efficiently as the Huns attended to Belgium in August and September, 1914. So I went back to Maitland and paid the Ulstermen a friendly visit. That was a really great battle royal; but when I came away I felt satisfied that I had paid off old scores with full interest, and had also settled the Irish question in that vicinity.

Old Campbell must be dead now, for his sons were mostly older than I. Still, I hope that they are all as hale and hearty, and that some of them may have joined up with the Australian contingent, in which case I may meet them on one of the fronts, and bury all old animosities in the blood of a few Huns.

There is no reason why such a meeting should not come to pass, for there are any number of men well past the so-called military age in the ranks of the Colonial contingents. We have led harder and rougher lives than you people at home, and those of us who have pulled through are as tough as tanned leather and as wiry as whipcord. What is more, we have seen the Empire (together with a few good slices of the rest of the earth), and we know that it is well worth fighting for to the last drop of our blood.

Those of you who have lived out all your days here at home, and have both abused and absorbed abuse of the Empire and its management (particularly the last), may think you know all there is to know about the Empire, but you cannot. A man has got to experience the roughest of rough times, both under the Union Jack and a few other flags, before he can begin to understand everything that the old flag really means. I have myself lived at various times under thirty-two flags (twenty-three of which were variations of the Union Jack), and I have been through both good and bad times under them all; and I have learnt that a man can be assured of better and fairer treatment and a squarer chance under the old flag than he can under any other piece of bunting. It was a gradual discovery, and I did not realize that I had made it until I came home this time with my regiment and read your newspapers, and talked with old friends and new acquaintances. It was only then that I got to understand how right Kipling was when he asked:

What do they know of England, who only England know?

Now, as it is the Nationalist element which rules in America and in the Colonies, and as there are plenty of Ulstermen in those same States and Colonies who have found that Irish—even Roman Catholic Irish—rule is quite tolerable, so there is no reason why in due course they might not accept it comfortably at home. But I am not here "putting up" for Home Rule. My complaint is that the establishment of Martial Law and the military execution of the rebels were bad blunders. They would have been all right and justifiable if the rebels had been Englishmen or Scotsmen; but I am an Irishman by blood, even if I am now a Canadian Scot, and I claim to know my people. Those executions have only succeeded in making a new host of martyrs, and in offering encouragement to any number of other young Irishmen to emulate Pearse, Connolly and Co., in

the hope of earning martyrs' crowns for themselves.

No Irishman is ever so really happy as when he is striving for martyrdom; and, on the other hand, no Irishman is ever so really miserable as when he is being made a laughing-stock of. No man, of course, yearns for ridicule, but the threat or fear of being made to look ridiculous would be quite sufficient to deter any Irishman from embarking on any enterprise whatsoever. The settlement of the rebellion—or, rather, the sweeping up of the debris—was left to the soldiers and the lawyers, who went about their task as though they were dealing with mutinous soldiers or felons on trial, instead of with a lot of hare-brained fanatics, who honestly believed that they had qualified as heroes of epic poetry. I am quite satisfied that the wisest course would have been to address the leaders (including Sir Roger Casement) in some such style as this: "You have proved to the entire satisfaction of everyone that you prefer Germany to Ireland, and Hun rule to the Union Jack, so go where you will feel happy. We, and Ireland, can easily dispense with your presence, and the Germans might be pleased to see you. Run along." You could then have shipped them all over to Hunland, where they might perhaps have learnt wisdom, and perhaps also have found their martyrs' crowns outside Verdun.

It may perhaps be objected that this would have given them a fresh opportunity of returning to make new troubles in Ireland. But the risk would surely have been remote. Connolly (the irreconcilable) might perhaps have tried, but he would have been a discredited force; while Pearse and the rest would have had a rude awakening. One feels sure that their experiences among the Huns would have enabled them to discover the Union Jack and all that it means. And just try to imagine the impression which would have been created among Irish-Catholics and Irish-Colonials. Martyrdom of the Irish brand would have undergone a really bad slump.

But this you will say has nothing to do with the Colonial view of the war and the Empire. I believe, however, that it has a good deal to do with it, since the eternal Irish Question is one of the only solid quarrels which the Dominions have with the Old Country. So very few of you English people appear to realize the immensity of the Irish element in Colonial politics, and how very largely Irishmen bulk in Colonial politics. In fact, I have come to suspect that very few Englishmen indeed really possess any inkling of knowledge about Colonial character, or about the real Empire at all. Yet it is far from being a difficult subject.

Colonials are just Britons. The Colonial character is the British character over again; only more so. Of course, we grumble and sneer at the Old Country at times, just as you English

(Continued on Page 17)

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
OPERATING
UNITED CHEMISTS STORES

Poems About San Franciscans

XXXVII—AT POLLOCK'S GRAVE

By Charles Warren Stoddard

(Edward Pollock, the subject of the following tribute, is the best known of our early poets. He was born in Philadelphia in 1823, and came to California in 1852. He worked in San Francisco as a sign painter—the avocation which another poet, James Whitcomb Riley, followed for several years. When the Pioneer Monthly was started in '54 by Ferdinand Ewer, Pollock became a regular contributor. He was admitted to the bar in 1855, and died in 1856. His literary work extended over a short period of six years, but he left a literary monument that endures. Among his best known poems are "The Parting Hour," and "Evening" in which he celebrates our Golden Gate. His collected poems were published in 1876.)

One seared leaf quivering down
From the green choir that wails thy brief renown:
This is the poet's crown!

Where is thy skillful lute,
That could provoke the birds to sweet dispute?
Alas! forever mute!

The hand that drew the balm
Of ravishing music from tuned strings is calm;
The worm feeds on thy palm.

Not the majestic sweep
Of subtle melodies thy nerve could keep
From out the dusty heap.

The eager sun-rays dart
Through silken grasses, searching for thy heart,
Of perfect gold a part.

The frail vine mantling
Thy undeserved nakedness doth cling
About thee, perishing.

Though no cut altar-stone
Is set to tell these ashes are thine own,
Thou art not all unknown.

Nor dost thou, voiceless, wait;
A thousand whispering tongues shall penetrate
The Heaven's pearly gate:

Singing thine unsung songs,
Chanting thy praises out of tuneful throngs,
And righting all thy wrongs.

I would some song dispense,
But falter in my homely utterance,
For music is flown hence.

The Spectator

R. L. S. Under the English Flag

So many things have occurred since the world was plunged into war that not a few of them have escaped our attention. For example, the transfer that has been made, as a result of the war, of the bones of Robert Louis Stevenson, best beloved of modern English writers. The bones were not disturbed, but the ownership of the land where they lie was transferred by conquest. Now this is a matter that appeals to sentiment, for the grave of Robert Louis Stevenson was holy ground to all who loved his books, and while he loved England's flag he had a very strong prejudice against German rule. He did not like Germany, but for twenty years or more he has lain within the German Empire. The first British conquest of German territory brought his grave into the shelter of the flag he loved so well. It was the first British conquest of German territory in the history of the two nations, the conquest of Samoa by the men of New Zealand.

The Tomb on the Mountain-Top

We all know that after long wanderings in search of health, Stevenson settled in Samoa where he was beloved by the natives who affectionately called him Tusitala. On Apia he built a rude home wherein he wrote "The Wrecker" and the fragments of "Weir of Hermiston" which contain some of his best work. In the study of his home he made a window that he might look at the mountain-top where he wished to be buried, in those pre-German days. The lonely tomb is visible from a distance at sea. It is reached through tangled bush, along a zigzag, rocky road, almost too steep for a man to climb; but—just because of that, perhaps—Stevenson wanted to be buried there. On one side of the tomb are the words of one friend to another, the words that Ruth said to Naomi three thousand years ago:

Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest,
I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy
God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will
I be buried.

A Big Industrial Deal

From one of the daily papers I learn that the suit of J. A. McCarthy against the Old Mission Portland Cement Company has been dismissed. A little more news than this is vouchsafed, but not much more, and what there is of it is somewhat inaccurate. The dismissal of the suit means something more than a change of management at San Juan where the plant is located. It means among other things a big investment of Eastern capital in a California company that has its principal place of business in San Francisco. It doesn't mean, as one might infer from the newspaper article, that the Californians who have been handling the business will continue to do so with the assistance of McCarthy. The fact is the cement plant and the California Central Railroad which is allied with the Old Mission Company have been taken over by a combination of local and Eastern interests represented by McCarthy, associated with whom is Mr. William F. Humphrey, the San Francisco attorney of the well known firm of Lent & Humphrey in the Mills Building. It was Mr. Humphrey who handled the litigation. This litigation lasted three months and ended in the dismissal of the suit mentioned by the newspapers and in a victory for McCarthy and his interests.

The Biggest Deal in Years

The fact is that McCarthy and Humphrey have put over one of the biggest deals that has been consummated in our little industrial world in some years. To realize how big a deal it is one must first have some knowledge of the importance of cement in the industrial world. Cement has become what pigiron once was—the barometer of the industrial world. We do something more than walk on cement. We build bridges with it and tunnels and sewers and canals and office-buildings. Think of all the cement that was shipped to Panama for the wedding of the Oceans! Now to manufacture cement on the premises, which is the cheapest way to make it, that is to say, to make cement

where all the ingredients are ready to hand is the most advantageous way to make it, and that is one reason why the San Juan plant is worth while. This plant was discovered by J. A. McCarthy of Boston, an expert in the cement business. I don't mean to say that he discovered it as a miner discovers gold: he discovered it as an investor discovers a good thing in the hands of men who aren't able to make the best of a big asset. It is one of the significant circumstances of this cement deal that McCarthy came all the way to California to examine the cement properties at San Juan. He came hither to exploit a little productive piece of California in the interest of his associates in the cement business, men with foresight, enterprise and imagination. These men have a reasoned conception of the future of the Pacific and the Far West. They were determined to be prepared to meet the demand for cement on this coast, and McCarthy spent nearly two years here sizing up the situation with an eye single to cement. Finally he decided that he needed San Juan in his business. Indeed he decided that the Old Mission Company's property was precisely what he wanted.

An Ideal Proposition

The truth is that the man from Boston, after all his study and examination of the situation, pronounced the San Juan plant and cement field the ideal cement proposition of the Pacific Coast. The plant he regarded as the least important element of the Old Mission Company's combined visible interests. It is easy to build a plant—indeed the Old Mission plant is one susceptible of great improvement along up-to-date lines unknown in this section of the country—but it is not easy to find in one spot hereabouts all the materials essential in the manufacture of the precious Portland article that has revolutionized engineering and divers kinds of construction the world over. Now at San Juan is an inexhaustible supply and besides the plant is in an ideal location, and the property itself covers large and valuable territory.

Moreover the company owns a railroad ten miles in length that may be developed if the owners see fit. And these owners are not lacking in enterprise or enthusiasm. You see, they are from the East, and they had lots of experience. Of course we are not slow in California, but all the atmosphere of the pre-Gringo days has not departed and we really have something to learn.

When the Picture Unfolded

As soon as McCarthy realized the inviting character of the properties at San Juan he opened negotiations for the deal that has been put through. Fortunately for him financiers hereabouts had but a vague conception of the value of the properties. Hence as capital was not easily accessible to the men in control, it was not hard for the Eastern visitor to have his proposition considered and accepted—a proposition for financing the business. But to safeguard himself against legal difficulties he required expert legal services. Here was where Mr. Humphrey came in. The proposition was embodied in a contract, and all possible precautions against loopholes were taken. Before the deal could be swung it was necessary to get the consent of the State Commissioner of Corporations. He had to be convinced that the property was worth while, that it would justify all that was to be done and that investors would be protected, etc. Now the State Commissioner of Corporations is Mr. H. L. Carnahan, who is not a typical bureaucrat. He knows his business even better perhaps than he knows politics. He put experts on the San Juan plant, and when his report came out it made a noise like a gong. The report of these experts conclusively proved to the cement and financial world the real value of the properties at San Juan. Immediately divers cement interests on the coast began bidding for the plant. At once McCarthy had trouble about his contract, but fortunately Humphrey had taken care of that. The owners of the Old Mission Company didn't want to let go, it would be so much more profitable to let somebody else have the property. Attorney Humphrey immediately brought suit to enforce the contract, and after a good deal of backing and filling the stockholders surrendered. In the end the corporation was transferred—plant, machinery, land and railroad—and the McCarthy-Humphrey interests are now in control. As a result the president of the Olympic Club, besides being a leader of the bar, is now an industrial magnate and at the same time the head and front of a railroad company of large potentialities.

The Conductor Remembered

A San Francisco man, just back from Los Angeles, tells this one, crossing his heart and hoping to die if it isn't true. One day he boarded a Los Angeles street car down town with four Los Angeles friends, and paid their fares. A day or two later as he was entering a street car the conductor spoke to him.

"You're a San Francisco man, aren't you?"

"Yes," was the answer, "but how did you know?"

"Because you got on my car the other day and paid five fares. Los Angeles people don't pay each other's car fare."

Do You Know Them?

The great Sir Gilbert Murray, Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford and the most famous

of living Greek scholars, has been lecturing at the summer session of Columbia University. Joyce Kilmer the poet interviewed him recently for the New York Times, and in the course of a most interesting talk Professor Murray made a comparison of British and German classical scholarship, to the advantage of the former, it goes without saying. Incidentally he paid a handsome compliment to certain American scholars. Pointing out that the best Greek grammar is of German authorship, Professor Murray proceeded:

"But if one wanted guidance on some delicate point of Greek usage, and was looking for some one with a subtle flair and feeling for the language, there are at least two Americans and certain English people whom I would consult in preference to any German scholar."

"Who are the two Americans, Sir Gilbert?" asked Kilmer.

"I think at once of three," he answered; "Basil Gildersleeve, Paul Shorey and Weir Smythe."

How familiar are you with these three names which the great Gilbert Murray pronounces trippingly on the tongue?

Who They Are

A tribute to American scholars coming from Professor Murray is a higher distinction than an honorary degree from most universities. Praise from Sir Gilbert is praise indeed! Obviously, here are three of our great men. And yet Gildersleeve, Shorey and Smythe are not household words, like Byran, Henry Ford and La Follette, to take three of our brummagem heroes. Permit me to identify them: the attempt to make their names familiar to their fellow countrymen is not wasted effort. Singularly enough, considering that Professor Murray introduced their names while minimizing the cultural value of German classical scholarship, all three of them had part of their training in the German universities. Gildersleeve studied at Berlin, Bonn and Göttingen. Shorey studied at Leipzig and Bonn. Smythe studied at Göttingen. Gildersleeve is professor of Greek at Johns Hopkins. He is the founder and editor of the American Journal of Philology. He is the author of a Latin grammar and other books, and has edited the works of Persius, Justin Martyr and Pindar. Paul Shorey is head of the department of Greek at Chicago University. He has written standard books on Plato and Horace. He has been lecturing at Berkeley during the present summer session of the university. Weir Smythe is professor of Greek at Harvard. He has written Greek grammars and books on Grecian literature. All three are philologists of international fame. The moral of all this is that the United States doesn't bother much about its great men when their greatness is the genuine, solid, splendid greatness of scholarship. More's the pity.

The Clockwinder in Dry Territory

"Where have you been?" Senator Gus Hartman asked as he entered the pendulum room of the ferry tower.

"Visiting friends in Seattle and Portland," said the clockwinder, "and getting acquainted with States that are dry."

"Pretty prosperous, aren't they?" the Senator asked with a smile.

"Yes, you can property up there without

spending much money. What do you suppose the leading industry is up there?"

"Give it up."

"Foreclosing mortgages. No trouble at all except to find buyers. If a man wants to foreclose a mortgage he has to buy the property himself. It's really the place to get rich. All you have to do is wait till the people get sane again."

"I guess that'll be a long time," said the Senator.

"Well, I dunno," said the clockwinder. "It all depends on the climate. Now in Oregon they're recovering fast, but the trouble is the wise guys quit the State and leave the ivory heads behind. Washington is hopeless. It's worse than Los Angeles. They had a meeting in Seattle when I was up there to prohibit the movies from showing anything worse than 'Pilgrim's Progress' or 'Rock of Ages,' and the meeting was made up of Methodist and Baptist preachers."

"Seattle must be hopeless," Senator Hartman observed.

"It's not as bad as Spokane," said the clockwinder. "In Spokane there's a Bible Society that runs a blind pig."

Rule or Ruin

"Now don't laugh," said the clockwinder, "don't laugh till we get out of the woods."

"Oh, there's no danger here," Hartman observed.

"I don't know about that," said the waterfront philosopher. "You never can tell what's going to happen in California. We haven't been right for a long time. Sometimes I think we'll never be right till after we go down and out. See what's happening now with the labor unions."

"They're only having a strike. They've got to have strikes to keep the ball rolling and give the walking delegates a chance to get a raise of salary."

"Seems to me it's worse than that," said the clockwinder. "The unions are threatening to vote for prohibition unless the members of the Chamber of Commerce decide to let them have their own way. You see they know very well what prohibition would do for California and they're giving out the tip that they'll rule or ruin."

"But that won't do them any good?" said Hartman.

"No," said the clockwinder, "it will put many thousands of men out of a job and make foreclosing mortgages a lively industry down here as well as up North. But, Gus, lunacy is spreading like infantile paralysis."

Willis Booth Campaigns

Reports from the northern counties where Willis H. Booth made a whirlwind canvass last week are to the effect that the choice of the Republican party for United States Senator made a remarkably good impression upon the voters. His meetings everywhere were larger than any candidate had a right to expect in the height of the fruit season. At Napa, at Woodland, at Corning, at Redding and at Chico—to mention only the places where he had night meetings during his seven days of strenuous campaigning—great crowds turned out to hear and see him. Although he was raised on Shotwell street in this city and educated at Berkeley, Willis H. Booth has been in business in

California's Popular Wine

ESTABLISHED 1866
A. FINKE'S WIDOW
SPARKLING WINES
DRY AND SWEET WINES
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TELEPHONE KEARNEY 109

Patronize Home Industry

Los Angeles so long that we of the North don't know him very well. So there was curiosity about his personality wherever he was billed to speak. The impression he made, even upon his political adversaries, was emphatically favorable. He speaks simply and sincerely, without oratorical flourish; and his obvious lack of all the tricks dear to the stump-speaker recommended him strongly to his audiences. There was no vituperation in his remarks; and nothing more personal than an appeal to the sense of fair play which Governor Johnson is outraging by his attempt to steal the Republican nomination.

He Surprised Jordan

Booth was accompanied on this trip by Secretary of State Frank C. Jordan, the greatest single-handed campaigner in the West. Even Jordan was surprised by the ease with which Booth picked up the campaigning habit. A veteran could not have comported himself better in the handshaking and conversational methods necessitated by our beautiful direct primary law. Booth is thoroughly in earnest, and feels that since his candidacy has the approval of the Republican party of the State, it is of the utmost importance that he should win; hence the men and women he meets receive an impression of sincerity, not one of gladhanding. He is going at a gruelling pace, speaking from his motor car at cross roads and little towns wherever a crowd gathers, and then meeting all sorts of people. It is remarkable how cordially the women receive him when they find that he is the manufacturer of the Hotpoint iron. Working men find no flaw in him when he talks machinery; for Booth started life in a machine shop. The fact is, Booth is a live wire. He stands for something. He has personality of an attractive kind. The influence of that personality is sweeping over the counties in which he has been seen and heard; and Johnson is said to be worried to death. The Governor did not know that Booth was going to set so fast a pace.

Johnson Is Worried

So worried is the Governor over the rapidly developing strength of Booth that he is making every effort to stem the tide of Booth sentiment. Two members of the Board of Control, Neylan and Bloodgood, have been "trailing" Booth through the North, answering his speeches as best they can. When Booth started his tour there were men on hand to take his speeches in shorthand for the use of Johnson and his followers. Every effort was made to prevent Booth from having good meetings. At Orland the Johnson men succeeded in preventing Booth from getting a hall; but he held his meeting in the open air, and the circumstances being generally known, he received such a welcome as he could not have hoped for otherwise. Anti-Johnson sentiment was crystallized by the Booth tour of the North. Extravagance in the awarding of State Highway contracts and favoritism of one district over another in the prosecution of the work have been potent factors in incensing people against the Governor who wants to be Senator. Johnson has done all he could to make the voters expect a vilifying campaign from Booth. There has been nothing of the sort, and of course those who expected it have been agreeably surprised and impressed. Quite a number of Progressives have assured Booth personally that while they had registered Republican to vote for Johnson they would vote for Booth in the primary and thus help to give him a fair field against Johnson in the November election. This is one of the effects of Booth's masterly presentation of his claims upon the Republican nomination which Johnson covets.

Conspicuous by Their Absence

The directors of our World's Fair have published a very handsome volume of testimonials with the title: "The Legacy of the Exposition," and the sub-title: "Interpretation of the Intellectual and Moral Heritage left to Mankind by the World Celebration at San Francisco in 1915." Some seven hundred people are represented here by the kind words they gave our World's Fair. The omissions are surprising, but not as much so as some of the inclusions. There is nothing here to indicate that Charles L. Freer of Detroit liked our Fair, although he had much to say in print and privately in its praise. Royal Cortissoz wrote appreciations of the Fair which drew attention to San Francisco from all over the country; he is not among these penners of testimonials. Sousa has his say here, but not Muck of the Boston Symphony. Loie Fuller, one of our most enthusiastic panegyrists, is not quoted. Artists like Alden Weir, Childe Hassam, Duveneck, Tarbell and McClure Hamilton are not among those who made up this "legacy." The great sculptor Paul Bartlett is conspicuous by his absence. Here are officials of life and fire insurance companies, congressmen, professors of fresh water colleges, editors of agricultural papers, presidents of small clubs in small towns and others of the same standing. Strangely enough "Hank" Ford has nothing to say in these pages, and Dr. Newo Newi New is not quoted.

The Muse in Sonoma County

Here are two modest little paper-covered books of poetry—one from Petaluma, the other from Geyserville. They are Sonoma county's bid for mention among the far-flung seats of the Muse. It is interesting to place the two little volumes side by side, for one is the work of a singer not unknown, the other of a youngster for whom the steep slopes of Helicon are all untrodden. Anna Morrison Reed's is an hon-

ored name on the roster of our singers. You will find it in Mrs. Mighels' "Story of the Files." Mrs. Reed is not only a singer herself, but the mother of a singer. Her daughter is Mrs. W. Elgin Travis who writes lyrics and music under the name of "Lawrence Zenda." "Gethsemane and Other Writings" is the title of Mrs. Reed's book which comes to us from Petaluma. Geyserville is represented by a boy just turned sixteen. His little book is called "On Reaching Sixteen and Other Verses." Both singers have had and have admirers worth while. It was no less a personage than Oscar Wilde who wrote of Mrs. Reed: "I have read with much pleasure your charming little volume with all its sweet and simple joy in field and flower, its sympathetic touching of those chords of life which Death and Love make immortal for us." The boy-singer of Geyserville has yet to win such proud encomium as that, but he has a sympathetic admirer in Arthur L. Price of The Examiner who writes a foreword to his book. Price is a son of Sonoma county too, so there is local pride as well as critical appraisal in his attitude. He discovers "charm and grace" in the verses of Myrle Robbins Lampson, for that is the name of the sixteen-year-old singer of Geyserville.

Maturity and Adolescence

Mrs. Reed takes the title for her book from a little poem called "Gethsemane." It will be inferred that hers is a sad music, and in the main it is so. What has been and what might have been inspire Mrs. Reed to sing. The love that is no more, the dear one who has long departed—these are the tender motives of her poetry. There are sudden tears in her lines; she cultivates the mood of reverie. Her poems are heart songs. They speak sweetly and softly to those who have suffered. Mrs. Reed is sympathetic, she is sincere, and she has a graceful command of verse forms. Young Lampson's poems, it goes without saying, are lacking in these signs of maturity. His is the poetical striving of adolescence which is always self-conscious and generally free (perhaps mercifully) from the restraint imposed by the sense of humor. And so we find this lad in the midst

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of his teens singing of the fickleness of love and of tragic presentiments. This sort of thing need be regarded only as poetical exercise; its only value is in the facility it gives the young singer in the handling of words and ideas. Depth of feeling can only come with years and experience. If young Lampson is still of a poetical mind ten, twenty years from now, his promise may be fulfilled. Meanwhile he shows a knack for pretty thoughts and pleasing images; more cannot be expected of a singing boy. He could not do better than seek counsel of the mature poetess of Petaluma, Mrs. Reed.

Transformation Note

"The Red House" was famous or notorious—according to the point of view—during the Graft Prosecution. "The Red House" was the house on Franklin street between Post and Sutter near the grave of Starr King, the house where Frank Heney had his law office, and where the Graft Prosecution machinery was oiled every morning by Heney, Langdon, Burns, Spreckels, Older and others. I recall this fact merely to introduce another, viz. that "the Red House" is now devoted to religious worship. The headquarters of the Graft Prosecution is now "the Church of the Home of Truth." Quantum mutatus!

A Literary Item

"Duke" Felix Hoendorf, most amiable of Germans, sat in the library of The Family, consulting a fat red volume. Appeared at the door of the room H. M. Masterson, the lumberman popularly known as "Bat" Masterson.

"What are you reading, Duke?" demanded Masterson.

"Who's Who in America," answered the Duke.

"What's that?" asked Masterson.

"It is a book containing short accounts of all the leading men of the country," explained Hoendorf.

"Geel!" exclaimed Masterson, sizing up the book, "we've got a lot of leading men, haven't we? Well, there's only one leading man in Germany. They don't need a book there."

Ralph Renaud Writes a Play

It will be good news for the friends of Ralph Renaud that he has had a play accepted by Selwyn and Co. and is to see its fortune tried on Broadway this coming season. It is a comedy with the attractive title "Betty Behave." The beautiful and able Jane Cowl will have the principal role, and others in the cast will be Orme Caldara, Henry Stephenson, Frank Kemble Cooper, Helen Tracy, Clare Weldon, James M. Morrison, Perce Benton and William Weston. After the trying-out "in the provinces" which is usual for new plays "Betty Behave" will be offered in New York on Thanksgiving. Ralph Renaud has many friends in San Francisco. He

is a Stanford man who lost no time in making his mark in journalism after he left college. He work on The Examiner, The Bulletin and The

strikes and demonstrations their position in American life would be more secure. They appear to be of the opinion that novelists would



NORA BAYES

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Chronicle. His verses, dramatic criticisms and interviews in the two latter papers are well remembered. When Renaud left San Francisco for the East it was with the determination to make his way as a playwright.

Writers Who Want a Union

There is a strong sentiment in the Authors' League of America in favor of affiliation with the American Federation of Labor. A lot of the authors think that if they had union cards and the strength which inheres in sympathetic

get their rights from refractory publishers if publishers were threatened with a walk-out by the union printers; and that dramatists would not be cozened by theatrical producers if the union of stage carpenters stood in with them. A formidable committee of authors has reported in favor of affiliation and the question is to be decided by a referendum vote of the entire membership of the league. On the committee I find the following former San Franciscans: Gertrude Atherton, Mary Austin, John O'Hara Cosgrave, Edward Salisbury Field, Eleanor Gates, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Wallace Irwin, Edwin Markham, Frederick F. Moore and Kathleen Norris. Presumably these authors all received their education in unionism in San Francisco. It is too bad they cannot come back for a post-graduate course conducted by the Law and Order committee of the Chamber of Commerce. It might abate their enthusiasm for the union card.



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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

To Society through Politics

Mrs. Abbie Krebs, than whom no more charming or more cultivated gentlewoman ever took an active part in politics, was a guest at the luncheon Mr. and Mrs. Will Crocker gave at New Place the other day in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Nicholas Murray Butler. Mrs. Krebs and the Crockers were brought close together by the Republican National Convention at Chicago to which both Mrs. Krebs and Mr. Crocker were delegates. Now that Mrs. Krebs has been taken into the inner social circle which the Crockers dominate, I shouldn't be surprised to see some of our climbers go in for politics. Of course Mrs. Krebs is not, and never has been a climber. Her social position was always the last thing in the world to worry this highly cultivated lady. She has spared little time for society. But her invitation to New Place will set the climbers thinking. Here, they will say, is one of the advantages of politics; straightway they will consider the advisability of trying politics as an aid to social betterment. The climbers overlook nothing. This, however, is the first time that the social advantage to be derived from politics has been impressed upon them. They will try this road now, and of course with varying success.

The Macomers at Saratoga

Mr. and Mrs. King Macomber have been at Saratoga where the New York world of fashion is very much in evidence this summer. They arrived in their private car with enormous loads of baggage, a small army of servants and several guests including Mrs. Felton Elkins. The prestige of the fifty millions recently inherited by Mrs. Macomber made them personages immediately. The bavardes have placed the Macomers as Pasadena folks. Of course they should be identified with Hollister. The Macomber place in San Benito county is a principality, and it says much for the Macomers that they are popular with all the residents of the countryside, high and low. Mrs. Macomber has youth and vivacity; King Macomber has good nature and good sense; and both of them

have good hearts. Fifty millions are powerless to spoil them, in the opinion of their friends.

A Sears Story

Eleonora Sears is once more attracting attention in the East, this time as a horsewoman. Every time Eleo becomes conspicuous a new story is told of her, or an old story revived. This time an old story has been trotted out. It is about the time Eleo was yachting with some friends, and their boat sailed close to Tom Lawson's yacht. Eleo was not acquainted with the author of "Frenzied Finance," but that made no difference. Sighting him she took up a megaphone and shouted through it: "Hello, Tom. How's copper?" To which Lawson replied: "All right. How's brass?"

"Dick" Tully Has a Drum

"Dick" Tully of our town got into trouble the other night by calling a policeman at the Women's Night Court in New York "an old duffer." As a result of that harsh language the author of "Omar the Tentmaker" had to give up a small fraction of the day's royalties in a police court fine. Tully should worry! He has a new play on the way, and it will probably fatten his bank account, for Tully has the knack of "putting it over." The new play is called "The Flame." The plot has not been disclosed, but one of the "props" has. This is a drum which is so valuable that it has been insured for \$2,000. The Tully press agent has been beating on this drum. Let us pause and listen: When properly struck with the fist, the sound carries twenty miles. It used to be owned by one of Uganda's savage tribes. It is four feet high. Its body was hollowed from the trunk of a mammoth tree. Its head is a bullock's hide. Drums of this type are used for signalling in Uganda, the drummers being stationed on mountain tops twenty miles apart. In this manner warnings are sent over hundreds of square miles in a few minutes. That will be all—until the press agent gives the drum another whack.

Social Leaders and Hotels

Time was when the Boniface was not admitted to the ranks of high society. No matter how big his hostelry, how great his wealth and how engaging his personality, Mine Host remained an inn keeper, a purveyor to the traveling public and therefore, that public's obedient, humble servant. Those times have gone forever. Bernard Shaw may gibe at hotel keepers (and he did it wittily in "Arms and the Man"), but the control of a big hotel is no bar these days to prominence in the most swagger set. Our social leaders do not scorn business of whatever nature, provided it be big business and profitable. The hotel business is one of the biggest, if not the biggest in these United States. So it has been taken up by our social leaders, with no loss of social prestige to themselves. Some of New York's highest aristocracy is heavily interested in New York's great hotels. But we need not go to New York. The Sharons went into the hotel business in the earlier days of San Francisco, and the Palace has shed luster ever since upon their social prominence. Will Crocker is interested in the Palace; who would dare impugn his social standing? And it is exactly so with Henry T. Scott and Charles Templeton Crocker of the St. Francis. They are hotel keepers, but they dictate in society.

These reflections are inspired by the recent trip of the St. Francis magnates to Honolulu. They went to look over the hotel situation there, with the purpose in mind of building a hotel de luxe for travelers to the Paradise of the Pacific. It is a big and attractive enterprise. It will help San Francisco enormously. It will surely be successful, for Honolulu is at the cross roads of the Pacific, and travel will stream through it from the Panama Canal to the Orient and back again. When our St. Francis magnates have established their hotel in Honolulu, society will take up Honolulu as never before. No doubt it will become fashionable to run down there for a swim at Waikiki beach. Thus we see that not only may great social magnates go into the hotel business with perfect impunity, but they create hotel fashions to which their social followers give unhesitating allegiance.

"Aida" on Ewing Field

The Rev. D. O. Crowley of the Youths' Directory will hold a benefit for his institution on Ewing Field, September 30, when an open-air performance of Verdi's "Aida" will be given under the direction of Josiah Zuro. Among the eminent operatic stars who will appear are Emmy Destinn, Clarence Whitehill, Leone Zinovieff and Henry Weldon, while negotiations are now being conducted with other celebrated singers. Arturo Spelta who was stage manager of the performance given in 1911 in the shadow of the Pyramids, will be brought to San Francisco, and will superintend the painting of the scenery as well as aid Josiah Zuro in the stage management. The costumes designed for the University of Pennsylvania production this summer, which Zuro went East to study, have

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been secured. A chorus of five hundred local singers is rehearsing, many societies devoted to the promotion of community singing and pageantry actively assisting Zuro to select the cream of the singers. A ballet of seventy-five is being trained. There will be an orchestra of one hundred and fifty, assisted by a stage band of fifty to lend sonority and strength to the music, while more than one thousand persons will be used in the pageantry effects. Experiments made in Ewing Field have demonstrated beyond doubt that the acoustics are perfect. Father Crowley is being aided by several committees of prominent men and women who will also look out for the interests of the Mission preservation fund, which will share the proceeds of the benefit with Father Crowley.

At the Palace

Mrs. J. Ulio, widow of the late Major James Ulio, United States army, is a guest en route to Hawaii. A Thomson, prominent importer of King Williamstown, Cape Colony, is making a business trip through the United States and purchasing goods. Mr. C. H. Purcell of Shanghai accompanies Mr. Thomson. R. H. Avey, manufacturer of Spokane, is here to look over the prospects for establishing an electrical supplies plant, and is hunting a site in San Francisco. E. L. Potter, owner of the Van Nuys Hotel in Los Angeles and the Hotel Clarendon, Palm Beach, is registered. Other guests are Mrs. and Mr. A. V. Meserole of New York; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Van Cott of Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Mortenson of Oak Park, Ill.; and Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Gray of Giant, Cal. Gray is superintendent of the Giant Powder Works. L. C. Gilman, president of the Great Northern railroad and steamship lines, is at the Palace. Among other arrivals are C. J. Blanchard and H. F. Cowling, officials of the United States Reclamation Service; D. W. Shanks, mining man of Nevada City; C. H. Clarke, broker of Portland; Judge and Mrs. C. H. Carey of Portland; G. C. Moon, capitalist of New York; Mr. and Mrs. F. H. White of Pasadena; W. E. Boeing, millionaire, of Seattle. Mr. T. E. Mitchell, manager of the Burma mines, is a guest. Still other arrivals are P. J. Janssen and H. Harmsen of Java, who import American automobiles for the Dutch

East Indies. They say American cars outsell European makes. Both will spend several months in New York.

At the Cecil

Mrs. F. C. Curry of Berkeley and Mrs. Emmett D. Boyle, wife of the Governor of Nevada, were luncheon guests of Miss Blanche Harcourt at the Cecil Hotel Tuesday. Captain and Mrs. J. R. Thomas of the United States army gave a dinner Sunday. They are making their home there for the present. Among other army folk at the hotel is Mrs. Oliver Belmont Hazzard who arrived this week. Captain Hazzard is in Mexico, and during his absence his wife will share a suite with her aunt Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt. After a pleasant vacation in the mountains Mrs. E. Stauf has returned to her apartment. Miss Dora Alborn gave an elaborate luncheon Monday in the private dining room of the hotel. Mrs. Frederick Waterhouse of Honolulu is a guest. Dr. and Mrs. George P. Orr who were here during the Exposition year are stopping at the hotel. They will not return to their home in Cincinnati for several months. Miss Margaret James is a recent arrival from Los Angeles and is being chaperoned by Dr. and Mrs. Boeger who make their home at the hotel. Mrs. Charles Barth, wife of Colonel Barth, has been the motif for much entertaining. The Pompeian room was the scene of a pretty card party Monday evening. The management of the hotel provided prizes for each table, and toward the close of the evening a buffet supper was served. Among those who took part in the playing were Brigadier General and Mrs. W. W. Robinson, Captain and Mrs. J. R. Thomas, Colonel and Mrs. Lloyd McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. John Charles Doyle of Los Angeles, Mesdames Keith, Eugene Davis, Elizabeth Pratt, E. Stauf, William Franklin Morris, Miss Maud Mooney, Oliver Belmont Hazzard, Colonel William Hart. Messrs. Nat Sims and Richard Barry.

Enter the "Winter Garden"

Pavilion Rink which in its time has been the scene of many a notable function, including horse shows, symphony and other concerts, Knights Templar balls, Mystic Shrine initiations, political gatherings, fistic encounters and al-

most everything that brings together a crowd, is a thing of the past. The big building at Sutter and Pierce streets for the next six weeks will be in the hands of a small army of carpenters, builders, mechanics and decorators who will be engaged in converting it into one of the largest ice skating rinks in America. The new place of amusement will be known as the "Winter Garden," a title selected by John Tait who is at the head of the enterprise, out of many suggested by his numerous friends. There will be seats for several thousand spectators in the amphitheatre which faces on three streets.

"Gastronomics and Booze"

Which is the more agreeable character, the glutton or the wine bibber? Which enjoys the better health? These are among the questions which Theodore F. Bonnet asks and answers in his unique article on "Gastronomics and Booze" in the August number of The Lantern which is just off the press. The writer answers these questions in favor of the man who likes his bottle. He supports his contention with arguments drawn from philosophy, from physiology and from the curious by-ways of literature in which he has wandered to excellent purpose. The poets are among those upon whom Bonnet calls for corroboration. "All poets," he says, "recognize that drinking has spiritual and imaginative results unknown to the disgusting glutton." Bonnet's essay will not please prohibitionists, but it will give joy to those who like the original presentation of old truths, and who have the literary taste to savor the light and deft treatment of a rosy theme. Vincent McNabb is represented in this issue by his "War Wisdom of the Thirteenth Century." This effusion will rile the pacifists of the Tolstoi school. It brings before Lantern readers the remarkable figure of Thomas Aquinas. "Small Talk on a Big Subject" is Edward F. O'Day's offering this month. It is a causerie on fame and represents the viewpoint of you and me who can never hope to be famous. There is a gripping story from the French called "From Prison to Sunshine," and a fine sketch on "Bull-Fights" by Maurice Baring. Altogether, The Lantern for August is a most interesting number and should make a wide appeal.

Preparedness—

"SAFE-TEA FIRST"

Ridgways Tea

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Gossip of the Theatre

The Philharmonic Concerts

Success has crowned the enterprise of the enthusiasts to whose faith we are indebted for the People's Philharmonic Orchestra concerts. These concerts have met with so much favor that the Orchestra will continue indefinitely to provide entertainment for the music lovers of San Francisco. Such was the decision reached at the close of the eighth concert last Sunday afternoon at the Cort Theatre, which was marked by the appearance of Mariska Aldrich, dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Opera House, who was the star attraction of the occasion. But the music of the orchestra itself had its special appeal, for Director Sokoloff has genius for composing programmes. He gave us the G minor Mozart symphony in a style that thrilled the large audience, and he also gave us some trivial music too, trivial but good, for much that is not classical has undeniable loveliness. Of course there is much modern music that vanishes away into thin air at the starry coming of Mozart, but this is not to be said of Debussy music, nor even of Elgar's, though after a feast of Mozart Elgar's Pomp and Circumstance march is like a wafer. Nevertheless this march has fire in it, especially as conducted by Sokoloff. This is the third notable march I've heard him conduct, and I think perhaps he should be called a march king. Nothing could be more refreshing to the mind, by the way, than this combination of older and newer music that we heard Sunday. It enables us to realize our contemporaries. We see that their success is not merely the success of a craze, as some would have it; that aside from being versed in the language of music they have really something to say. Debussy, for instance, is not merely writing impressionistic nonsense, as I heard someone say. He utters himself in admirably fluent music and spreads a wonderful canvas of color to do it. It was in a Debussy aria from *L'Enfant Prodigue* that I heard Mariska Aldrich Sunday. Her voice is one of power and brilliance and sympathetic timbre. She sang the aria with telling effect. I had the misfortune to occupy a seat too close to the stage to appreciate the nuances of the Debussy music, either of the orchestra or the voice, but I was better able to appreciate the vocalist in the *Isolde* aria, when her tones rang out with splendid effect in this loveliest of love lyrics. In addition to being a vocalist of distinction Mme. Aldrich has the gift of personal beauty and grace. Her vital manner reminds one, now of Nordica, again of Mary Garden. Her handsome costume and artistic coiffure bore the stamp of individuality. I thought the orchestra gave a fine reading of the *Prelude*. Mr. Sokoloff conducts Wagner so well that we should like to have Wagner at more of the Sokoloff concerts.

—Helen M. Bonnet.

The Gifted Nora Bayes

The incomparable Nora Bayes is what they call her at the Orpheum. A mouth-filling epithet to live up to, this one that is applied to the headliner of the passing show; but this is an age of words, and precision of language is a matter of no importance. Words are cheap substitutes for thought and they are rapidly losing their meaning, for the writer stayeth not his hand by day or by night and the orator's tongue is perpetual motion. So it really isn't saying much of Nora Bayes to describe her as incomparable. As much has been said of many

a parcel of common clay in feathers and fine clothes. And thus it is that one feels it would be better to eschew the polysyllabic and speak simply and earnestly of Nora Bayes as a woman with rare gifts of voice, tone and manner. It is not that she is incomparable but that she is herself. I fancy that she is a woman of some mentality, which is a quite valuable asset for folk on the stage. It is clear that she has the precious instinct of observation, for she is an actress in the sense in which Yvette Guilbert is an actress; that is to say, she reflects on the things she observes, and makes good use of them in building up a repertoire of caricatures that serve as amusing comments on life. In short Nora Bayes is a woman with exceptional talent for character portrayal, and with rare mimetic ability. Further, she is an entertainer with ways of her own, and by no means the least of her assets is a voice of very charming quality, a voice that enables her to sing the song that tells a story better than any other woman on the vaudeville stage. She is the kind of performer that never provokes controversy, the kind that commands a unanimous verdict.

—T. F. B.

Ruth Chatterton in Premiere at Columbia

The first appearance during the present Miller season at the Columbia of Miss Ruth Chatterton will be on Monday night, the premiere of A. E. Thomas' comedy "Come Out of the Kitchen." We have not seen Miss Chatterton here since

Mr. Miller brought her to San Francisco for the first time three seasons ago in his production of "The Rainbow." In the interim she has been the star of Mr. Miller's production in the East of "Daddy Long-Legs." The little star is now one of the established American favorites, and A. E. Thomas in dramatizing "Come Out of the Kitchen" from Alice Duer Miller's story of the same name, performed his work so as to give Miss Chatterton an especially delightful role. He has also given Mr. Miller the opportunity of casting a splendid supporting company in attractive roles, and the actor-manager has taken every possible advantage of this. The programme will contain the names of such celebrities as Bruce McRae, Harry Mestayer, William H. Sams, Charles Trowbridge, Walter Connolly, Robert Ames, Marguerite St. John, Alice Lindahl, Mrs. Charles G. Craig and Barbara Milton. "Come Out of the Kitchen" tells the story of a rich young Northerner who leases a down-at-the-heel Southern country seat and settles himself, his family lawyer, his would-be fiancée and her redoubtable mother there for a six weeks' outing. A corps of supposed servants go with the place and furnish the motive power of the plot. Henry Miller will of course give the play his usual high type of artistic and adequate stage setting. The production is to go direct to New York after its presentation here.

"Rolling Stones" at Alcazar

"Rolling Stones," Edgar Selwyn's breezy Western comedy of two youthful crooks of a



LEOLA LUCEY

Whose beautiful soprano is one of the features of "Canary Cottage" at the Cort

new and engaging sort, is to be produced here for the first time beginning next Monday night at the Alcazar. It was secured for Forrest Stanley who will be supported by the Alcazar players in an elaborate presentation of this big New York success. "Rolling Stones" is a most human dramatic document. "Madam President," a vivacious, spicy French farce that is best described as "naughty but nice," is drawing full houses this week, which is the last of the beautiful Adele Blood.

Uncle Sam at Pantages

Uncle Sam is going into vaudeville, or rather, he will be represented in the three-a-day houses by nine of his best looking young stalwarts at Pantages next Sunday when the dapper khaki boys will present a twelve-minute military thriller called "The Outpost." Lieutenant-Colonel John F. Gardner, head of the recruiting office on the coast, is sponsor for the act which deals with the daily life of our boys in blue during wartime. Of the regular bill, George Choos, the Broadway producer, is sending out his newest success "The Earl and the Girl," which includes ten stunning girls, a couple of fast funmakers and a swagger array of gowns. Clyde Philips will offer Mabel Naynon and her troupe of trained tropical birds which embrace more than fifty brilliant plumaged cockatoos and parrots. The birds do acrobatics, pilot autos, ride bikes and have a fire scene with an equipment of tiny fire apparatus. The Amoros sisters, known as "Those Wonderful French Girls," will present a melange of toe dancing, gymnastics and aerial feats. Other splendid acts will be shown by Grace DeWinters, in her "Ventriloquial Surprise;" Billy Dale and Lou Archer, "It Happened in Paris;" McCloud and Carp, musical wizards. There will be reels of motion pictures.

The Next Philharmonic

The friends and patrons of the People's Philharmonic Orchestra, Nikolai Sokoloff conductor—and they are legion—may anticipate a great treat at the next concert of the orchestra at the Cort Sunday, August 20, at 3 o'clock. The orchestra will give, for the first time in San Francisco, the great symphony, B flat major of Ernest Chausson, the French composer. The soloist will be Vladimir Shavitch, a pianist of superlative degree who is the husband of Tina Lerner, the pianist. He will make his first appearance in San Francisco with the orchestra and play the brilliant Concerto for Piano forte, No. 1, B flat minor of Tschaiakowsky, one of the most impressive concertos ever written. There will also be given the Air on the G String, from Suite No. 3, D major of Bach and the "Capriccio Espagnol," Opus 34 of Rimsky-Korsakow. It is one of the most curiously characteristic, effective and exciting pieces of music ever written. Seats for the concert will go on sale at the Cort next Monday, and at the music stores of Sherman Clay, and Kohler and Chase the following Thursday.

Second Week of Nora Bayes

Nora Bayes who has scored one of the greatest triumphs in the history of vaudeville, will enter on the second week of her engagement at the Orpheum next Sunday matinee. Miss Bayes' songs and costumes will be entirely new. That clever and diverting comedian Lew Madden and his company will appear in a comedy sketch entitled "Monday Morning." The locale is a vaudeville theatre, and the skit deals with a vaudeville act that reports for rehearsal and what happens to it. It is a series of amusing complications and situations, and Lew Madden is credited with a big comedy hit. With him is

associated Miss Gene Ford, a vivacious, magnetic and sparkling comedienne whose performance of Miss Bloomfield is said to be very enjoyable. Harry Holman, a great favorite, will with the assistance of a sterling little company present a new comedy playlet by Stephen G. Champlin entitled "Adam Killjoy." In the title role Mr. Holman has a character that perfectly suits him. The Boudini brothers, Phil and Dan who as accordionists have few equals, will play selections which range from classical to ragtime. Very pretty is the versatile act of Miss Sylvia Loyal with her Pierrot, a wonderful black poodle, and a countless number of pigeons. In the midst of a park in front of a pavilion illumined by a reddish light the fair Sylvia is beheld being courted by a Pierrot. Soon she develops into a dog trainer and juggler which latter occupation she continues on the tight wire. A pretty sight is revealed when the pigeons in a flock descend around her shoulders. Chester Spencer and Lola Williams in "Putting It Over" and the Leo Zarrell Trio will also be included in this bill. Next week will be the last of Grace Dunbar Nile and company in John B. Hymer's comedy skit "Petticoats."

Fifth Week of "Canary Cottage"

"Canary Cottage" enters upon the fifth week of its engagement at the Cort. There are no evidences of diminished popularity; capacity houses continue to be the rule with the Oliver Morosco musical knockout. It is a merry book, with a dash of paprika, that Morosco and Elmer Harris have concocted, and Earl Carroll never turned out such tinkling music as is to be found in the twenty numbers of "Canary Cottage." Joyous Trixie Friganza, as the stylish cook-lady, corals laughs at the rate of several a minute whenever she is on the stage; Charles Ruggles is most patly cast as Jerry of the love-making propensities; Herbert Corthell is uproariously funny as the gentlemanly souse whose obsessions and green pajamas stay with him during the whole action; Dorothy Webb is quite the daintiest "canary" that could be imagined; Eddie Cantor's black-face comedy is a scream; Leola Lucey's soaring soprano voice is happily in evidence, as is the eccentric comedy talent of Grace Ellsworth; and the Edwards brothers contribute some acrobatics that are new to musical comedy. Two young and pretty dancers, Elsie Gordon and Olga Marwig, new to the West will display their terpsichorean talents in "Canary Cottage" for the first time with Sunday's performance. Carl McCullough, a light comedian of New York reputation, will also join the organization.

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When the newly patented "Caltex One-piece" Bifocals were given to the public they were immediately recognized by discriminating and scientific people as the most perfect double vision lenses ever invented. These wonderful lenses are ground from a solid piece of carefully selected optical glass and combine reading and distance glasses in one. For numerous reasons it was impossible heretofore for many people to wear the old style double vision lenses but all of these difficulties and objections have been entirely eliminated in the new "Caltex One-piece" Bifocals. As ground by us they are the most perfect bifocals in the world. Remember the name and insist upon having "Caltex."

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Comedy

"ROLLING STONES"

By Edgar Selwyn

PRICES—Evenings: 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees: 25c, 50c

Wisdom From the Prize Ring

(Continued from Page 8)

at home sneer and grumble at your own Government. But that is only our way; and it is our way because we are part and parcel of you. In reality, we are fully as proud—prouder even—of the Old Country and of the flag than you are. We know that you have allowed us to govern ourselves in our own way—that you have trusted us. Hence, we are willing to fight your battles, which we realize are really ours as well, to the last man and to the last shilling. And hence we are proud to belong to the Empire, and resolved that you shall never have any real trouble with us. We are also able to see why Ireland has always given you all kinds of trouble and will continue to do so until you trust her as you have trusted us. You want to govern Ireland, for her own benefit, of course. You have told her so until she is sick and tired of hearing you say so. It is possible, perhaps, that your rule is far more beneficial to her than any Home Rule could be, but the mischief is that the vast majority of Irishman—both at home and abroad—don't worry about that. It isn't beneficial government they want so much as Irish government. You would feel just the same as they do; in fact, you do. The Germans are quite satisfied that their own Kultur is vastly superior to any other brand, and they honestly believe that you would be ever so much happier if you would but allow them to administer it among you. They really cannot understand how you can be so dense as to refuse; and you cannot understand how or why the Irish people are so dense as to be unable to appreciate Dublin Castle Kultur.

It isn't fair to blame them for their inability to realize the Empire when you neither realize it yourselves nor afford them the faintest chance of realizing it. All that they know is that they are Irishmen, who have clamored for self-government, for a proof that you really trusted them, for centuries, only to meet with a steadfast and repeated refusal to all their appeals. How in common justice can you complain when a partner whom you do not and never have trusted, whom you have always told that you do not trust, proves to be occasionally troublesome and always peevish?

You have assembled a congeries of republics, and have welded them—loosely perhaps—but consequently securely, into the mightiest and freest republic the world has ever seen. The Empire has been built up on the foundations of freedom and trust; and there you have the whole secret of Colonial loyalty to England and to the Union Jack. It is our Empire and our flag. You refused to trust your American Colonies, and lost them. That was a bad day for you, and, I may add, a worse day for them. The clearer-sighted American has at last come to recognize that last-stated fact; for there are scores, nay, hundred of thousands, of Americans today who, though they would be loth to admit the fact, would be happier if their flag was the Union Jack. They would, of course, fight to the death sooner than see it float over the Stars and Stripes. But for all their pride in "Old Glory," in their heart of hearts they are sorry that they ever became separated. How many Americans are today serving in the ranks of the Canadian contingents do you think? The total would, I fancy, surprise you. And there are scores of thousands ready and eager to follow if they felt that the Empire ever needed them.

Lust for adventure, perhaps. Well, they and we native Britons, Canadians, Australians, Americans, South Africans and New Zealanders have

had our glut of adventure in Alaska and on the Klondyke. But we have swarmed into the recruiting depots all the same—Britons, Colonials and Americans alike, irrespective of age or circumstance. There is an old comrade of mine, now in France, a grandfather, as I am myself, but a millionaire, as I am not. He and I packed many a trail together in the Yukon before he made his pile and pulled out to settle down on a ranch on Queen Charlotte Island. Yet he was one of the first to enlist and to see war for the first time at Ypres. The Empire called him, and he heard the call; simply because the Empire is worth fighting and dying for.

Yes, the Old Country is a grand old mother, and we are proud—all of us—to be numbered among her soldiers.

Where the Decision May be Reached

(Continued from Page 7)

the other hand she took a large view of the use of the Danube for the passage of stores between Russia and Serbia.

With the practical ruin of her resources Rumania has been faced with dislocation and the expenditure of maintaining the bulk of her army mobilized. She has seldom had less than 300,000 men under arms, with a result that her army is in a state of extraordinary efficiency today. The line of the Carpathians is in an admirable state of defense, many of the heavy guns from the Bessarabians having been transferred. The enemy cannot surprise Rumania, an attack must dispose of at least half a million men—nor can heavy guns be used in the mountains. The southern frontier is the more dangerous, a crossing of the Danube covered by heavy artillery having proved to be quite feasible but with an allied army at Salonica, Italian troops in Albania and Russians at Czernovitz to cross the Danube would be a hazardous adventure.

No wonder Hungary is growing uneasy, for there are millions of Rumanians there eager to be subjects of Rumania. I am of the opinion that there must be uneasiness all through the Central Powers, if not in Berlin itself. Surely the situation in the Balkans is not viewed without alarm in Berlin. There are statesmen who believe that all Germany's ambitions were concentrated in the Balkans at the time of the outbreak of the war. Further, in accomplishing what she did in the Balkans when she opened the way to Constantinople Germany realized her most cherished dream. After that she did not for a moment believe that her mastery of the highway of the East could ever be seriously challenged. Germans generally were confident that Russia would not be able to "come back." They believed that as soon as the enemy recognized defeat and left Germany at the head of an immense Zollverein stretching from Antwerp to the Persian Gulf, no power on earth and no British blockade would ever be able to repeat a policy of "starving Germany out." The symbol of this great achievement is the "Balkan zug," the Balkan Express, which runs twice a week from Antwerp to Constantinople. This German train has now replaced—Germans hope for ever—the former International Orient Express.

Great was German confidence after the Russians were swept back and Serbia was destroyed. Germany immediately began to organize and develop and extend her inland waterways so as to make it possible for vessels of 1000 tons to pass from Antwerp, Hamburg, Bremen or other ports on any large German river or canal to the Black Sea by way of the Danube. This "Danube ques-

tion" was but yesterday, and it may be yet, the foremost question in Germany. Preparations are being made to link up by a system of canals not only the Rhine, Danube and Elbe but every important German waterway.

One of the objects of the "Danube scheme" was to secure for Germany the control of both banks of the Danube from source to mouth. Throughout Austria and Hungary and along the Serbo-Bulgarian shore the control was thought to be assured. It was hoped to bring Rumania into the scheme by persuasion or force, and to compensate her by securing for her possession of the Russian shore of the Lower Danube. Thus German control of the whole waterway would be complete, and would, together with the control of the railway route, link Germany indissolubly with the East.

Now assuredly there is some likelihood of the great dream being shattered. Surely if Russia continues her offensive there will be something less than assurance in Berlin, much less if Rumania should decide to administer the knockout. Were Bulgaria to be defeated, either by the Allies alone or with the help of Rumania, German confidence would receive a fatal shock. The presence of an Allied force at Salonika has been a thorn in the German side, because of the potential menace it has constituted to the safety of the land and water routes to the East. Should that menace become real, the greatest alarm would be felt. The cutting of those routes and the reestablishment of Serbia would bring about the ruin of German hopes and the collapse of German confidence not less surely than the winning of military victories over German armies on the Western and the Russian fronts. Hence I say it is worth while diverting your eye occasionally from Verdun and the Somme and taking a squint at the Danube.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRED W. SIMONTON, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of FRED W. SIMONTON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at the office of Charles A. Lee, 615 Hobart Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRED W. SIMONTON, deceased.
GEO. W. SIMONTON,
Administrator of the estate of Fred W. Simonton, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 12, 1916.
CHARLES A. LEE,
Attorney for Administrator,
615 Hobart Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

8-12-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 74925; Dept. No. 4.
HENRY HAINS, Plaintiff, vs. GABRIELLE HAINS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GABRIELLE HAINS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3rd day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ERNEST PAGNUELO,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

8-12-10

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—There was very little doing in stocks the past week, and prices did not get very far either way. Foreign liquidation was not active, but the market never loses the fear of the load of American securities held abroad, and every time the market rallies, stocks seem to be for sale. Steel Common has been sold steadily for the past two years by foreign holders, and the amount held abroad now ought to be at least cut in two. The stock market has been fed with all the Steel Common and other international issues that it can absorb, and this makes it a tiresome affair. Speculators have the idea that there are plenty of railway stocks for sale on any advance, and figure that stocks cannot go up very much, and with any unfavorable news, could easily decline. For several months the bears have made money out of almost everything, when they had patience enough to wait for a rise to sell on. However, this kind of speculation has not been very profitable in the case of good dividend payers, because the shorts have to pay the dividends, and the interest they receive is far less than the dividends. Railroad shares are also held back by the fear of labor troubles. This trouble will probably blow over soon as no one believes the men will be allowed to strike and their troubles will be referred to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Reports of railroad earnings continue to show an improvement, and are much larger than last year. Crop reports from the northwestern section of the wheat growing States are said to be very poor, and this should have some effect on the Hill lines, but other lines of business have been so prosperous that the report of poor crops has had no effect. We believe that after this summer dullness, prices will trend upward, and advise buying stocks at present levels.

Wheat—As greatly as a genuine bull market in wheat would be appreciated by the speculative community, it might better not materialize at all than to prove a miscarriage in the end, with the public loaded with wheat at extravagant levels, which can, by no possible chance, be reached again. A 28-cent advance covers a multitude of bad spots in the wheat territory, and especially when these may show improvement before they are harvested or cut little figure if they do not. We do not remember a year when there was not more or less damage during the developing season of the spring wheat. The principal injury seems to have been done in the Jim River Valley, and so many experts and other reviewers are calling attention to it that it has grown to a State-wide calamity. There are many things to be considered in connection with these claims of destruction, and among them the fact that the primary movement is in direct contradiction to the theory of devastation. They are enormous, both in our own country and in Canada, which would not be if this threatened emergency was

founded on fact. The foreign demand for export has not been increased, showing that dependents upon our crops are in no way exercised over a scarcity here or in Canada, the rumor of black rust in that territory being officially denied by an agricultural minister.

Corn—The bulls in this market are making capital of the hot weather and the small receipts, both of which influences are made more effective by the strength in wheat. The drought is always a bull card, but cannot be depended upon this year, because of the generous rains in May and June, which provided a reserve of subsoil moisture, sufficient to keep the plant green and healthy for some little time to come. Later some rains will be needed to assist in developing the ear growth, and it would seem that we were to be provided with all we want for that purpose in the near future.

Cotton—The Government's sensational crop report, showing a condition, the lowest with one exception, at this season of the year, for the past twenty years, upset the bearish feeling that has prevailed in New York, amongst the local contingent there. Prices began their upward climb just as soon as the trade digested the report, and without any reaction, the market scored an advance of over \$5 per bale. The report indicates a crop of just a little below thirteen million bales not including linters, and was considerably below private estimates. The big deterioration was in the eastern belt, as was expected, and since the report was compiled, showers have occurred almost every day, which has contributed to the bullish feeling, as the crop is in no condition to be cultivated, and grass is outgrowing the cotton. The lack of fertilizer, too, is being talked of, and what little fertilizer was used on the uplands was washed away. In the western section of the belt the Government showed a slight decline in condition, and this was a surprise, as the general feeling was that the crop had improved in Texas and Oklahoma. Finally, toward the end of the week, reports of boll weevil made their appearance, and this coming on the market after most of the fortunate bulls had sold out, gave them courage to buy again, and the market developed into a big, broad affair, and at this writing, did not show any signs of being at the top. We believe cotton will sell very much higher and strongly advise buying on any setback.

A Modern Villain

Through the shrubbery Marcus Pelf, the wealthy rejected suitor, watched Harry Harrison, the village blacksmith, clasp Ruth Roberts in his strong, young arms.

"Curse 'em!" he hissed, "I'll have me revenge! I'll buy 'em an automobile for a wedding present, and then look on gloatingly while they mortgage the blacksmith shop to buy gasoline!"

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JUNE 30TH, 1916:

Assets	\$63,811,228.81
Deposits	60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
Number of Depositors	68,062

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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10; No. 75525.

ANITA WARREN, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM PATTERSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM PATTERSON, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of August, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By F. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.
SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
423 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-12-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RETTA J. BIRD, deceased.—No. 21159, N. S.; Dept. 10 Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of RETTA J. BIRD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Joseph Slye, Esq., Room 1003 Phelan Building, 760 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of RETTA J. BIRD, deceased.

L. H. CONDON,
of Retta J. Bird, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, August 5th, 1916.

JOSEPH SLYE, ESQ.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
1003 Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-5-5

DELINQUENT ASSESSMENT NOTICE

At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION, held on the 13th day of July, 1916, the Board of Directors made the following order:

RESOLVED, That the day of sale of stock which may be delinquent for nonpayment of assessment No. 1, be continued from the 25th day of July, 1916, at the hour of 10 A. M., to the 7th day of August, 1916, at the hour of 10 A. M., at which time the sale of the stock delinquent for assessment, shall be sold according to order heretofore made and published.

FREDERICK H. OLSCHESKI,
Secretary of Sequoia Club Hall Association.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE

SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION—Principal place of business: 1725 Washington Street, City and County of San Francisco.

NOTICE

That there are delinquent upon the following described shares of stock on account of Assessment No. 1, levied on the 26th day of May, 1916, the several amounts set opposite to the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Names.	No. of Certs.	No. of Shares	Amount
Merian Nelke	11	10	\$ 3.50
Charles Vogelsang	15	100	35.00
T. P. Woodward	21	100	35.00
E. R. Barron	22	30	10.50
Leon Bly	23	20	7.00
Henry Eichoff	24	10	3.50
Mrs. Arthur Regensberger	26	10	3.50
Lorrain S. Davis	37	20	7.00
Stanley L. Dodd	49	10	3.50
Mrs. C. O. Scott	38	100	35.00
Emile V. Lonigo	6	50	17.50

In accordance with the law and an order of the Board of Directors made on the 26th day of May, 1916, so many shares of each parcel of the said stock above made as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction at the office of the said SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION, at 1725 Washington Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 7th day of August, 1916, at 10 A. M. to pay delinquent assessments together with the advertisement and expenses of sales.

FREDERICK H. OLSCHESKI,
Secretary, Sequoia Club Hall Association.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75045; Dept. No. 3

BECKIE DROY, Plaintiff, vs. SAM DROY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: SAM DROY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 7-22-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10, Probate; No. 15132.

In the Matter of the Estate of MAURICE HAYES, Deceased.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE.

ROSE HAYES, the surviving wife of the said MAURICE HAYES, deceased, having presented her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Thursday, the 14th day of September, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10 Probate of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at the City Hall, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executrix, CATHERINE TIETJEN, directing her to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, within a time to be specified by this Court, as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County; or personally served as provided in section 1539 of the Code of Civil Procedure of California.

Dated, August 3rd, A. D. 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Presented by E. J. MIZE,
Attorney for Petitioner,
96 Bernal Avenue,
San Francisco, California. 8-12-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the County of Alameda, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM QUINLISK, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to an order of the Superior Court of the County of Alameda, State of California, duly given and made and entered therein on the 31st day of July, 1916, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of said decedent, will, on or after Monday, the 28th day of August, 1916, sell at private sale to the highest bidder upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, all the right, title, interest and estate which the above named decedent had at the time of his death, as well as all the right, title, interest and estate which has by operation of law or otherwise accrued to the estate of said decedent since the time of his death, in and to the following described real property, to-wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the western line of Adeline Street distant thereon twenty-six (26) feet northerly from the northern line of Twenty-second Street; and running thence northerly along said line of Adeline Street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and three (103) feet; thence at right angles southerly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and three (103) feet to the place of beginning.

Being a portion of Block No. 631 as the same is delineated and so designated on a plat entitled "Map of Adeline Lots, being redivision of Blocks 630 and 631, City of Oakland," filed on November 29th, 1875, in the County Recorder's Office of said Alameda County.

2nd. All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Palmetto Avenue with the westerly line of Bright Street; running thence westerly along said northerly line of Palmetto Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles easterly twenty-five (25) feet to the westerly line of Bright Street; thence southerly along said line of Bright Street one hundred (100) feet to the northerly line of Palmetto Avenue; and the point of commencement.

Being Lot No. 1 in Block No. 51, City Land Association, being also known as Lot No. 13 in New Block 7135.

Terms and conditions of sale are as follows: Cash gold coin of the United States, ten per cent (10%) of the purchase price payable at time of acceptance of bid, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court; deeds and instruments of title at expense of purchaser. All bids or offers must be in writing and may be delivered to the undersigned Administratrix personally, or left at the office of her attorneys, Messrs. McDonald & Kennedy, room 608 Oakland Bank of Savings Building, Oakland, Alameda County, California, or may be filed in the office of the clerk of said Court above named at any time before the making of said sale of said property.

Dated at Oakland, California, this 12th day of August, 1916.

MARY SULLIVAN,
Administratrix of the Estate of William Quinlisk,
deceased.
McDONALD & KENNEDY,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Room 608 Oakland Bank of Savings Building,
Oakland, Alameda County, California. 8-12-3

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75,177; Dept. No. 4

HELENA HORSTMANN, Plaintiff, versus CONRAD HORSTMANN, also known as CHARLES HORSTMANN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CONRAD HORSTMANN, also known as CHARLES HORSTMANN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's habitual intemperance and of Defendant's failure to provide Plaintiff the necessities of life; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

Useless Suggestion

"Is your boy Josh going to stay on the farm?"
"I'm afraid so," replied Farmer Cornloss.
"I've bought him all the stories I could find about boys who run away an' come back on Christmas eve with money enough to pay off the mortgage, but he doesn't seem to take any of 'em to heart."

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TOWN TALK

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ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVIII. No. 1252

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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San Francisco, August 19, 1916

No. 1252

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FOR THE OLD FREEDOM

FOR PRESIDENT:

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

Mayor official cognizance of a somewhat critical state of affairs in the industrial life of our city. To be more explicit, the Mayor, assuming the role of mediator, proposed a plan for the amicable adjustment of differences between Union Labor and the Chamber of Commerce. Hitherto the Mayor has held himself aloof in these matters. He has allowed the will of Union Labor to have its way, and as a consequence there has been much strife, disorder and lawlessness in this city with never a protest from the Powers that Be. But now that our organized business interests, realizing the consequences of complaisance and seeing that an intolerable tyranny is threatening the very life of the city, have undertaken their own redemption and determined on a policy of live-and-let-live, up bobs Mr. Rolph with a cure-all scheme of arbitration. In other words, Mr. Rolph would intervene, not to assert his authority as the chief magistrate of the city but to smother enthusiasm for the new order and crush opposition to the old. As though it had been agreed upon at a conference of the Rolph-Hearst sanhedrim *The Examiner* gave its immediate and hearty approval to the scheme. So did the labor bosses and Governor Johnson's Commissioner of Labor. Doubtless it also met with the approval of the Hon. Matt I. Sullivan, friend and philosopher of both Administrations, and the sentimental Fremont Older, not to mention the knitters of the old Graft Prosecution who have got together again and are once more knitting for Johnson, the perennial job-chaser. Rightly apprehended by anybody with a sense of humor and the gift of detachment the situation as contrived by our ever-ready civic patriots is a scream more diverting than anything to be found in the movies. Naturally we have enjoyed it, but how is it regarded by our mercantile interests? This is the question that suggested itself as soon as the Rolph-Hearst *coup de theatre* was made public. Doubtless it struck some of our merchants as an inspiration, for some of them are very dull,

and they do not yet perceive that to Americanize the city they will have to discipline the newspapers after the Los Angeles manner. In Los Angeles Hearst does not presume to dictate to the Chamber of Commerce but takes his policy from his advertisers instead of from the labor unions. Now it may be that the arbitration plan is approved by some of our good easy merchants, for arbitration is usually a wise means of settling industrial disputes. But what is the concrete question to be reasoned on in this instance? After seeking in vain to conciliate labor we have come down to brass tacks, as it were,—to the question whether the by-laws of a labor council should take precedence of the law of the land, whether a faction of union workmen should have the privilege of closing the shops of the city to independent American citizens who refuse to acknowledge the supremacy of the walking delegate. This is a question that the clergymen of the city may be willing to pass judgment on in order to help the Mayor out of a hole, but you never can tell. It is a question of many angles; for though a scab may not have the right to earn a living it is not to be gainsaid that he has a soul to be saved; and in these days of intolerance even a minister may be disqualified from sitting as a judge, for it was only the other day that the intellectual giants of the Methodist pulpit solemnly resolved to bestow their sympathies on the striking waiters, not that they love waiters, we presume, but that they hate restaurateurs who are unwilling to quit business in deference to the thrifty apostles of prohibition in Westerville.

Our Local Food Trust

Seeing that flour has gone up two dollars a barrel we permit ourselves to wonder when the great trust-busters of the Wilson Administration are going to take cognizance of a certain tyrannical combination in the grocery business that has its headquarters in this city. The doings of this combination have been called to the attention of Federal District Attorney Preston. He was told of a specific instance of tyranny in the case of a flour manufacturer, but he was sorry that nothing could be done as the case did not grow out of interstate business. As he assured the complainant that President Wilson had a strong prejudice against food trusts he was told of another case, one of canned soups excluded from our market by the head and front of the grocery combination. Now we wonder what has been done about this case. We think it high time for a very earnest investigation of this whole matter; for the cost of living is going up, especially the cost of flour. There are many kinds of mean and cruel injustice in this world, and the labor

unions are not guilty of all of them. What would you say, dear reader, if you were told that among the necessities of life is one that a manufacturer has been denied the privilege of putting on sale in the groceries of this city at a dollar less per barrel than is charged by the pet of the trust. Why has he submitted to the outrage? Because he has other articles to sell that would be boycotted if he did not submit. Now here is a matter as deserving of investigation as a bomb outrage. Let us hope that without further suggestion the proper authorities will get busy and do their duty.

Bordwell's Withdrawal

In characteristic phrase Governor Johnson tells us that "Bordwell was bullied out of the race for the United States Senate." There may be some truth in this, for having been "bulled" into the fight, as the saying is in polite Johnsonian circles, it may be presumed that the Los Angeles jurist is a susceptible person—susceptible of bullying as well as bullying. However, whatever the process by which he was induced to withdraw from the contest he is to be felicitated on his change of mind, since it is not well to serve as an instrument for somebody's aggrandizement much to one's own disadvantage and at the risk of impairing one's own reputation. We congratulate Judge Bordwell on having emerged from an unpleasant situation, and we sympathize with Governor Johnson in his chagrin and discomfiture. But to give him due credit, whatever the sentiments that may be provoked among his iniquitous enemies, it is never to be said of him that he is susceptible of being "bullied" back into his honorable profession while there appears to be a chance of getting a seat at the public crib.

The Vulgarity of a Candidate

Governor Johnson reminds us, inadvertently no doubt, that he himself is better than a raw hand at either process described by the Taurine derivatives. What was done to Judge Bordwell in the first instance Governor Johnson has done more than once to the voters of the State; and on his perambulations in campaign time he spends his days and nights bullying his opponents. What a pitiable spectacle is the Governor of a great State scattering his Thersitisms to the ambient and behaving like a hoodlum on the bema! Fancy our Chief Magistrate appealing to the manhood and womanhood of the State with words intended to cut a swath through the feelings of his compeers. Wherever the man goes a simon of language blows in his vicinity, and the language is never elegant or edifying. The gallant Johnson

is for promoting rancors and enmities. He goes about thrilling us with adjective spouts, frightening his opponents with epithet storms, and all the while with great ferocity exhausting the vocabulary of personal abuse. "He who is not with me is a crook," is the Johnson formula, and his idea of compelling conviction is to blast an adversary with a thunderbolt of language. Former Congressman Knowland, a man whom Republicans thought fit to represent the State in Congress, becomes the owner of *The Oakland Tribune*, and as the paper is advocating the election of Mr. Booth its editor must be abused. Another publisher, equally guilty of *lese majeste*, is referred to as a man in touch with none of the ordinary moralities of life. The candidate is a veritable bull in a china shop. The harder the race the more rampageous he becomes. To appeal to the labor vote he abuses General Otis like a pickpocket. This is thought to be powerful eloquence because the unions proved their hatred of Otis by trying to murder him. We have wondered at times whether it really pays for a hungry politician with a vicious tongue to abuse General Otis; for it is by no means certain that a man who risked his life for his country in two wars is generally regarded as undeserving of esteem. It has occurred to us that notwithstanding the enmity incurred by the old soldier among the chaste bosses of the unions some persons may consider that he has done enough for his country to be entitled to protection from a blather-skite politician. Surely the sordid motive actuating Governor Johnson does not justify him in defaming the veteran of two wars for not letting the unions run his business. But let us hope that if not resentment, at least distaste, will be manifested at the polls. Among our Governor's job-chasing followers there are men who applaud his scurrilities, but there is some appreciation of the amenities in our wild and woolly State, and, after all, verbal vitriol is not improved by tincturing it with the commonplaces of the police court.

To such heights has the price of paper soared of late that it might be well, as has been suggested, to pulp our useless books. An excellent idea! We could thus kill more than two birds with one stone—reduce the shortage of material from which paper is manufactured, conserve our forests for awhile and save some of the palladiums of our liberty from bankruptcy. An excellent idea, indeed, for it would be better to pulp bad books than to burn them, as our Puritans have so often suggested. And besides we are spending too much money for the maintenance of enormous libraries. How many shelves might advantageously be made vacant! Think of all the bestsellers that litter the shelves of Carnegie libraries. But of course great care would have to be taken not to sacrifice a masterpiece, small or large. Only the finest judges of what is good and what worthless in letters should be entrusted with the job of con-

signing books to the pulp-heap. It might be our luck to have Josephus Daniels made chairman of the Pulp Commission, and he would undoubtedly pulp Rabelais in preference to Margaret Sanger. Come to think of it the difficulty of discriminating would be too much for this Administration. The fact is there is no such thing as infallibility in literature. In a world full of formless printed matter made up of collections of dead and stale words who shall say: "This is a masterpiece and this a Corelli."

According to a writer in *The New York Post* there is "a season for recurring lamentations because democracy seems to believe, politically, in the survival of the unfit." This we are told is the season, which explains why there is complaint now that New York permits itself to be represented in Congress by a group of mediocrities. This complaint is uttered by *The Times*, while Professor Bailey writing in *The Independent* holds that the trouble with the national legislature is that there are "too many lawyers and not enough farmers and other folk." In the *Atlantic Monthly* there is also a complaint. Meredith Nicholson writing in that magazine says we "permit our affairs to be administered very largely by second-rate men." This is all quite true, but if political philosophers are to be believed it is a characteristic of all democracies. As Amiel tells us in his diary democracy means the triumph of mediocrity. The power of democracy is the power of the mass of ordinary men as definitely opposed to the power of exceptional men. To rise to distinction in a democracy a man must have a quick apprehension of the wishes, not the welfare, of the people. And though the people wish for what is best for them it is their misfortune that they are easily misled into accepting what is bad for them. This misfortune has been afflicting us more than ever since we embraced the cure-alls of the demagogue—the initiative, the referendum and the direct primary. Mediocrities are increasing in number in Washington, and while they cut a bigger figure than ever in Congress, for the first time in history they have a monopoly of the Cabinet. But this state of affairs is not to be attributed mainly to our political institutions. It is due to our system of education and to our faith in the superstition that you can educate any man by putting him in the hands of a Jordan and sending him through college. This is the cause of the prevalence of lawyers in Congress. Fifty-seven per cent of the members are lawyers; that is to say, they have been educated for the bar. Of this number fifty-six per cent are doubtless of the type of the individual whom the direct primary recently elevated to our Supreme Court, the one who has been able to write eight opinions in nineteen months. The fact is that the legal profession is over-crowded with mediocrities who should have been trained for the pick and shovel. But having been educated for the bar they have

nowhere to go but into politics, and as a result we are deprived of the services of intelligent farmers and business men.

Hearst's Bewildering Optimist

What an aggressive optimism is William Bayard Hale's! Aggressive but not infectious. Aside from the fact that Mr. Hale is seeing things in Germany through a Hearst colored periscope, when he went away he left behind the impression that he was the most obedient of all Hearst pro-German propagandists; and so he is not taken any more seriously than an editorial written by the ineffable Hearst himself. Our notion of Hale is that he is obtaining money under false pretenses. A notion, this, due to the suspicion that somewhere there are people who think that he is furthering the interests of Germany. But in justice to Hale it should be said that he is not treated fairly by the Hearst papers; for while they publish all that he writes they also publish news from other sources. For instance, we learned from them last week that a statesman in Hungary was in favor of a plan that might make it possible for Hungary to arrange for a peace on her own hook, and then along came a Hale despatch with a shriek of optimism on Hungary but with a slight hint, by way of preparing us for a Teutonic disappointment, that Rumania was thinking of joining the Entente. Later came a half column of solemn Hale prediction: Verdun will fall, the English offensive will fail and Germany will continue to have plenty to eat. All is well in Germany according to Hale. This bounding optimism of an American seems a little extravagant when on the other side of the page is printed the gloomy sentiments of the German editor Maximilian Harden. Seeing that Lloyd-George is counting on the certainty of victory Harden thinks there will be no peace this year; not even "though we are ready to admit our guilt and do penance." He adds: "What we are living through is so inexpressibly atrocious that no dream of Satan has ever evoked anything comparable with it." In addition to this consider the state of mind reflected some weeks ago in *The Tag* of Berlin by a letter from Herr Julius Bichern, editor of *The Volkszeitung* of Cologne. "Even for the so-far victorious Central Powers," he says, "and above all for Germany, which carries the heaviest weight, the war is very hard." Observing that a terrible void has been left in every domain of life, he adds: "It is not surprising that everywhere in Germany there is manifested a pessimistic opinion about our situation." He goes on to say that responsibility for this state of spirit rests with the German press "which has always under-estimated the strength and courage of our enemies" and which has indulged in an "open-mouthed and foolish optimism." The Bichern letter was published in June. Has optimism returned to Germany since the Allies started their offensive in Russia, France and Italy? Hale would have us so believe. Isn't it time to take him off the payroll?

Varied Types

294—PROFESSOR MORRIS JASTROW

By Edward F. O'Day

This short, powerful, self-contained man with the big round horn-rimmed spectacles knows more about the people who lived in the Valley of the Euphrates five thousand years ago than any other man in America. In all the world there are only a handful, perhaps, who can touch Professor Morris Jastrow in Semitic erudition. Why, Jastrow can call all the dead gods and goddesses of Babylon and Nineveh by their pet names!

He has been lecturing and living in Berkeley this summer, and he has been analyzing us with the same enthusiasm he would devote to a Mesopotamian ruin—which is saying a great deal. Professor Jastrow is the author of many learned volumes, and has contributed to all the encyclopedias published in his time. He is professor of Semitic languages and librarian at the University of Pennsylvania.

With this introduction—and only adding that when I went to ask Professor Jastrow what he thought of us, he had just returned from the Bohemian grove play—I shall allow him to talk without interruption. For he utters no idle words.

"I am glad of the opportunity of giving some expression to the impressions I am receiving during my two months' stay on the Pacific Coast," said Professor Jastrow. "It is all new to me. Like so many Easterners, the lures of Europe have made me feel that a dash across the Atlantic is a simple matter, whereas a trip across the American continent seemed a formidable undertaking. Indeed, I felt when planning for this trip as though I were undertaking a geographical exploration in distant climes; and even now, though I am getting more used to my surroundings, I frequently feel as though I am in a foreign country, so different are the aspects of life.

"I came here at the invitation of the University of California to take part in the work of the summer session, but I am so infatuated with the charms of Berkeley and with the facilities afforded by the University Library that I am staying on as long as possible, at work on a new book which I hope to have ready before I leave.

"The University Library is a great library. It is admirably, superbly managed. I must commend the efficient library management, and the splendid reading room, the finest I know of outside the British Museum. With the additional facilities soon to be afforded by the new wing, there is every reason to believe that in a short time it will rank not only in equipment but also in the richness of its collections, among the greatest libraries in this country.

"As a result of this closer view of the University which I have been fortunate enough to acquire, I have been profoundly impressed with the spirit of the place which is earnest and progressive, and with the activities of the University stretching out in so many directions.

"The progress made since President Wheeler took charge is simply phenomenal. In a few years when the present structures and other plans have been developed, the fruits of his labors will become even more apparent.

"My own experience with the classes attending the courses I offered has been of the most agreeable nature. One of the most valuable services rendered by the summer session is the opportunity it affords to public school teachers to obtain stimulus for their own work by add-

ing to their equipment. This must react upon the quality of their teaching. Indeed it is essential, in order to maintain a high standard of teaching, that those entrusted with the education of the young should have the opportunity presented by the summer session to continue their own work and thus avoid the deadening quality so apt to come from long continued routine.

"Naturally, in a summer session, the special students devoting themselves to the study of the oriental languages are not to be found in large numbers. And so I chose for the work, courses of a more general nature, though closely connected with my studies, with the view of setting forth the results reached by modern researches. One course was devoted to an introduction to the history of religions. Another to the religions of primitive peoples followed by the religions and the civilizations of the ancient East. A third to an exposition of the Book of Job in English. Why the Book of Job? Because it is to me the most fascinating book in the Bible. Considerable reading had to be assigned in connection with these courses. I was delighted to find, as a result of the examinations at the close of the course, in how satisfactory a manner the majority of the students had grasped the subject.

"In so far as I have had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with California in traveling from the extreme south to San Francisco and during my stay in this vicinity, I have been particularly impressed by the profound influence exerted by the older Spanish civilization on which the present American culture was reared, so far as this western slope is concerned. This influence is not always apparent on the surface, and perhaps it is clearer to a stranger than to a native. I find it everywhere.

"There is an element of the Latin spirit in the life of California and in the attitude of its people which is so distinct that one can only account for it by the assumption that the Spanish period has left its impress on the Pacific Coast. I find it not only in architecture where it is obvious, but in the manner of life in general. Life is less humdrum than elsewhere. There is a more romantic outlook on life. There is a buoyancy in the air which must not be confounded with mere hustling. In fact, the hustling spirit which we of the East are apt to associate with the West is conspicuous by its absence. There is tremendous energy, but it is not feverish. And there is a strong artistic spirit to be seen, especially in domestic architecture, which I cannot help associating, again, with the Spanish substratum of the culture.

"I wander through the streets of Berkeley, and am delighted with the surprising originality of the charming bungalows and larger structures that greet one everywhere and fit in so harmoniously with the nature of the place. Of course there is here the great advantage of having nature to follow as a model—magnificent trees, profusion of flowers, wealth of foliage, and the incomparable bay.

"To sum up in a word the impression I am carrying back with me, it is, to correct the view we are apt to hold in the East that the eastern coast is older than the Pacific Coast. I have the feeling that I am living here in an older civilization. At all events I am correcting the impression which is almost a heritage in the East that the history of this country

began when the Pilgrim Fathers struck that famous rock. The contrast of the conditions under which that incident occurred with the earlier settlements along this coast is rather striking. The Pilgrim Fathers were very worthy folks, but they did not have much of the spirit of romance about them. They laid the solid foundations of Anglo-Saxon civilization in this country, but they did it in sober and somewhat prosy fashion. To be sure they came to a harsh climate. In fact, according to Charles Dudley Warner, New England has no climate but merely samples of weather.

"But now note the contrast of such romantic adventurers as Cortez and Balboa coming to a place of sunshine and delightful summer, with even more delightful winter climate. There is something exceedingly romantic and poetic also in the coming of the Franciscan monks to this coast, here to unite with the romantic adventurers in spreading a civilization and a religious attitude toward life so totally different in every respect from the sturdy Anglo-Saxon culture and its equally sturdy religious and secular traditions.

"The war, and the Exposition of last year are two factors which will undoubtedly contribute toward a richer interchange between East and West. Those living in the middle and distant West know the East much better than we of the East know the sections beyond Chicago. Europe for some years to come will not be so agreeable a place to visit as before the war. But there will be some compensation as a result, for those of us who live in the East will come in larger numbers to the Southwest and to the Pacific Coast. And they will return, as I do, with a profound impression of the varied currents that go to make up this great country. I feel that I am a better—and I trust that I am a wiser American—as a result of my delightful and fascinating experience in glorious California. It is rarely that one's anticipations are realized, but in this instance the enthusiasm of the native born is more than justified.

"As for my experience at the Bohemian Grove, I was surprised by the large number of interesting people I met there. You have more of them to the square mile than any other section. I suppose this is largely due to your natural advantages. You have a climate which makes people optimistic. You live closer to nature. This is conducive to originality, and ought to be conducive to the artistic spirit. The Bohemian Club is making a distinctive contribution to the artistic expression of the Pacific Coast. And it brings together, in large numbers, groups of all sorts of men in good fellowship and in natural, unconventional intercourse. To a stranger the unconventional dress in the Grove suggests at first a Bowery audience. These railway magnates, scholars, physicians, lawyers, engineers and so forth seem to be masquerading. But when one meets them one is impressed by the fact that almost all of them occupy important positions in the community. It gives one an idea of the great variety, strength, ability, power, talent and enterprise to be found here. It makes it possible for the stranger to understand the phenomenon of a city rising from its ruins in ten years.

"The climax of the festival in the grove was the play, which was a distinctive contribution to the literary and artistic life of this country. Looking over the list of plays given in the past,

(Continued on Page 17)

Perspective Impressions

Many a man is called a drunkard when his real trouble is a weak head.

Are there any women so foolish as to follow the beauty hints in the Sunday supplements?

They're getting closer to Tipperary all the time.

Open Shop food is just as appetizing as the other kind.

When some of the striking waiters go back they'll be chagrined at the shrinkage of tips.

According to Governor Johnson the fate of California depends on the Senatorial contest. Wonder if that's why he appointed a prohibitionist from Los Angeles lieutenant-governor.

Despite the serious white paper famine, Hearst still gives a page to the lucubrations of Herbert Kaufman.

The swimming girl in her near nakedness has such damnable iteration in the dailies that one wonders what it is the editors are trying to say. Is there something symbolic in the pose?

A weekly record of the number of people killed in automobile accidents in this country might serve to reduce the general prejudice against the frightfulness of war.

People who want to know what the matter is with American literature might get some light on the subject by looking over the list of so-called literary men who have undertaken to put Mr. Hughes in the hole.

"It's a loaded primary," says Hiram. Truly, but who loaded it?

Would it be unreasonable to ask the unions to employ as pickets none but English-speaking Americans?

Is Mayor Rolph in favor of arbitrating the picket question? Or does he think that a union card should entitle even an alien to the privilege of disturbing the peace and black-guarding the business of an open-shop American?

"Bark Callao Crew Mutiny."—Examiner headline. Is there such a thing as mutiny in the case of an American ship on which union seamen merely strike? What sayeth the Norwegian ruler of the American marine, Mr. Andy Furu-seth?

Color-Blind Neutrality

(The question "Who started the war" has been answered by many polemics but by none more entertainingly than by William Archer, the notable critic, first of Ibsen translators, in a letter to George Brandes, the renowned Danish critic and world-famous scholar. Herein are excerpts from the letter.—Editor's note.)

Dear Mr. Brandes:

You have published "An Appeal" to the belligerent Powers to return to sanity and arrange terms of peace. In the abstract, such an appeal must command the sympathy of every humane and reasonable man. The incredible, the tragic lunacy of this struggle is at least as patent to us in belligerent England as it can be to anyone in neutral Denmark. Yet this "Appeal" is disappointing to your admirers and friends—if I may so style myself—inasmuch as it is not really calculated to further the beneficent end you have in view. Will you allow me to tell you why, in my judgment, it must fall on deaf ears?

Is it possible you do not see that this war, mad and monstrous though it be, is a war in which everything turns on the question of right and wrong?—a question not to be dismissed with a shrug and a verdict of "Rogues all!" Your "Appeal" begins thus:

Each of the Great Powers declares that the war it is waging is a war of defense. They have all been attacked; they are all fighting for their existence. For all of them murder and lies are necessary means of defense. Then, since none of the Powers, by their own showing, wanted war, in heaven's name let them make peace!

Suppose, my dear master, that you had taken to law instead of literature, and had become a judge: suppose that two men were brought before you, each declaring that he had been murderously assaulted by the other, and one of them unquestionably in possession of the other's watch, purse and pocketbook: should you feel that you had done all your duty demanded if you said: "They are both liars, or both hallucinated; bind them over to keep the peace, and let the one who holds the swag return (say) the watch, but keep the rest of his plunder?" Should you not consider the possibility that one of them might be telling the truth? Should you not call evidence on the point and examine it carefully? Should you not recognize some antecedent probability that the man who was certainly armed to the teeth, and certainly took the other unprepared, was the real aggressor? And should you not think that probability heightened if you found his pockets bulging with tracts which declared fighting an act of re-

ligion, and robbery under arms the chief duty of man?

"What is truth?" said jesting Pilate—and took up an attitude of ironic neutrality

But in this matter there is a truth and there is a falsehood; and the merits of the present situation, as of the whole war, depend upon the question: Who is the liar? If Germany is telling the truth—if she was the victim of an unprovoked attack—then we, in carrying on the war, are merely piling crime on crime. Even in that case Germany would not be entirely justified. Nothing could excuse her invasion of Belgium, nothing could cleanse her hands of the blood of that unhappy country. But many of her other proceedings would wear a very different aspect. Much may be pardoned to a man wantonly attacked and fighting for his life, which would be unpardonable in one who was himself the aggressor. Submarine ruthlessness, indiscriminate civilian-slaying, poison gas and liquid fire, are not pretty or chivalrous methods of warfare; but a man set upon by assassins is not to be severely censured if, in his defense, he hits below the belt. Even he, however, is not entitled to bludgeon a third party, an innocent passer-by, and one, moreover, whom he has sworn to protect.

But if the man who hits below the belt, who sticks at nothing, who resorts to every base and diabolical device he can think of, is not the attacked but the attacker, the man who willed, and planned, and executed the murderous assault, what are we to say of him? what are we to do with him? Is it to the interest of the world at large that he should get off scot-free, and be able to tell himself that his spirited policy was in some measure successful, though the fight was not quite the "frischer, fröhlicher Krieg" he had hoped for? And is it the part of a good European to be neutral not only in act but in feeling, and to urge that the bandit should be allowed to get away with his booty?

In saying that if there had been one great statesman on each side there would have been no war, you come—forgive me—perilously near to truism. For a great Prussian statesman would not have suffered the pride of power and the lust of victory to become an obsession, either to

his own soul, or to that of his country. A great Prussian statesman would have rated at its true worth the philosophy which declared war as made in Germany to be the noblest and most beneficent of human activities. A great Prussian statesman would not have gone out of his way to make enemies on every hand, and then complained that they encircled him. A great Prussian statesman would have accepted the friendship which Britain over and over again offered to his country, and would have understood that neither Britain nor the world could look on unconcerned while the greatest military Power made itself the greatest naval Power as well. A great Prussian statesman, in short, would have known that the dilemma: "Weltmacht oder Niedergang" was a delusion of the devil, and would have kept Germany great, prosperous, contented and sane. But instead of a great statesman, there was in Prussia—well, you know, and all the world knows, what there was instead. I am sure we do not differ on that point, so I need not enlarge on it.

But, seeing that the destinies of Germany were given over, by the malice of Fate, to a War-Lord and a succession of obsequious bureaucrats, do you really think that a great statesman on the other side could have done anything to avert the catastrophe? "Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens." It is probably true—though we stand too near them to judge with perfect confidence—that there is no statesman of the highest genius on the side of the Entente. We possess many excellent and very able men, but not, I think, a Cavour, a Bismarck, or a Lincoln. But what could the greatest genius have done? We read in Indian legend of a Buddhist saint who could "expostulate convincingly with tigers;" but could the Buddha himself have expostulated convincingly with the German war-machine, screwed up to a terrific pitch of efficiency and panting to get to work? The German spirit, wielding German weapons, and controlled only by a couple of gasconading Hohenzollerns, with their family tradition ever beckoning them to bloodshed, was a menace to civilization that only a miracle could have averted. Are our states-

men to be despised, and even to be reckoned part-authors of the war, because they could not work miracles?

I know that, by going back through history for fifty or a hundred years, one can show that all nations have been wanting in wisdom here, in magnanimity there, and have thus contributed to the present disaster. But I am sure you will agree with me that such argument is very idle. It merely proves, what needs no proof, that Europe as a whole has not had sense enough to divest itself of the passions, cupidities and superstitions which are the chief ingredients in the hell-brew of war. The whole historic responsibility for the disaster may be unravelled at the Day of Judgment—not before. The responsibility which we can reasonably discuss—the responsibility which matters—must rest upon men of this generation.

I assert that the whole of this responsibility rests with the Central Empires, and that it is not neutral impartiality which would deny it, but blindness to a long series of incontrovertible facts.

If, in what follows, I concentrate attention upon the case of Britain against Germany, it is only for the sake of brevity. Besides, the German rage against Britain, the "Gott strafe England" frenzy, seems to proclaim that this may be regarded as the test case.

Can you deny, in the first place, that Germany was the one country in the world which made a deliberate cult of war? The brilliant and, as it seemed, highly profitable success of her arms between 1864 and 1871 was the joy and pride of her heart. Her public places were crowded with statues of swaggering soldiers, and their counterparts in flesh and blood swaggered through every department of her daily life. She spent vast sums in organization and preparation for war, and devoted a great deal of her technical talent and industry to perfecting the mechanism of destruction. The generation of 1870 felt, and transmitted to their children the feeling, that life held no experience so splendid as that of a series of swift, smashing victories. Her philosophers philosophised in the interests of the military State, her historians wrote their histories to bring peace and the love of peace into contempt. She was under the practically autocratic rule of a monarch who was no mere official head of the military establishment, but who loved to fancy himself as an actual warrior, and to rattle his sabre, both literally and metaphorically, on every possible occasion. Can you doubt—you, an expert psychologist—that the theatrical imagination of the War-Lord was constantly dallying with the lure of what his hopeful heir-apparent gloatingly described as "the real thing?"

So much by way of reminding you what nation was antecedently likely, when peace and war were in the balance, to throw her sword into the scale. Perhaps you will tell me that there were war-maniacs in other nations as well. Yes; but they were few and almost unnoticed. Russia and France were characteristically the countries, not of war-maniacs, but of peace-maniacs. There were jingoes, no doubt, in England, but their jingoism would have been absolutely impotent but for the German menace, from which it derived its whole strength.

Let us now glance at Anglo-German relations from the turn of the century onwards. And here let me refer you to the source from which I take my facts. It is not an English or a pro-Ally authority: it is Count Ernst zu Reventlow's book "Deutschlands auswärtige Politik."

Down to the end of last century, the relations between the two countries had been, in the main, excellent. So little had we been inclined to see in Germany a probable enemy, that we

had bartered away Heligoland for a very trifling equivalent. About the middle of the 'nineties, indeed, a good deal of ill-feeling towards England began to grow up in Germany, nobody can quite tell why. Presumably it was due to the fact that the spread of German commerce led to the realization that English-speaking peoples were established at many points of vantage throughout the world, which Germany, in her new fever of expansion, would have found it very convenient to occupy. No doubt this was annoying; but I am sure you cannot share the illusion that England had it in her power to remedy the annoyance. England could no more give away her self-governing dominions than she could give away Brazil or Chile, or anything else that did not belong to her. She possessed nothing of any considerable value that it was in her power to hand over to Germany; but she raised no finger to hinder Germany from acquiring a vast and valuable colonial empire. Nor is it alleged that she made any hostile discrimination against Germany, either at home or abroad. In her home ports, the door was open to German commerce. Nowhere did she place any obstacle to that "peaceful penetration" which Germany so justly valued and so assiduously pursued. It is true she made a law to prevent German goods from being sold as English goods; but German writers boast that it operated in favor of Germany instead of against her. At no point is there is so much as a suggestion that England did any substantial, and much less any wilful, wrong to Germany. Yet, as I have said, a marked anti-English feeling gradually grew up among the German people.

Then came the Boer War, and with it an outburst of frantic Anglophobia, not far short of that which now prevails. Perhaps you may think it a just, and even a generous emotion; if so, I shall not dispute the point. But at any rate you will not maintain that England's action in South Africa did Germany any positive harm, or interfered with any avowable German ambition. The Kaiser afterwards declared that he drew up the strategic scheme which led to the ultimate British victory; and, whatever the value of the scheme or the use made of it, we must at all events credit him with an intention which he could scarcely have cherished had he felt that his country had any just ground of complaint against Britain. Nevertheless, hatred of England certainly rose to an unexampled pitch in Germany—and this was precisely the time chosen for announcing and pushing forward a plan of naval construction quite openly directed to challenging that command of the sea on which the very existence of an island people depends. The whole German nation took up the scheme with enthusiasm, and the private, or semi-private, "Flottenverein" became a most powerful auxiliary of the Government.

Now, my dear master, what would you have had England do? If you are a Tolstoyan, you will say, "She ought to have destroyed her fleet, and said to Germany, 'I dare you to injure a neighbor who is powerless to resist you!'" But I take it you are not a Tolstoyan. You admit that Britain had the right, and even the duty, to take measures for the security of her shores, to say nothing of the protection of the smaller nations depending on her. Perhaps you will say, "She might simply have met Germany's menace by maintaining the advantage she already possessed in naval construction." But this cut-throat competition was a ruinous game, which obviously could not be carried to infinity. Besides, other nations were building navies, and Germany might at any time have engineered a coalition against us,

which might, in a great naval battle, have written "Finis Britanniae" across the page of history.

Far be it from me to deny that, quite apart from any consideration of its political value, the new friendship with France was a source of profound gratification to every thoughtful Englishman. You, sir, a lover of that noble nation, would have been the first to despise us had this not been so. But we in no way relaxed our efforts to conciliate Germany, and to arrive at an understanding with her that should put an end to the suicidal competition in naval armaments. To all suggestions Germany turned a deaf ear. Far from slackening, she speeded up her naval construction. She gave it clearly to be understood that nothing would satisfy her but the power to defy Britain at sea, which meant, of course, if she won a naval battle, to starve us out in three or four months, without even the trouble of an invasion. Read Count Reventlow, and you will find set forth in full, both Britain's attempts at approximation, and Germany's reasons for rejecting them. You will read, too, of mischief wrought by the British jingo press; but you will not read of the at least equally noxious outpourings of German Anglophobe organs. And on one point, let me say, the Count conveys a very false impression. He speaks of the insulting and contemptuous tone adopted towards Germany by the British press; and he doubtless has some particular articles in view. But the common tone of the British press was anything but contemptuous. Germany was constantly held up to our admiration, and we were constantly being urged to imitate her thoroughness and the energy and adaptability of her business methods.

In Reventlow, too, you will find related with pride how Germany baffled and stultified the Hague Conferences, into which she entered with cynical and scarcely dissembled ill-will. To invite her to such discussions was, indeed, like inviting a butcher to a vegetarian congress. Was not war at once Germany's great industry and the art in which she had attained an unapproachable perfection? Why expect her to join sincerely in a movement which, if successful, would bring down Krupp's shares with a run, and leave the Crown Prince sighing in vain for "the real thing."

You will read, moreover, how Germany, "in shining armor," stood by Austria in her gallant exploit of annexing Bosnia the moment she saw that Russia was in no condition to resist. And you will read of the squabbles over Morocco, in which England infuriated Germany by taking her stand at the side of France, but in which, assuredly, no substantial injury was done to Germany, who obtained the "compensation" she demanded. You will not, I think, find in Reventlow, but you may read in Rohrbach's "Der Krieg und die deutsche Politik" how, a very short time before the war, England, ever conciliatory where it was by any means possible, was making important

(Continued on Page 16.)

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Poems About San Franciscans

XXXVIII—LYMAN R. GOODMAN

By Charles Warren Stoddard

(Lyman R. Goodman was the younger brother of Joseph T. Goodman, the well known editor who founded the Virginia City Enterprise, and also that repository of much of our early literature, The San Franciscan. Lyman Goodman wrote under the pen name of "Dion," and died at the age of twenty-four when his literary work in prose and poetry was exhibiting the highest promise. The following is taken from Stoddard's scarce volume of poems.)

You sang too early in the spring
Of our uncheerful year of song;
You felt the bitter chill of wrong,
And on a sudden ceased to sing.

And on a sudden sang no more
In skillful measure to our needs:
But there is One who ever heeds
Your numbers on the farther shore.

I picture you as one who lies
Among the palms, with harp and crown.
A silver, quivering thread, let down
From crystal walls of Paradise

Is the sweet echo of your voice
That thrills me. In your vineyard's throng
I taste your purple grapes of song.
And in their honey-blood rejoice.

The Spectator

The Dynamiter's Employer

President Mahon of the union that promotes street car strikes says that he employed Mooney the dynamiter only to organize a union, not for the purpose of wholesale assassination. And apparently we are expected to let it go at that, but before doing so it might be well to ask Mr. Mahon a few questions. I would ask him why he employed a professional direct-action anarchist as an agent in the interest of unionism; also, whether as a matter of fact he doesn't believe in direct action to facilitate union business and to spread the light for benighted public-service corporations. Were I district attorney of San Francisco I should feel the need of Mahon's presence, and I should consider it advisable to have his books and papers seized without delay. Now I am not presuming to advise District Attorney Fickert, for he has been handling the dynamite case with courage and ability. There has been no negligence on his part. He has been piling up the evidence and perfecting his case with great diligence and shrewdness, but it may do no harm to suggest that there is no reason why the authorities should refrain from giving Mahon a bad quarter of an hour if nothing worse.

Why Take His Word?

It has occurred to me that some importance should be attached to the case of the busy strike promoter. The press questioned him about Mooney, and he at once explained that his relations with the dynamiter were wholly of a business and non-criminal nature. The explanation was accepted as satisfactory, and there was no further inquiry. Now why should Mahon's word be accepted? There is at least this to be said with reference to this individual,—he has known Mooney for years, and he was not in ignorance of the man's character. The red shirt was put on Mooney when he was prosecuted by John J. Barrett for employing direct-action against the Pacific Gas and Electric Company. We have learned enough of Mooney to be quite sure that he was at least suspected by the captains of Union Labor, of enthusiasm for cowardly assassination.

Mahon's Responsibility

When Mooney wrote to Mahon recommending "my method" the car strike promoter, it is but reasonable to assume, knew precisely what was meant. The fact is that Mahon was in a large measure responsible for the general activities of the dynamiter in this city. Let us fix that responsibility as definitely as possible, for it is not only important that we

should punish the men who made and exploded the bomb, we should reach as many as possible of the men who lend themselves even remotely to dynamite conspiracies. It is important we should do this even though we had no other purpose in view than that of convicting the Mooney-Billings gang, for the ramifications of the direct-action propaganda extend far and wide and the leading propagandists will take an active part in the business of thwarting the prosecution in this city. As we may be sure that powerful influences will be exerted in behalf of the dynamiters under arrest it would be wise to anticipate the activities of their friends.

Saved a Life and Lost His Job

A Los Angeles wit who made his appearance at the Bohemian Club dinner at the Grove last Saturday night wanted to know if anybody had heard about the policeman in his town who had been dismissed from the force for saving a man's life.

"Incredible!" exclaimed one of the Bohemians, a gentleman in the brokerage business.

"But true nevertheless," said the wit from Los Angeles.

"Dismissed for saving a man's life!" exclaimed the broker.

"Yes, he pulled the man out of the ocean where he was drowning. The man was Meyer Lissner."

Johnson's Friend Stephens

In Los Angeles people are laughing at the joke that was played on Governor Johnson when he was induced to appoint Congressman William D. Stephens lieutenant-governor. Congressman Stephens is a prohibitionist. Two years ago he voted for the Hobson National Prohibition Amendment in Congress. The vote was taken after the defeat of prohibition in this State. Representatives Kent, Kahn and Hayes of California spoke against the proposition and voted against it. Stephens said nothing, but voted for the amendment. Now Stephens is lieutenant-governor of California by virtue of a commission issued to him by Hi Johnson who hopes to go to the Senate and turn his present job over to the fanatic from Los Angeles. A prohibition governor of California! What inspiration in the prospect for the Anti-Saloon League of Westerville, Ohio! Now surely Governor Johnson was not informed when he appointed Stephens. He spent a long time searching for a suitable successor, one who would make votes for him in his senatorial campaign, and he was advised to appoint Steph-

ens. By some it is said the advice was given by Rowell. Others say he took Lissner's tip. Curiously enough the "Wets" are not saying anything about Stephens. Apparently they deem it wise to keep out of the senatorial fight. But what about the restaurant men, the hotel men, the club men, the vineyardists and the saloon men of California? Are they all in favor of making a prohibitionist governor in order to gratify the ambition of our darling of Sacramento?

Johnsonian Politics

The truth is slowly dawning on the intellectuals of Chairman Willcox of the Republican National Committee. Mr. Willcox has been striving in vain to induce the Republican leaders of California to become reconciled to Chester Rowell, who was appointed a member of the National Committee at a time when there was a general misunderstanding of the political situation in California and an enormous misconception of the character of Hi

The Slogan of the Day Carries a Great Thought

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JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

Johnson and his intimate associates. The Governor had promised Colonel Roosevelt shortly after the adjournment of the national conventions that on his return to California he would swing the Progressives to the Republican ticket. Roosevelt reported that Johnson would be all right, but Johnson was not all right. He was quite willing to be taken back to the Republican party, but not in the interest of anybody but himself. How much of sincerity there was in him was made clear when he announced his willingness to become the Progressive candidate for the Senate. On that occasion the Progressives, all of whom eat out of Johnson's hand, refused to allow the reading of a telegram from Justice Hughes. They deliberately snubbed the Republican standard-bearer, and Johnson and his factotum, Chester Rowell, who got on the Republican National Committee under false pretenses, affected to be disinterested parties. But now that resentment of Johnson's treachery has been crystallizing in Republican circles throughout the State the Governor and his satellites are professing to be profoundly concerned about the interests of Justice Hughes. Chester Rowell is burning the wires with telegrams to Willcox, complaining that Mr. William H. Crocker, his associate on the committee, is not coöperating with him, and every answer he gets he sends to The Examiner office.

The Impossibility of Rowell

Meanwhile William H. Crocker is not coöperating with Chester Rowell, and there is no likelihood of coöperation between them. In all probability Mr. Crocker would find it less distasteful to chum with a polecat than to act in concert with Rowell in any matter whatsoever. Rowell it appears is impossible. As the handy man of the Johnson administration he has come to symbolize all its meanness and its vices. Rowell is Pecksniff down to date. Rowell is a great man according to the principles elaborately enunciated in the life of Jonathan Wild. He has genius for the kind of politics for which the holy-rollers of the current dispensation have been distinguished during the period in which they have been propagating the bureaus and commissions that are now looting the treasury. Now William H. Crocker knows very well that Chester Rowell has no better opinion of Justice Hughes than Governor Johnson had at Chicago. It may be remembered that Johnson was the one delegate to the Progressive convention who went out of his way to take a mean fling at Governor Hughes. Alluding to the fact that the latter had made an address during certain graduating exercises in which his daughter participated he said that the Progressives would receive their gospel from a man (meaning Roosevelt) whose views would not have to be filtered through a ladies' seminary. It is because Mr. Crocker has some knowledge of the general character from which malice of

that sort emanates that he is today intent on saving Hughes from some of the friends that the unsophisticated Willcox would surround him with.

How Hiram Avoids Personalities

Borrowing an expression which his opponent Willis H. Booth has used with the utmost sincerity throughout the campaign, Governor Johnson told his audience at Dreamland Rink last Friday:

"It is my desire that this shall be a campaign of issues and not of personalities."

This statement was made just after Johnson had lambasted "Mr. Crocker with his inherited Southern Pacific millions." He made this reference to William H. Crocker not once but many times. And he made his stock references to "Otis, De Young and Spreckels" at least half a dozen times. Many who heard Johnson are wondering now what he means by "a campaign of issues, not of personalities." In the earlier part of the campaign Johnson was fond of saying that William H. Crocker who is supporting Willis H. Booth, had contributed heavily to the campaign fund of Theodore Bell when that Democrat was running for governor. Johnson said this to show that Crocker was not a consistent Republican. Crocker quietly pointed out that he had contributed \$250 to that campaign—not to the Democrat Theodore Bell, but to the Republican Alden Anderson who is now a friend of Johnson. So that gun was spiked, and Johnson did not attempt to fire it at Dreamland.

Why He Left Out Knowland

Johnson acted as censor of his own words when addressing his admirers at Dreamland, and deleted from his list of "nefarious millionaire newspaper publishers" the name of Joseph R. Knowland of the Oakland Tribune. Thereby hangs a tale. Up and down the State, with tiresome iteration, Johnson had lambasted General Otis of the Los Angeles Times, John D. Spreckels of the San Diego Union, M. H. De Young of the San Francisco Chronicle and Joseph R. Knowland of the Oakland Tribune. Two days before Johnson spoke in San Francisco a certain prominent Republican who is supporting Willis H. Booth bet a friend of his a hat that he could cause Johnson to reduce this quartet to a trio. The friend was incredulous, but took the bet and regarded the hat as already on his head. The day before Johnson spoke at Dreamland an apparently disinterested party sought the ear of Al McCabe,

Johnson's private secretary.

"Al," he said, "here's a little of the 'low down' for you and the Governor. Joe Knowland is at war with the main guys in the Republican party. He's sore clear through. There's a chance to have him come out for Johnson. Tell the Governor to leave Joe out

after this when he refers to the nefarious millionaire newspaper publishers. It'll be worth while."

The story goes that Al McCabe carried the message to the Governor. The Governor was quite willing to placate the man whom he had been vilifying up and down the State. So in his Dreamland speech Johnson roasted Otis, Spreckels and De Young, but said no word of Knowland. The quartet had become a trio. The Booth man had won his bet. Of course Knowland who is a staunch supporter of Booth, was not in on the joke.

The Bohemian Grove Play

Bohemian clubmen have seen so many grove plays that they are blasé, and like Iago, "nothing if not critical." Perhaps it would not be going too far to say that they defy the author of a grove play to make good. Fred Myrtle, author of "Gold," this year's grove drama, accepted the defiance in the proper spirit, and he made good. "Gold" has evoked many varied comments from the critics in Bohemia; but the sum and substance of them is that "Gold" measures up to the high standard of Bohemian grove drama. Myrtle showed originality in the choice of his theme, and his play was distinctively Californian—more than can be said for many of the dramas which preceded it. The verdict expressed by those best competent to pass judgment is that "Gold" was beautifully conceived, beautifully written, that it was wedded to beautiful music and that it was beautifully produced and acted. Myrtle has been showered with congratulations, and there is no question that he deserves them. It must have warmed his heart to see his play so well acted and so well produced. The outstanding actors were Dick Hotaling as the Franciscan father superior, Justice Melvin as the jovial Franciscan friar, Ray Benjamin as Destiny, and Douglas Brookman—a new actor in Bohemia—as the Spanish commandante.

The Severe Newspaper Critics

The newspaper critics were pretty severe in their articles on "Gold." Redfern Mason of The Examiner was particularly so. The question arises whether the professional critic should approach a performance of this nature in the role of Aristarchus. I am inclined to think that he should not. Alone of all playwrights the Bohemian grove dramatist is denied the opportunity of correcting his work after it has received the only test worth while—the test of the first night. In the Bohemian grove the



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first night is the only night. The dramatist may see any number of faults in his play, but there exists no reason for correcting them, since the play is never to be produced a second time. The professional critics might abate their severity if they kept in mind while writing their critiques the important fact that the canons of the ordinary stage do not control an open-air performance in the unique setting of Bohemian Grove. All the rules for the indoor stage must be either forgotten or made over. Taking it all in all, I deprecate the severity of the newspaper critics.

Iced Tea in Bohemia

Time was when Bohemia numbered scores of "three-bottle" men. That time seems to be departing. The grape is still honored in the club, but it is not crushed as lavishly as of yore. In the old days a member would have run the risk of being brought before the board of directors for conduct unbecoming a Bohemian if he ordered a glass of ice tea at dinner. At the grove this year there was more iced tea on the table than champagne. Temperance is the order of the day in the owl's roost. The result was, this year, that the members went to the forest theatre unstimulated by the gracious influence of the vintages. There are no fumes in iced tea to mount to the head; nothing to make the blood race with enthusiasm. In the circumstances the audience was colder than usual. All the more credit is due to Fred Myrtle for winning approbation. When the angelic vision appeared in the sky at the climax of the drama many Bohemians were so affected that they wept; but the prevalence of iced tea at the dinner they had recently partaken of freed this outburst of emotion from any suspicion of vinous origin.

The Low Jinks

Charlie Field sired the low jinks on Friday night, and the verdict is that he gave the best balanced performance of the sort ever seen in the Bohemian Grove. It was a nice combination of sentiment and burlesque. The finest feature was the recitation by Dr. "Jack" Shiels of a new poem by George Sterling called "The Harper." Shiels appeared in the likeness of an aged Celtic harper, recounting the glories of the harp; and the stanzas linking the inspiration of the harp with love, war and death were illustrated by harp music from afar off amid the trees. The harpist who supplied this wonderful musical setting was Kajetan Attil. Sterling's poem, it is agreed by Bohemians, was in his very best manner. This number was followed by the singing of a new song written by Field for the occasion, entitled "The Trees." Charlie Bulotti gave "The Trees" with splendid effect. Then followed an unprogrammed number. Field announced that Charley Dickman and one or two others in the audience desired to sing "The Crescent Moon." The announcement was received with an almost solemn silence, for everybody thought of "Billy" Barton, the author of "The Crescent Moon" who passed away recently and whose place in Bohemia cannot be filled. When the song was ended there came spontaneously to the audience the beloved words of Frank Unger's "Towsy Mongalay." Neither Barton nor Unger was mentioned by name, but this touching interlude showed that both have a secure place in the hearts of all true Bohemians. The piece de resistance of the low jinks was Field's burlesque "Motherhood," a witty melange of Ibsenism and Margaret-Sangerism. And then Sam Blythe, the novelist and political writer, told some of his inimitable stories.

Our First Murphy Button

The death of the great Dr. Murphy of Chi-

cago—rightly regarded as a national calamity—reminds me of the story of the first Murphy button ever used in San Francisco. The Murphy button, need I explain? is the metal capsule for uniting severed intestines which was invented in the early nineties by the great American genius of intestinal surgery. It was first brought to San Francisco by Dr. Julius Rosenstirn, a surgeon who has always been noted for his bold yet careful experimentation with new surgical appliances. To test the worth of the Murphy button Dr. Rosenstirn performed a delicate intestinal operation on a dog and united the intestines with the precious Murphy button which he had been at great pains to secure. Dr. Rosenstirn's nurse was cautioned to take particular care of the dog, but by some means or other the animal managed to get out of the hospital where the operation was performed, strayed away and was never found. So what became of San Francisco's first Murphy button is an unsolved problem.

Quite an Order

A member of The Examiner staff met Carl Wallen, the popular photographer of The Ex-

aminer and of the International Film Service, and said, as the manner is, "Whither away, Carl?" To which he received the unexpected answer: "I'm going to Idaho; I'll be back in a minute." Then Wallen laughed and pulled out a telegram. It was from the manager of the International Film Service in New York, and it read like this:

"Carl Wallen, San Francisco. Meet Charles E. Hughes party in Idaho today and accompany them to San Francisco."

The Taxpayers' Candidate

Rarely do we hear nowadays of a prophet of retrenchment in politics. These are days of big bond issues, and our politicians from Governor to Mayor take it for granted that when it's a case of "aisy comes" it ought to be a case of "aisy goes;" and so up and down the State, along the fifteen million highway and through the Twin Peaks tunnel, the peoples' pickpockets are spending money like drunken sailors. In the circumstances it's refreshing to find a man like James C. Nealon running for the State Senate on a retrenchment and economy platform. Nealon is a survivor of the days of the Dollar Limit, those bad, glad days before



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the people applied the initiative and referendum to the Ten Commandments, preferring to spend their time keeping down the taxpayers' bank-roll. James C. Nealon was a dollar-limit reformer. He saved many a dollar for the taxpayers in the old days when he used to represent the city at the sessions of the State Board of Equalization. His record for economy is to be found running through several years of the printed municipal reports. That his zeal for his hobby of economy in government has not waned was evident months ago when he appeared before the Supervisors and showed them how to cut down the budget. It was then that an organization of taxpayers urged him to run for the Senate, which he is doing now in the Twenty-first district.

From "Somewhere in Wyoming"

The Spectator was delighted the other day when his mail contained a large envelope bearing the familiar handwriting of Charles E. Van Loan, the celebrated short story writer and all-round good fellow. The letter came from "Somewhere in Wyoming" where Van Loan, his pen-fellow Irvin S. Cobb of New York, Louvain and Paducah, and Tom O'Connor, the well known lawyer of this our town are making an allied drive against trout, sage hens, embonpoint and ennui. "Van's" letter contains matter of such moment that I must give it in full as a contribution to literary history and the gayety of nations.

Nailing the Nature Lie

Marse Cobb says we are now in the "wilds of Wyoming," and Councillor O'Connor has been burbling in his usual Bartlett's Familiar Quotations style about life near to Nature's heart, Van Loan writes, but as a matter of fact both these eminent gents are wrong. Wyoming isn't wild any more, and we're a great deal nearer to a jitney mail route than

we are to the palpitating heart of Nature. But what can you do with a lawyer and a fiction writer? The truth, as Dave the cook remarks, ain't in either one. Dave is the only wild thing in this part of Wyoming. It makes him wild to ask him for a toasted muffin and English tea.

Cobb Now Immortal

This letter is meant to acquaint you with a great piece of news. The Hon. Irvin S. Cobb of Paducah, suh, has joined the immortals and henceforth goes clanging down to an amazed and defenseless posterity along with George W. Childs, Henry Clay, Nathan Hale, John Drew, Robert Burns, Tom Moore, General Arthur and the late lamented Henry Q. Cremo. They have went and named a seegar after Marse Irvin and nobody seems to be able to do a thing about it. Patient cross-examination by Councillor O'Connor develops the fact that the Irvin S. Cobb seegar is manufactured at Paducah by two enterprising young men who have heretofore been regarded as Cobb's friends. Marse Irvin's last act before leaping aboard the rattler in New York was to purchase a box of these seegars, presumably for exhibition purposes. You will pardon a brief description of the aforesaid box, or container.

An Art Struggle

The cover bears a likeness of Mr. Cobb which looks as if it might have been etched with a dull hatchet, a facsimile of his signature and a few other trifles. It is the inside of the cover which is important. It is entirely plastered with a large full-face portrait of the author in seven colors, alleged to have been done from a photograph. On examining this one instantly becomes cognizant of a great struggle in the soul of the lithographer—his desire, as an artist, to give to the world a truthful likeness of Mr. Cobb, and his realization that such an act

would seriously cripple the sale of the Irvin S. Cobb seegar. Marse Irvin, as you know, is no Lillian Russell for beauty and a true likeness of America's foremost journalist-humorist-fictioneer would certainly give pause to the average citizen, filling him with amazement and wonder and deep thankfulness and causing him to forget such a small thing as the purchase of a five cent seegar. In the end, cold commercialism triumphed, art fell bleeding by the wayside and an idealized, etherealized Cobb adorns the inside of the box cover—such a Cobb as never was on land or sea.

Enter a Cowpuncher

We come now to "Mizzoo," an aged and infirm cowpuncher who infests this part of the country. With true Wyoming hospitality Mizzoo offered us the keys of Carbon County and Councillor O'Connor, responding with California courtesy, produced the box of seegars—the Irvin S. Cobb seegars. Mizzoo accepted the Paducah torch and sat him down by the campfire for a space. Finally he spoke:

"This yere is shorely some seegah!" said he.

"You like it?" asked Councillor O'Connor.

"You bet I do!"

Later Mizzoo repeated that it was certainly some seegar and requested to know the name of the weed so that in the future he might smoke none other.

"That," said Councillor O'Connor, opening the box and passing it to Mizzoo, "is the Irvin S. Cobb seegar."

Mizzoo examined the portrait.

"I reckon this yere is him," said he. "This yere is Cobb? Sort o' handsome, ain't he?"

"Yes," responded Cobb, who for once in his life had been a silent listener, "Yes, people have often remarked upon my austere beauty, my—"

"Your beauty!" ejaculated Mizzoo, peering at Cobb across the campfire. "Yore beauty? Where do you git in on this?"

"Oh, nowhere in particular," said the author, modestly, "only my name is Cobb—Irvin S. Cobb."

Mizzoo looked again at the lithograph and then at Mr. Cobb, but he said nothing. His feelings were hurt—anyone could see that much. From time to time he muttered to himself.

"Stranger," said he, at length, "I may not be book-learned to any great extent—don't claim to be—but my eyes is good as your'n, I reckon, an' no city dude kin make a sucker outer me."

And still puffing away on the Irvin S. Cobb seegar, he drifted away into the night, muttering to himself. We have not seen Mizzoo since, but we have heard his verdict at second hand. He told the boys at Saratoga that two of us might be all right but the fat feller was too much of a ——— liar fer his money.

O'Connor at His Best

If you doubt the truth of this statement, I respectfully refer you to Councillor O'Connor. The Councillor has not yet caught a rainbow nor has he shot a sage chicken. But he is enjoying the time of his life nevertheless. When the evening fire is lighted he tells us, in his best closing-address-to-the-jury voice what he said to the court and what the court said to him and thus he passes a very pleasant evening. For once in his life he has an audience too tired to run and too sleepy to interrupt him. Heaven itself can offer the Councillor no more of happiness! With these few words I cork my fountain pen.

Yours permanently,
Charles E. Van Loan.



DOROTHY WEBB

Who is the dainty canary in "Canary Cottage" at the Cort

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Serious Girls

Not all society girls are frivolous creatures. Indeed, the frivolous girls are the exception these days. The frivolous girls get more attention than their serious sisters because they are conspicuous; hence people receive a wrong impression of what society does to our wealthy maidenhood. You don't read much about Ethel McAllister, Fredericka Otis, Barbara Sutton and Mary Gayley. These are serious society girls. Society for them is not all dancing parties and picnics. They spent the summer at Monterey reading, painting and—yes, it is true—thinking. They had a bungalow at Monterey, and might be seen any morning—if you got up early enough—going away with their paint boxes and easels to the old Mission chapel or to the waterfront or to the magnificent coast near Point Lobos. They may never exhibit, they may never paint a really fine picture; but they have been cultivating their minds. The summer, for them, was not wasted. And just to show that they were human they put away serious work at night and motored to Del Monte for dinner and dancing.

Justice McReynolds, Eligible

Justice James G. McReynolds of the United States Supreme Court slipped into town so quietly, and slipped up to the Bohemian Grove for the High Jinks so quietly, and was so quiet up there and has been so quiet since his return to town, that some folk formed the impression that he was here incognito. Of course a justice of the United States Supreme Court does not travel incognito, like a Hapsburg or a Hohenzollern prince. Justice McReynolds has been quiet because he needs a rest, and came West to get it. I don't want to worry him, but I cannot refrain from mentioning that Justice McReynolds is a bachelor and very fond of

society. Recently he left the Washington Hotel where he had been a long time, and opened an apartment where he is expected to entertain pretty lavishly this winter. Have we any girls here who would like to be better-half to a Supreme Court justice? It is a position of the most exalted dignity. It admits one automatically to all the innermost circles of the elect. A word to the wise should be sufficient. There are now two bachelors on that high bench. The other is Justice Clarke, the successor of Justice Hughes. He too is fond of society.

"Birdie" at the Piano

Francis McComas had a big party at his beautiful Monterey home the other evening, and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt Jr. was among those present. There was music by professionals and amateurs, Richard Tobin with his violin, and "Birdie" Vanderbilt, pianist, being among the latter. It is agreed that "Birdie" acquitted herself very well at the ivories. "Birdie" learned the piano as a little girl in San Francisco, and has not allowed her fingers to get "rusty" in the years that have passed. The McComas party was an informal affair, where nobody thought of being too critical; and yet severe criticism could not have said much against "Dick" Tobin's fiddling or "Birdie's" pianistic execution. Both of these have music in their souls.

Are They Unfriendly?

Back to San Francisco from New York whither it must have traveled from Hillsboro, comes the story that all is not serene and lovely in the relations of those erstwhile pals Mrs. Malcolm Whitman and Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling. Jennie Crocker and Virginia Joliffe used to be the best of friends. According to the story there is a visible coldness between them now. The story teller makes the guess that the marriage of Templeton Crocker and Helene Irwin had something to do with the coldness; but that, certainly, is going back a pretty long way. The intimation that Virginia Joliffe was displeased by that marriage seems rather far-fetched. Perhaps the story is based

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on an exaggeration of some petty incident. We all know how these things are magnified as they are blown like bubbles from one mouth to another.

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very restless. This writer wonders whether Tessie stays home long enough to eat her meals. "In sunshine and in rain," she writes, "look when and where you will, you are sure to see Tessie's electric runabout with Tessie in it. You meet her in Kay street, dressed in blue; half an hour later she drives up to Bailey's Beach, dressed in white; almost in less time than it takes to tell it she appears at the Casino in black; twenty minutes later she is shopping in Thames street, wearing purple." Obviously our Tessie would make a hit in vaudeville in a rapid-change act, always providing the bavarde is not stretching the truth.

Our Boys at Verdun

It is a source of pride to San Franciscans that two boys belonging to good families here have distinguished themselves amid the terrific carnage of Verdun. They are Walter Wheeler Jr. and Lawrence McCreery. Both have received the coveted Croix de Guerre from the French Government for taking their ambulances into the thick of the fighting and bringing away the wounded at the risk of their own lives. These boys belong to the American Volunteer Motor Ambulance Corps, and they have been working with all their hearts and souls to alleviate the horrors of battle. Walter Wheeler is the son of the former Miss Lottie Dutton of this city, and a grand nephew of Mrs. Russell Wilson. Young McCreery is a grandson of the late Andrew McCreery and a nephew of Richard McCreery. These are not the only San Francisco lads who have won the French Cross of War. It has also been awarded to Beverly MacMonagle, Leonard Hammond and George Whittell Jr. No matter what happens to these brave fellows, neither they nor their families will have cause to regret their participation in the war. They are sacrificing themselves in a noble cause.

Youth Will Be Served

The oldsters have had a fine summer, a hilarious, exciting, dancing, golfing, dining and picnicking summer; and now it is the turn of the young folks. Specifically, it is the turn of the debutantes and their younger sisters, sometimes called—rather awkwardly—by the hyphenated name of sub-debutantes. It is a barren winter, a winter of discontent, which does not

feature the dear young girls. This is not to be that kind of winter. The plans are being laid for many brilliant affairs for the debutantes and the sub-debutantes. This Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller gave a dancing party at the Marin Golf and County Club for their daughter Flora. On next Thursday evening the twenty-fourth there will be a dinner dance at the same center of gayety for Ethel Lilley, the debutante daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander S. Lilley. The affair will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Diblee and Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear. Ethel Lilley will share the honors of the evening with Anne Diblee and Amanda McNear who are sub-debutantes. And at the same place on Saturday the twenty-sixth Mr. and Mrs. Starr Keeler will give a big party at the debut of their daughter Alice. On Friday the twenty-fifth Mr. and Mrs. Will Crocker will give a dancing party at New Place for their daughter Helen, a bud of last season. This is only a beginning, a foretaste of what we may expect when the season gets into full swing. All the signs point to a very brilliant winter, with the young girls garnering most of the honors. And that is the best sort of winter in society. For youth will be served.

Events at the Cecil

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Horton gave a farewell dinner at the Cecil prior to their departure for their home in Medford. They were guests at the hotel during their visit in San Francisco, and entertained with twelve covers at dinner Monday. Mrs. A. M. Burns accompanied by her daughter Mrs. L. H. Long has returned from Santa Barbara. She will make her home for the coming year at the Cecil. F. Cleghorn of Honolulu is registered. Mr. G. Dearden of Philadelphia gave a luncheon and bridge at the hotel Monday. The table was ornamented with a gold basket of Duchess roses. Mrs. Dearden with her two daughters Misses Dorothy and Evelyn Dearden and Master George Dearden are guests. Mrs. William Munter arrived on

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the last steamer from Honolulu and is registered. After a pleasant trip in the Santa Cruz mountains Mrs. Howard Turner has returned. Mrs. Dora Alhborn gave a dinner Thursday as a compliment to Honolulu friends. Covers were laid for ten. Mrs. F. L. Bush and Miss G. L. Bush of Waco Texas, are among the recent arrivals. Colonel William Hart was host Tuesday at dinner. Most of his guests were army friends. Mrs. James Hough returned to her home in Stockton after a fortnightly visit. She was joined by her son-in-law Percy Cleg-horn who has been at Santa Cruz with his wife and two children. Miss K. E. Daicy will spend this month at the hotel, leaving for her Chicago home about September 10. Miss M. L. Bush of Boston is enjoying her visit. She is making her headquarters at the Cecil. A dozen friends enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Cahill at dinner Friday. Among the recent arrivals are Miss M. Monroe of New Orleans and Miss Sylvia Fink of New York.

Zippy Music at Tavern

The hit of the hour is George Gould's band at the Techau Tavern. If you haven't danced a Fox Trot or a Hesitation to the music of this rough-toss orchestra you've missed one of the sprightliest features of the week in the downtown fashionable cafes. It's so different from any sort of band we've heard yet that one must drop in at the Tavern in the afternoons or during the dinner or after-theatre supper hour to appreciate it. It has the zigger and zip to its music which San Francisco likes. George Gould who used to play piano for the Douglas Cranes is at the ivories with "Joe" Meyer fiddling, Clyde Dorr saxophonizing, L. W. Brown drumming, "Vic" Pollak picking the banjo, "Vic" King at the accordion and "Joe" Peak bass fiddling. One Menlo Park matron gave quite an affair at the Tavern Wednesday evening in order that her guests might enjoy Gould's dance music during the dinner hour.

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A New Play at the Columbia

By Theodore Bonnet

A first-night audience quivering with delight and proud of the compliment implied in the occasion—the premiere of a Thomas play in the provinces—gave noisy testimony of approval. So there were many curtain-calls between acts at the Columbia. The whole company of players bowed in grateful acknowledgment of the tribute. Then the players appeared according to their importance in groups, in trios, in doubles and solos, the applause continuing the while until the stage mechanics stood forth in homely garb with Henry Miller, looking like one of them, in their midst. At once I thought "How pertinent the picture!" Here was the master mechanic himself coming amiably down to us like an incarnation of the *deus ex machina*.

Nowadays they call Henry Miller a "producer," but he is more than that. He is a master of stagecraft, and he has a sharp sense of the stage—even between acts—never missing a trick. Not only does Mr. Miller produce plays, he mends them, eliminating a situation here, adding one there, and occasionally contributing a whole act. For the average American play, be it known, is badly in need of first aid when accepted for a try-out on the dog. Though our playwrights will not admit it there is much patchwork and collaboration in the literature of our drama. I know more than one "successful" play that was worked up in a series of bookless rehearsals with stenographers jotting down the mots and defining situations according to a stage manager's directions. It wouldn't surprise me to learn that this ripening process was employed even for the benefit of Mr. Augustus Thomas, the dean of American playwrights, when Alice Duer Miller's story of "Come Out of the Kitchen" was being translated from book covers to the Columbia stage. Mr. Miller has a cunning hand for this sort of thing; for everything, indeed, pertaining to the stage. Making masterpieces out of potential dramas is the least of his arts; he has the power to make a Chauncey Olcott acceptable to carping critics, to breathe a jet of the divine fire into a Nazimova and to convert a Margaret Anglin into a queen of the tragic drama.

A versatile wizard is Henry Miller, with all the tricks of the stage at his fingers' ends, and besides he is one of the acutest of our producers. Versed in the psychology of the American audience, he gauges the public taste with a nicety well-nigh clairvoyant, and having Ruth

Chatterton for the present under his management he is fitting plays to her as a tailor might fit a gown. He found a fit for her in "The Rainbow," again in "Daddy Long Legs;" and he has had her measure taken again, this time through Mr. Thomas, adapting her individuality to the story of the impoverished Southern family, whose daughter went into the kitchen and found a rich husband while masquerading as a cook with an Irish brogue. This is an ingenue role, rich in opportunities for the young actress, and that she makes the most of them one may be sure from the enthusiasm of the first-night audience. The verdict was clearly and emphatically unanimous.

Speaking as a cold-blooded critic of the drama I should not have the courage to extol "Come Out of the Kitchen" in cold type, but I will say that it tells a very pretty story and that I can readily understand why the story had enormous popularity in book form. Having been weaned long ago from the May Agnes Fleming brand of literature I never read this Miller story, and therefore I am unable to say what the dean of American playwrights did to it, but there is this to be said of his play, that it abounds in the kind of sentimentalities and comicalities that have long been dear to the heart of Mr. Miller, as they should be, seeing how he has prospered. In this play sentimentality flows like an opulent river of the Orient pouring along a flood of stock theatrical artifices, the kind that have stood the test of ages.

Mr. Thomas, by the way, is at his best in plays of this genre. When he wrote that very stupid play "As a Man Thinks" it was evident the theme was beyond him. The drama was written in the style of playwrights who have first-hand, fiery imaginative visions, but it had no sting of veracity. Mr. Thomas is more at home far from the main roads of life with its social and ethical problems, disporting himself, as it were, in intellectual chaos. This play that he has distilled from a book is good stuff from the box-office standpoint. There is something naive about the story, a sort of appealing simplicity quite refreshing, and it has a fine fusion of humor and pathos. Opening in a picture of gloom, it plunges almost immediately into delicious comedy, and presently the audience is roaring with the laughter of crackling twigs that age-old farce never fails to provoke. How wonderful the endurance of stock farcical mechanics!

In this play we have revived for us the picture of the heroine smudging the face of the old flirtatious fool, and we roar with laughter because he is insensible of the trick that has been played on him. Then we have that exquisite achievement of comic genius—the closet scene in which two people, induced to hide in order to relieve the heroine of embarrassment are exposed in their laughable plight. As one is a slender poet and the other a fat colored mammy the comicality of the situation is such that the house is thrown into convulsions of laughter. Now I am not deriding the play. The fact is this comedy that has been worked into drama by the dean of American playwrights is so drenched with popular comedy that it cannot but keep an audience laughing. The old stuff in it gleams and twinkles with comic lights, direct and refracted. It has no end of lawful fun and levity, and if its comic situations betray no inventive genius, its sentimental appeal is more than worth while. It has many touches of fancy and character, with enough humor to keep pathos in its place. But the pathos is not very touching, owing perhaps to the fact that it is somewhat vague. In dramatizing a novel there is of necessity much vehement hurry, cramped invention, little rational or natural evolution, and so it is that Mr. Thomas is hardly sufficiently explicit regarding the troubles of the impoverished family. Therefore the all-important first act is lacking in lucidity; so much so that one is almost tempted to say that if Mr. Thomas had shown as much tact in the construction of the play as Mr. Miller has shown in the selection of his cast how admirable the play would be! The cast is excellent. The play calls for a big cast, but there is not a role neglected. Miss Chatterton makes the most of a big part. She lies with exquisite grace, and when she enjoys a joke it is as though it were an intellectual triumph, for eyes, voice and gesture sparkle and chuckle in unison. Bruce McRae as the Northerner with money plays with a delightful airiness, and Charles Trowbridge as the butler is drollery personified, yet drollery without caricature. Harry Mestayer, who joined the company for this performance, carries things before him with an irresistible comic dash. The range of Mestayer's creations is wide, but to every one he gives the specific stamp of individuality, always presenting a character with felicity.

The Stage

A Bohemian Club Entertainment

One of the principal society and musical events of the year, the concert of the "mid-summer music of Bohemia," will take place at the Cort Theatre next Thursday afternoon, August 24, at 2:45 o'clock. These annual affairs are always of supreme interest and this year's entertainment will be no exception to the rule. There will be an orchestra of 80 of the best musicians in San Francisco and the vocalists will include Charles F. Bulotti, the Bohemian Club double quartet and forty other singers. The first part of the programme will be devoted to selections from the grove plays of 1913, 1914 and 1915, including the prelude to "The Fall of Ug" by the late Herman Perlet, "The Dance of the Water Sprites" and "Hate Chief's March" from "Nec-Natama" by Uda

Waldrop, and the prelude and "March of the Gods" from "Apollo" by Edward F. Schnieder. Messrs. Waldrop and Schnieder will conduct the orchestra in the rendition of their own compositions and Paul Steindorff will direct the Herman Perlet number. The second part of the entertainment will offer a distinct surprise to the audience and the third part will serve to introduce for the first time outside of Bohemian Grove eight numbers from the grove play of 1916, "Gold," book by Frederick S. Myrtle and music by H. J. Stewart. Dr. H. J. Stewart, whose "Bluff King Hal" and "His Majesty," two successful light operas, are well remembered, has written some very delightful music. The selections chosen for Tuesday's concert will include the prelude, suite de ballet, intermezzo, the Spanish March and Soldier's

Chorus, "Ave Maria," the Soldier's Song, "Peace Mortals, Peace," and the finale, "On to the Goal." Dr. Stewart, of course, will conduct. The Cort will undoubtedly be crowded with a fashionable audience. Reserved seats will be ready at the box office on Monday morning.

The Next Popular Concert

The People's Philharmonic Orchestra, Nikolai Sokoloff conductor, with Vladimir Shavitch the pianist as soloist, will give the ninth symphony concert of the summer series at the Cort next Sunday afternoon at three o'clock sharp. This orchestra is making fine music history in San Francisco and contributing materially toward the improvement of our ideals. It is a matter of congratulation that those who are supporting the orchestra are receiving such whole-hearted co-

operation from the music-loving public. Each succeeding concert of the People's Philharmonic Orchestra finds the houses crowded and the orchestra reaching a higher state of efficiency. Next Sunday afternoon's concert will be a memorable one, for on this occasion we are to have the first performance in San Francisco of the great French composer Ernest Chausson's brilliant and inspiring Symphony in B Flat Major; and besides Vladimir Shavitch husband of Tina Lerner, will make his first appearance in San Francisco with a symphony orchestra, playing the great Tchaikowsky Concert for Pianoforte, No. 1. The programme will also contain the Air on the G String, from Suite No. 3, D Major of Bach; which has not been heard in San Francisco for several years, and the attractive and stirring "Capriccio Espagnol" of Rimsky-Korsakow. Prices for all concerts of the People's Philharmonic Orchestra are popular—25c, 50c, 75c. Box, loge and first fourteen rows of the orchestra are \$1.00. Tickets are on sale at the Cort.

Canary Cottage

With attendance still at the capacity mark "Canary Cottage" remains the attraction at the Cort. It will start the sixth week of the run Monday night. Apparently this Morosco production possesses all the elements that make for success in musical comedy. Assuredly it is well stocked with fun, pulchritude, color and the things that appeal to the less esthetic sense.

A Big Bill for the Orpheum

Nora Bayes, most brilliant of all our vaudeville comedienues, will begin her third and last week at the Orpheum next Sunday matinee. All her songs and costumes will be new. A fine new show will also be presented. Madame Sumiko, Japanese prima donna from the Imperial Theatre, Tokio, who has been creating a sensation in New York, Boston and Chicago and the chief cities of Europe, will present a cycle of songs with scenic investiture. She will be assisted by four beautiful Japanese dancing girls. Madame Sumiko's repertoire is so arranged that her voice is heard to its best

possible advantage and is particularly adapted to vaudeville. She first sings in English the wistful Japanese melody "Chon Kina" from "The Geisha." It is followed by the Japanese dance "Welcome" by the four pretty Japanese girls. Then Sumiko sings in English "My Hero" from "The Chocolate Soldier." After which comes the Japanese Basket Dance and for a finale Sumiko sings an American ragtime air "I Want to Go Back to Tokio" in English and Japanese while her assistants dance. The most gorgeous Japanese gowns that have ever been seen in this country are worn by Sumiko and her company. Jimmy Duffy and Mercedes Lorenze will appear in a musical skit. George W. Cooper and Chris Smith, a couple of colored entertainers, will present a skit entitled "Hotel Gossip" in which they respectively impersonate a bell hop and a porter. The Three Du For

PEOPLE'S PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

NIKOLAI SOKOLOFF, Conductor

CORT, Sunday, 3 P. M.

VLADIMIR SHAVITCH, Pianist, Soloist

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CONCERT OF THE Midsummer Music of Bohemia

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MME. SUMIKO, Japanese Prima Donna Mezzo Soprano Imperial Theatre, Tokio, Assisted by Four Japanese Dancers (One Week Only); JIMMY DUFFY & MERCEDES LORENZE in "Antiseptic Love;" COOPER & SMITH in "Hotel Gossip;" THREE DU FOR BOYS, Aristocrats of Dancing; HARRY HOLMAN & CO. in "Adam Killjoy;" BOUDINI BROTHERS, Accordionists; LEW MADDEN & CO. in "Monday Morning."

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By Edmund Laurance Burke
With the Noted American Actor

LOUIS BENNISON

In the Leading Role

Supported by the Alcazar Players

Produced Under the Direction of Addison Pitt

PRICES—Evenings: 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees: 25c, 50c

Boys are dancers. Harry Holman and company, the Boudini Brothers and Lew Madden and company will also appear in this bill.

Comedy at the Alcazar

"Johnny Get Your Gun," a rollicking comedy of thrill and satire, written especially for Louis Bennisson by Edmund Laurance Burke, will receive its first presentation upon any stage at the Alcazar beginning next Monday night with Bennisson in the leading role. This clever play is to serve as a starring vehicle for Bennisson who is to present it in New York during the coming season. For the premiere Belasco and Mayer have spared neither pains nor money to make it a memorable one in the history of their popular O'Farrell street playhouse. Bennisson plays the role of Johnny Wiggin, a big, rough and daring cowpuncher who becomes "stunt" rider for a movie camp.

Second Week of "Come Out of the Kitchen"

There does not appear to be one dissenting opinion as to the delightful and thorough success of Henry Miller's latest play "Come Out of the Kitchen" at the Columbia. The actor-manager has once more shown his unerring wisdom in the selection of a play for his little star Ruth Chatterton, whose "Daddy Long-Legs," under the guidance of Henry Miller, is unquestionably one of the most notable successes in the theatrical history of America. It is not saying too much in asserting that "Come Out of the Kitchen" will be just as big a success for Miss Chatterton and that her "Olivia Dangerfield" will be just as big a success as was "Judy." Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

"The Elopers" at Pantages

"The Elopers," the newest musical comedy of the American Production Company of Chicago, will head the new eight-act bill at Pantages Sunday afternoon. There is the usual laughable plot, a dozen frolicsome girls with natty costumes and a couple of funmakers headed by Teddy McNamara, for many years star of the Pollard organization. Another local favorite is "Oklahoma" Bob Albright, back from the music halls of Broadway where he has been showing New Yorkers what a Westerner can do. Dickinson and Deagon will offer a delightfully humorous skit, and an act called "Holding Out" presented by Davett and Duval tells the troubles of a vaudeville team. Will Morris is the original pantomimic tramp comedy cyclist; La Zar and Dale play musical instruments and spin yarns, and the Sheron Sisters introduce acrobatic dancing. Two reels of comedy pictures are included in the bill.

Color-Blind Neutrality

(Continued from Page 7)

concessions to Germany in the Tigris valley and in Africa.

The history, in short, of the first fourteen years of the century is one long record of German menace and aggression. She ostentatiously threatens England, she truculently abets Austria in breaking a treaty and humiliating Russia, she contemptuously thwarts the efforts made at The Hague towards permanent peace. The Balkan War, indeed, is localized—not through the efforts of Germany, but mainly, as all parties admit, by the devoted labors, the tact, and the transparent disinterestedness of Sir Edward Grey. We may have no great statesmen in England, but we have at any rate the man who, in one acute and most difficult crisis, succeeded in staving off the catastrophe. The defeat of her dear friend Turkey, however, weakened Germany's position in the Near East;

and she proceeded to restore the balance by making great additions to her already overwhelming military forces. Does this record of fourteen years appeal to your sympathies as a lover of peace?

We come now to the narrower and still clearer question of the immediate responsibility for the rush over the precipice during the fatal days between July 23 and August 4, 1914. Is it possible that you can have read, even cursorily, the diplomatic documents, and can still believe that there is the smallest tittle of truth in the German assertion that two innocent and peace-loving empires were wantonly attacked by a gang of malicious enemies? If so, I can only marvel at your credulity.

Let me very rapidly run over the main heads of the case. I will begin by assuming, though it has never been proved, that Austria's grounds of complaint against Serbia were in the main justified. What, then, does she do? She hurls at the head of her inconvenient neighbor an ultimatum admitted on all hands to be unexampled in the history of diplomacy, demanding abject submission within forty-eight hours. England and Russia plead for an extension of the ridiculous time-limit. Germany declines to endorse the plea, and Austria meets it with a "categorical refusal." Then, to the amazement of everyone—and not the least, we may be sure, of Austria herself—Serbia, to all intents and purposes, submits. It is of no avail. Austria seizes on the two or three trifling reservations in Serbia's answer, declares war by telegraph, and proceeds with feverish haste to bombard Belgrade. She knows, and everybody knows, that every bomb that bursts in Belgrade impairs the prestige of Russia and lowers her self-respect. But that does not deter her—far from it! Meanwhile Russia shows no disposition to shield Serbia from reasonable penance for anything she may have done amiss—such penance to include the giving of guarantees for future good behavior. All she says is that she cannot stand by and see a small State of her own race and religion ruthlessly overwhelmed by a great empire. In concert with England and France, she is even willing that Austria shall occupy Belgrade and the surrounding territory "until she has obtained complete satisfaction from Serbia" through the mediation of the Powers. Is it possible for the spirit of conciliation to go further? Other suggestions for smoothing out the tangle proceed from St. Petersburg and from London. They are all baffled in Berlin, which, though entreated to do so, offers not a single suggestion of its own. The case has been statistically summed up as follows:

We have fourteen definite and clearly-distinguished proposals. Of these not one emanates in the first instance from Berlin. One may have been strongly supported by Bethmann-Holweg, but the evidence is doubtful. Five are passed on by Berlin to Vienna, as a postman passes on a letter, with complete indifference as to its contents. Three are definitely rejected without consultation with Vienna. Two are evaded and lead to nothing. Of three no notice is taken.

Sir Edward Grey's proposal for a conference of ambassadors is rejected in Berlin because "it would amount to a court of arbitration"—dreadful thought! One hopeful suggestion after another is wrecked on the rocks of the Wilhelmstrasse. The Tsar proposes to the Kaiser that the dispute should be referred to the Hague Conference—no notice is taken. At last, determined that Britain at any rate shall not have blood-guiltiness upon her soul, Sir Edward Grey tells the German Ambassador that if Germany will put forward "any reasonable proposal" which Russia and France shall unreasonably reject, Britain will withdraw from them her support—and again no notice is taken. You say the Allies have no great statesmen,

my dear master, and I have not disputed your assertion. But I should have much more confidence in it if you would be good enough to point out what Sir Edward Grey, or M. Sazonof, or M. Viviani could have done for peace, in those fateful days, and did not do? Yes, there is one thing they could have done: they could have abdicated for ever, on behalf of their respective countries, all right to raise a voice in international affairs, and could have left Europe prostrate under the heel of Germany. Is it their crime, in your eyes, that they failed to do so?

Perhaps you will tell me—though I scarcely think that your neutrality will carry you so far—that Russia precipitated the war by her premature mobilization. Germany has, indeed, worked the mobilization swindle for all it is worth; but I cannot believe that it has imposed on you. Every intelligent man must know that the line which separates mobilization from mere "military precautions" is such a delicate one that a general staff itself may not be quite clear as to the precise moment at which it is crossed, and may, in comparative good faith, declare that mobilization has not begun, when, to all intents and purposes, it has. The evidence as to the precise extent and sequence of the various mobilizations of the crowded and crucial days is inextricably conflicting. Probably there was some equivocation on all sides. But the cardinal facts stand out clear and incontrovertible, and they are these: (1) It was Austria that first mobilized; (2) It was Austria that forced the pace by the furious haste of her onslaught on Serbia; (3) Both Austria and Germany, but especially Germany, could mobilize incomparably quicker than Russia, and Germany, therefore, had no reasonable excuse for seizing upon the first moves of Russia's mobilization in the north as a pretext for instant war. That she should herself mobilize was natural enough; but, had she had any genuine will to peace, she would not have made that a reason for breaking off negotiations which she herself declares (though I think the assertion is insincere) to have been on the verge of bearing fruit.

In the face of all these facts—the facts of the fourteen years and the facts of the thirteen days—it is, I confess, a marvel to me that you can write as though all parties were equally to blame for the world-catastrophe. This is not neutrality: this is blindness to the most abundant, conclusive, overwhelming evidence.

To myself—if I may end upon an egotistic note—this war has been a pain unspeakable. Though I have hitherto had less of direct personal anxiety than hundreds of thousands of my countrymen and countrywomen, I seem to have been living for two years in a nightmare. Though I have never been absolutely a pessimist as to the result, my optimism has been of a valetudinarian order, terribly liable to shocks and chills. I often wonder whether there was ever a time when I could waken in the morning without a sense of black oppression, and open a newspaper without a tremor. But though war is thus as torturing to my temperament as it is abhorrent to my intellect, I have never for a moment dreamt of wishing that my country had made another choice than that which she made in August, 1914—if, indeed, she can be said to have had any choice after Germany had crossed the Belgian frontier. And to you, my dear master, I may say in conclusion that, with all my profound esteem for you, with all my admiration and envy for your talent, your achievements and your fame, there is one respect in which I would not for the world change places with you. Whatever sorrow the war has brought or may bring me, I would not for the world be a neutral.

VARIED TYPES

(Continued from Page 5)

and over the list of authors—including one of the most distinguished, nay the most distinguished historian of the United States, Henry Morse Stephens—I could have no doubt about the importance of this contribution. Even the critical spirit manifested by the members in judging the merits of the performance is an index of the high standard set. Such criticism is wholesome. It helps to maintain the high standard.

"As a whole, I am certain that nowhere else in this country could such an entertainment be furnished, an entertainment of so clever and so fascinating a character as the programme of Friday, the grove play with its artistic setting and its marvelous stage effects, and the impressive concert Sunday morning in which one had an opportunity of judging the musical side of the productions of past years. It was particularly interesting to have this music interpreted by the composers themselves."

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR THE VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION OF THE CORPORATION BELOW NAMED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75828; Dept. 12.

In the Matter of the Voluntary Dissolution of BURG BROS. LUMBER & BUILDING CO., a Corporation.
Notice is hereby given that Burg Bros. Lumber & Building Co., the corporation above named, has duly filed in the above entitled Court its application praying for an order or decree of said Court dissolving said corporation, and that Monday, the 25th day of September, A. D. 1916, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, in the Court-Room of said Court, Department 12 thereof, situate in the Hall of Justice of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been duly fixed as the day, time and place for the hearing of the said application.

Notice of the hearing of the said application shall be given by publication for six successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a weekly newspaper, published, printed and circulated in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, beginning on the 19th day of August, 1916, and ending on the 23rd day of September, 1916, and any and all persons are hereby notified that they may file in the above entitled Court before the date of the expiration of the said notice any objections which they may have to the granting of the aforesaid application for the dissolution of the said corporation.

Dated this 15th day of August, A. D. 1916.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk of the said Superior Court.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

W. T. KEARNEY,
Attorney for said Application,
1012 Mills Building,
San Francisco, California.

8-19-6

CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned MAX LEUTHOLDT and OTTO DUDZECK, both of whom are residents of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, are partners and as such partners constitute a partnership transacting business in this State under the firm name of M. LEUTHOLDT & CO.; that the principal place of business of said partnership is in the said City and County of San Francisco, and that the above mentioned names are the names in full of all of the members of the said partnership.

Dated, San Francisco, August 12, 1916.
MAX LEUTHOLDT,
OTTO DUDZECK.

S. JOSEPH THEISEN,
Attorney for Partnership,
Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

8-19-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 9798; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, Deceased.

SARAH A. JACOBS, the Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, deceased, having filed herein her verified petition praying for an order of sale of the Real Estate of said deceased for the purpose herein set forth:

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said Estate of said deceased appear before the above entitled Court and Department on Wednesday, the 20th day of September, 1916, at Ten (10) A. M. on said day at the Court-Room of said Court, in the New City Hall on the West side of Polk between McAllister and Grove Streets, San Francisco, California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administratrix and Petitioner to sell the Real Estate of said deceased at a private sale, or so much thereof as shall be necessary.

It is further ordered and directed that a copy of this order shall be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOS. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Dated this 14th day of August, 1916.
MARSHALL NUCKOLLS,
Attorney for Administratrix,
417 Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, California.

8-19-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 72594; Dept. No. 10.

JEMETT POSTON, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY A. POSTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: HENRY A. POSTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, habitual intemperance, and wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JAS. P. SWEENEY,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

Nevada Bank Building,

San Francisco, California.

8-19-10

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL DOING BUSINESS UNDER A FICTITIOUS NAME

No. 2819.
(Ten cent U. S. revenue stamp affixed.)

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:—That I, SAM. SPIELLER, the undersigned, do hereby certify that I am doing business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of THE WESTERN CLOAK AND SUIT CO., that the principal place of business of The Western Cloak and Suit Co. is situate at No. 117 Grant Avenue in the said City and County of San Francisco.

That I am the sole owner of the said business known as The Western Cloak and Suit Co., and I am interested therein; that my name in full and my place of residence is as follows: S. M. SPIELLER, No. 5 Hollis Street, San Francisco, Cal.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 11th day of August, 1916.

SAM. SPIELLER.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco.

On this 11th day of August in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixteen before me, L. H. CONDON, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared SAM. SPIELLER, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

L. H. CONDON,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(My commission expires January 9, 1919.)

Endorsed: Filed Aug. 12, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,

Attorney at Law,

1003 Phelan Bldg.,

San Francisco, Cal.

8-19-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75,177; Dept. No. 4.

HELENA HORSTMANN, Plaintiff, versus CONRAD HORSTMANN, also known as CHARLES HORSTMANN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CONRAD HORSTMANN, also known as CHARLES HORSTMANN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's habitual intemperance and of Defendant's failure to provide Plaintiff the necessities of life; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

1003 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco.

7-29-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRED W. SIMONTON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of FRED W. SIMONTON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at the office of Charles A. Lee, 615 Hobart Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRED W. SIMONTON, deceased.

GEO. W. SIMONTON,
Administrator of the estate of Fred W. Simonton, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 12, 1916.

CHARLES A. LEE,

Attorney for Administrator,

615 Hobart Building,

San Francisco, Cal.

8-12-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 74925; Dept. No. 4.

HENRY HAINS, Plaintiff, vs. GABRIELLE HAINS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GABRIELLE HAINS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3rd day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ERNEST PAGNUELO,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

8-12-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10; No. 75525.

ANITA WARREN PATTERSON, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM PATTERSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM PATTERSON, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of August, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By F. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

423 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

8-19-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIUS LOEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of JULIUS LOEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Wm. Loewy & Walter Loewy, Number 201 Sansome Street, Room 507, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JULIUS LOEY, deceased.

BRUNO LOEY,
Administrator of the estate of Julius Loewy, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 19, 1916.

WM. LOEWY & WALTER LOEWY,

Attorneys for Administrator,

201 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

8-19-5

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Sentiment in Wall Street has improved some during the past week, and prices show a fair gain as compared with the previous week's final figures. The copper metal situation showed an improvement in prices. Spot copper advanced to 25 cents and rumors have it that the Allies have bought two-thirds of the copper metal produced in this country, well up into 1917. Copper shares advanced all through the list from one to four points, and while the advance was not spectacular, it nevertheless gave encouragement to the rank and file of traders who have been waiting for something to turn up to take the market out of its rut. Railroad earnings, for the past six months, showed a good increase in gross, but the net did not keep pace although they were very satisfactory. The high cost of equipment and operating expenses have cut into the net earnings, and if the railroad men are granted an increase in wages some of the railroads will have to have a corresponding increase in freight rates. The Union Pacific statement was a big factor in creating a favorable sentiment toward the railroads, as it showed for the first time earnings of over one hundred million dollars for the year. The stock showed a fair advance prior to this report, and an extra dividend of one per cent was talked of. When the regular dividend was announced, the stock lost its advance, but held firm just under forty. Crop news was a factor, and reports of crop deterioration in the Northwest, due to the black rust plague, as well as hot winds in the Southwest, which was injuring the corn crop, had some effect on sentiment, but prices did not show any decline of consequence. Toward the end of the week general rains brought relief to most sections of the corn belt. Wall Street does not take much stock in the Mexican issues, but does pay heed to what Mr. Hughes says about the tariff. Speculators and holders of industrial shares believe that such securities will not be depressed below current levels, if the Democrats win, but will be helped by a Republican victory, so the bulls are willing to take chances. The bull party lacks leadership, but will find it if the market shows strength and activity. It is natural that politics should play a bigger part in the market now that Mr. Hughes is campaigning in the West, but the campaign is not likely to become exciting until next month. About the only troublesome factor left is the attitude of the heads of the labor unions in their demands from the railroads, but it looks as if President Wilson will find a way to bring about some kind of a settlement that will please both sides.

Wheat—There was heavy selling of wheat by holders on the theory that the advance had been great enough for the time being. The selling had a depressing effect on the market, and at one time found it off nearly 5 cents a bushel from the high point. Local traders were

inclined to fall in line with the selling by making short sales, but their temerity was evidenced by the fact that there were frequent quick upturns. Unless there is news of a political character to disturb the big long lines and create a general selling, we can see no hope for a big break. However, it has about reached a point where all the news on growing conditions is about all in. The only character of news left that can be injected into the trade is the possibility of early frost in the northern part of the Canadian grain belt, where wheat is at a stage that it can be adversely affected by it. In the absence of this news continually coming into the market, as it has been, we are inclined to look for a hesitation in the advance of prices. We feel, however, that foreign buying will undoubtedly come into the market and act as a sustaining influence, and very likely be of sufficient force to maintain prices around present levels. As the foreign purchasing agents are well organized now, it is unlikely that they will clamor for the wheat insanely, but will bring forth news of a character to hold prices down and thereby allow them to purchase their requirements as reasonably as possible. While we are bullish on wheat, and expect to see higher prices, yet we are inclined to believe that the market has reached a point now where it will find holders willing to accept profits on good bulges. We still believe, however, that on good recessions, wheat can be bought on which profits will be realized sooner or later.

Corn—The corn market followed the action of the wheat market on a smaller scale. The Government figures were construed as bullish, as they showed a crop of only 2,777,000,000 bushels. At the advance there was heavy profit taking by the more fortunate bulls, and when wheat turned lower corn followed. There were some rains reported throughout the belt, and this will, no doubt, improve the crop, where the hot dry winds have not entirely destroyed the crop. Old corn is selling at very fancy figures, on a crop larger than the present one, and this keeps the bears in check. However, in the seventies new corn looks high, and it is a little too late in the season to start a bull campaign, especially from this level. We believe the market discounts a good deal of the damage reports, and would sell corn on any advance from this level.

Cotton—The cotton market established a new record for this season of the year, when the July option sold above the 15 cent level. The bulls seemed to have everything their own way, as far as news was concerned, and with everybody turning bullish at the same time, the market was bare of cotton, and very little was being offered, until all options came near to the 15 cent level. The continued bad crop reports from the eastern belt, as well as talk of dry weather with high temperature in the

Southwest, were the factors that brought about the change in sentiment. However, as is usually the case when the market has scored a big advance, the most conservative traders are inclined to accept profits, and this selling kept the market in check. Later in the week reports of rain in Texas, and a few favorable crop reports from sections of the Eastern belt, took the edge off the market, and a fair reaction was the result. At the decline, a good demand developed again, and prices again started upward, only to be met by further liquidation by longs, as well as some hedge selling against actual cotton from Texas points. There seems to be quite a difference of opinion regarding the growing crop. Some reports are to the effect that only a small crop can be raised, regardless of the weather conditions in the next sixty days, while others say that with favorable weather from now on the crop will be a big one, and will be far in excess of the demand. Exports are on a much larger scale than heretofore, and freight room seems to be plentiful at advanced rates, although the rates are not as high as last year. Mills seem to be doing a good business, and there is a good demand for all kinds of cotton goods. The action of the market will depend a good deal on the weather in the next thirty days, and should we get a change to more favorable conditions, it is doubtful if present prices can be maintained in view of the fact that there is no incentive to hold cotton on the farm at this level, and we believe the weight of the actual cotton, in the way of hedging sales, will make for lower prices unless the war comes to a sudden end.

BYRNE & McDONNELL

MEMBERS:

New York Stock Exchange
New York Cotton Exchange
Chicago Board of Trade
San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange
Direct Private Wires
242 MONTGOMERY ST. Douglas 5234

German Savings and Loan Society

(THE GERMAN BANK)

Savings Incorporated 1868 Commercial
526 CALIFORNIA ST. San Francisco

Member of the Associated Savings Banks
of San Francisco

The following Branches for Receipt and Payment
of Deposits only:

MISSION BRANCH, S. E. Corner of Mission and
Twenty-first Streets

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, S. W. Corner
Clement and Seventh Avenue

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, S. W. Corner
Haight and Belvedere

JUNE 30TH, 1916:

Assets	\$63,811,228.81
Deposits	60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
Number of Depositors	68,062

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock
P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and
Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8
o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1916, a
dividend to depositors of 4% per annum was
declared.

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

490 CALIFORNIA STREET

ST. FRANCIS HOTEL

SAN JOSE

LOS ANGELES

PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

NOTICE OF TRUSTEES' SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

WHEREAS in accordance with the terms and under the authority of a certain deed of trust executed and delivered by John L. Polito, the party of the first part, to W. E. Palmer and Fred E. Palmer, as trustees, the parties of the second part, and M. D. Merritt, the party of the third part, dated the 27th day of May, 1915, and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 5th day of June, 1915, in Liber 871 of Deeds (new series) at page 244, which deed of trust was given to secure the payment of a certain promissory note for the sum of Five hundred dollars (\$500.00) of even date therewith, executed and delivered by said party of the first part to the party of the third part and which promissory note together with all the interests of said party of the third part in said deed of trust was subsequent to said 27th day of May, 1915, and prior to the date of this notice for value received sold and assigned to A. M. Palmer and said A. M. Palmer being now the owner and holder of said promissory note mentioned in and secured by said deed of trust, the said A. M. Palmer as the owner and holder of said promissory note has by written declaration and demand declared that default has been made by the party of the first part in the payment of the principal sum named in said promissory note, to-wit, the sum of Five hundred dollars (\$500.00), and in the payment of the interest thereon at the rate of twelve per cent (12%) per annum according to its terms from date thereof until paid, said interest having been paid to the 27th day of January, 1916, and has demanded that the undersigned, trustees as aforesaid, sell the real property described in said deed of trust and hereinafter described to pay and satisfy the amount due and unpaid upon said promissory note, together with the expenses of sale and the expenses of the trust;

AND WHEREAS default has been made by said John L. Polito in the payment of said promissory note and of the interest thereon since the 27th day of January, 1916, and no part of the principal sum of said promissory note has been paid;

Now the said W. E. Palmer and Fred E. Palmer, as trustees as aforesaid, hereby give notice that on Tuesday, the 19th day of September, 1916, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon at the real estate office of G. H. Umben & Co. at No. 20 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and under and pursuant to the terms and conditions of said deed of trust and of said written declaration and demand they will sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder for cash in Gold Coin of the United States that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Orizaba Avenue, distant thereon two hundred seventy-five (275) feet northerly from the northerly line of Garfield Street, running thence northerly and along said westerly line of Orizaba Avenue seventy-five (75) feet, thence at a right angle westerly one hundred (100) feet, thence at a right angle southerly seventy-five (75) feet, thence at a right angle easterly one hundred (100) feet to the westerly line of Orizaba Avenue and the point of commencement;

Being Lots 35, 36, 37, Block 57, City Land Association.

Terms of sale: Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, ten per cent (10%) payable to the undersigned at the fall of the hammer and conclusion of sale, balance upon the delivery of the deed. If balance is not so paid said ten per cent (10%) shall be forfeited and the sale shall be void. Said real property will be offered for sale in one parcel and the holder or holders of said promissory note secured by said deed of trust, his or their, agent or assigns may bid and purchase at said sale.

Dated, August 9th, 1916.

W. E. PALMER,
FRED E. PALMER,
Trustees.

JOHN RALPH WILSON,
Attorney for Trustees,
Room 709, 57 Post St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-19-5

CERTIFICATE OF S. S. SCHEPPS AND GEORGE L. FURST, DOING BUSINESS AS VIRGINIA STUDIO

No. 2811.

(Ten cent documentary revenue stamp cancelled.)

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned, S. S. SCHEPPS and GEORGE L. FURST, are transacting a general Art business in this State, under the name of VIRGINIA STUDIO; that their principal place of business is in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that they are now conducting said business in the premises generally known and designated as Number 128 Post Street, in said City, County and State aforesaid; that they are the sole owners of said business; that their full names are S. S. SCHEPPS, who resides at No. 704 Bush Street, and GEORGE L. FURST, who resides at No. 704 Bush Street, both in said City and County and State, aforesaid.

S. S. SCHEPPS,
GEORGE L. FURST.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco.—ss.

On this 8th day of August, 1916, before me, J. D. BROWN, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared S. S. SCHEPPS and GEORGE L. FURST, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) J. D. BROWN,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed August 9, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY W. DINKELSPIEL,
Attorney for said Virginia Studio,
802-6 Claus Spreckels Building,
San Francisco, California. 8-19-5

DELINQUENT ASSESSMENT NOTICE

At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of the SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION, held on the 13th day of July, 1916, the Board of Directors made the following order:

RESOLVED, That the day of sale of stock which may be delinquent for nonpayment of assessment No. 1, be continued from the 25th day of July, 1916, at the hour of 10 A. M., to the 7th day of August, 1916, at the hour of 10 A. M., at which time the sale of the stock delinquent for assessment, shall be sold according to order heretofore made and published.

FREDERICK H. OLSCHIEWSKI,
Secretary of Sequoia Club Hall Association.

DELINQUENT SALE NOTICE

SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION—Principal place of business: 1725 Washington Street, City and County of San Francisco.

NOTICE

That there are delinquent upon the following described shares of stock on account of Assessment No. 1, levied on the 26th day of May, 1916, the several amounts set opposite to the names of the respective shareholders, as follows:

Names.	No. of Certs.	No. of Shares	Amount
Merian Nelke	11	10	\$ 3.50
Charles Vogelsang	15	100	35.00
T. P. Woodward	21	100	35.00
E. R. Barron	22	30	10.50
Leon Bly	23	20	7.00
Henry Eichoff	24	10	3.50
Mrs. Arthur Regensberger	26	10	3.50
Lorrain S. Davis	37	20	7.00
Stanley L. Dodd	49	10	3.50
Mrs. C. O. Scott	38	100	35.00
Emile V. Lonigo	6	50	17.50

In accordance with the law and an order of the Board of Directors made on the 26th day of May, 1916, so many shares of each parcel of the said stock above made as may be necessary, will be sold at public auction at the office of the said SEQUOIA CLUB HALL ASSOCIATION, at 1725 Washington Street, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 7th day of August, 1916, at 10 A. M. to pay delinquent assessments together with the advertisement and expenses of sales.

FREDERICK H. OLSCHIEWSKI,
Secretary, Sequoia Club Hall Association.

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75045; Dept. No. 3.

BECKIE DROY, Plaintiff, vs. SAM DROY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:

SAM DROY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 7-22-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10, Probate; No. 15132.

In the Matter of the Estate of MAURICE HAYES, Deceased.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE. ROSE HAYES, the surviving wife of the said MAURICE HAYES, deceased, having presented her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said decedent appear before the said Superior Court on Thursday, the 14th day of September, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10 Probate of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at the City Hall, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executrix, CATHERINE TIETJEN, directing her to sell so much of the real estate of the said decedent, within a time to be specified by this Court, as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County; or personally served as provided in section 1539 of the Code of Civil Procedure of California.

Dated, August 3rd, A. D. 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Presented by E. J. MIZE,
Attorney for Petitioner,
96 Bernal Avenue,
San Francisco, California. 8-12-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the County of Alameda, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM QUINLISK, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to an order of the Superior Court of the County of Alameda, State of California, duly given and made and entered therein on the 31st day of July, 1916, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of said decedent, will, on or after Monday, the 28th day of August, 1916, sell at private sale to the highest bidder upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, all the right, title, interest and estate which the above named decedent had at the time of his death, as well as all the right, title, interest and estate which has by operation of law or otherwise accrued to the estate of said decedent since the time of his death, in and to the following described real property, to-wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the western line of Adeline Street distant thereon twenty-six (26) feet northerly from the northern line of Twenty-second Street; and running thence northerly along said line of Adeline Street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and three (103) feet; thence at right angles southerly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and three (103) feet to the place of beginning.

Being a portion of Block No. 631 as the same is delineated and so designated on a plat entitled "Map of Adeline Lots, being redivision of Blocks 630, and 631, City of Oakland," filed on November 29th, 1875, in the County Recorder's Office of said Alameda County.

2nd. All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Palmetto Avenue with the westerly line of Bright Street; running thence westerly along said northerly line of Palmetto Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles easterly twenty-five (25) feet to the westerly line of Bright Street; thence southerly along said line of Bright Street one hundred (100) feet to the northerly line of Palmetto Avenue and the point of commencement.

Being Lot No. 1 in Block No. 51, City Land Association, being also known as Lot No. 13 in New Block 7135.

Terms and conditions of sale are as follows: Cash gold coin of the United States, ten per cent (10%) of the purchase price payable at time of acceptance of bid, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court; deeds and instruments of title at expense of purchaser. All bids or offers must be in writing and may be delivered to the undersigned Administratrix personally, or left at the office of her attorneys, Messrs. McDonald & Kennedy, room 608 Oakland Bank of Savings Building, Oakland, Alameda County, California, or may be filed in the office of the clerk of said Court above named at any time before the making of said sale of said property. Dated at Oakland, California, this 12th day of August, 1916.

MARY SULLIVAN,
Administratrix of the Estate of William Quinlisk, deceased.

MCDONALD & KENNEDY,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Room 608 Oakland Bank of Savings Building,
Oakland, Alameda County, California. 8-12-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RETTA J. BIRD, deceased.—No. 21159, N. S.; Dept. 10 Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of RETTA J. BIRD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Joseph Slye, Esq., Room 1003 Phelan Building, 760 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of RETTA J. BIRD, deceased.

L. H. CONDON,

Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Retta J. Bird, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 5th, 1916.
JOSEPH SLYE, ESQ.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
1003 Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRANKLIN K. BARTHEL, Deceased.—No. 21294; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of FRANKLIN K. BARTHEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the office of her attorney, E. B. Power, Room 1212 Humboldt Bank Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRANKLIN K. BARTHEL, deceased.

KATHERINE BARTHEL,
Executrix of the last will and testament of
Franklin K. Barthel, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 19, 1916.
E. B. POWER,
Attorney for Executrix,
1212 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-19-5



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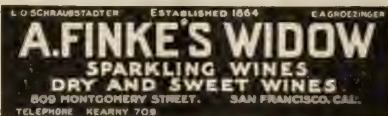
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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVIII. No. 1253

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 26, 1916

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE:

Let Us Have a Square Deal

The Weakening of Party Ties

How Johnson Plays The Game

The Spoken Drama "Comes Back"

Fear—A Sketch, By Patrick MacGill

Fickert's Discovery In "The Blast" Office

A Wall Street Warning Against Prohibition

Importance of Plain Speaking, By Ford Madox Hueffer

Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs Tells Edward O'Day of Her
Experience in Politics

In August Lantern: Gastronomics and Booze

By Theodore Bonnet

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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FOR THE OLD FREEDOM

FOR PRESIDENT:

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

The Hon. Chester Rowell of the Johnson political machine has lost his head in a transport of rage caused by the refusal of Governor Hughes to make political capital for an impenitent rogue. Says Mr. Rowell: "The most prominent Progressive on the Coast, next to Governor Johnson, has told me that the only thing that kept him from declaring for Wilson was his attachment to Governor Johnson." What the Fresno editor said doubtless was intended to startle us, but it left us cold. No intelligent man has been deceived by the professions of prominent Progressives attached to Governor Johnson and the payroll. The greater their prominence the less their power of deception. Most of them are jobchasing renegades from the Republican party, which they deserted, not on principle but for place, and it is the psychology of self-seeking apostates that they never relax their hatred of the thing they forsake. Now "the most prominent Progressive on the Coast, next to Governor Johnson," is beyond question the Hon. Chester Rowell himself, and therefore we are inclined to believe that he quoted himself to *The Examiner* reporter. When we reflect that he is attached not only to Governor Johnson but also to the Republican National Committee our belief is strengthened, for we perceive that in his case there is afforded an exceptionally fine opportunity for treachery; and Chester has given many of us the impression that he finds enticement to perfidy hard to resist. A true reformer of the Progressive school, in him it is the spirit, not the flesh, that is weak.

Words of wisdom are not often looked for in the sayings of English or writings of a man who is notable for his rhetoric. When a man is reputed to be a fine rhetorician he is thought to be nothing more than a word juggler more concerned with manner than with matter.

This is perhaps the reason why these words have made no great impression in England:

You are called upon to make to Ireland a concession which in justice should have been made long ago, which can be made with grace and dignity even now. I know very well that you will refuse to make it now. I know as well that you will make it hereafter. You will make it as every concession to Ireland has been made, when its effect will be not to appease but to stimulate agitation. You will make it in such a way and at such a time that there will be too much reason to doubt whether more harm has been done by your long refusal or by your tardy and enforced compliance.

These words were not uttered yesterday. They were spoken in the House of Commons by Thomas Babbington Macaulay in the year 1845 when he was discussing the Irish Church. Macaulay is remembered chiefly as the man who said something about the Catholic Church enduring in undiminished vigor when some Anzac shall in the midst of a vast solitude take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. But Macaulay was a great political philosopher, and as he knew the elements of political science he could prophecy. He made a very interesting prophecy about this country when he spoke of our Constitution as being all sail and no anchor, and some of the things he predicted have been coming true.

Once more we observe that our big dailies are not unmindful of the interests of their advertisers. Last week *The Bulletin* and *The Call* deprecated editorially the persistence of the jitney nuisance. Thus did they pay deference to the wishes of the merchants in Market street. The slaughter of the innocents along our main thoroughfare was never deplored by any of our dailies until some of our big merchants perceived that the jitneys were hurting business. It concerned our dailies not at all that it had become foolhardy for any woman or child to venture across Market street. The insecurity of life and limb was not a matter to be commented on by the civic patriots of the daily press when protests were emanating only from mere citizens who were not organized like unions. As the jitney men had taken the precaution to unionize themselves it was advisable not to molest them; not at any rate while they were merely killing and maiming pedestrians. They might have made Market street a shambles without incurring anything more than helpless indignation had it not been for the visible diminution of buyers in the Emporium and other stores. If the people who were afraid to cross

Market street had gone on buying, using the telephone instead of their precious feet, there would have been nothing doing in editorial rooms. Now the moral of all this is that if you wish to induce the dailies to exert themselves in behalf of the city in which they prosper you must make it worth their while to ignore the unions or, at least, to do less for the unions than they do for the city itself. The merchants of Market street, perceiving the wisdom of inspiring the dailies, organized and pointed out that it would be useless for them to address the people north of Market street if the people in that section were not to be tempted to make a 99-cent purchase at the risk of their lives. So at this writing, notwithstanding Judge Crothers, it is not unlikely that the jitneys will be made to go. And maybe in time the lesson that has been taught us will be impressed on the Chamber of Commerce, which is growing into a very powerful organization. True, the newspapers have already promised to play fair between the merchants and the unions, but they should also be made to be fair to the city; nay, to go so far as to give the city a square deal. It would be much to the interest of the city for the newspapers to comment truthfully occasionally on passing events; in other words, to affirm occasionally the ownership of their souls by rebuking organized bodies that disgrace the city, impairing its prestige and giving it a black eye whenever it pleases them. A plague on both your houses! and consider the welfare of the city itself. If the jitneys, why not, for example, the waiters' union that tried to embarrass a distinguished guest? Why take the union seriously and acquiesce in its doings in shrieking headlines? The Examiner has touched timidly on the subject, but *The Examiner* would go much further if the big advertisers on both sides of Market street would organize and suggestionize the business office. It would make you scream with laughter to see with what celerity the plutocrat of the dailies would rush to cover if the advertising manager were threatened with a shower of cancellations. But let it not be supposed that we would threaten the sacred independence of the palladia of what we are pleased to call our liberties. Perhaps it would be satisfactory if the dailies were merely to be as negligent of certain news as they have been. If they can afford to suppress news of violence, as they have so frequently done, it may not require much effort to suppress news that serves the purpose of encouraging strikers and news of the gallery doings of strike sympathizers in police courts and elsewhere. Better than arbitration for the city would be a discreet handling of the news.

The Paradoxes of Politics Half a century ago John Stuart Mill, writing on the philosophy and science of government, discussed many pitfalls of politics, and reading him now we have many ex-

emplifications of the truths he expounded. For we have tumbled into the pitfalls he pointed out; among others the pitfalls wherein are sought the advantages of simplicity in democracy. Commenting on the importance of the representative principle in popular government and of the unwisdom of direct action by the masses Mill said that everyone "who has but crossed the threshold of political philosophy knows that on many of its questions the false view is greatly the most plausible." He added: "A large portion of its truths are, and must always remain, to all but those who have specially studied them, paradoxes; as contrary, in appearance, to common sense, as the proposition that the earth moves round the sun." How many of the plausible things embraced by us on the advice of our half-baked Progressive statesmen have turned out to be paradoxes! Consider how plausible were the initiative and referendum in the days when Hi Johnson first became the darling of the plain people. And the direct primary and the recall, what wonderful curealls were they when their merits were expounded to us by our self-constituted redeemers! In theory all these political devices designed to "bring the government back to the people" were excellent; in practice, as we see, they are somewhat paradoxical. They have entrenched the Johnsonites in government behind wire entanglements, and the government is principally in the hands of bureaucrats and commissioners who spend more of the people's money in a month than the old government used to cost in a year. And now the political game is a continuous performance; we spend more money on elections than we spend on our prisons, and the threat of new laws and new reforms keeps the whole State in dread, turmoil and anxiety. But we are told that Governor Johnson has redeemed the State. He has redeemed it from one machine and put it under the protection of another, the one he is depending on for his promotion to the Senate.

The Weakening of Party Ties Criticism of the political contrivances recommended by progressive statesmen is now emanating from many sources. Everywhere it is said that the Presidential primary is a failure, and wherever the degeneracy of Congress is obvious to men it is attributed to direct action. The critics are not all reactionaries. Here is the Presidential candidate of the Prohibition party solemnly characterizing the initiative and referendum as a menace to our institutions. His views are concurred in by intelligent men in all parties. Rather singular that the criticism should come from such a source, for the initiative and referendum has made prohibition possible in

several States. Because of these devices of direct-action democracy California has had one prohibition campaign, and is now having another. Unless we take the advice of the Presidential candidate prohibition will continue to be a live issue in California embittering society and setting us by the ears. The fact is that in his grand work of redemption Hi Johnson has wrought innovations that are no longer in high favor. But not to these things is he pointing with pride in this Senatorial campaign. He prefers to talk of the uplift of the masses, though on this subject he avoids details. Some of his most salient activities he has ceased to discuss. We hear nothing of his efforts to put an end to partisan politics, which was once his paramount ideal. It was never quite realized, so benighted were the people, but the sentiment was deftly propagated that loyalty to party was a vice and party designations were mischievous. This philosophy has made some progress, much to the delight of jobchasers of the Johnson stripe, men without principle to whom no expedient for seducing voters is to be despised. It is a pretty mischievous philosophy as everybody knows who is familiar with the history of his country. Before Johnson there were periods of relaxation from devotion to principles of the two main parties, and in those periods men were more concerned about mean prejudices than about the welfare of their country. Such was the case in the days of the fire-eaters, the filibusteros, the barnburners, the soft-shells and the hunkers. Non-partisanship in politics leads inevitably to bigotry, intolerance and anarchy. It is most favored by demagogues, by men who are glib in the commonplaces of electioneering. Like Bunyan's By-ends who followed Religion for the silver slippers she wore, they are for non-partisanship not because it is essentially good, but because it ensures them a place at the public crib. It is in such times wherein these self-seekers flourish that toads crawl into the seats of eagles and public policy fluctuates between the awkwardness of conscious incompetence and the arrogance of bullyism. The possession of office becomes the badge either of imbecility or cunning or insolence. It is won by services that in other circumstances would merit a halter. The kind of government that comes from the weakening of party ties is the kind we are having today in Washington and in California and elsewhere, and the kind of organized political bodies that prosper are the kind that are now conducting prohibition campaigns and making the tyranny of union labor intolerable.

How Johnson Plays the Game Governor Johnson in his own *propria persona* affords us a fine illustration of what it boots a man short on scrupulosity to be careless about the principles of parties. Responsible to no party he is running for office on two platforms. But that is not all. As a candidate soliciting the suffrage of the dear people he is all things to all men and all

women. He is one thing to the prohibitionists of Los Angeles, another thing to the liquor interests of San Francisco. He is for Union Labor wherever a union has its headquarters, and at the Chamber of Commerce he is for the open shop. We do not mean to say that he publicly holds himself out as the champion of any cause. His candor allows him to go only so far as to proclaim himself the apostle of humanity. But we know that he appointed a hidebound prohibitionist lieutenant-governor, and we are not so unsophisticated as to assume that he did not know what he was doing. He spent weeks considering the matter of the selection of a man to fill the vacancy. After calculating how he might best promote his political aspirations, he made his choice, and it was a shrewd bid for the prohibition vote. He made no mistake in reckoning on the timidity of the liquor interests. The liquor interests have avoided the issue. Having made our Governor an all-powerful boss with commissions galore at his beck and call, he bestrides the State like a Colossus, giving the most powerful interests gooseflesh. Great corporations bow meekly to his will. As to union labor he does not openly espouse its cause to any greater extent than he espouses the cause of prohibition, but the labor bosses are behind him to a man. Why not? Here is his Labor Commissioner in favor of arbitrating the open-shop question. Here is his attorney for the Harbor Commission fighting for the Jitney Union. The most vociferous of all his shouting captains is Tom Finn, the sheriff of San Francisco, who was formerly the Governor's chief aid in the Legislature. Judging from the way the cards are stacked our political autocrat has more than a fair chance to be elected to the Senate and to be enabled to keep intact his State machine under the direction of Lieutenant-Governor Stephens, a man who voted for the Hobson amendment in Congress. It may be that to beat him we shall need in the electorate a spirit very different from the one we know; for when a man of the Johnson calibre makes of a State a vast conspiracy of cribmen something of his own muck-worm spirit is gradually infused into the very body of the community. The masses under the paralysis of such a domination seem to be rendered insensible to the usual influences of honor and decency. Clearly, in the light of what is happening the men of the Chamber of Commerce and the men of the various interests that are threatened by the prohibitionists ought to speak out and proclaim the truths as they see them. Governor Johnson is playing politics for Johnson, and he doesn't care what happens to the State. He will get the votes of union labor and prohibition because he is entitled to them. This fact all men should understand else he will get many votes of which he is not deserving.

Varied Types

295—MRS. ABBIE E. KREBS

By Edward F. O'Day

Last Saturday night at the big Booth meeting in Berkeley an elderly woman with a fine intellectual face and snowy white hair made one of the best Republican speeches I have ever heard. It was terse, it was to the point, it was illuminated with good humor, it hammered home Republican doctrine concerning the points in controversy and then it came to an end. This elderly woman spoke that night from the same stage with Samuel M. Shortridge, the "Demosthenes of the Pacific," and Willis H. Booth, who is one of our most adroit and graceful talkers; yet she held her own easily with both of them. She is Mrs. Abbie E. Krebs of San Francisco.

Mrs. Krebs was a delegate from California to the Republican National Convention at Chicago. She heads the Woman's Auxiliary of the Republican State Central Committee. She is working with all her remarkable feminine energy to carry California for Hughes and to send Willis H. Booth to the Senate. I called on her at her headquarters in the Palace Hotel to ask her about her experiences in politics. It was the morning after the Berkeley meeting, and she said she was tired. Her body may have been fatigued, but her mind showed no lack of freshness or vigor.

"My first experience in active politics was four years ago," Mrs. Krebs explained, "when I worked for Taft. I was made president of the women's Taft clubs in California. I organized these clubs throughout the State, and solicited support for Taft. I did this with a feeling of interest in the women of the State. We had received the vote, and were entitled to take part in the succeeding presidential election. I was anxious to have the ballot used properly by women, for I regarded the privilege given to women of participating in political life as a great favor."

"A favor, not a right?" I interrupted.

"Oh, I do not mean it that way," explained Mrs. Krebs. "The franchise is a privilege, whether it be exercised by man or woman. Women are as much entitled to it as men are. Men and women are born equal. The sex question doesn't enter into citizenship. I regarded the extension of the vote to women in California as a great favor because of the manner in which it was given. The men were very gracious. The militant methods used by the women of England were not necessary in California."

"What has been the effect in California of woman's participation in politics?"

"Woman's vote has improved our politics. Of course it is with women as with men. Some men take no interest in elections, and some women do not. But I hope that women's participation in the work of the world will make them realize what politics means. If that is the case—and I think it will be—women will have a clarifying influence on politics. You have surely noticed that men who are candidates for office, especially if they are men of a good class, come immediately to women for support. They know that women will vote for what is good for their families, for their husbands, for their children, for their homes. Perhaps women will give more thought to politics than men give. Business is apt to crowd politics out of men's minds. They forget to register, they forget to vote. But as women become more accustomed to the idea of voting, as the strange-

ness wears away, they will take a deep interest. I have noticed already that once a woman casts her first vote she does not go back to her former indifference about politics.

"Women have nothing to complain of so far as their treatment by politicians is concerned. California and Montana were the only States which sent women as delegates to the national convention. We were treated with the utmost respect. And why not? We go to church with men, to dances, to the theatre and the opera. In politics the personal contact with men is not as close as in these other things."

"Did you enjoy the convention?"

"Very much. It was a wonderful experience. On the day of the nominations I sat in the convention from ten-thirty in the morning till ten-thirty at night without lunch or dinner. I didn't leave the building. The speech that pleased me most, perhaps because I was a novice in the matter, was Mr. Harding's. We went from California, as you know, uninstructed and unpledged; but I had a leaning toward Mr. Root, believing him to be a very brainy man whose judgment as a president would be good. On the third ballot our State was the first to fall into line and give its vote to Mr. Hughes. I enjoyed the enthusiasm of that immense audience. It was good to feel that one was a part of all that remarkable activity."

"Would you care to be a delegate again?"

"I can only tell you of my past experience. I was a delegate to the Taft convention four years ago. We were defeated by being disfranchised. After that experience I thought I should not care to run again. It was hard work, and I thought that perhaps it should be done by the younger women. I even questioned whether the time for woman's recognition in politics had come. But this time I was placed on the delegation without solicitation. And the idea fascinated me. For there is a fascination in politics. Politics draws you before you know it. I suppose I must acknowledge that the excitement is pleasing, particularly when things go your way."

"It is a great privilege to be, in a way, a leader of women in this present campaign. I believe that what I am doing is pioneer work for the women of the future."

"How long were you in the woman's suffrage movement?"

"For twenty-five years. Did you know that we almost won the suffrage in California twenty years ago? When the vote was counted outside San Francisco we were eight thousand votes ahead. But the returns in San Francisco were held back, and when they had been counted we were eight thousand behind."

"You have lived long in San Francisco, Mrs. Krebs?"

"I came to San Francisco as a small girl. I was born in Providence, Rhode Island, and made the voyage around the Horn. I went back to Rhode Island to school, to what would be now an annex of Brown University. I didn't have a college education. Girls at that time didn't have the advantages of girls today. I have often wished that I enjoyed a college education. But perhaps the lack of it made me seek harder for the improvement of my mind."

"Does woman's activity in politics interfere with her family life?"

"I think not. I do not know the latest

statistics, but I remember reading once that in Massachusetts there were six women to one man. Obviously here were many women with no families to take care of. Then we must remember the great numbers of women who have raised their children. The young woman can go to the polls, she can read, she can bring up a family and still know who is an injustice to her growing family. Surely she can bring up a family, and still know who is president or governor. Many young women spend a great deal of time in society, or in preparing for society. Much less time given to politics would enable them to know how to vote properly. The well-rounded woman won't neglect her family for politics or any other outside matter. Then there are, as I have mentioned, the women whose families have grown up. A woman in this position will, if she is energetic in mind and body, seek additional interests. She may seek occupation in society. She is perhaps too old to take up a profession. She may interest herself in charitable or philanthropic endeavor. Or she may study politics. Few have done this so far. I'm one of the few, and I must say I enjoy it. I feel that it is worth while. I am trying to accomplish something good, and I feel that politics is a means to that end."

"You have a family, Mrs. Krebs?"

"I have had four children. Three are living and are married. So there is no reason why I should not give some of my time to politics, is there?"

And Mrs. Krebs smiled her very engaging smile, the smile which is an expression of her very engaging personality. Would that there were more women like her in politics!

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Perspective Impressions

Do you remember the good old days when we used to thrill at the mention of a "war cloud in the Balkans?"

Christmas is coming again, Mr. Ford, and the boys are still in the trenches.

Berkeley is thinking of having a city manager. Before going too far Berkeley might ask San Jose how Professor "Tommy" Reed is managing the Garden City. The answer will not be complimentary to "Tommy."

John Francis Neylan, tax-eater of the Board of Control, is campaigning for Johnson on the stump and knocking Hughes in The Examiner. But our great apostle of sweetness and light who gave Neylan his job is asking Republicans to support him.

In a leading editorial twenty lines long The Examiner unequivocally deplores and regrets the "inconsiderate treatment of a distinguished guest at the Commercial Club." Is Hearst taking stifferine for his backbone with a view to holding somebody to a "strict accountability?"

"Let's end war forever," says Lord George. Very well, but let's end this war first.

The deeper the Russians penetrate the more unpronounceable become the names of their battles.

It's a safe bet that both Johnson and Rowell and their immediate followers of the Progressive meal ticket will vote for Wilson in November.

The inviolability of the eight-hour day no demagogue will dare disregard; but wouldn't it be fine if President Wilson could guarantee eight hours for the majority of union men in the event of his getting four years more?

"The dead should be respected," said a lady to the Business Manager of the Chauffeurs' Union. But he held up the funeral nevertheless, for he knew that in San Francisco, where waiters strike to insult a guest, no dead person has a right to ride either in front or behind an unfair taxi.

Perhaps Billing was only joking like McDevitt; or was it the other way around?

Champ Clark is a good politician, but he's not posted on the history of philosophy. He thinks Lord Bacon originated inductive reasoning.

Chet Rowell has made it quite clear that when he accepted the appointment to the Republican National Committee he had no intention of suppressing his instincts.

Driven to desperation at the prospect of being driven off the public pasture the California bull moose is kicking up his cloven hoofs. Apparently Willis Booth is an efficient campaigner.

Market Inspector Weinstock having settled the fruit question in the newspapers is now intent on making fish cheaper. Very kind of the Colonel, but while he's about it will he please let us know why somebody at Sacramento put the crusher on the bill to strangle the Fish Trust? On second thought maybe it's against the rules to let us in on State secrets.

The Importance of Plain Speaking

By Ford Madox Hueffer

The distinction between the French mind and the non-French mind—nay, the absolute distinction of the French mind—is almost entirely a matter of language. For it has never been sufficiently recognized in this country how language holds sway over character, over action, and over all the attributes of humanity. When a French peasant woman observes somebody hanging about her house, the men being absent in the fields, she says: "C'est que'que maoufantant!"—"It is some malefactor." A Kent or Sussex peasant woman in the same circumstances would remark: "Reckon he beant after no good!" And, as you progress further northward through the English shires towards the Border so you will approach the still greater caution of "I'm not saying that he's there for any good." And very similar reservations will characterize the common speech of almost all European countries, even when the matter of comment is something absolutely immaterial. In the brightest of sunshine in High Germany the peasant will say: "I am not saying that the weather is not good;" and the Russian peasant, in answer to your query, will put it that perhaps it is five versts to Moscow, but that the matter is in God's hands. The Latin mind—or what it is convenient to call the Latin mind—seeks, in fact, for definite statements and, before making a statement, must of necessity form a mental appraisal as exact as possible. This leads to an extreme concreteness of mentality.

These things are of course matters of aesthetics, and matters of aesthetics, usually despised in this country, are at the present moment very much at a discount. Why they should be at a discount, the prevailing system having broken down and having proved so absolutely unworkable, Heaven alone knows! Great Britain and this world, having drifted into the greatest of catastrophes for want of plain-speaking, one might think that sanity would lead the populations of this country and of the world to see the desirability of cultivating the exact

use of speech. England is at war today largely because of the imbecilely figurative language that prevails in German Ministries and Chancelleries, and of the imbecilely phrased reservations that characterize the diplomatic language of the rest of the world. England, in short, is at war today because German allegories of Mailed Fists, shining armor, and the rest of it seemed ludicrous to the rest of the world, and because the cautious indefiniteness of phraseology of the rest of the world seemed to the German office-holders to be a sign of timidity. The Germans loudly proclaimed to the rest of the world that if anyone sought to cast the shadow of dishonor upon their unspotted eagle-banner they would unsheathe the sword that their fathers had bequeathed to them, and would gird on the shining armor fashioned for them by Thor, the God of War, and, with the words of Luther upon their lips, under the auspices of the God of the Germans, would "let loose" (losschlagen) upon an effete Europe and so conquer a place in the sun. The rest of the world, with Great Britain at its head, replied that in the event of certain unfortunate eventualities certain other unfortunate eventualities might eventuate. At that point, which had been reached by July 27, 1914, the rest of the world believed that Germany was engaged on farcical rodomontades, and Germany believed that the rest of the world meant nothing at all, and did not know what it did mean. Had Germany, on the other hand, said: "We are a very efficient nation; our military organizing has been carried to a pitch of human perfection; it is absolutely necessary for us and Austria to have at least one open strip of territory through the Balkans to our allies the Turks, and so through to the Persian Gulf. If this strip of territory is not guaranteed to us and our allies we shall march through Belgium to Paris;" and if the rest of the world had then replied: "We are not so efficiently organized as you, but we are determined to support France, and if you violate the neutrality

of Belgium we shall put into the field all the forces that we can raise to oppose you"—here would at least have been a clear issue.

I am not presuming to criticize the diplomatic steps that were taken by England or by any of the Allies. They, like the rest of the world, have to take the world as they find it, with its periphrases, its reservations of language, and its cliché phrases. But I am very much concerned to point out that if similar blunders of diplomacy are to be avoided in the future it is important that clarity of phrase and exactness of thought should be cultivated. And here at once the question of aesthetics comes in.

For to be precise is the most difficult thing in the world, and it is only the French, following the traditions of classical Rome, who have at all appreciated the value of this precision. Niceness of phrase are not merely part of the private pleasure of the artist; they are the necessity of the common man in every function of his life. Relatively, even the present war is of small importance; what is of importance is that the ordinary affairs of life should be conducted as quietly, as efficiently, with as little discussion and as little waste of time as possible. The farmer who can instruct his hind in the fewest and most exact words, how deep to plough a field, how low to cut a hedge, at what time to take up a young team from the field, is doing a greater service to humanity than another farmer who fumbles over his instructions, and whose instructions are, in consequence, less fully carried out and yield a smaller return. A man who, in courting a woman, or a woman who, being courted by a man, can exactly define his or her emotions, or what their subsequent relationships will be, is doing some service to the State, since less time will be lost from their subsequent labors over the adjustments of their personal relationships. A mother is doing most service to the State when

(Continued on Page 16.)

Fear

By Patrick MacGill

The nocturnal rustling of the field surrounded me, the dead men lay everywhere and anyhow, some head-downwards in shell holes, others sitting upright as they were caught by a fatal bullet when dressing their wounds. Many were spread out at full length, their legs close together, their arms extended, crucifixes fashioned from decaying flesh wrapped in khaki. Nature, vast and terrible, stretched out on all sides; a red star shell in the misty heavens looked like a lurid wound dripping with blood. Loos was a mile away from the trench and I was going down there for water.

I walked slowly, my eyes fixed steadily on the field ahead, for I did not desire to trip over the dead, who lay everywhere. As I walked a shell whistled over my head and burst against the Twin Towers, and my gaze rested on the explosion. At that moment I tripped on something soft and went headlong across it. I got to my feet again and looked at the dead man. The corpse was a mere condensation of shadows with a blurred though definite outline. It was a remainder and a reminder; a remnant of clashing steel, of rushing figures, of loud-voiced imprecations—of war, a reminder of mad passion, of organized hatred, of victory and defeat. Engirt with the solitude and loneliness of the night it wasted away, though no waste could alter it now; it was a man who was not; henceforth it would be that and that alone.

For the thing there was not the quietude of death and the privacy of the tomb, it was out-cast from its kind. Buffeted by the breeze, battered by the rains it rotted in the open. The air was full of it, the night stunk with its decay. Life revolted at that from which life was gone, the quick cast it away for it was not of them. The corpse was one with the mystery of the night, the darkness and the void. In Loos the ruined houses looked gloomy by day, by night they were ghastly. A house is a ruin when the family that dwelt within its walls is gone; but by midnight in the waste, how horrible looks the house of flesh from which the soul has departed. We are vaguely aware of what has happened when we look upon the tenantless home, but man is stricken dumb when he sees the tenantless body of one of his kind. I could only stare at the corpse until I felt that my eyes were as glassy as those on which I gazed. The stiffness of the dead was communicated to my being, the silence was infectious; I hardly dared to breathe. "This is the end of all the mad scurry and rush," I said. "What purpose does it serve? And why do I stand here looking at the thing?" There were thousands of dead around Loos; fifty thousand perhaps, scattered over a few square miles of country, unburied. Some men even might still be dying.

The bullets whistled past my ears. The Germans had a machine gun and several rifles trained on the Vallé crossroads outside Loos, and all night long these messengers of death sped out to meet the soldiers coming up the road and chase the soldiers going down.

The sight of the dead man had shaken me;

I felt nervous and could not restrain myself from looking back over my shoulders at intervals. I had a feeling that something was following me, a Presence, vague and terrible, a spectre of the midnight and the field of death.

I am superstitious after a fashion, and I fear the solitude of the night and the silent obscurity of the darkness. Once, at Vermelles, I passed through a deserted trench in the dusk. There the parapet and parados was fringed with graves and decrepit dug-outs leant wearily on their props like hags on crutches. A number of the dug-outs had fallen in, probably on top of the sleeping occupants, and no one had time to dig the victims out. Such things often happen in the trenches, and in wet weather when the sodden dug-outs case in, many men are buried alive.

The trench wound wayward as a river through the fields, its traverse steeped in shadow, its bays full of mystery. As I walked through the maze my mind was full of presentiments of evil. I was full of expectation, everything seemed to be leading up to happenings weird and uncanny, things which would not be of this world. The trench was peopled with spectres; soldiers, fully armed, stood on the firing steps, their faces towards the enemy. I could see them as I entered a bay, but on coming closer the phantoms died away. The boys in khaki were tilted sandbags heaped on the banquette, the bayonets splinters of wood sharply defined against the sky. As if to heighten the illusion, torn ground sheets hanging from the parados, made sounds like traveling shells, as the breeze caught them and brushed them against the wall.

I went into a bay to see something dark grey and shapeless bulked in a heap on the fire step. Another heap of sandbags I thought. But no. In the darkness of the weird locality realities were exaggerated and the heap which I thought was a large one was in reality very small; the mere soldier, dead in the trench, looked enormous in my eyes. The dead man's bayonet was pressed between his elbow and side, his head bending forward almost touched the knees, and both the man's hands were clasped across it as if for protection. A splinter of shell which he stooped to avoid must have caught him. He now was the sole occupant of the deserted trench, this poor frozen effigy of fear. The trench was a grave unfilled . . . I scrambled over the top and took my way across the open towards my company.

Once, at midnight, I came through the deserted village of Bully-Grenay, where every house was built exactly like its neighbor. War has played havoc with the pattern, however, most of the houses are shell-stricken, and some are levelled to the ground. The church stands on a little knoll near the coal-mine, and a shell has dug a big hole in the floor of the aisle. A statue of the Blessed Virgin sticks head downwards in the hole; how it got into this ludicrous position is a mystery.

The Germans were shelling the village as I came through. Shrapnel swept the streets and high explosives played havoc with the mine; I have no love for a place in such a plight. In front of me a limber was smashed to pieces, the driver was dead, the offside wheeler dead, the nearside wheeler dying and kicking its mate in the belly with vicious hooves. On either side of me were deserted houses with the doors open and shadows brooding in the interior. The

cellars would afford secure shelter until the row was over, but I feared the darkness and the gloom more than I feared the shells in the open street. When the splinters swept perilously near to my head I made instinctively for an open door, but the shadows seemed to thrust me back with a powerful hand. To save my life I would not go into a house and seek refuge in the cellars.

I fear the solitude of the night, but I can never ascertain what it is I fear in it. I am not particularly interested in the supernatural and spiritualism, and table rapping is not at all to my taste. In a crowded room a spirit in my way of thinking loses its dignity and power to impress, and I am at times compelled to laugh at those who believe in manifestations of disembodied spirits.

Once, at Givenchy, a soldier in all seriousness spoke of a strange sight which he had seen. Givenchy church has only one wall standing, and a large black crucifix with its nailed Christ is fixed to this wall. From the trenches on a moonlight night it is possible to see the symbol of sorrow with its white figure which seems to keep eternal watch over the line of battle. The soldier of whom I speak was on guard; the night was very clear, and the enemy were shelling Givenchy church. A splinter of shell knocked part of the arm of the cross away. The soldier on watch vowed that he saw a luminous halo settle around the figure on the cross. It detached itself from its nails, came down to the ground, and put the fallen wood back to its place. Then the Crucified resumed His exposed position again on the cross. It was natural that the listeners should say that the sentry was drunk.

It is strange how the altar of Givenchy church and its symbol of Supreme Agony has escaped destruction. Many crosses in wayside shrines have been untouched though the locality in which they stand is swept with eternal artillery fire.

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Poems About San Franciscans

XXXIX—BRET HARTE

By Ina Coolbrith

What wizardry is this? What necromance?
These forest-aisles, these mountains grim and vast?
These shadowy forms and faces that advance
From out the misty past?

The old familiar faces, how they crowd!
Like ghosts returning from the farther shore!
These Beings without being, yet endowed
With Life forevermore.

Each in my own life-weft has woven part,
Whether or grave or gay; unkept or shorn;
This one, "The Luck" they call him, stole my heart
The day that he was born.

With these I sat beside the camp-fire's glow
And heard, through untaught lips, old Homer tell
The Tale of Troy, till with the falling snow
God's last white silence fell.

I knew the cabin in the lone ravine
Where she, the Fallen, far from mart and men,
Watched by the stricken and, unknown, made clean
Her garment's hem again.

And these, the Partners in world-storm and stress
With faithful love, unknowing selfish aim;
The friendship pure that grew not hot nor less
Through good or evil fame.

These, too (I loved them!), reckless, debonair,
That life and fortune staked upon a cast;
The soul itself held lightly as the air,
To win or lose at last.

I tracked the mountain trail with them; the sweet
Cool smell of pines I breathed beneath the stars;
The laugh, the song I heard; the rhythmic feet
To tinkle of guitars.

I knew the Mission's fragrant garden-close,
Heavy with blooms the wind might scarcely stir,
Its little laughing maid—Castilian rose!—
And saucy speech of her.

I knew them all—but best of all I knew
(Who in himself had something of all these)
The Man, within whose teeming fancy grew
These wondrous histories.

I see him often, with the brown hair half
Tossed from the leaning brow, th soft yet keen
Gray eyes uplifted with a tear or laugh
From the pen-pictured scene.

And hear the voice that read to me his dear
Word-children—and I listen till I seem
Back in the olden days; they are the near
And these are but a dream.

O Prince of Song and Story! Thee we claim
The first and dearest, still our very own!
We will not yield the glory of thy name
Nor share thy laureled throne!

The Spectator

Fickert Discovers a "Complimentary"

Ever since the dynamite explosion in Market street District Attorney Fickert has been working like a beaver and making a great record for efficiency. Like the beaver he has been working by night and by day, building against a flood of oaths that in all probability will be let loose before long. In his quest of evidence he has neglected no place that might produce good results, and naturally he visited the headquarters of "The Blast," which is the significantly named organ of the precious cause of the anarchists. His visit was not unrewarded. Among other things he got hold of the books containing the names of subscribers, and he found that The Blast is sent as a complimentary token to one of our most distinguished citizens. As evidence in the case this name is of no consequence, but as a means of affording relaxation to Mr. Fickert in his hours of ease it is very precious. He laughs outright every time he thinks of it. No wonder; it is the name of Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, a gentleman who will be remembered as a civic patriot, who was once very eager to supply us with a district attorney. At that time Mr. Spreckels had no very high opinion of Mr. Fickert; didn't think he would make a very good prosecutor; indeed, regarded him as absolutely incompetent, if not too friendly with the "higher-ups."

Why Does Roodie Get It?

Why Spreckels should be a "complimentary" on The Blast list is a question I would not exhaust myself to conjecture. For some of my

guesses might be loaded. I will only say that magazines are sent free, as a rule, only to advertisers. Mayhap the First National Bank advertises in The Blast. If Mr. Spreckels belonged to the tribe known as the "Intellectuals" the question would be easy to answer. Whenever there is a band of anarchists their headquarters becomes a "salon" of the Intellectuals; that is to say, of prigs, or, to be more precise, of persons narrowly and self-consciously engrossed in their mental and spiritual crotchets. In their own estimation they are superior persons. They have some education, but they have fallen short of learning the limitations of their learning. In Paris in the days of Bonnot and Garnier it was the fashion of the minor poets to be anarchists. In this country and in England small-fry literary men who write for the magazines, men like the solemn bores who are asking Governor Hughes questions to put him in a hole, affect a sympathy with wild-eyed socialists and anarchists. All are more or less versed in the pedersties of Herbert Spencer. Between those who write and the ones who act, like the dynamiters, there is a bond of sympathy. In Paris this bond attached a large number of philosophic sentimentalists who spouted the elements of sociology to a mob of hardened criminals. Carnot fell to the knife of the wretched Caserio and the thirty men who were put on trial for the murder were divided equally between burglars and poets. One of the defendants was the editor of a literary journal. After that anarchy became ridiculous in Parisian literary circles. Now

surely Mr. Spreckels is not one of the Intellectuals of San Francisco. His friend, Mr. Fremont Older, editor of The Bulletin, is one, but whereas Mr. Older makes some pretense to intellectual displacement and is really able to retail second-hand opinions on sociology, Mr. Spreckels can talk nothing but high finance and low politics. The Blast wouldn't hold him for a minute.

Two Impressions of Hughes

Charles Evans Hughes has come and gone, and everybody is comparing notes about him with everybody else. The comments are of a surprisingly contradictory character. Hughes impressed some as a red-blooded, warm-hearted man, genial, a good mixer and what they call on Powell street "a regular fellow." He impressed others as being cold, distant, unbending, and what they call on Ellis street "upstage." Concerning his speeches there is the same diversity of judgments. On one side you hear his speeches praised with enthusiasm; on the other you hear them lambasted with faint laudation. The great meeting at the Auditorium was the best ever held in San Francisco, to hear some people describe it; it was "a frost" in the language of Chester Rowell and others. The truth, as usual, lies between these extremes of opinion. Political leanings color a great deal of the comment that is flying about. Republicans, in many instances, are as quick to press all the favorable superlatives into action on behalf of their standard-bearer as the Johnsonites

are to overwhelm him with antagonistic adjectives. There seems to be no doubt that Hughes is not a spellbinder or rabble rouser. He lacks the tricks of contrast that Colonel Roosevelt knows by heart. But he is natural, and his intercourse with the multifarious strangers whom he must meet every day seems to be thoroughly unaffected in its cordiality. He likes his fellows, and if he does not wear his heart on his sleeve for all mankind to peck at, at least that heart warms his familiar words and adds radiance to his familiar smile. The newspapermen complain to some extent that Hughes does not furnish them with much "copy" for "human interest stories." But the newspapermen know better than most men that the "human interest stories" that have commended many an American to his hero-worshiping fellow citizens are legendary in origin and get their circulating impulse from the press bureau. Hughes has been the subject of one unanimous judgment, at least, in San Francisco—all agree that he possesses the power that comes from fine intellectuality, and that his every public utterance commands the most respectful consideration.

Prexy in a Press Seat

When Stewart Masters of The Bulletin went to the press section in the Auditorium the night of the Hughes meeting, he found all the seats taken, and President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California occupying that which had been assigned to The Bulletin reporter. Respect for his Alma Mater prevented Masters from asking Prexy Wheeler to get out. Regard for his newspaper duties, however, made it necessary that he convey to Prexy Wheeler that he was an interloper. He did this by saying with an elaborate bow:

"President Wheeler, welcome to the fourth estate."

Prexy acknowledged the salutation, but kept the seat.

A Wonderful Press Agent

From the busy press agent of the California prohibition propaganda I have received several printed slips which he urges me to use "in whole or in part, in any way" I might see fit. I find they are of no use save as an example of the outpourings of a typical representative of the dope manufacturers who are promoting prohibition throughout the country. In one of the slips he quotes a prohibition organ to the effect that Vanderlyn Stow, treasurer of Stanford University, was probably mistaken when he said that "it was not impossible that the trustees may see fit to plant another vineyard" in the land from which they have uprooted many acres of wine grapes." It appears that Mr. Stow was probably mistaken because Dr. Jordan has said that the vineyard did not pay. Dr.

Jordan has said other things, too, things that might cast doubt on what Mr. Stow has said, but as Mr. Stow has an unchallenged reputation for veracity I see no reason why I should take the word of the venerable Chancellor who, we know, is at best a very loose thinker. But curiously enough Dr. Jordan is presented to us only as a negative witness. Virtually he says Mr. Stow ought to know because he is business manager, "but I had never heard, etc." I say "curiously enough," because why should Jordan, whose memory is said to have failed him on several notable occasions, why should he be called as a witness to give negative testimony by way of contradicting the positive affirmation of a man of honor and credibility, who, Dr. Jordan himself says, "should know?" Obviously the dope manufacturers of the organized hypocrisy called prohibition are wasting their money on incompetent publicity agents.

Tonics for Press Agents

I wonder whether the dope manufacturers are sousing the publicity agents of fake prohibition with the patent nostrums which are being substituted for old-fashioned alcoholic beverages. I'm inclined to think that such is the case. The thought comes to me as I read these printed slips before me. In one of them the writer tells us that certain labor unions have been converted to prohibition because they have been "getting light on the issue." Vehemently he denies that any of them have been influenced by the attitude of the Chamber of Commerce. The riggers and stevedores were influenced by light from Oregon and so were the cooks and waiters, who, presumably, are in favor of paralyzing forever the hands that feed them. We are told that although "the Chamber of Commerce has always stood on the booze side of things at San Francisco" the unions were not converted on that account. Now assuredly a man does not write this sort of stuff without taking a swig of Swamp Root or a little Peruna or a thimbleful of Green's Chill Tonic. These nostrums have been multiplying at a great rate. At least three new ones are put on the market every time a State goes dry, and it doesn't take more than three or four doses of any one of them to make a man as bold as the rabbit that slapped a bulldog or transform the most ascetic prohibitionist into a Rev. Dr. Slaughter. Now surely it requires some such third-rail stimulant to make it possible for any half-way self-respecting man to contrive the kind of arguments that the hired preachers of prohibition are uttering in this State.

The Traffic in Nostrums

Whatever the truth about the uprooting of vines by the trustees of Stanford University the

only question raised by the dope manufacturers in the interest of the sham prohibition cause is whether the vineyard was profitable. Their agent does not presume to say that the trustees are prohibitionists. As a matter of fact he knows they are not. As a matter of fact they have no sympathy with the vicious sanhedrim that has corrupted the pulpit and many schoolmasters. For many years a large part of the income of Stanford University, a large part of the salary pocketed by the narrow-gauged Jordan, was derived from the sale of brandy that was manufactured by the Palo Alto University. This is part of Stanford tradition, and there is no disposition among the trustees to repudiate it, though there is a good deal of tradition they would forget, and much of it was made by Jordan. Why then the question whether the vineyard was profitable or merely decadent? Surely it is not to be denied by the wine interests that wine-making is not as profitable as it used to be. Why should they deny it? In whatever industry competition increases profit decreases. But, say the masquerading manufacturers of Swamp Root and kindred drugs, prohibition is making the legitimate industries less profitable. Quite true. Edward Huntington Williams, M. D., in his book "Alcohol, Hygiene and Legislation" says: "A list of alcoholic patent medicines issued June 6th, 1914, by the United States Internal Revenue Department shows that there are manufactured in the United States 287 preparations which, under the guise of tonics, stomach bitters, rheumatic cures, nerve restoratives, kidney cures, cordials, dyspepsia cures and different extracts contain variously from 30 to 90 per cent of alcohol." Nearly three hundred patent nostrums in competition with alcoholic beverages! And every one of these nostrums far more intoxicating than wine and containing from twenty-five to eighty-five per cent more alcohol than is to be found in beer! Moreover, all but three or four of these nostrums are manufactured in prohibition States, and naturally the stockholders of the principal companies are heavy contributors to prohibition campaigns. Considering the enormous growth under a sinister stimulus of the business of drugging the country how absurd to deny that legitimate industry has been injured!

Wall Street Takes Notice

Sham prohibition is a blight that attacks not only vines and the industries controlled by the liquor interests; it attacks all kinds of business save the business of the unspeakable Pharisees who are shamelessly pursuing their trade. They have done so much damage to the country that they have alarmed the banking interests everywhere, which is very fortunate, for now Wall Street itself is sitting up and taking notice. Financial circulars are now issuing from the principal banking houses in Wall Street calling attention to prohibition as a menace to the whole country. Before me is one from John H. Davis & Co. of 10 Wall street calling attention to the terrible consequences of the iniquitous crusade. "There is a great mass of available testimony," says the circular, "that goes to show that where prohibition has been put in force its chief effects have been to drive liquor from the open to cover, to make law-breakers of the people and to displace the milder, harmless beverages with spirits less bulky, but more powerful and destructive to morals and health." Some of the testimony is given. For



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instance, the people of Topeka, Kansas, "a citadel of prohibition," received in 1915, through the medium of three railroads and two express companies, 500,000 quarts of liquor. And there are only 50,000 people in Topeka. But the principal complaint according to the circular is the financial consequences. We are asked to consider what prohibition would do to the Federal government which in 1915 received in taxes from manufacturers of distilled and fermented liquors \$225,000,000, more than one-half the entire receipts from internal revenue. "Already many States and cities which have adopted prohibition within the past few years," says the circular, "are in financial difficulty." The principal cities in Tennessee have had to go heavily into debt. The same is true we are told of Alabama, Georgia and North Carolina. Mississippi having been deprived of \$500,000 in revenue has been unable to support its charitable institutions. The consequent raise in taxes in Denver has caused a "political upheaval." "Obviously," says the circular, "increased taxation must go hand in hand with the abolition of the liquor traffic." The circular tells us there are no signs of "a return to reason." Doubtless there are, but when one considers the mean motives of the rascals who are now promoting the agitation in this State, one hates to think of allowing them the privilege of returning. A punishment to fit their crime is what they deserve, and I can think of no more suitable one than a sousing in the great prohibition nostrum called Hamlin's Wizard Oil until whatever is left of reason is rendered irretrievable.

Job Holders on Campaign

There is an ocular demonstration in Sacramento of how much dead wood can be cut out of administration offices and commissions without locking the wheels of the State government. Of the twenty-nine heads of State departments and commissions, twenty-seven are on their semi-annual vacations. The Board of Control is stripped as bare as a peach tree in December, the Highway Commission is represented by one clerk, the Governor's office is in charge of a negro janitor and the little commissions are so nearly nude that they would not dare to appear in public even at a beach resort. If one were to accept the figures of the theorists of the Administration, the loss to the State must be something awful. John Francis Neylan has figured out to the satisfaction of the Progressive press that his board is saving the State \$1500 every work-day hour of the year. Yet Neylan and his two associates are devoting their entire time to campaigning for Johnson for the Senate. The following reports of their actions were published in the Sacramento Union, one of the strongest Johnson supporters in the State: "Freeman H. Bloodgood, member of the State Board of Control, left yesterday on his annual vacation. He will spend part of the time campaigning in behalf of Governor Johnson in the northern part of the State. John Francis Neylan, chairman of the State Board of Control, left yesterday afternoon on a brief trip. Paul Herriott, member of the State Board of Control, is a member of the Johnson party now touring the southern part of the State." This comprises the three members of the Board of Control, who are supposed to visé all the State bills before they are paid. Neylan is speaking every night for Johnson. Bloodgood is

doing the same. Herriott has been acting as the personal press agent of Governor Johnson ever since the first of June. He spent the month of June in the East with the Governor and July and half of August attending the Governor's meetings and writing reports of them for the Progressive press.

Some Others

Here are a few others whose absence is noted as a matter of Capitol news, without the least thought that it might have political significance, by the Sacramento Union: "Clyde L. Seavey, chairman of the State Tax Commission, left yesterday for a tour of the Lake Tahoe region. From there he will go to the Yosemite. H. A. French, superintendent of the State Motor Vehicle Department, is in San Francisco visiting the branch office there." The reporter might have truly added that Mr. French left Sacramento on that visit to the San Francisco branch office, in July, two weeks before the time for registration for the State primaries closed; that he was in charge of one department in the Progressive headquarters there and will be in charge of that department until after the August primaries; that his secretary in San Francisco is the secretary of the State Corporations Department who was relieved of active duties for political service a month ago.

Rowell's True Colors

'Hughes is feeding the people of California baby pap. Hughes has spilled the beans. The Hughes meeting at the Auditorium was a frost. One of the most prominent Progressives on the coast, next to Governor Johnson, told me the only thing that kept him from declaring for Wilson was his attachment to Governor Johnson.' These are some of the comments made by Chester Rowell on the visit of Charles E. Hughes to San Francisco. Rowell is a member, with William H. Crocker, of the national campaign committee which is directing the Hughes fight. It might reasonably be expected that his utterances would be aimed toward the furtherance of Hughes' candidacy. Instead he is doing everything in his power, as these utterances show, to destroy Hughes' chances of carrying California. In elegant language this Progressive editor declares that Mr. Hughes has "spilled the beans;" that the greatest and most enthusiastic meeting ever held in San Francisco was "a frost;" that Mr. Hughes is dispensing "baby pap;" and that it is difficult to hold Progressives in line for the party leader. Rowell is Johnson's right-hand man, and speaks for Johnson. His latest utterances show just how Johnson and the rest of the Progressive leaders in California really feel toward the candidacy of Hughes. They are pretending to support Hughes because that pretense enables them to conduct a brazen raid on the Republican party for their own selfish political ends. If Johnson can only capture the Republican nomination for United States Senator, Rowell and the rest don't care what happens.

A Contrast in Attitudes

Contrast this attitude of Governor Johnson and his man on the Hughes national campaign committee, with the manly attitude of Willis H. Booth and William H. Crocker. Booth, the

sole Republican candidate for United States Senator, is working as hard for the success of the national ticket as he is for his own success, if not harder. Booth behaves with admirable restraint. All that he has said in his campaign speeches about Johnson and the Progressive leaders in California is more than proved by Rowell's latest utterances. And during it all Willis H. Booth has remained dignified, firm and gentlemanly in his stand for true Republicanism and the Hughes platform. Now contrast the attitude of Johnson and Rowell with the attitude of William H. Crocker. Johnson has endeavored to cloud the issues of the campaign by attacking Crocker, the duly elected and acting Republican national committeeman from this State. Crocker's attitude under attack has been like Booth's attitude. And like a rebuke to Johnson for his attacks on Crocker stands the opening statement of Hughes at the Auditorium meeting: "I join with you in honoring San Francisco's favorite son, William H. Crocker."

What Clarence Told Willis

Let me report as faithfully as I can a bit of conversation which took place between those two distinguished architects Willis Polk and Clarence Ward the other day.

Polk: Labor unionism destroys individualism and skill in the craftsmen, making it impossible for them to coördinate their thoughts and efforts with those of the architect. Mike Angelo was a craftsman as well as an architect. So am I. There is not a craftsman's tool I cannot use.

Ward: True, Willis, but you excel with one.

Polk: Which one, Clarence?

Ward: The hammer.

How Johnsonians Respect the Law

Announcement has been made by the county clerk of Fresno county that the name of Judge Walter Bordwell of Los Angeles will appear on the August primary ballot for the Republican nomination for United States senator. A similar announcement has been made by the county clerk of Alameda county. When Judge Bordwell withdrew from the senatorial contest and made the emphatic statement that he was going to do everything in his power to further the candidacy of Willis H. Booth, he demanded that his name be stricken from the primary election ballot. Mandamus proceedings were instituted in the Supreme Court to compel the county clerk of Orange county to take Judge Bordwell's name off the ballot. The Supreme Court heard arguments pro and con, and issued the writ of mandate directing that Bordwell's name be removed. Similar proceedings are being taken, at this writing, with regard to the county clerks of all the other counties of the State. Nevertheless, the county clerks of Fresno and Alameda are adopting a defiant attitude in the matter. They declare that their ballots have been printed, and that they will not go to the trouble of replacing them. Fresno county is the home of Chester Rowell, Progressive leader and right-hand man of Governor Johnson. Rowell is doing everything in his power to help Johnson steal the Republican nomination for the senatorship. The action of Fresno's county clerk reflects perfectly the sentiments of Rowell. Alameda county, in so far as political organiza-

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tion goes, is in the grip of the Progressive Johnsonian machine. Alameda has been kept in line by the plentiful distribution of Johnsonian patronage. It is easy therefore to explain why the county clerk of Alameda is so insistent that Bordwell's name shall stay on the ballot. As long as such Johnson strongholds as Fresno and Alameda seek means of defying the Supreme Court of California, Johnson's oft asserted devotion to law must be regarded as a good political joke.

Hill Tolerton's New Place

San Francisco has never known anything like the new establishment which Hill Tolerton has opened in Sutter street above Powell, next door to the Sorosis Club. From the first day when Hill Tolerton came to San Francisco from Chicago and opened his attractive print rooms in Grant avenue, he has been a powerful directing force in our artistic and aesthetic life. He received so much practical encouragement in his efforts toward crystallizing popular interest in art that he found a larger establishment necessary, and this he has now opened in the centre of the shopping district toward which art interests of all sorts have been steadily converging. It is no mere print room that Tolerton has now. It is a gallery for all sorts of art exhibitions—for painters, for etchers and other artists, for bookworms and for lecturers. It is—to use an overworked word in its correct sense—unique. There is nothing else like it, will be nothing else like it, undoubtedly, for many years. About September 10 Hill Tolerton will issue formal and complete announcements explanatory of the various attractive fall exhibitions which will be given in the new establishment. Two exhibitions of paintings of importance will be given, one of the early French, and later an exhibit of the early Spanish masters. An extremely important and interesting exhibit of fine etchings and engravings will be given during the fall season, including some very rare and choice examples by Zorn, Cameron, Rembrandt and Whistler. An exhibit of bronzes by Paulanship will be given in the early fall, including over forty examples of his work. One of the best known collectors of old and rare books from New York will personally give an exhibition of his rare items. And two lecture courses are announced, the subjects being Egypt and Greece and the lecturer Juliet L. James. These are only some of the treats Hill Tolerton has in preparation. Meanwhile art lovers are visiting the new place and congratulating Tolerton on his magnificent rooms.

Judges Running Again

Once more our judiciary is in politics. For such is the system in California that vacancies are regularly due to occur on the bench only for the purpose of making contests for office. This year Judges Seawell, Troutt, Cabaniss and Murasky are due to run again, and so there is once more an unsettled state of affairs in the Superior Court. Fortunately the four incumbents are all men of experience, enjoying the confidence of the bar, and therefore it is pretty certain that they will be reelected, but they cannot avoid a contest. Several lawyers are full of the hope of getting more votes than some one of the incumbents who may not be sufficiently energetic as a campaigner. As more than once veteran jurists have been threatened with displacement by inexperienced attorneys of little practice it is a matter of considerable importance this year to see that the bench shall not lose the services of a Cabaniss, a Murasky, a Troutt or a Seawell.

What Figures Show

Final registration figures in Sacramento show what a remarkable change of heart has come over the State employes in relation to their political affiliations in the short period of six months. On January 1 there were 635 State employes in Sacramento registered as Progressive and fifteen as Republican. The Republicans came from the offices of the Secretary of State and the Board of Equalization. On May 1 there were fifteen Republicans, 643 declined to state

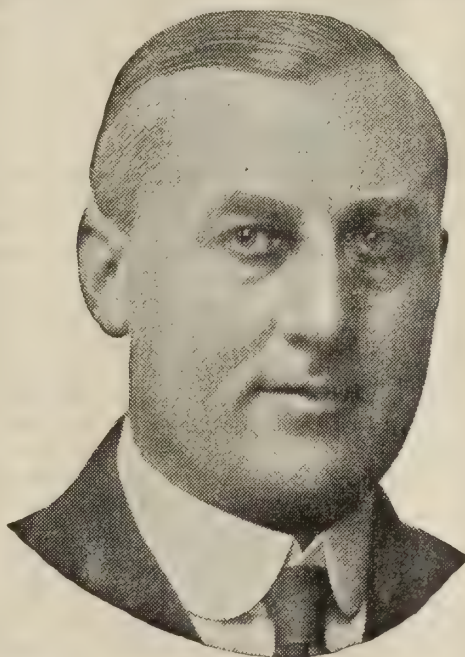
and two Progressives. On August 15 there were 660 Republicans and no declined-to-state or Progressives.

Miss Paul—Did she put the right number of candles on her birthday cake?

Miss Pry—No; the cake was not big enough.

Geraldine—I hate to think of my thirtieth birthday.

Gerald—Let's not bring up the past.



NOMINATE Willis H. Booth The ENDORSED Republican Candidate for U. S. Senator

At the Statewide conference held in San Francisco, July 29th, composed of members of the Republican State Central Committee and all Republican County Central Committees, a resolution endorsing the candidacy of Willis H. Booth for U. S. Senator was unanimously adopted. It concludes:

*" * * * and having in mind solely the welfare of the State and Nation, we earnestly urge every true Republican to give his or her support in both primaries and general election, to a man, who, tried by every moral and mental test and measured by every praiseworthy political standard, is eminently fitted to represent this great commonwealth in the Senate of the United States—Willis H. Booth."*

Send a REPUBLICAN to the United States Senate to assist a REPUBLICAN President in carrying REPUBLICAN policies into effect.

Vote for BOOTH at the Primary Election, August 29th

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Exuent the Assemblies

Some time ago I complained that no masculine leader had come forward to give us a successor to the late lamented Greenway ball. Little did I imagine then that the present season would witness the demise of that exclusive function the Assembly Subscription Dance. We have no masculine leader, and we are losing the only active feminine leader we had—Mrs. Bowie Detrick. There are to be no Bowie Detrick Assemblies this winter. The announcement has gone forth, and is spreading consternation through the ranks of society. The younger people in society are particularly sad about it. Mrs. Detrick gave them not only a series of good times but also an opportunity to walk in the path of romance. I know of any number of happy marriages which resulted from romances begun at the Assemblies. Just why Mrs. Detrick has discontinued the popular functions is something of a mystery. It goes without saying that we shall appreciate what these Assemblies meant to the winter season much more profoundly now that we have lost them. It is always so in human affairs, and society people, statements to the contrary notwithstanding, are exceedingly human.

Helen Woolworth's Engagement

Helen Woolworth has lived abroad so long, and has made such infrequent visits to her old home that she is no longer well known in San Francisco. Time was when Helen Woolworth was one of the most written about of our belles. But her girl friends have married and, in many instances, moved away; so that to the rising generation in society even her name means little. Many people who ought to remember more vividly have to be reminded that the Crocker-National was once the Crocker-Woolworth Bank. Nevertheless there was quite a lot of interest manifested when it became known that Helen Woolworth was engaged to marry. Helen is to marry Rene Gorichor, Marechal de Logis. The name sounds aristocratic, and doubtless is aristocratic. It used to be said that Helen wanted a title; perhaps she has achieved her ambition. At all events her

friends here are warm friends, and they wish her every happiness in her married life.

Santa Barbara Is the Place

Say what you will, there is something about the social affairs staged at Santa Barbara which gives them a distinction lacking in our city entertainment. I use the word "staged" advisedly, because they have a Little Theatre at Santa Barbara—thanks to Mrs. Miller Graham—and many of Santa Barbara's most brilliant entertainments are given within its walls. But about the distinctiveness of these Santa Barbara doings—take the latest social stunt down in that Mission town. It was Sir James Barrie's fantasy of "Pantaloone" which gathered the smart set together, and the players were Jack Barrymore, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Bennett and others not quite so distinguished but by no means unknown to fame. And among the guests were Sir Beerbohm and his daughter Iris Tree. I purposely omit all mention of those whose distinction is purely social. The professionals were the ones who gave tone to this affair. My point is that we rarely have such entertainments in San Francisco. In Santa Barbara they have them all the time.

Speaking of Tree—

Speaking of Beerbohm Tree reminds me that he was expected at the Bohemian grove play. He did not put in an appearance. Why, I don't pretend to know. But I do know that a number of lion-hunting Bohemians were dreadfully aggrieved at his absence. They wanted to meet him. They wanted to engage him in familiar converse. They wanted to go away from the grove and impress other gatherings with the casual words: "As Tree said to me the other day—Beerbohm, you know—" and so on. This pleasure was denied them. Beerbohm Tree is decidedly out of the good graces of these Bohemians. Really, he should have come north for the play. Is it possible that he undervalued an invitation to Bohemia?

Hanford's House on the Hill

When "Bob" Hanford and his first wife reached the parting of the ways one of the most beautiful homes on Russian Hill was left untenanted. Hanford had built this house for his wife, and did not care to occupy it after the separation. For several years this splendid place has been neglected, and the cruel seasons have wrought their havoc upon it. Now we hear that it has been invaded by opium-smoking vagrants. "To what base uses!" Dreams were dreamed there before, but there were not poppy dreams. They were dreams of happiness, and they did not last. When "Bob" Hanford married a second time he built the still more celebrated house on Pine street for his second bride. That house he continued to occupy for a time after the second romance had gone the way of the first; but he no longer manifests an interest in it. It was one of the most luxurious places in the city, and such an elaborate legend grew up around its exotic attractions that it came to be known as "The House of Mystery." It was not so long ago that an enterprising woman planned to make it the

rendezvous for the dance-mad members of smart society. At the last minute, however, the scheme fell through. When will "Bob" Hanford build again?

Our Music Centre

Society is looking forward with keen interest to the opening of the next symphony season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. From all accounts the new president of the Musical Association, which is about to enter on its sixth season, has instilled into his associates more enthusiasm than some of them ever thought themselves capable of exhibiting. But Mr. Sproule is an enthusiast for everything he takes hold of, and though it required some urging to induce him to become chief of the Musical Association now that he occupies the position he is attending to his new duties with heart and soul. His enthusiasm is infectious, but, for that matter, so is the enthusiasm of all the directors who are coöperating with him. They have responded heartily to the suggestion of Director Hertz, and the result is that San Francisco is to see and hear next season a really great symphony orchestra, the first we ever



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(Advertisement)

had under contract to give all the time demanded of it for the entertainment of our music lovers. San Francisco will soon be a music centre, indeed, a centre that will be entitled to recognition as such, for music will radiate from this city and people will journey to San Francisco to hear the orchestra that will occasionally visit them in their own homes to quicken their passion for good music. And so I say society is looking forward to the opening of the new season. The concerts will be fashionable as well as artistic events.

The Charity Ball

The date has been set for the Charity Ball, so the winter season has one spot on the calendar to mark with a red letter. The Charity Ball will be held this year on November 24. Hitherto it has been given at Scottish Rite Auditorium; but this year it will take place downtown. The Palace Hotel has been chosen, and the choice will give universal satisfaction. The Charity Ball this year will be managed by those very active society leaders, Mrs. John B. Casserly, Mrs. James Athearn Folger and Mrs. James A. Donohue. It goes without saying that its worthy purpose remains unchanged—it is for the Catholic Humane Bureau. No doubt it will be as smart as ever in its new milieu.

Lectures at Paul Elder's

Literary folks and artists are able to hear much that is of special interest to them these days at Paul Elder's, 230 Grant avenue. A course of six lectures on "The Fiction of Power and Purpose" is to be delivered there by Paul Jordan Smith. The course will include lectures on "The Red and the Black" by Stendahl, Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," Balzac's "Magic Skin," "Holy Land" by Fremssenn, "A Night in the Luxembourg" by De Gourmont and "Jean Christophe" by Rolland. These lectures will be on consecutive Thursday afternoons at 3 o'clock beginning August 31. On Saturday, September 2nd, at 2:30 there will be an afternoon with George Hamlin Fitch. Talks will be made by Zoeth Skinner Eldridge, Professor Charles Mills Gayley of Berkeley, Professor William Herbert Currith of Palo Alto, Charles K. Field of Sunset, George Douglass of the Chronicle and

Bailey Millard of the Examiner. Dr. R. Meyer-Riefstahl will deliver a course of lectures at Elder's on the "Art of Weaving of the Past."

Events at the Cecil

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cattin of Honolulu are stopping at the Hotel Cecil. Mr. Cattin has just returned from England. Mrs. Theodore Culver of Philadelphia and Miss Culver and Miss Wallace are guests. Mrs. E. V. Foote and Mrs. Charles A. Walker of Salt Lake who during the Exposition year were guests at the Cecil, returned Monday to San Francisco and are occupying attractive apartments at the hotel. Mrs. Moore gave an impromptu dinner Monday. Covers were laid for eight. Mr. and Mrs. John Crawford and their attractive daughter Miss Gordon Crawford of New York are registered. Mrs. Frederick Betts of New York and her two daughters arrived this week. A profusion of pink roses adorned the dinner table at which Mrs. Hillhouse was hostess Sunday evening. The ten covers were marked with dainty hand-painted place cards. Mrs. F. O. Hihn motored from her home in Santa Cruz and will spend several weeks at the Cecil. Thomas Kent of Kentfield is a guest. Captain and Mrs. Franklin Hutton gave a dinner Tuesday. The table was banked with yellow chrysanthemums. Mr. and Mrs. Willard Brown and two children are stopping at the hotel. They will return in September to their home in Honolulu.

Hockey Night at Techau's

One of the delightful by-plays of society these last days of August has to do with "Tuesday Hockey Night" at the Techau Tavern ice Palace. Each Tuesday night a championship hockey match is played at the Ice Palace. The game itself is quite a wonderful thing, for hockey is one of the finest of athletic combats. But there are frills and trimmings to it. At 6:30 o'clock each Tuesday night there gather for dinner at the Tavern all the hockey votaries. There is a salon concert and dancing for the guests, with George Gould's famous ragtime band supplying the music. The concert numbers are of artistic worth too, including the aerial ballet of the electric swings, and Edith Mote in her cabinet delusion and fashion revue.

(From THE LANTERN)

Love in Heaven

By W. G. S.

Wonderful was our meeting here on earth;
Two souls that met and matched and loved
each other.

Nations were born in the hours of our birth,
Yet from them all we came to one another.

Oh, we shall meet again! but in your Heaven
Will hearts remain hearts still and tears be
tears,

Will memory of passionate pledges given
Pass not with all the folly of dead years

Or, and I fear this most of all, to find
With my first waking in that strange new
place,
Your hand laid on my forehead cold and kind,
But something lost I once loved in your face.

Faded the scent of you; your tricks of dress
Gone, and your longings quenched; even de-
sire

For Heaven, being crowned with saintliness,
Dead, as the flame dies, with the need for fire.

Yes, this I dread, to find the fire's spent ember
That glowed so bright for me, grown cold
hereafter;

Yet if my presence stir you to remember
The tears you had, the warmth you had, the
laughter—

Oh, I will fly with you out of the reach
Of chilling gust from flitting spirit wings,
And warm you at my heart, and each to each
Clasped, you'll recall the old forgotten things.

Sunshine and steaming woods and singing seas,
Lamplight, and children playing with their
toys,

Home and home's garden-beds and orchard trees,
And pulses beating faster for a voice.

These you'll remember, and recalling, ponder,
And we will kiss again in lover fashion,
Until the angels stand around in wonder,
And tremble at the greatness of our passion.

Preparedness

"Safe-Tea
First"

For your next afternoon
tea-party. Refreshment
and cheer assured when
you serve

Ridgways Tea

Every accommodating grocer sells it

The Stage

The Spoken Drama "Comes Back"

Where are the prophets who told us the "movies" would surely send the spoken drama to the scrap-heap? The indications now are that the prophets will call for the privilege of a second guess; provided, of course, the prophets are to be found. But vaticination is a bad business, and prophets have a habit of disappearing when their predictions fail to come true. More than once it has been observed in Town Talk that there was no danger of the movies usurping the place of genuine drama; that on the contrary they would have a very good effect on the legitimate stage, which was badly in need of regeneration. For a long time the regular theatres had been alienating lovers of the drama. They had been turning out stars over night and giving us potboiler plays, or, what was perhaps worse, plays that were written in imitation of plays that had proved a success. Playwrights everywhere strove either to out-Ibsen the Norwegian playwright or prove themselves better polemics than Shaw. Every drama became a tract and the stage was converted into a platform. The drama became a species of bore. So people went to the movies to take the cure for brainfag. They were weary of bad plays and worse players. Now they are returning. Our own little Alcazar that chased false gods for awhile in the hope of reviving interest in the deserted theatre is now giving us well-balanced players and dramas of real human interest, and once more the box-office is smiling. They have had some extraordinary runs at the Alcazar. The same is true of the Columbia where Mr. Henry Miller, who was once threatening to become a pessimist, is now aglow with enthusiasm. And with very good reason. Ruth Chatterton in the Kitchen is warming big houses every night. She need not come out of the Kitchen for many a day. For a time Melville Marx and Jake Gottlob were fearful of cobwebs gathering in the Columbia; not so now. See what has happened as a result of giving theatregoers good histrionics. The people want good histrionics as well as good plays, and a finer combination of players than the one Henry Miller now has on his payroll has not been seen under the management of Gottlob and Marx since the old days before their Thespian temple went up in smoke in Powell street. Consider Ruth Chatterton, Hilda Spong, Henry Miller, Bruce McRae, Harry Mestayer, Mrs. Whiffen, Charles Trowbridge, Mrs. Charles Craig—all members of one and the same company!

—The First Nighter.

The Philharmonic Concert

Curiosity in music is a good thing; and one may say of Mr. Nikolai Sokoloff that he does well in piquing curiosity at the concerts of the People's Philharmonic Orchestra. He gives us new music, that is, music new to us, and it does not matter whether the works are always a tremendous success. It is important that here in San Francisco there is a public willing and anxious to listen to new works, to be allowed to form its own judgment about them. To encourage this public and make it grow is worth while. Last Sunday at the Cort Mr. Sokoloff gave us a symphony by a composer little known to us, Ernest Chausson, a pupil of Caesar Franck. It is a work flooded with energy, but to me it seemed to be lacking in color and definiteness of intention. But one must not venture on a personal and arbitrary judgment of a symphony heard for the first

time. One can justly give only one's impressions. Spiritually as well as technically the least important symphony is a very complex work. The Chausson symphony was conceived in a style and spirit somewhat new to us and it gives one a sense of the freshness and freedom of a composer who is no dull pedant, but who lived in an electrical musical atmosphere. On the whole, Sunday's programme, though enjoyable was somewhat colorless. The most enjoyable numbers were the Capriccio Espagnol of Rimsky-Korsakow and Bach's Suite No. 3—the G string, air—which was beautifully played. The soloist of the day was Vladimir Shavitch, who proved himself a brilliant pianist, especially in Chopin's fifth nocturne, which he played as an encore, but owing to a certain uneasiness due perhaps to his nerves he was lacking in magnetism.

—H. M. B.

More of "Canary Cottage"

The seventh week of the phenomenal "Canary Cottage" engagement at the Cort will begin with Sunday night's performance. This remarkable engagement has been a series of capacity houses in the literal sense of the term. The demand for seats is as great as ever, and the management urges prospective purchasers to make their reservations early, for Eastern contacts will demand the early withdrawal of the piece. The Oliver Morosco musical knockout has already played 54 performances at the Cort and has been applauded by over 100,000 persons, many of whom have seen it several times, for "Canary Cottage" is a kaleidoscopic entertainment and discloses fresh amusement angles with each visit.

Another Big Orpheum Bill

The Orpheum bill for next week will have as its headline attraction Elizabeth Brice and Charles King who will present a bit of musical comedy in a vaudeville way written for them by Herbert Moore, a well known Chicago author. Miss Brice and Mr. King are established favorites in vaudeville, and as musical comedy stars they have many important successes to their credit. Their contribution at the Orpheum will consist of really good piano playing and capital vocalization of sparkling and up-to-date melodies. Clarence Oliver and Georgie Olp who have been successfully identified with the legitimate stage for years, will present a charming one-act play by Hugh Herbert called "Discontent," which is a cross between modern comedy and the symbolic drama. There is a little station named "Discontent" which is presided over by a demure sweet bit of innocence. To this station comes one day a clean cut, dapper youth weighed down by a grip filled with trouble. The one train has gone, and he finds himself marooned at "Discontent." In questioning the one official he discovers that discontent is only a condition of the mind that can easily be avoided. Much else also he learns which brings him love, happiness and peace of mind. The Dancing Kennedys, Thomas and Gertrude, who were recently features of Weber and Fields' All-Star Jubilee, will appear in their own dance creations, which caused quite a sensation in New York and the great cities of the East. Among the other newcomers are Miss Olga and Master Adalo Paradoska, musical prodigues, the former of whom is styled "The Little Melba." She possesses a wonderful trained coloratura soprano voice of great range and beauty and sings the most florid compositions with all the

ease of a mature artiste. She has a repertoire of thirty arias from the grand operas and she sings not only in English but in three other languages. The boy, Alado, has a wonderful personality and is truly a great pianist. He plays the works of Chopin, Liszt, Moszkowski, Wagner, Mendelssohn and Beethoven with all the soul, temperament and fire of a master. Billed also for next week are Sylvia Loyal and her Pierrot in their original novelty act in which seventy trained pigeons play a picturesque part. Madame Sumiko, Japanese prima donna, and Four Japanese Dancing Girls, Cooper and Smith, the Three Du For Boys, and Jimmy Duffy and Mercedes Lorenze will remain.

A Success at the Columbia

The third week of "Come Out of the Kitchen" at the Columbia bids fair to beat the big box-office record made by the second week. Ruth Chatterton and the Henry Miller players in this new comedy have won so great a success that they have attracted the attention of the New York managers who are bidding for a run of the piece on Broadway at the conclusion of the engagement at the Columbia.

San Francisco Orchestra Season

Preparations for the next concert season of the big San Francisco Symphony Orchestra are now complete. This we learn from Mr. William Sproule, president of the San Francisco Musical Association. All music-lovers will rejoice to learn that the sixth season bids fair to be one of surpassing richness artistically. San Francisco will have an orchestra to be proud of next season. Eighty musicians have been selected by Director Hertz, and they are under contracts that call for their services exclusively. Hence they will be able to give the time needed by Mr. Hertz for rehearsals, and therefore we shall for the first time have an orchestra on the same basis as the one on which the famous Boston Symphony Orchestra is maintained. The Cort Theatre has been secured for the concerts, the first of which will be given October 27. As heretofore, the symphony concerts will be given on alternate Friday afternoons. There will be twelve of these. Concerts will also be given on each Sunday afternoon following the Friday events. For these the programme policy will be shortly announced. On the other Sunday afternoons of the season popular concerts will be given. At these programmes will be devoted to compositions of more obvious appeal. Thus there is assured a total of thirty-four concerts including the Friday programmes, the regular Sunday programmes and the Sunday popular concerts. In addition to these it is planned to give fourteen concerts, some of which will be in the nature of festival concerts, some educational programmes and some to be played out of town. This will make a grand total of forty-eight concerts within twenty-three weeks. The purpose of these out-of-town concerts is to spread the cultural advantages of good music to those neighborhoods which rarely or never enjoy the benefits of such influence. Although the number of instrumentalists is announced as eighty, the orchestra will be augmented whenever special work demands a larger orchestra. Alfred Hertz is now busy arranging the programmes, announcement of which will shortly be made from the offices of the Association in the Phelan Building, the offices of Secretary-Manager A. W. Widenham.

Mme. Cisneros and the Philharmonic

Eleanor de Cisneros, the dramatic soprano, will be the assisting artist at the tenth popular symphony concert of the People's Philharmonic Orchestra, Nikolai Sokoloff conductor, at the Cort Sunday afternoon, September 3, at three o'clock. On that occasion she will sing for the first time in America with orchestra accompaniment the thrilling aria "Le Chef d'Armee" from Dances et Chants de la Mort of Modeste Petrovich Moussorgsky. Orchestrated by Rimsky-Korsakow the music is picturesquely descriptive of a story thrilling in the extreme. Following are other numbers on the programme: Tragic Overture, Op. 81, Brahms (first time in San Francisco); Legend "The Enchanted Lake," Liadow (by request); Aria "Mon coeur s'ouvre à voix" from "Samson and Delilah," Saint-Saens; Eleanor de Cisneros; Symphony No. 4, F minor, Op. 36, Tchaikowsky. Seats are on sale now at the box office of the Cort Theatre and will be on sale at the music stores of Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase, after Thursday of next week. Mail orders for tickets for all concerts of the People's Philharmonic Orchestra with checks and self-addressed, stamped envelopes sent to Frank W. Healy, manager, 703 Head Building, are filled in rotation of receipt, as near desired location as possible and forwarded to purchaser by first mail.

The Alcazar's New Season

Eva Lang and John Halliday will open the regular stock season at the Alcazar beginning Monday evening, August 28th, with an elaborate presentation of William Faversham's tremendous success "The Hawk." Miss Lang is one of the most charming of our younger actresses, and John Halliday is an actor of great versatility and power. Belasco and Mayer have arranged for a series of the latest New York successes in which to star these clever players, and they are planning to make the approaching season one of the most notable in the history of their popular playhouse. "The Hawk" is a drama of great power with many big situations. It tells a story treating of Count de Dsetta's worship of his wife Marina who loves luxury and ease. To gratify her whims he plays cards for money. Young Rene de Tierrache falls in love with Marina and she is susceptible to his persistent attentions. The lover catches the husband cheating at cards. Marina quarrels with her husband and betrays her devotion to Rene. After a violent scene the husband disappears. Ten months elapse and Marina is to get a divorce so she can marry Rene. The laws of France, however, require the husband's consent and he cannot be found. Eric Drakon, a rich American, aids the lovers by locating the Count and enticing him to rooms where Rene is waiting Marina in an adjoining room. If the Count refuses to be divorced Rene intends to reveal to Drakon the fact that the husband cheated him at cards. The latter is no longer the light-hearted, fashionable Hungarian, but is subdued, emaciated and shabby. Drakon offers him a lucrative position as superintendent of his South American plantation. He declines it and confesses that he cheated Drakon at cards. Rene, robbed of his trump hand, offers the husband money

which is refused. Dasetta declares he will not stand in their way if Marina herself asks him for the divorce. Marina is called. In a powerful scene her sympathy is aroused and she awakes to the fact that after all her husband is the one she really loves. All the Alcazar favorites will be in support.

"The Midnight Follies" at Pantages

"The Midnight Follies," one of the best and newest musical tabes of the vaudeville producer George Choos, is to be the headliner on a splendid eight-act show opening at Pantages Sunday afternoon. There are a dozen dashing chorus maidens in the act, which carries special scenery and a brace of funmakers in Ed Vogt and Earle Mountain, while dainty Elaine Grey is the prima donna. George N. Brown, champion long-distance walker, has one of the best novelties that has been shown in vaudeville in recent years. Browne is assisted by Willie Weston, another walker of prominence who also bears the title of champion boy scout walker of America, and the two athletes give a demonstration of how interesting things can be made to an audience with the aid of a race treadmill that is contested with between them at each performance. Jack Lewis, Freddie Hoff, late musical director of "The Candy Shop," and Mrs. Harry Lewis, a soprano of local note, have formed a musical trio which will be given its debut next Sunday. All three have a splendid following in musical circles in this city. The Four Haley Sisters, in a light opera offering; William De Hollis, "The Admiral's Reception," a juggling novelty; Arthur Silber and Eva North in "Bashfulology," Stanley and Farrell, two Italian character comedians, in "Going to the Wedding," and Keystone two-reel comedy "The Brightest Star," complete the programme.



ELIZABETH BRICE
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Assisted by Bruce McRae and the Henry Miller Players in the New Three-Act Comedy

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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

This Attraction Will Not Be Seen Elsewhere in California

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Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day

ELIZABETH BRICE & CHARLES KING Presenting a Bit of Musical Comedy in a Vaudeville Way; CLARENCE OLIVER & GEORGIE OLP in Hugh Herbert's One-Act Play "Discontent;" DANCING KENNEDYS; OLGA & ALADO PARADOFSKA, "The Little Melba and the Boy Pianist;" SYLVIA LOYAL & HER PIERROT; MME. SUMIKO, Japanese Prima Donna, and Four Japanese Dancing Girls; COOPER & SMITH; THREE DU FOR BOYS; JAMES DUFFY & MERCEDES LORENZE.

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

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Commencing Monday Evening, August 28

EVA LANG - JOHN HALLIDAY

Supported by the Alcazar Players

In an Elaborate Presentation of

"THE HAWK"

A Drama of Great Power and Thrilling Situations

PRICES—Evenings: 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees: 25c, 50c

The Importance of Plain Speaking

(Continued from Page 6)

the language with which she enjoins moral reflections upon her children is exact, convincing and thus most likely to bear fruit. It is in all these departments that France has so far outstripped the rest of the Occidental world that we may well say that it is only France that matters. If, in short, Europe, save for France, were depopulated, France could provide Europe with a much saner, much more efficient race of men—of men capable of making something decent, dignified, and enjoyable out of life.

There is no minuteness to which this does not apply. If, being a man, you go into an English hat-shop you try on a hat and don't like it; you shop on another and don't like it. At last you put one on and the hatter remarks that that is how they are being worn now. If you go into a French hat-shop, the hatter, being a practical man, will try you with several hats, and will finally arrive at one of which he will say, "Cela vous dégage mieux la physiognomie."—"That disengages your physiognomy better," or, as we should say, "brings out your features more."

To this gem there are several facets. In the first place the French hatter is better educated in the traditions of his trade; it costs him as little effort to discern and decide that a hat "disengages your physiognomy" as it costs his English confrère to say it is a fine morning when it probably isn't. And, again, the Frenchman talks like a book. In England this is a term of reproach. But that is probably one of the worst symptoms of English life, for, however near it may come to exactness of expression, or however far it may fall away from that first of human necessities, your book is at least an attempt to express something more exactly than it is usually expressed in everyday parlance. And, if national obloquy attaches itself to the phraseology of literature, then national obloquy attaches itself to exactitude of expression between man and man. Yet it is only by exactitude of expression between man and man that honesty and decency in human contacts can be attained to. In England, in short—still more in Germany, and even more, I believe, in Russia—the cleavage between the spoken language and the written is very wide and grows daily wider. This is a great calamity for the world. On the one hand the spoken language tends to become more and more figurative and less and less exact since it is more and more divorced from written language, which should be at least an attempt at exact expression. On the other hand, literature becomes more stilted, becomes more a matter of preciousness, and delights more in words as decorations rather than as the means of exact expression—literature then, becomes of less and less influence on the life of the people, and leaders of thought lose at once their influence and the desire to express their thought. It is because in France these tendencies are less developed than in every other country of the Occidental world that we may most welcome an alliance in which the hegemony of the civilized world falls to this great, sober, and beneficent country. Other things matter very little. The greatest victories of mankind are over and done with by the next autumn, when the stubble is over the graveyards; but we shall only make a decent thing of peace when we can see human issues clearly, and we shall only see human issues clearly when we have learnt to effect their just expression.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LOUISA BERG, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of LOUISA BERG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of William E. Johnson, Esq., at 921 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LOUISA BERG, deceased.

ERIK BERG,

Administrator of the estate of Louisa Berg, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 29th, 1916.

WILLIAM E. JOHNSON, ESQ.,

Attorney for Administrator,

921 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

8-26-5

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR THE VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION OF THE CORPORATION BELOW NAMED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75828; Dept. 12.

In the Matter of the Voluntary Dissolution of BURG BROS. LUMBER & BUILDING CO., a Corporation.

Notice is hereby given that Burg Bros. Lumber & Building Co., the corporation above named, has duly filed in the above entitled Court its application praying for an order or decree of said Court dissolving said corporation, and that Monday, the 25th day of September, A. D. 1916, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, in the Court-Room of said Court, Department 12 thereof, situate in the Hall of Justice of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been duly fixed as the day, time and place for the hearing of the said application.

Notice of the hearing of the said application shall be given by publication for six successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a weekly newspaper, published, printed and circulated in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, beginning on the 19th day of August, 1916, and ending on the 23rd day of September, 1916, and any and all persons are hereby notified that they may file in the above entitled Court before the date of the expiration of the said notice any objections which they may have to the granting of the aforesaid application for the dissolution of the said corporation.

Dated this 15th day of August, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of the said Superior Court.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

W. T. KEARNEY,
Attorney for said Application,
1012 Mills Building,
San Francisco, California.

8-19-6

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SHERIFF'S SALE

Justice Court.—No. 85581.

G. E. DOLAN, Plaintiff, vs. FRED MACK and MRS. FRED MACK, his wife, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Justice Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 28th day of June, A. D. 1916, in the above entitled action wherein G. E. DOLAN, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against FRED MACK and MRS. FRED MACK, his wife, defendants, on the 5th day of May, A. D. 1916, I am commanded to sell all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Waller Street distant thereon 106.3 feet easterly from the point of intersection of the easterly line of Steiner Street with the southerly line of Waller Street; running thence easterly along said southerly line of Waller Street 25 feet; thence at right angles southerly 120 feet; thence at right angles westerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles northerly 120 feet to the southerly line of Waller Street and the point of beginning. Being Lot No. 29 in Block 867.

Public Notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 25th day of September, A. D. 1916, at 12 o'clock m., of that day, in front of the Sheriff's Office in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said execution, sell all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money of the United States.

Dated, San Francisco, August 16th, 1916.

THOMAS F. FINN, Sheriff.

WALTER E. DORN,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

8-26-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 72594; Dept. No. 10.

JEMET POSTON, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY A. POSTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: HENRY A. POSTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, habitual intemperance, and wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JAS. P. SWEENEY,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

Nevada Bank Building,
San Francisco, California.

8-19-10

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL DOING BUSINESS UNDER A FICTITIOUS NAME

No. 2819.

(Ten cent U. S. revenue stamp affixed.)

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:—That I, SAM. SPIELLER, the undersigned, do hereby certify that I am doing business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of THE WESTERN CLOAK AND SUIT CO., that the principal place of business of The Western Cloak and Suit Co. is situate at No. 117 Grant Avenue in the said City and County of San Francisco.

That I am the sole owner of the said business known as The Western Cloak and Suit Co., and I am interested therein; that my name in full and my place of residence is as follows: SAM. SPIELLER, No. 5 Hollis Street, San Francisco, Cal.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 11th day of August, 1916.

SAM. SPIELLER.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 11th day of August in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixteen before me, L. H. CONDON, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared SAM. SPIELLER, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

L. H. CONDON,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
(My commission expires January 9, 1919.)
Endorsed: Filed Aug. 12, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,

Attorney at Law,

1003 Phelan Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

8-19-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF RICHARD CORBETT, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664 OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 18,313; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of RICHARD CORBETT, Deceased.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, and each and every and all persons named or not named, having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased:

You, and each of you are hereby notified that Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, the petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this Court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit, the estate of Richard Corbett, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things, that they are the heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased disappeared prior to the first day of December, 1907, and that by a judgment duly given and made by said Court on the 5th day of January, 1915, the said deceased was declared dead, and that said deceased died intestate; that the said deceased was then and there a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State, consisting wholly of money, and that said estate now consists of money solely;

That a petition for Letters of Administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 18th day of December, 1914, filed in the above entitled Court by M. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco;

That thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was, by a judgment of said Court, duly given and made, on the 5th day of January, 1915, appointed Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased; that thereafter, to wit, on the said 5th day of January, 1915, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such Administrator, and Letters of Administration were duly issued to him under the seal of said Court, by the Clerk of said Court; that thereafter, and on the 6th day of February, 1915, said M. J. Hynes, Administrator of said estate, died;

That a petition for Letters of Administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 24th day of February, 1915, filed in the above entitled Court, by W. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco;

That thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, that the said W. J. Hynes was, by a judgment of said Court, duly given and made on the 11th day of March, 1915, appointed Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased; and that thereafter, to wit, on the said 11th day of March, 1915, said W. J. Hynes qualified as such Administrator and Letters of Administration were duly issued to him under the seal of said Court by the Clerk of said Court, and that the said W. J. Hynes ever since has been, and now is, the duly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator of the estate of said deceased;

That the said order and decree of the said Court appointing the said W. J. Hynes Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect, and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of Letters of Administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made;

That the said Richard Corbett, deceased, died intestate, leaving him surviving no grand-father or grand-mother, no father or mother, no wife, child or descendants of any child or children, no brothers or sisters, and that said petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the whole of the said estate of said deceased;

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate, and that the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof, so far as known to said petitioners;

And that these petitioners pray the said Court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made; that the Court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the Court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said Court in the matter of the said estate in response to said Court and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of said Court in the matter of said estate and in the Register of Proceedings in Estates of said Court in the matter of said estate, and directing that, in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid, then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said Court for not appearing as aforesaid, and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid, to show cause and exhibit to said Court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, as provided by Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California;

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition, the said Court, on the 22nd day of August, 1916, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate of Richard Corbett, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said Court as hereinafter specified, and that by said order the Court fixed Tuesday, the 5th day of December, 1916, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein,

NOW, THEREFORE, you, and each of you herein above named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have, or claim, any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the Courtroom

thereof, in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 5th day of December, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the Court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having, or claiming, an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said Richard Corbett deceased;

And that you, and each of you, and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said Court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said Court in the matter of the said estate and in the Register of the Proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said Court, and that each and every, all and singular, the persons who appear as aforesaid, show cause, as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, to the said Court in the matter of the said estate, by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California;

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said Court in the matter of the said estate, and in the Register of Proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said Court for not appearing as aforesaid;

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause, as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, to the said Court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate, as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate to the said Court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California specified;

That the said Court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS, the Honorable George H. Cabaniss, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk of said Court,
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

EUGENE W. LEVY, Attorney for Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, Room 560 Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California. 8-26-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75,177; Dept. No. 4.

HELENA HORSTMANN, Plaintiff, versus CONRAD HORSTMANN, also known as CHARLES HORSTMANN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CONRAD HORSTMANN, also known as CHARLES HORSTMANN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's habitual intemperance and of Defendant's failure to provide Plaintiff the necessities of life; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD, Attorney for Plaintiff, 1003 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco. 7-29-10

Saphedde—That girl can't take a joke.

Flubdub—Can't? Why, I thought she was engaged to you.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRED W. SIMONTON, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of FRED W. SIMONTON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at the office of Charles A. Lee, 615 Hobart Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRED W. SIMONTON, deceased.

GEO. W. SIMONTON, Administrator of the estate of Fred W. Simonton, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 12, 1916.

CHARLES A. LEE, Attorney for Administrator, 615 Hobart Building, San Francisco, Cal.

8-12-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 74925; Dept. No. 4.

HENRY HAINS, Plaintiff, vs. GABRIELLE HAINS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GABRIELLE HAINS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3rd day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ERNEST PAGNUELO, Attorney for Plaintiff, 110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 8-12-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10; No. 75525.

ANITA WARREN PATTERSON, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM PATTERSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM PATTERSON, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of August, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By F. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON, Attorney for Plaintiff, 423 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-19-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIUS LOEVY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of JULIUS LOEVY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Wm. Loewy & Walter Loewy, Number 201 Sansome Street, Room 507, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JULIUS LOEVY, deceased.

BRUNO I. LOEVY, Administrator of the estate of Julius Loewy, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 19, 1916.

WM. LOEWY & WALTER LOEWY, Attorneys for Administrator, 201 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal. 8-19-5

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—If this is not a bull market, it is the best imitation of one that was ever seen. Steel is selling at the highest price on record, and it looks as though it had only just started. Every day the market broadens. Crop conditions are ignored. It is argued that the advance in price will give the farmer as much money as he got from last year's bumper crop. Railroads lag, and they should. They are going to get the worst of it. The feeling is general that the eight-hour law will be conceded, perhaps with reservations, but until rates are advanced it means a big loss to the operating companies. When the market starts like this, and the public are coming back daily there is no telling where it will go, and this market is founded more on fact than the last. With steel earning in the neighborhood of \$40 a share on its stock, it ought to sell much higher. Last year locomotive was a guess, as they have shown big earnings which warrant the stock selling where it is or higher. Baldwin and Crucible are following, and if they come out with statements such as are hoped for, they will have a right to participate on merit in this rise. We used to write about Norfolk when it was down around 105 to 110, and kept harping on this because we knew that value was back of it. We are talking the same way about Hide and Leather preferred. Let any one analyze their last report, and it is easy to see that this company on merit should be selling many points higher. If they earn only a portion of what they are earning now, through the operation of their sinking fund and their enormous deterrent assets, their bonds would be retired at maturity and the preferred stock a first lien on all the property. They can easily pay 7 per cent and do this. Later on when this stock is selling many points higher, as we expect it to do, it will be more popular.

Wheat continued its upward trend and prices at the close of the week are the highest on the crop. A private statistician estimated the spring and winter wheat production of the United States at 596,000,000 bushels, which is 24,000,000 bushels less than requirements. The most disturbing feature in the situation is that the small carry-over is utterly inadequate to supply the wants of the importing countries of Europe. They are almost entirely dependent upon the United States and Canada, for the other surplus Nations which in ordinary times might make good in a normal season of scarcity in North America, cannot command the transportation facilities that ordinarily could be depended upon. Two or three million bushels per week is about all the wheat they could ship, using all their efforts to get vessels, and there is no probability or reason to suppose that more tonnage can be secured during the present crop year than that just passed. The grain trade of the world has never before been confronted with such conditions. It is an altogether new experience,

and the only thing certain in connection with it is that there is a great shortage of food supplies of all kinds. To aggravate the situation, Canada is threatened with an even more serious crop failure than is the United States. The Canadian crop is suffering from black rust, the same as did our Dakotas, and at the present time they are up against another crop destroyer; namely, frost. Almost every day last week frost was reported from some part of the Canadian Northwest, but the extent of this damage cannot be determined until after threshing time. We feel very friendly to wheat, and believe that sensationally high prices will be seen before another crop is harvested.

Corn was the strongest cereal on the list. Some large traders who believe that rains came too late to benefit the corn greatly in some localities, were quite heavy buyers, and succeeded in causing a substantial rise. There is some demand for cash corn all the time, but on account of the scarcity of the cash article the purchases are necessarily of small proportions. Since the reater part of the corn belt outside of the Southwestern districts has been visited by fairly well distributed rains, we believe that prices of the new crop futures have about discounted the damage and are of the opinion that on the upturns they are a sale.

Cotton—During the week the market has fluctuated within a range of about 30 points. Bull side was helped by continuation of dry weather in Texas and Oklahoma, and the report of a crop reporting agency making the condition of 69.8 which is absurdly low. The temper of the trade has been bullish, and local operators generally have leaned to that side. Very little speculation has come from the South, most of the orders from that section were in the shape of a few hedge sales from spot firms. Evidently they think prices too high or do not believe the crop will be as short as local bulls predict. The recent Liverpool strength has been due to an advance in freight rates, necessitating a widening of differences between our market and theirs. Crop in the Eastern belt shows some improvement. Weather conditions, since the last Government report, have been all that could be desired, and complaints have ceased. Oklahoma has been the chief sufferer, but it is noticeable that although it has been dry, the temperatures have not been high for any length of time, consequently shedding has not been very great. The Government made the condition in that State last month 84 vs. 69 same time last year, so it is will be seen that notwithstanding some deterioration, it still has excellent prospects for a good yield, especially when we figure on the increased acreage. Arkansas and Texas were also in better shape on July 25th than that time last year, and deterioration in those State has certainly not been greater than in former years. As we stated in our last week's letter, until we are

more fully assured of a small crop, we advise against becoming too enthusiastically bullish around the 14½-cent level. This price discounts a great many bullish features.

Nipp—That fellow Bighedde is generally disliked.

Tuck—Yes, but his own opinion of himself brings the average pretty well up.

Clara—Is she satisfied with her divorce suit?

Bella—Yes; she wouldn't have it altered for the world.

BYRNE & McDONNELL

MEMBERS:

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San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange
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HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, S. W. Corner
Haight and Belvedere

JUNE 30TH, 1916:

Assets	\$63,811,228.81
Deposits	60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
Number of Depositors	68,062

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock
P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and
Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8
o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1916, a
dividend to depositors of 4% per annum was
declared.

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MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

NOTICE OF TRUSTEES' SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

WHEREAS in accordance with the terms and under the authority of a certain deed of trust executed and delivered by John L. Polito, the party of the first part, to W. E. Palmer and Fred E. Palmer, as trustees, the parties of the second part, and M. D. Merritt, the party of the third part, dated the 27th day of May, 1915, and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 5th day of June, 1915, in Liber 871 of Deeds (new series) at page 244, which deed of trust was given to secure the payment of a certain promissory note for the sum of Five hundred dollars (\$500.00) of even date therewith, executed and delivered by said party of the first part to the party of the third part and which promissory note together with all the interests of said party of the third part in said deed of trust was subsequent to said 27th day of May, 1915, and prior to the date of this notice for value received sold and assigned to A. M. Palmer and said A. M. Palmer being now the owner and holder of said promissory note mentioned in and secured by said deed of trust, the said A. M. Palmer as the owner and holder of said promissory note has by written declaration and demand declared that default has been made by the party of the first part in the payment of the principal sum named in said promissory note, to-wit, the sum of Five hundred dollars (\$500.00) and in the payment of the interest thereon at the rate of twelve per cent (12%) per annum according to its terms from date thereof until paid, said interest having been paid to the 27th day of January, 1916, and has demanded that the undersigned, trustees as aforesaid, sell the real property described in said deed of trust and hereinafter described to pay and satisfy the amount due and unpaid upon said promissory note, together with the expenses of sale and the expenses of the trust;

AND WHEREAS default has been made by said John L. Polito in the payment of said promissory note and of the interest thereon since the 27th day of January, 1916, and no part of the principal sum of said promissory note has been paid;

Now the said W. E. Palmer and Fred E. Palmer, as trustees as aforesaid, hereby give notice that on Tuesday, the 19th day of September, 1916, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon at the real estate office of G. H. Umben & Co. at No. 20 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and under and pursuant to the terms and conditions of said deed of trust and of said written declaration and demand they will sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder for cash in Gold Coin of the United States that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Orizaba Avenue, distant thereon two hundred seventy-five (275) feet northerly from the northerly line of Garfield Street, running thence northerly and along said westerly line of Orizaba Avenue seventy-five (75) feet, thence at a right angle westerly one hundred (100) feet, thence at a right angle southerly seventy-five (75) feet, thence at a right angle easterly one hundred (100) feet to the westerly line of Orizaba Avenue and the point of commencement;

Being Lots 35, 36, 37, Block 57, City Land Association.

Terms of sale: Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, ten per cent (10%) payable to the undersigned at the fall of the hammer and conclusion of sale, balance upon the delivery of the deed. If balance is not so paid said ten per cent (10%) shall be forfeited and the sale shall be void. Said real property will be offered for sale in one parcel and the holder or holders of said promissory note secured by said deed of trust, his or their, agent or assigns may bid and purchase at said sale.

Dated, August 9th, 1916.

W. E. PALMER,
FRED E. PALMER,
Trustees.

JOHN RALPH WILSON,
Attorney for Trustees,
Room 709, 57 Post St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

8-19-5

CERTIFICATE OF S. S. SCHEPPS AND GEORGE L. FURST, DOING BUSINESS AS VIRGINIA STUDIO

No. 2811.

(Ten cent documentary revenue stamp cancelled.)

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned, S. S. SCHEPPS and GEORGE L. FURST, are transacting a general Art business in this State, under the name of VIRGINIA STUDIO; that their principal place of business is in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that they are now conducting said business in the premises generally known and designated as Number 128 Post Street, in said City, County and State aforesaid; that they are the sole owners of said business; that their full names are S. S. SCHEPPS, who resides at No. 704 Bush Street, and GEORGE L. FURST, who resides at No. 704 Bush Street, both in said City and County and State, aforesaid.

S. S. SCHEPPS,
GEORGE L. FURST.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco.—ss.

On this 8th day of August, 1916, before me, J. D. BROWN, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared S. S. SCHEPPS and GEORGE L. FURST, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) J. D. BROWN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed August 9, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY W. DINKELSPIEL,
Attorney for said Virginia Studio,
802-6 Claus Spreckels Building,
San Francisco, California.

8-19-5

CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned MAX LEUTHOLDT and OTTO DUDZECK, both of whom are residents of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, are partners and as such partners constitute a partnership transacting business in this State under the firm name of M. LEUTHOLDT & CO.; that the principal place of business of said partnership is in the said City and County of San Francisco, and that the above mentioned names are the names in full of all of the members of the said partnership.

Dated, San Francisco, August 12, 1916.

MAX LEUTHOLDT,
OTTO DUDZECK.

S. JOSEPH THEISEN,
Attorney for Partnership,
Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

8-19-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 9798; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, Deceased.

SARAH A. JACOBS, the Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, deceased, having filed therein her verified petition praying for an order of sale of the Real Estate of said deceased for the purpose herein set forth:

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said Estate of said deceased appear before the above entitled Court and Department on Wednesday, the 20th day of September, 1916, at Ten (10) A. M. on said day at the Court-Room of said Court, in the New City Hall on the West side of Polk, between McAllister and Grove Streets, San Francisco, California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administratrix and Petitioner to sell the Real Estate of said deceased at a private sale, or so much thereof as shall be necessary.

It is further ordered and directed that a copy of this order shall be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOS. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated this 14th day of August, 1916.

MARSHALL NUCKOLLS,
Attorney for Administratrix,
417 Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, California.

8-19-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75045; Dept. No. 3.

BECKIE DROY, Plaintiff, vs. SAM DROY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: SAM DROY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10, Probate; No. 15132.

In the Matter of the Estate of MAURICE HAYES, Deceased.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE. ROSE HAYES, deceased, having presented her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Thursday, the 14th day of September, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10 Probate of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at the City Hall, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executrix, CATHERINE TIETJEN, directing her to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, within a time to be specified by this Court, as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County; or personally served as provided in section 1539 of the Code of Civil Procedure of California.

Dated, August 3rd, A. D. 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.
Presented by E. J. MIZE,
Attorney for Petitioner,
96 Bernal Avenue,
San Francisco, California.

8-12-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE

In the Superior Court of the County of Alameda, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM QUINLISK, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to an order of the Superior Court of the County of Alameda, State of California, duly given and made and entered therein on the 31st day of July, 1916, in the above entitled matter, the undersigned, Administratrix of the estate of said decedent, will, on or after Monday, the 28th day of August, 1916, sell at private sale to the highest bidder upon the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned, subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, all the right, title, interest and estate which the above named decedent had at the time of his death, as well as all the right, title, interest and estate which has by operation of law or otherwise accrued to the estate of said decedent since the time of his death, in and to the following described real property, to-wit:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the western line of Adeline Street distant thereon twenty-six (26) feet northerly from the northern line of Twenty-second Street; and running thence northerly along said line of Adeline Street fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles westerly one hundred and three (103) feet; thence at right angles southerly fifty (50) feet; thence at right angles easterly one hundred and three (103) feet to the place of beginning.

Being a portion of Block No. 631 as the same is delineated and so designated on a plat entitled "Map of Adeline Lots, being redivision of Blocks 630 and 631, City of Oakland," filed on November 29th, 1875, in the County Recorder's Office of said Alameda County.

2nd. All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the point of intersection of the northerly line of Palmetto Avenue with the westerly line of Bright Street; running thence westerly along said northerly line of Palmetto Avenue twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles easterly twenty-five (25) feet to the westerly line of Bright Street; thence southerly along said line of Bright Street one hundred (100) feet to the northerly line of Palmetto Avenue and the point of commencement.

Being Lot No. 1 in Block No. 51, City Land Association, being also known as Lot No. 13 in New Block 7135.

Terms and conditions of sale are as follows: Cash gold coin of the United States, ten per cent (10%) of the purchase price payable at time of acceptance of bid, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court; deeds and instruments of title at expense of purchaser. All bids or offers must be in writing and may be delivered to the undersigned Administratrix personally, or left at the office of her attorneys, Messrs. McDonald & Kennedy, Room 608 Oakland Bank of Savings Building, Oakland, Alameda County, California, or may be filed in the office of the clerk of said Court above named at any time before the making of said sale of said property.

Dated at Oakland, California, this 12th day of August, 1916.

MARY SULLIVAN,
Administratrix of the Estate of William Quinlisk,
deceased.

McDONALD & KENNEDY,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
Room 608 Oakland Bank of Savings Building,
Oakland, Alameda County, California.

8-12-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RETTA J. BIRD, deceased.—No. 21159, N. S.; Dept. 10 Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of RETTA J. BIRD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Joseph Slye, Esq., Room 1003 Phelan Building, 760 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of RETTA J. BIRD, deceased.

L. H. CONDON,

Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Retta J. Bird, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 5th, 1916.

JOSEPH SLYE, ESQ.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
1003 Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

8-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRANKLIN K. BARTHEL, Deceased.—No. 21294; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of FRANKLIN K. BARTHEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the office of her attorney, E. B. Power, Room 1212 Humboldt Bank Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRANKLIN K. BARTHEL, deceased.

KATHERINE BARTHEL,
Executrix of the last will and testament of
Franklin K. Barthel, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 19, 1916.

E. B. POWER,
Attorney for Executrix,
1212 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

8-19-5

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THE LANTERN



Edited by THEODORE F. BONNET and EDWARD F. O'DAY

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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IN THIS ISSUE:

Winding Up the War

The Barnum of the Pulpit

The Crimes of Mock Modesty

A Sensational Sunday Sermon

The White House Transcendentalist

The Absurd Idea of Racial Supremacy

San Francisco Discovers Will Crocker

American Authors Discovered in London

John Hebron, a Youth of Eighty-Eight Years

Read The August Lantern

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVIII

San Francisco, September 2, 1916

No. 1254

Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

The White House Transcendentalist

In President Wilson's philosophy the eight hour question is not arbitrable because "society has determined that an eight-hour day is the only rational day." When and where society so determined Mr. Wilson has not informed us, and though he is a man of extraordinary veracity the railroad magnates do not regard his assertion as something in the nature of a credendum. Perhaps these incorrigible and unimaginative individuals are mindful of the fact that we are in the midst of a political campaign. Maybe they do not appreciate our President's spiritual gifts. The fact is of course that Mr. Wilson belongs to the cult of transcendentalism. In other words he is one of those mystical philosophers who scorn to think from the data of the senses, whose thoughts are the only realities, whose intuitions are assumed to be facts. Read Emerson in his essay on *The Transcendentalist* and you will get a perfect picture of President Wilson and learn how easy it was for him to persuade himself that society had finally and conclusively passed on the question of the eight-hour day. But be warned that the essay will alarm you, so perfectly does it appear to be illustrated by the gentleman who is now at the helm of the ship of state. Yet much will depend on your own order of mind. You may be inclined to accept our President as a transcendentalist and to hail him as a mystic capable of interpreting accurately the complex mind of "society." Doubtless there are men ready to embrace the theory that society has the power of arbitrarily fixing the length of a workday in a workaday world, men who may be induced by a Wilson to lament the inefficiency of God in neglecting to interlard the week with Sabbaths. But they will not be found among those dull materialists, the railroad magnates, who make the absurd point that even conceding the irrationality of a day longer than eight hours it does not follow that compensation should be fixed on a ten-hour basis. How do they know? Only a transcendentalist is able to tell us beyond peradventure precisely what does follow in any event. For the transcendentalist has intuitions; not only has them but compels them, and for his purpose they are rock-ribbed facts.

War Despatches That Pay

The starving people of Poland have not yet received assistance from the American Relief Commission, the reason being that the British Government has refused to let any supplies through the naval

blockade owing to the refusal of the German Government to comply with certain conditions demanded in England on the theory that otherwise the food will be used for the relief of the Germans. This being the theory the British Government holds the German Government responsible for the failure of the commission and so charges in a press despatch which provoked the Hon. William R. Hearst to comment thus: "There may be something to be gained by this flood of falsehoods now pouring over the ocean cables, but we doubt it." With respect to some of the falsehoods that have poured over the ocean cables it is quite possible that Mr. Hearst is free from doubt. As to ourselves we never had any doubt at all. In the absence of any other hypothesis we assumed that the gain was great and that the sum was agreed upon before the falsehoods were published. All the profits of this great war have not gone to the manufacturers of munitions. Immense fortunes have been spent for ammunition of the intellectual variety, which was never threatened with an embargo, and it would be impossible to calculate the waste.

On Telling Secrets

We are told that our dynamiters kept their secrets wonderfully well. Fortunately they did not. Nobody keeps a secret, but some are greater blabbers than others. Even reticent people with a secret have only one object in life—finding for it a fit depository. The average man with a secret spends his time telling everybody. It is sometimes very indiscreet to tell our own secrets, but even these are tattled to the world. Men will tell secrets that injure their own reputation, and as to criminals they find gratification in telling secrets that involve them in the meshes of the law. Mooney, the dynamiter, penned his secrets, sent them through the mails and kept them in a book. How many men have kept diaries in which they confessed the most disgraceful doings and shameful thoughts! This is what Pepys did. Yet Pepys was a politician, and it is very important for politicians to keep secrets. Once upon a time the sons of statesmen were trained to keep secrets. Secrecy, indeed, is one of the leading arts of government and of politics. Men become prominent in politics because of a cultivated reticence, while others are excluded for no other reason than their natural desire to give circulation to their intimacies. The only secret that is not divulged is one that nobody cares to hear, and the most faithful keeper of a secret is one who does not regard it as a secret. How far a wife is entitled to the secrets of her husband is an old question which some folk answer according to Montaigne's

view, that as a man and his wife are one there can be no breach of fidelity in telling a friend's secret to one's wife. Sir Philip Sidney had another and quite different view of the matter: "What is mine, even to my life, is hers I love, but the secret of my friend is not mine." A noble sentiment this, but it is well to remember that a secret is humanly of value only as a thing to be told, and that notwithstanding the most solemn obligations to secrecy the epigrammatist was not merely a cynic who remarked that the best way to spread news is to tell it as a secret to one's friend.

The Crimes of Mock- Modesty

Saving the war itself no topic is more widely discussed in the London press of the day than the efforts which a royal commission is making to check the spread of venereal diseases. Is it not a humiliating commentary on this country that here the topic is tabu? What a vile hypocrisy is this which shuts its eyes to an evil that every year causes the death of many thousands of children before they are twelve months old and at the same time makes birth control the subject of free discussion in forums where reputable women foregather to catch the poisonous drippings of a Margaret Sanger. These reputable women who would be shocked to read about the calamities that flow from prostitution are glad to go slumming in the pages of a Sanger pamphlet. Of course they wish us to understand that they are not personally interested in the facilities on which Mrs. Sanger is shedding light. Ostensibly nothing but zeal for the welfare of the poor is the source of their curiosity. Now apparently the poor are hopelessly apathetic so far as birth control is concerned. But is it not more to the general interest to take cognizance of the fact that free trade in certain diseases, that has continued for generations, has become a phase of malignant war which, according to such eminent scientists as Sir Rickman J. Godlee and Sir John Collie, imperils a nation's health and future? Syphilis, says the London *Saturday Review*, takes rank as the fourth of the killing maladies. Its far-reaching and deadly effects and after-effects are comparable with those of war itself, and they last infinitely longer. A peace of exhaustion never comes to them. Year after year they kill a large proportion of the 100,000 children who die in England and Wales before they are twelve months old; and in the tragedy of still-birth, the after effects of venereal diseases are even more active. They cause about one-third of the infantile blindness and deafness, so that their evils are transmitted with a scaring frequency to the cradled innocence of each new generation.

And it is they, again, that produce the most serious affections of the nervous system. Hitherto the people of England, like the people of this country, have been misled by the national custom of declining to see unpleasant things in focus and by the Puritans of the Josephus Daniels and Dr. Aked type who have argued that vice would be encouraged if it could be freed from danger. In England this inhuman idea is no longer suasive; nor are the public journals any longer reluctant to discuss unpleasant subjects of vital importance. Now that a royal commission has made a report the people have come to the conclusion that infant life has been too long penalized by mock-modesty.

Nowadays nobody ever hears of T. De Witt Talmage. Yet **A Barnum of the Pulpit** not twenty years have passed since he was called to his fathers. A book reminds us of him, an autobiography worth reading as an antidote for pessimism. Talmage was the world's most popular preacher. His was a career of mammoth prosperity, his autobiography is a record of seventy years of colossal commonplace, of stupendous advertisements and material success. Talmage was a spiritual Barnum who wallowed in popularity. A Pullman-car evangelist, he made from \$500 to \$1,000 for every lecture; a syndicate circulated his sermons weekly in several languages among 180,000,000 people; the world was his audience; he boasted that his name had become a symbol of the gospel message; when he toured the globe an admirer described the trip as a walk among his congregation; crowned heads vied with one another to present him with gold tea-services; in his time he built four tabernacles, as he called them, to keep up the Hebraic illusion; but today not one of his utterances is preserved. He never uttered a thought that anybody cared to remember. Dictionaries of quotation are full of the rhetoric of Henry Ward Beecher, but they do not mention T. De Witt Talmage, the most successful of all clerical Philistines. Now there are minor Talmages scattered all over the country, and by reflecting on the career of the great Presbyterian divine we may be able to make a pretty good estimate of their importance. Years ago the late Lord Salisbury remarked of Talmage: "There has not been such a man for three hundred years, and Providence will be very hard on us if there is such a man again for three hundred years more." Providence has not been neglecting our sins. The Akeds and Billy Sundays, exponents of spiritual spread-eagleism, recur regularly for there is a demand for them wherever there is a Martin Chuzzlewit atmosphere. From the Talmage autobiography we learn that though he never uttered a thought worth preserving he abounded in the highfalutin flubdub with which our low-brow exhorters are still thrilling their susceptible hearer. For Talmage was a prohibitionist who complained of our "terrific national

carnalism." Like San Francisco of this generation Brooklyn with two hundred and seventy-six churches was "intolerably wicked." Moreover the "infamy of politics was broad and wide" and "a paradise of pleasure was the ideal of a spoiled and pampered nation which self-rule has corrupted," and which tolerated "flirtation, theatre-going and prize-fights." Thus we see one may become almost optimistic by dwelling on sentiments that ravaged a former generation.

The Absurd Idea of Racial Supremacy

Some of the ninety-three German savants and artists who signed the famous *Appeal to the Civilized World* issued in August, 1914, are now saying that it "reflected the excitement of the first weeks of the war." They would like to have it regarded now as an "emotional declaration," and, according to Professor Planck of the University of Berlin, at any rate it is clear they "cannot be held responsible for the individual acts of all the Germans." He goes on to say that it is impossible to estimate "accurately and finally the grave historical problems in which we are implicated today." None of this is to be gained. It is a plain statement of the obvious. Responsibility for individual German acts rests on Germany itself, and so does responsibility for the general conduct of the war and for the principles on which it is waged. In a measure the catastrophe may be attributed to a German idea of which the world had no conception, no suspicion. It is the super-racial idea of inherent Germanic supremacy, differing distinctly from the common notion embodied in jingoism and chauvinism. The idea of race supremacy goes back to the eighteenth century, when its earliest exponent Count de Boullanvilliers, a Frenchman, was writing flubdub in defense of feudalism. He argued that France owed all her achievements to the non-Latin elements of her population—in other words, to a German aristocracy. This theory was embraced by German philosophers who, lacking a sense of humor, took it seriously. Such scholars as Herder, Hegel and Fichte encouraged pride of race among central Europeans. In 1830 Germinius described the Germans as direct inheritors of Greek culture. In 1852 we find it argued that in the Germans was contained the last reserve of Aryan power and energy. After the Franco-Prussian war the theory was expounded again, and finally we find Richard Wagner working out a theory of culture and race. He endowed the Northern European peoples with all creative force, saddled them with responsibility for all culture and civilization. While admitting the importance of inbreeding he tested a people's race by their taste in music, literature and philosophy rather than by the measurement of skulls. All this will strike the average man as very absurd, but the fact is it has been considered with great soberness not only by German philosophers but by Frenchmen. The one thing that has been

common to every apostle of the faith is the condition of mind defined by one of its earliest exponents, Count de Gobineau: "Hatred of democracy and of its instrument revolution." He predicted that the "entire destruction of human civilization must result from the adulteration of German blood." What the effect of all this teaching has been we learn from recent German publications. The pride of race is to be glimpsed in Bernhardi with his new morality of militarism that out-Nicks old Machiavelli. It is to be glimpsed again in the correspondence of the German diplomats who were enraged by the stupidity of Americans. Of late we find Germans in this country repudiating the idea of Germanic supremacy, or rather denying that the idea is prevalent in Germany or responsible for what people have come to resent as German arrogance. To many of them the thing is incredible, yet every little while some German professor comes to the front to show us that the ideas that make for ruthlessness are far from extinct in German universities. Here for instance is Professor von Stengel, of the chair of international law in the University of Munich, who is not to be persuaded that repudiation of the German idea is expedient even now. He has made a reply to a letter of inquiry from the Dutch Pacific League which is in the fine old style. "The nations, and especially the neutral nations," he writes, "have only one means of leading a profitable existence. It is to submit to our guidance, which is superior from every point of view." You see, Professor von Stengel is quite frank. He adds:

The whole course of the war up to the present has shown that we Germans have been chosen by Providence from among all the other peoples to march at the head of all civilized nations and lead them under our protection toward assured peace. For we have not only the power and force necessary for this mission, but we also possess all the spiritual gifts to the highest degree, and in all creation it is we who constitute the crown of civilization.

Now it is not to be said that the mass of the German people share the views of this professor. The only criticism to be made of the German people is that they cannot understand why the Allies do not quit fighting. Of course if the German masses believed as their professors teach there would be nothing for the Allies to do but to go on with the war until disbelief in racial supremacy was well established in central Europe. This German idea is a very mischievous one, and though it is not held by the masses it appears to be strong enough among the intellectuals and militarists to justify uneasiness in Europe. In the circumstance it would be well for Professor Planck and those of his associates who regret their early "emotional declaration" to write another appeal and address it, not to the civilized world but to the preachers of racial supremacy, urging them to come down from the clouds and study Raemaeker's cartoons with a view to cultivating a sense of humor.

Varied Types

296—JOHN A. HEBRON

By Edward F. O'Day

Eighty-eight years young is John A. Hebron of Salinas. With head erect and steady feet, with a genial twinkle in his eye and a humorous pucker to his mouth, with a mind clear as crystal, a memory that embraces all of his eventful past and a gift of anecdote that sets his hearers in a roar the "grand old man" of Monterey county is marching rapidly to the finger post which proclaims four score and ten completed years on the highway of life. The "grand old man?" I beg John Hebron's pardon. This veteran of eighty-eight summers is a grand young man, and will carry a youthful heart to the end of the chapter!

If you used to attend Republican State conventions in the good old days before the direct primary muddled our politics and disorganized our parties, you remember the big slouch hat and the gray beard of John A. Hebron. An honored man in the councils of Californian Republicanism was John A. Hebron—honored for his speckless integrity, for his ripe wisdom, for his broad outlook upon political prospects, for his bold fighting spirit. The direct primary has changed many things political. The old machinery of party government has been taken apart and reconstructed on a different pattern. But men remain the same. Men are neither better nor worse today than they were in the heyday of convention methods. And the new leaders of the Republican party—to their credit be it said—show the same honor to John A. Hebron which was his due in other years. Like the venerable men whom Webster apostrophized he has come down to us from a former generation, and the present generation not only honors him but loves him.

A few weeks ago I saw this youthful great-grandfather of eighty-eight leading a cavalcade of cowboys and cowgirls to the old race course at Salinas. The occasion was the greatest rodeo in California history, and as became his position as the oldest ranchero of the cattle country, John A. Hebron headed the gay procession of ropers, broncho busters and bull-doggers. Booted and spurred, wearing his favorite slouch hat, with a colored neckerchief streaming in the breeze, John Hebron sat his big mare as easily as the youngest cowboy of them all. And it must have warmed his big heart to hear the acclaiming yell which was let loose from the leathern lungs of the cowpunchers as he drew rein and allowed the great cavalcade to sweep past him to the corral.

Since that time I have seen John A. Hebron under very different conditions. It was a cold night in Salinas when Willis Booth's motor car stopped in front of the old Abbott House, and the candidate for the United States Senate was introduced to the crowd which had assembled to hear him speak. Booth was introduced—it goes without saying—by John A. Hebron. Somebody—it may have been Dom Pedro Zabala—expressed the fear that a man of eighty-eight might catch cold, speaking in that raw night air. But Hebron indignantly refused a proffered overcoat and stood up in the motor car to make one of the best introductions and one of the best Republican speeches ever heard in the Salinas Valley.

"I cast my first Republican vote for John C. Fremont in 1856," said Hebron, "and I voted for every Republican presidential candidate from that time until four years ago. Then for the first

time in her life my wife slept with a Democrat!"

The effect upon his hearers of this humorous reference to the disfranchisement of Californian Republicans in the last national election may easily be imagined.

When that meeting was over, one of Willis Booth's party remarked to Hebron that in his thoughts he always linked Hebron's name with the name of another stalwart of the old-time conventions.

"I know whom you mean," said Hebron. "You are thinking of my dear old friend Jake Neff."

"That's a good guess," was the answer; "but I was thinking of Barney Murphy of San Jose."

"Dear old Barney!" exclaimed Hebron. "May the Lord be good to him. He was a man among men, even if he was a Democrat!"

And furiously smoking a big black cigar, the boy of eighty-eight years led the way to the Abbott House bar where he tossed off with a toast and an appropriate joke two of Mine Host Lapierre's justly celebrated gin cocktails.

John A. Hebron was born on Aldgate street in the city of London in 1828. When just out of his teens he was appointed a member of the celebrated detective force of Scotland Yard. His standing in that force may be inferred from the fact that when the first of the great expositions was opened in the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park in 1851, John A. Hebron was chosen for the responsible task of guarding the persons of Queen Victoria and Prince-Consort Albert whenever they attended the fair.

"I shall never forget one day at the Crystal Palace," says Hebron. "It was a very special day, and the turnstiles showed that one hundred thousand people were within the walls of the Crystal Palace. I was standing near the entrance when a hubbub arose. The crowd pressed forward from all sides, cheering and waving hats. I made my way into the midst of the throng, and found that an elderly, rather infirm gentleman was the centre of attraction. I went to him immediately, and told him who I was. He was much relieved, for the unexpected ovation had unsettled him. He took my arm, and the police at my signal cleared a path for him through the crowd. Leaning on my arm he went about the Crystal Palace, inspecting all the exhibits of that wonderful exposition. That gentleman was the Duke of Wellington."

"And to think," continued Hebron, "that within a year after the Iron Duke took my arm in the Crystal Palace I was driving a mule team in Sonoma county!"

The lure of California gripped the Scotland Yard operative, so he crossed the ocean and the plains.

"I intended to make my fortune quickly and return to London," says Hebron. "But I am still in California."

Sonoma county was full of Southerners who brought with them to California all their strong pro-slavery ideas.

"It was because I heard them telling how they used to treat their slaves, especially female slaves," says Hebron, "that there was nothing for me to do except join the anti-slavery Republican party. It took some courage to be a Republican in those days. Every Republican was a 'black' Republican. Every Republican was considered to be just one remove from a horse thief. And they hanged horse thieves."

"My first experience in running for office was in 1860 when I ran for justice of the peace

in Petaluma. I was the Republican candidate. My Democratic opponent was a Southerner and an Irishman. He was covered with tobacco juice from his lips to his waist band, could not read or write, and his wife supported him by selling chickens and eggs. I didn't know at that time the difference between a political convention and a camp meeting, and I was the nominee for two days before I heard about it. You may imagine the result. But at least I have the distinction of having been a candidate on the same ticket with Abraham Lincoln."

It is many years since John A. Hebron left Sonoma county for the Salinas Valley. Perhaps some of the old-timers, if asked, would aver that Hebron was already there when Fremont raised the American flag and fortified himself on a peak of the Gabilans. For Hebron is so identified with the history of Monterey county and is so strongly intrenched in the affections of the oldest inhabitants that they refuse to think of a time when he was a newcomer.

Sometimes old age is not beautiful. Sometimes it is querulous. Sometimes it is impatient of the truth that youth will be served. Sometimes it is ungenerous. Even then old age is entitled to peculiar respect. But when old age is like the old age of John A. Hebron—when it is warm-hearted, good-humored, vivacious—when it stands for something besides the mere resistance of physical ills—then old age is beloved. John A. Hebron is not only a grand old man; he is a beloved old man.

Old age has the right to boast. John Hebron boasts, but the boast is characteristic. Listen to it:

"I am a member of the Salinas Lodge of Elks. So are two of my sons and five of my grandsons!"

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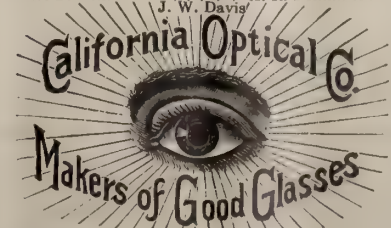
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Perspective Impressions

Here's to Governor Johnson. May the dear people never have cause to regret him!

The war has boosted the price of Bibles. That won't worry a lot of our pulpit pounders; they only read the newspapers.

Was is before or after he abandoned the one-term principle that Mr. Wilson decided to abandon the arbitration principle?

The arrest of Supervisor Andy Gallagher for violating the traffic rules was nothing less than lese majeste. We look to see the Labor Council pass a resolution against the sacrilegious copper who laid his hands on the holy person of our loudest alderman.

Don't call Dr. Aked back to San Francisco! Let the Chautauqua have him!

Josephus Daniels has written a letter telling what the Wilson Administration has done for the navy. What it has done to the navy is more important.

President Wilson has kept us out of everything but trouble.

Germany is forbidding the circulation of fashion magazines. This is a war measure of economy which many American husbands would favor in times of peace.

Thanks to the wonderful statesman at the head of affairs the Brotherhood of Trainmen may truthfully say to the dear pee-pul: "Heads I win, tails you lose."

Warning: It is not considered good form to revive "September Morn" jokes.

King Ferdinand of Bulgaria isn't quite so sure now that he put his bet on the right horse.

Last Monday Mr. Hearst gave us this classic gem: "We have bought for Mr. Wilson the votes of every mean little picayune peace-at-any-price pismire who mistakes the buzzing in his brainless skull for thinking." Isn't Willie a forceful writer?

Winding up the War

What the Allies Are Doing in the East, the Near East and in the West—The Secret of Verdun

By ROBERT McTAVISH

In the issue of August 12, in an article entitled "Where the Decision May Be Reached" I said that I was "firm in the belief that the decisive things are to be done in the East and the Near East." My belief has not been made to waver by recent happenings in the Balkans. In the first weeks of August Count Karolyi was heading a movement for a separation of the Hungarian troops from the Austrian troops in order to pave the way for a separate peace. Now that Rumania has entered the war it is too late for Hungary to sue for a separate peace unless she is willing to give up much valuable territory. In other words, something decisive has been done already, and the indications are that much more will be done presently. Things decisive have been done in the Far East, too, where the Sheriff of Mecca has forsworn allegiance to Constantinople. There was a time when there was talk of a separate peace with Turkey, but that time is passed unless Turkey may be willing to get out of Europe bag and baggage. The Ottoman Empire is approaching the wind-up. The next uprising of the Moslems will not be against the Christians of Europe. The probability now is that before long the Turks in Asia Minor will be unable to make connections with Constantinople, for the Grand Duke has been attending to that matter. Events are moving with great rapidity in the East and Near East, and if we hear any more talk of peace before the great catastrophe of the world drama, there will be no question of whether Germany is willing to give up Belgium. Right now there are many things that the Kaiser would be willing to give up. The great problem for him now is to keep open a certain line leading from the Central Empires to the East, and the prospect is not inspiring. To the Kaiser the decision of Rumania to enter the war was a crushing blow. Rumania, it may be remembered, astonished the military experts of Europe when she mobilized her army of 750,000 men for the Balkan war. It was the best equipped of all the armies of the Balkans.

As to the Western front the Kaiser will find no encouragement there. He appears to have suffered defeat at Verdun. The full significance of the battles there has been hard to apprehend. No wonder! Through the fog of war we have seen the vague outlines of massive

movements whose details form a pageantry the like of which the world has never seen before. These battles are greater and stranger than those of any other age. The battlefield, from first to last, has not much exceeded twenty miles; and over that ground the number of men placed temporarily or permanently out of action must approach three-quarters of a million. How many men have gone through the fiery ordeal of the battle area we can only guess; and our guesses must be so vague as to convey no very convincing picture to the mind. Every terrible device that science has put at the disposal of modern armies has come into play over that torn and ruined country. Jets of flame, clouds of gas, bombs, grenades, whistling, screaming, roaring, thundering shells have all had their part in this fearful struggle. Some observers have been so impressed by this side of the battle that they tend to conceive it in terms of mechanism. Yet through this blinding cloud of scientific device we cannot fail to see the workings of the human spirit. The Germans thought that no wrought thing could stand, and no human being live, in the inferno they let loose. They threw on to the French lines a hurricane of shells; but this, instead of extinguishing the courage of the French, merely fanned it to white heat. Verdun has been for France the seal of her patriotism. At the end of the first seven weeks the French said: "They shall not pass." The phrase became a creed. Now the Germans are saying the same thing at the Somme. But between Verdun and the Somme there is a difference. Verdun, from the French standpoint, was largely a matter of sentiment. In itself it is a small and not over important piece of territory. Militarily, it is of little immediate significance, and though it might ultimately necessitate a grave readjustment in the French line, there was no reason to think that the French staff would not continue to hold up to auction each yard of ground they yielded. Morally and politically, the effect upon Germany and the neutral world would be far different. Verdun would be taken for its implications—the power to seize even one of the most important Allied points d'appui in the west. If the Germans can seize this place, why not others? There was this misgiving. But one of the secrets of Verdun was the impression it would make

on the German armies. The defense of Verdun cannot be conceived apart from the general position of the war. We must remember that Joffre had the power of creating a diversion whenever he wished. If he did not do so, we can only reasonably conclude that he did not conceive it to be necessary. He used Verdun simply as an element of attrition. The disparity between the losses on the German and French side and the wastage of time are the cardinal factors of the Allies' plan.

But there is another side of Verdun. After Antwerp General Sarraill reconstructed the works at Verdun making them conform with the tactical developments of the day. He is said to have turned the terrain into the greatest military trap in history. It is now estimated that it has had a killing capacity of 750,000. After waiting a year the Germans entered the trap, and the trap was sprung. Of the nineteen permanent positions created by Sarraill only two have been captured.

There is still another secret. There is an important centre close to Verdun, not Paris, but Metz. Across the Woevre lies Metz, which may be reached down the Moselle from Pont-a-Mousson where behind cliffs great French guns manned by a big French garrison have slumbered for eighteen months. In reach of these guns, in the bowl of the Moselle, are twenty-five German forts. This is the big military reason of Verdun, the one topping all sentimental and economic reasons.

At Verdun the Germans captured 120 metres of territory in five months, pierced a twenty-mile front to a depth of five miles, but they failed to attain their objective though they lost over 500,000 men. In seven weeks on the Somme the Allies captured seventy square miles of territory, pierced a twenty-six mile front to a depth of eight miles and threaten the most vital bases on the Western front. The plan of the Allies in the West is not so much to

(Continued on Page 16.)

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The Spectator

A Sensational Sermon

It is one of the criticisms of the Catholic Church pulpit that it seldom does anything toward bringing firmer judgment and richer feeling to mundane activities. Catholics go to Mass to pray, to be spiritually edified and uplifted, never to be thrilled with a sensational sermon. Usually they are called upon to listen to an authentic exposition of the gospel, the pure light of which is not to be confounded by Catholics with the accidental rays by which it is sometimes colored and distorted. Hence it was that a sermon preached last Sunday at the church of the Paulist Fathers caused a lifting of the eyebrows. The preacher was Father Bradley, who is not to be described as sensational; not at all, but he is a young priest who does not concern himself exclusively with the eternal verities or the fundamental moralities of the Ten Commandments. These are sufficient for the average priest who realizes that much good may be done in the world without wandering far afield from the solid ground occupied by the original Paul of the epistles to Timothy and others. But with Father Bradley in the pulpit no critic will be justified in complaining that the Church is neglecting live topics of ephemeral interest. Father Bradley is down to the minute, as it were, like Dr. Aked. He is very modern, like the Rev. W. L. Sullivan of the Unitarian Church who was once a Paulist Father. Last Sunday he spoke as though he had taken a leaf out of the Rev. Dr. Lathrop's unwritten book on the perils of hotel life. It will be remembered that the little Episcopal preacher made some wild charges about the St. Francis Hotel, which he recanted when called upon to substantiate them. But Father Bradley was not at all specific. He talked vaguely of hotels that had red rooms and blue rooms and green rooms wherein vice is permitted to flaunt itself. I think if Father Bradley had his way he would put the lid on every hotel that has not the atmosphere of a monastery. In other words, I think he believes in the morality of direct action—not merely the morality of Thou Shalt Not, but the morality of I'll Not Let You.

The Prohibition Paradox

Father Bradley talked of other things that gave his congregation a thrill and a shock last Sunday. He talked of drink, which is a subject that is not unfamiliar in Catholic churches. There are many eminent preachers of temperance in the Catholic Church, but preachers of prohibition are quite rare. Never has the Vatican given its sanction to prohibition propaganda among civilized peoples. The Vatican respects the right of personal liberty. As to priests generally, they have no sympathy with a propaganda that has proved injurious to the temperance cause in this country. And as to Catholics generally they have not been deceived by the propaganda that tried to get an anti-Catholic resolution through the Prohibition National Convention. Now let me not be misunderstood. Father Bradley did not preach prohibition from the pulpit of the Paulist Fathers. He said he had no intention of advising people how to vote, but this statement may have seemed disingenuous inasmuch as he said also that people should not neglect the means of destroying the drink evil. Of course prohibition does not destroy the drink evil, but of this Father Bradley is doubtless unaware. It strikes one as a paradox to say that prohibition increases

the drink evil, since naturally one argues that if you prohibit the manufacture and sale of booze it follows that people have to quit drinking. Yet that the contrary is true is so easily demonstrated, is so obvious on investigation, that no informed intellectually honest man would question the fact for a moment. The truth is of course that prohibition destroys legitimate industry and makes illegitimate industry flourish. The truth also is that even the professional prohibitionists are not even trying to destroy booze. They are merely promoting the administration of it in the two hundred and eighty-seven nostrums by which it is disguised.

Cardinal Gibbons versus Father Bradley

I hope that before Father Bradley wanders from the gospel again he will seek the truth on prohibition from unbiased sources. I would assure him that taking it anywhere along the line from Westerville is hazardous. Meanwhile he might improve his mind on the general subject now at issue in this State by consulting Cardinal Gibbons on the subject. Cardinal Gibbons is not only a great prelate of the Church, he is also a great American, beloved by all true Americans for his beautiful character, and respected by them for his learning and his most precious common sense. Cardinal Gibbons, I take it, is well informed on the subject of prohibition; better informed, I fancy than Father Bradley, for the Cardinal has many reliable sources of information. His views are not hard to get. He has expressed them on many occasions. It was only the other day that he said: "I am strongly opposed to State-wide prohibition." Now with Cardinal Gibbons "strongly opposed to State-wide prohibition" what a waste of time for Father Bradley to be neglecting the gospel of a Sunday for the purpose of reinforcing the philosophy of an Aked! Surely the average Catholic knows the views of Cardinal Gibbons and surely between Cardinal Gibbons and Father Bradley the average Catholic would prefer to be guided in worldly affairs by the man of mature judgment rather than by one who is not yet sufficiently experienced to distrust the enthusiasms of intolerant and fanatical propagandists.

Bishop Conaty versus Father Bradley

Cardinal Gibbons argues the futility of prohibition from the history of the world, and being an old man he has probably read more history than has Father Bradley, who is a very young priest. Cardinal Gibbons objects to prohibition for several reasons; among others because "it interferes with personal liberty and rights and creates hypocrisy." In one of his sermons, speaking of the abuses of wines and liquors, he said that the tongue also leads to many abuses—to lying, misrepresentation, to quarrels and slander, to bloodshed and often even to murder. "But," he asks, "would we be justified in putting a padlock on our mouths because of the occasional misuse of the tongue?" Now the tongue is very grievously misused by prohibitionists, for they employ it in propaganda that leads to many evils as Father Bradley may learn by studying the effect of prohibition in neighboring communities. It makes every community that it sets by the ears a law-breaking community, a drunken community, a community of hypocrites and blind-pigs, and it leads to "quarrels and slander, to bloodshed and often even to murder." Now these are

terrible things to be implicated in, and the men who are responsible for misleading communities by misrepresentation have much to answer for. And so I think it very important that good men, men of the type of Father Bradley, should inform themselves before advising the wholesale destruction that would be wrought in California were it induced to compel widespread impoverishment in the interest of an unholy cause. Therefore I would refer him to Cardinal Gibbons and also to the report of the Committee of Fifty that made a scientific investigation of the subject, the committee of which the late Bishop Conaty of Los Angeles was a member. Here was a life-long advocate of temperance, a man who took the pledge of abstinence from his own mother when he first went to college, a pledge that he kept all his life. Bishop Conaty was opposed to the prohibition movement.

Will Crocker, Campaigner

The surprise of the primary fight was the campaigning ability developed, almost overnight, by William H. Crocker. Crocker made some of the most effective pro-Booth and anti-Johnson speeches of the contest. This banker who has suddenly plunged into politics is not an orator in any sense of the word, but he has plenty of things to say and he says them very effectively, barbing them with wit and speeding them to their mark with the best of good humor. It was a new Will Crocker the city discovered during August—a two-fisted fighter, a loyal party man, above all a surprisingly good mixer. I heard Crocker speak at the Booth rally in the Mission on the last day of the primary campaign. In common with a big audience I enjoyed his speech hugely; I am quite sure Crocker enjoyed making it. The fact is, this banker-philanthropist has found within himself an aptitude which he never dreamed

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was there, and no matter who or what you are, that is always a pleasant discovery. I met Crocker outside the National Hall at Sixteenth and Mission streets before the meeting started.

"Since I've been in politics," he said laughingly, "I find myself smoking a great many cigars. There seems to be a curious connection between cigars and politics."

And he trod a half-smoked Partages under foot before entering the hall.

His Irish Ancestry

When Crocker arose to speak he received an ovation which took him quite by surprise, though he might have been prepared for it after the warm greeting the crowd gave him at the Hughes meeting in the Civic Auditorium. Here is the way The Examiner referred to what happened:

"William H. Crocker also spoke. In the Mission the golfing banker is Irish. He said so, amid some snickering. Later he was at some pains to prove that he is a 100 per cent Hoosier by parentage."

I do not know the reason for this disagreeable remark, unless it be that the Crocker family was always friendly to the late Senator George Hearst. But what actually happened? In opening his speech Crocker said:

"I should not have the courage to appear before you tonight were it not that I am Irish."

This remark elicited a lot of good-natured laughter, and one man in the hall shouted, "So are we."

"Perhaps you think I am joking," continued Crocker. "I am—Irish."

After the meeting Will Crocker explained to me where his Irish blood came from.

"My great-great-grandmother," he said, "was an Irishwoman named Hannah O'Brien. Hannah O'Brien married four times. Her first husband was a Deming, and my wife is descended from that marriage. Her fourth husband was Isaac Crocker, and I am descended from that marriage. So my wife and I are both descended from the Irishwoman Hannah O'Brien."

Obviously this descent does not prevent Will Crocker from being a Hoosier.

A Speech from the Heart

Crocker did not tell the audience about Hannah O'Brien, but he related a good deal of his family history. This came about in the most natural manner in the world. And it deeply impressed his audience, as a heart-utterance is bound to do. Crocker read three very pertinent questions which he had addressed a number of times to Governor Johnson. They were inquiries as to how Johnson would stand with regard to a Republican President and the Republican platform in the event of his election to the Senate.

"So far," said Crocker, "Hiram has not answered these questions. Perhaps he is answering them in Oakland tonight, but I do not think it likely. His only reply has been to attack John D. Spreckels, Harrison Grey Otis, M. H. De Young, Joseph R. Knowland, Francis V. Keesling and William H. Crocker. He has called Keesling and me the political juggernaut. If you know what juggernaut really means you can imagine how I feel when I am called a juggernaut. He has also charged me with being an inheritor of Southern Pacific millions. I admit that I am the son of Charles Crocker."

And then Crocker became personal. He told how his father Charles Crocker had sold newspapers and oranges on the streets in the East. How he had earned his living from the age of twelve. How he went to Indiana and found work in a forge. How he saved enough money to travel to California, and how he opened a

dry goods store in Sacramento. How he saved his money till he had enough to go back to Mishawaka in Indiana and marry. How he had returned with his bride to Sacramento, and there with three other Sacramento merchants, Huntington, Hopkins and Stanford, conceived "the wild scheme" of building a railroad from Sacramento to Ogden.

"It was such a ridiculous scheme," said Crocker, "that it was called the Dutch Flat Swindle—but it was a success. So that is why I am what Hiram calls an inheritor of Southern Pacific millions. He says it out loud, but under his breath, so as not to be heard, he adds: 'I wish I had one of them.'"

The Discovery of Crocker

When the meeting was over a great many people were waiting for Crocker to tell him how much they liked his speech. They were all strangers. One of them was a woman who introduced herself as a former Sacramento girl.

"I went to school at Seventh and G streets," she told him.

"So did I," said Crocker. "I lived near there in the house under the willow tree. Who was your teacher?"

And for five minutes he swapped Sacramento reminiscences with his new acquaintance. It seems rather late in the day for the San Francisco public to be discovering Will Crocker, but that is about what has happened since he went as a delegate to the national convention and was made national committeeman. Perhaps all this is but the climax of a series of events which began with the disaster of 1906. To many of those who had not known before, 1906 showed what sort of stuff Will Crocker was made of. But Crocker is a man who has shunned the limelight, so the public as a whole was not acquainted with his achievements. They know Will Crocker in the Olympic Club, however. When the Olympic Club was in a hole figuratively and literally, Will Crocker was the man who helped it emerge. Not only did he contribute his own money to that end, but he took William F. Humphrey, the president of the club, to the president of the New York Life Insurance Company and saw to it that the New York Life loaned the money with which Humphrey and his associates worked such wonders. That is only one of the things Crocker did in the dark days of 1906. We all know, or should know, what he did, out of civic pride and sentimental regard, for the Palace Hotel. And we know what he tried to do in the matter of a municipal opera house. It may be said in all sober sincerity that one of the most promising signs for the improvement of local politics is the advent of Will Crocker in the arena where

he has been fighting since the nomination of Hughes.

The "Thunderer" and the "Wizard"

The London Times, in its supplement devoted to book reviews, has been giving a good deal of space lately to American writers. It has been discussing Edgar Allan Poe and O. Henry, Henry George, Gerald Stanley Lee and Luther Burbank. "The Wizard of Santa Rosa," as The Times calls our Luther, is handled a little unkindly by the reviewer of the book called "Luther Burbank: His Life and Work." Very coldly he writes: "Perhaps it is the sun of California which is responsible for such flamboyant appreciation as we here find of the sole gardener of genius which the States appear to have produced." And he goes on: "The objects of his 'magic' skill seem to an inhabitant of our torpid zone to belong chiefly to the monstrous, the bizarre, and the perversely ingenious." Again: "The author seems to think the family of the plums to be the matter of Mr. Burbank's most sensational triumphs. There is a stoneless plum (Heavens! where would the race of garden-philosophers have been, had plums never had stones?), and the plums that look like plums but taste like apples or Bartlett pears. It only remains for the wizard to produce pears and apples tasting like plums, and all will be square with Nature, to the further delight of the populace—in a more generous clime than ours—which loves to be taken in." This is not generous, but what shall we say of its justice? Luther Burbank has been so wreathed with the smoke of incense that some of us cannot see his features plainly. Perhaps he isn't a demigod after all. His influence may not be so great as we have been led to believe by his panegyrists. "In the catalogues of our best fruit-growers," writes the English critic, "not a single specimen of Mr. Burbank's epoch-making hybrids will be found."

The "Blessed Innocence" of Lee

I know a distinguished student of literature in this city who has never quite forgiven one of our booksellers for recommending Gerald Stanley Lee's book called "Crowds." This book had quite a vogue some time ago, for it is twaddle and the public loves twaddle. Its readers were principally confirmed novel readers who like an occasional "serious" book because it "improves their minds." Lee has written another book called "We," and the book reviewer of The Thunderer pays his disrespects to it more emphatically than to Luther Burbank. "This book," he writes, "could not be as bad as it is if the author were an Englishman." He also says: "With a blue pencil

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we could make the book twice as good as it is." And he dismisses Mr. Lee with the remark that he "may persuade some Americans that they are much wiser than all Europeans; but when he speaks to us we can only smile, if possible without bitterness, at his blessed innocence." This sort of comment makes me wish that more American books were reviewed in London. It would be wholesome for American writers to get an occasional English spanking.

Burying the Single Tax

When the London Times critic reviews a book called "The Single Tax Movement in the United States," he performs the obsequies on the movement started by that remarkable San Franciscan, the author of "Progress and Poverty." I can imagine the indignation of our local school of Single Taxers who would rather die themselves than admit that Single Tax is dead. "Single Tax," says the reviewer, "ceased to be a practical question at elections after the death of its originator." Our Single Taxers would answer that it will be a practical question on the November ballot in California. And the reviewer adds: "But for the action of the late Mr. Joseph Fels, an eccentric millionaire who made a fortune in soap, the Single Tax movement would have died out altogether." He says the agitation is stimulated solely by Fels money: "The Joseph Fels Fund of America galvanized it into active life in 1908 by promising to contribute \$25,000 a year for the purpose of getting the Single Tax enacted 'somewhere in the United States within five years.'" The stimulation, the reviewer points out, has been continued by Mrs. Fels since her husband's death. And he drily remarks—as though for the benefit of San Francisco Single Taxers—that "it need hardly be said that so long as money is obtainable for the advocacy of any opinions, however contrary to common sense they may be, they will be advocated, and by people who really do believe in them, as well as by some of the numerous persons whose livelihood consists in attaching themselves to 'movements' backed by effective pecuniary support." The reviewer admits Henry George's "remarkable personality and literary rhetorical gift," but says: "The fact is that George was not an economist in the proper sense of the word at all. He was a courageous social reformer." This should give our Home Rule in Taxation enthusiasts something to talk about—when they get through panning the Chamber of Commerce.

England Discovers O. Henry

It has happened at last, as all of us knew it must. The British Isles have discovered our great short story writer of yesterday. A complete edition of O. Henry's stories has been brought out in London, and The Times reviewer is profoundly impressed by this genius whom he compares to de Maupassant. "A brief ad-

venture into the stories of O. Henry," he writes, "is enough to show him an American unlike all the others." Singling out certain stories for particular praise he says: "These in their vitality, their irony, their chiselled form are the work of a man who at his best was a master of the short story." His concluding paragraph will warm the hearts of all Henryites, and I must quote it all: "His humor is by no means merely verbal or due to violent incongruity. It lies deep in human nature. Shopgirls, actresses, 'crooks,' police, Irishmen, Jews, New Englanders, beggars, millionaires—though his range of type is small and his situations are often repeated with slight variation, he knows all these through and through, and rejoices in their flavoursomeness. And, like all rich humour, it is founded on pity. Himself a genuine Bohemian, he turns merely vicious at the thought of the sham Bohemia of the great city; but it is deep indignation that moves him at the thought of those who waste or warp the lives of children, underpay their work-girls, prey upon innocence, and defile beauty. What with his big heart and his keen head he has produced a small quantity of work that is first rate, a great deal that is very good, and comparatively little that was not worth preserving."

Getting After Poe

After this splendid praise of O. Henry we may with equanimity listen to the severities which another London Times reviewer visits on Poe. "Here are Poe's collected works in five volumes," says this critic; "and a great part of them is rubbish, some of it not even clever." He finds something "hopelessly provincial" about it. He roasts Poe's "long-winded criticism," his dull comic pieces and some of his poems, "as bad as any man has ever written." He deprecates the popularity of "The Raven" and "The Bells" which, he says, "are only fit to be recited at penny readings." He declares that "The Power of Words" is "worth all his famous stories, including even 'The Gold Bug' or 'The Mystery of Marie Roget.'" It is, in fact, one of the most wonderful pieces of prose in the English language, both for manner and for matter. De Quincey never wrote anything so good." Reader, do you know this work of Poe's? Do you know it as well as you know "The Fall of the House of Usher," which this reviewer fails to mention? Well, at any rate, the British are reading American books, and of course they are entitled to their opinions.

Twenty Years Ago in Elkdome

The Elks of San Francisco Lodge No. 3 gave themselves up last Friday night to felicitations and recollections. The occasion was a celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the lodge, which has had a wonderful growth in two decades, and the event attracted Elks from many herds. Also it warmed the hearts of men who had not met for years, and there was much

jubilant in the renewal of old acquaintances. The history of the Elks of San Francisco, by the way, is very interesting. Here was organized the third lodge in the United States, the other two being on the Atlantic Coast. The Elks at first were nearly all of the theatrical profession. The fraternity was organized by actors, and in the days of its infancy the old and famous California stock company was flourishing in this city. It was the members of this company that organized the local lodge, and the first exalted ruler of it was Tom Keene. After many vicissitudes the charter of the lodge, which had taken the name of Golden Gate No. 6, was revoked by the Grand Lodge, and the members were disbanded. Twenty years ago a new lodge was instituted by Meade Detweiler, the Grand Exalted Ruler, who was an attorney of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. He came to this city and opened the charter roll of No. 3 and when it was organized he resigned from the Harrisburg lodge and became a San Francisco Elk. A fine character and a brilliant lawyer was Meade Detweiler, and to this day his memory is cherished not only by the Elks in Powell street but by the Elks everywhere. At the anniversary celebration tribute was paid to his memory by many of his old friends, among whom were men who had served with him in the Grand Lodge, such men as Past Exalted Rulers Harry Melvin, Rush L. Harland of Colorado Springs and Ray Benjamin. Among other prominent Elks at the celebration were Eugene Daney of San Diego, former president of the California Bar Association, who was one of the Grand Lodge officers present when San Francisco Lodge was instituted, and Edward H. Benjamin, Past Exalted Ruler of Oakland Lodge, who participated in the first initiation ceremonies of the local lodge twenty years ago. Past Exalted Rulers George de Golia and George W. Reed of Oakland Lodge were also present, and Charles Lane now of Angels' Camp, the first Exalted Ruler of San Francisco Lodge was among the old-timers who attended the reunion. In the course of the speechmaking the lodge was felicitated on the gratitude it earned in the days following the calamity of 1906 when Past Exalted Ruler, William M. Abbott, in the absence of the presiding officer, brought order out of chaos and rendered valuable services to the whole community.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Maud Allan to Wed

Word comes to me that Maud Allan, the "interpretative" dancer, is going to take unto herself a mate. This is of interest to us, because Maud is a San Francisco girl, her name in private life being Maud Durrant. Maud Allan has achieved a great deal of success in London, but her husband-to-be is not a Briton. He is a Polish violinist, by name Leo Cherniavski. He belongs to a musical triumvirate of brothers, Jan Cherniavski being a pianist and Michel a 'cellist. All three will be heard in this city during the coming season to which Maud Allan will also contribute a dancing offering. I should not be surprised to see the romance of the barefoot dancer and the violinist crowned by a San Francisco wedding.

Ensign Bryan and Miss Boettcher

Sometime ago there was quite a flurry in the circles where such news always causes a flurry when it was announced that Ensign Hamilton Bryan, the son of the former Mrs. Linda Bryan who is now Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale, had captured the heart and hand of Denver's great heiress, Ruth Boettcher. Ruth's engagement to other young men had been announced previously, only to be denied. When pretty Ruth spent a season in California a couple of years ago, it seemed a dull day when her approaching marriage to some one of our eligible society boys was not being talked about. So when it was said that Ensign Bryan had captured the coveted prize, there was great excitement. The circumstances of the announcement were peculiar. It was based on a letter which Ensign Bryan wrote to his mother. Immediately afterwards Charles L. Boettcher, president of the Denver and Salt Lake Railway, declared with considerable emphasis that no

such engagement existed. His daughter Ruth remained silent. Now comes the word that the engagement is broken, followed closely by the statement that it never existed. It is said that young Bryan refused to give up the navy for his bride-to-be, and that this refusal caused the breaking of the troth. But when Ruth Boettcher was interviewed, she said:

"How on earth could an engagement be broken if there never was an engagement?"

It looks as though Bryan is not to wed the heiress; all the rest is involved in obscurity.

A Belle from the Islands

Not in a long time has any girl visited us whose beauty and accomplishments made so great an impression as Miss Gwendolyn von Tempsky who came here from the Hawaiian Islands to visit the Jack Londons at their ranch in the "Valley of the Moon." Miss von Tempsky is not only exceedingly beautiful, but also an accomplished horsewoman and swimmer, and her superb feats in the saddle and in the water excited the admiration of the house party at the London place in Sonoma county. Miss von Tempsky's father is the manager of the great Baldwin cattle ranch on Mount Haleakala, and she has been riding since infancy. Her grandfather was the Polish Count von Tempsky who went to Honolulu in the days of King Kalakaua. The Londons met the von Tempskys when they visited the islands on the Snark. Miss Tempsky went home Tuesday on the Manoa.

Deaths in The Family

The Family has been plunged into gloom this month by the deaths of three of its most beloved members. Three men in one month is heavy toll for the Reaper to levy on any club, but in a club like The Family where membership is limited and everybody knows everybody else intimately the visitation is felt most acutely. August began sadly for The Family men with the death of Clyde Colby, one of the most genial humorists among the club's after-dinner speakers. Then followed the death of Sydney Starr after a long and brave fight for health. And now Walter Kaufman the lawyer has passed away. Truly, August of 1916 will be a month of poignant memories for The Family. Young Orrin Wilson who was killed in a polo match at Del Monte was not a member of The Family, as was stated in the papers, but his father George Wilson is; so that loss hit The Family very hard too.

A Remarkable Woman's Achievement

To be known as an expert accountant and statistician of national reputation is not a usual honor for a woman, but this can be said in truth of Miss Frances D. Partridge, Supreme Record Keeper of the Woman's Benefit Association of the Maccabees. Endowed with a keen mind for figures, Miss Partridge put it to good use, and worked out to a satisfactory solution how to compute, record and report the excess interest earned on investments over 4 per cent for her society. No one had taken the time or trouble before to do this, and in the ten millions of invested dollars over which she had charge,

she had ample scope for her research. As a result, and after much opposition from those who could not or would not understand, Miss Partridge addressed the Secretary's Section of the National Fraternal Congress of America at its Cleveland sessions August 21-26, and convinced her audience that she had right on her side of the argument. Through her discovery that the extra half of one per cent is a real item in the valuation methods of fraternal societies, Miss Partridge has conferred a great boon on the fraternal system as a whole, as every fraternal society doing business in the United States is expected to meet the requirements of the New York Conference Bill, which requires a certain per cent of solvency by December 31, 1917, and a still higher percentage December 31, 1920. The excess interest reckonings reach the millions in large societies with carefully invested funds, and Miss Partridge is now receiving the credit and appreciation she so well deserves. By her fitness for the position she was unanimously chosen in 1911 to fill the second highest office within the power of the Woman's Benefit Association of the Maccabees to offer her, rising from the position of department clerk. A clear-thinking woman, with the brightest and most active business head, is how Miss Partridge is known to the world, and to those who know her nearest and best she is a lovable, beautiful type of womanhood, unassuming in manner, and devotedly attached to her home and her friends. Miss Partridge's birth place is White Plains, New York, and Port Huron, Michigan, her adopted home.

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(Advertisement)

What Is It?

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Potter and Miss Nina Jones of Santa Barbara have been entertaining extensively this summer. Their latest dinner dance was given in honor of the Talbot Walkers of San Francisco. That it was a brilliant and enjoyable party goes without saying. But a Santa Barbara society scribe is not content to say so in so many words. "The party was wholly delightful," this society scribe writes, "with the somethingness which is found only where old friends meet." What is this "somethingness?" Nothingness I know, but "somethingness" is a new one on me. The next will be "anythingness," I presume. When I see the Talbot Walkers I must ask them if they know what the society scribe meant.

Human, Like the Rest of Us

These haughty aristocrats whom we call society people are just as human as poor you and me. For instance, they love to see themselves recorded by the camera. Don't believe for a minute that they loathe to have their pictures in the papers. They not only pose willingly for the newspaper photographers; they even send their pictures to the editors. One of those who likes to see herself pictured publicly, and frequently has this liking gratified is Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt Jr. The New York papers are publishing snapshots of her in their Sunday supplements all the time. Not long ago Mrs. Vanderbilt took a number of her friends to Santa Barbara on a jaunt. While there she had movies made of all the party, including herself. Later on she gave an entertainment at Del Monte, and the movies were shown. They made a great hit. But afterwards when the actors in these society films came to compare notes, nobody was found to have paid any attention to any picture except his or her own!

Fashionable Hotel Schools

So great has been the success of the hotel schools established in this city by Mrs. Harriet A. Fay Richards that her idea is spreading rapidly, and from present indications it is likely that before long "all the modern conveniences" will include among other things in fashionable hotels a school and faculty. Mrs. Richards is now presiding over three schools, the principal one being at the Hotel St. Francis where in-

struction is given in the kindergarten course, in folk dancing, clay modeling and French. There is a large attendance Friday afternoon at the dancing class in the Rose Room conducted by Mrs. Fanny Hinman. Mrs. Richards has an open air school at Mount Diablo, and she will formally open a school in the Hotel Oakland



MISS FRANCES D. PARTRIDGE
Whose financial genius is acclaimed by members
of the Woman's Benefit Association
of the Maccabees

on Wednesday afternoon, September 6, at 2:30 o'clock. The patronesses of this school are Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mrs. Willard Williamson, Mrs. Frank Havens and Mme. Golla Condory.

To Honor Lafayette

The Lafayette Society of New York announces that celebrations of Lafayette Day, September 6, are to be held in all the principal cities of the United States. In order that San Francisco may fittingly honor the memory of the great Frenchman who fought for America and the cause of Freedom, arrangements have been made by the Friends of France to give in the Concert Room of the Palace Hotel, at 4

o'clock on the afternoon of September 6, a chamber concert of French music, with brief and appropriate exercises. The programme which will include numbers by some of the best artists at present in San Francisco, will be under the direction of Albert I. Elkus. An admission fee of fifty cents will be charged, and the proceeds will be devoted to a memorial of Lafayette to be placed in the San Francisco Public Library. The officers of the Friends of France, under whose auspices the celebration will be held, are W. B. Bourn, president; Bruce Porter, vice-president; Wm. H. Crocker, treasurer; Porter Garnett, secretary; Selah Chamberlain, Osgood Putnam, directors.

Cosmopolites at Palace

Some idea of the varied assortment of personages who put up at the Palace Hotel may be had by consulting recent registrations. Here is Miss Florence O. Walldren, registered from Alaska. She's a Chicago society girl who has been exploring the wilderness of the North. She has been where few white women ever trod before, and in recognition of her daring she has been made a member of the Arctic Brotherhood. And here is B. Warn Leffler, registered from Gotheberg, Sweden. He represents the largest fruit importing concern of northwestern Europe, and is here to make contracts with J. K. Armsby and other concerns. "California is Europe's mainstay as regards fruit," he says. And here is M. Nielsen, en route with his wife to Shanghai. He has several rubber plantations in the Orient. Here too is Rear-Admiral C. J. Boush, U. S. N. retired, with his wife and daughter. And Faxon Bishop, a Honolulu banker. And so on through a bewildering list of notables.

At the Cecil

Mrs. A. M. Burns was hostess at a handsomely appointed dinner Sunday. It was given in honor of her son-in-law and daughter Mr. and Mrs. Jason Gould who left Tuesday for the East. Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Pugh and R. H. Pugh are here from their homes in Cincinnati. Other easterners are Mrs. E. Braine and Mrs. Y. S. Neide of Philadelphia. A luncheon and bridge party was given Wednesday by Mrs. John Charles Doyle of Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Fay, recent arrivals, were hosts at dinner.

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The Stage

The Coming Greenbaum Season

For nearly twenty years the energetic and daring manager Will L. Greenbaum has been offering to San Francisco and California music-lovers the very best things in the musical, operatic, terpsichorean and literary line that he could obtain, and his announcements for the coming season of 1916-1917 give promise that during the next few months he will at least equal, if not surpass, any season that San Francisco has had in many years. A brief perusal of what is to be expected between the coming of Paderewski on Sunday afternoon, September 24, and the close of Greenbaum's activities next May, will bear out this promise of unusual offerings. Besides the peerless Paderewski, pianists included in the list are Godowsky, Jan Cherniavski, Percy Grainger, Josef Hofmann, Rudolf Gans and Ernest Schelling. Cherniavski will appear in conjunction with his two brothers, Leo at the violin and Michel at the 'cello, and Gans will appear in joint recitals with Albert Spalding, the brilliant violinist. The violinists to play for us include Mischa Elman, Spalding, Cherniavski and Efrem Zimbalist, and there is a strong possibility that Eugen Ysaye will pay us a visit. The only visiting 'cello virtuoso will be Michel Cherniavsky. In the way of singers we are to hear the peerless John McCormack, the beloved Schumann-Heink, Julia Culp, the new Belgian baritone Louis Graveure and the long-awaited Elena Gerhardt. The Flonzaley Quartet will return and together with a fine series of concerts by the Chamber Music Society of San Francisco (formerly the San Francisco Quintet Club) lovers of chamber music will find plenty to interest them. One of the great novelties of the season will be the first appearances here of Sergei Kussewitzsky, the wonderful virtuoso on the contra-bass. He is said to make the big fiddle sing, and his work has been compared to that of Casals. He ranks among performers on the string instruments with such artists as Casals, Elman, Ysaye or Gerardy. Kussewitzsky is a great conductor and composer as well and for many years he has directed the Moscow Symphony Orchestra. Greenbaum will bring to San Francisco and Oakland many special attractions this season. Among these will be two appearances of the Indian poet and philosopher Sir Rabindrinath Tagore who will give interesting readings from his works. In the appearances of Tagore Mr. Greenbaum will be associated with Paul Elder in the local management. Yvette Guilbert will be heard here in several of her unique programmes. Dancing will be exemplified in all its forms and features. Maud Allan will return, and this time bring with her a sumptuous scenic investiture and her own symphony orchestra, conducted by the eminent Swiss composer Ernest Bloch whose opera "Mab" made a deep impression several years ago in Paris. The original Daghieff Russian Ballet, headed by the peerless Nijinsky, will appear here for a week. The enormous company will number one hundred and fifty including an orchestra of sixty. Late in the season will come the entire New York Symphony Orchestra, Walter Damrosch director, and on this tour they will be augmented by Efrem Zimbalist as violin soloist. Greenbaum's season will be brought to a close with no less an attraction than the Boston-National Grand Opera Company, Max Rabinoff impresario, which will give operatic works on the same splendid scale as given on their last visit, in conjunction with a world famous Russian ballet company headed by one of the foremost dancers of Europe. A

number of new operatic works will be given. The favorite Japanese prima donna Tamaki Mura will again be a feature of the organization and will sing the leading roles in Mascagni's "Iris" as well as "Madame Butterfly." With this stupendous list already assured Mr. Greenbaum is still working on other engagements.

Tagore to Appear Here

San Francisco will be one of the few cities visited on the tour of Sir Rabindrinath Tagore, the noted Hindu poet and philosopher. Under the auspices of Paul Elder and the management of Will L. Greenbaum, he will give readings from his works in early October.

Paderewski to Open Concert Season

The first of the world famous visiting stars to appear in concert here this season will be Ignatz Jan Paderewski, the famous Polish pianist who devoted the whole of last year to raising funds for the relief of his suffering countrymen. Mr. Paderewski has been resting for some months at Paso Robles, and devoting much of his time to the preparation of his programmes for his transcontinental tour, which is again to be managed by Mr. Charles A. Ellis, the manager of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. San Francisco will be the starting point of the great pianist's tour, and under the

local direction of Will L. Greenbaum he will appear at the Cort on the Sunday afternoons of September 24 and October 1. On Saturday afternoon, September 30, he will play in the fine opera house of the Oakland Auditorium. Paderewski's name is magic among music lovers, and already Manager Greenbaum is receiving advance mail reservations for the three announced concerts.

Mrs. Langtry at Orpheum

Mrs. Langtry, in private life Lady de Bathe and famous all over the world as "The Jersey Lily," will begin an engagement at the Orpheum at the Sunday matinee, appearing in a one-act play entitled "Ashes," the authorship of which is a secret. It is however highly spoken of and is said to exhibit Mrs. Langtry at her best. She will be supported by her own company which includes Alfred Lunt and Pelham Lynton. Mrs. Langtry ranks among the chief theatrical celebrities of the day and has been successfully identified with many classic and semi-classic roles. In the contemporary drama she has also had a series of brilliant successes. Mrs. Langtry does not contemplate retiring from the stage but at the conclusion of her present Orpheum tour she will play only occasionally and then solely in her own country. Al Lydell and Bob Higgins will appear



MRS. LANGTRY (LADY DE BATHE)
Who will appear next week at the Orpheum

in the rural comedy "A Friend of Father's." Lydell was formerly of Lydell, Rogers and Lydell, and Higgins was the "All the time you are picking on me" member of the team of Melville and Higgins. The new combination is a very happy one. The Sharrocks, Harry and Emma, will present a skit of the Fair ground fortune tellers called "Behind the Grand Stand." Miss Sharrock's comedy is particularly pertinent. She and Mr. Sharrock give a demonstration of psychic power. Princess Kalama, originator of the whirlwind Hula Hula dance, will with the assistance of William Kao present "A Hawaiian Night's Entertainment" which is a spectacular act with a beautiful, picturesque and appropriate stage setting and is a suitable vehicle for introducing the folk songs, music and dancing of the Hawaiian Isles. Ralph Lohse and Nana Sterling will be seen in a fast and furious gymnastic exhibition which introduces in bewildering rapidity several new feats of their own invention. Miss Sterling won first prize in a contest to determine the most perfect specimen of physical womanhood in this country. Clarence Oliver and Georgie Olp in "Discontent;" The Dancing Kennedys and Elizabeth Brice and Charles King will be the remaining acts in a bill which may be briefly summed up as the acme of vaudeville.

Fourth Week of "Come Out of the Kitchen"

The twenty-fifth performance of "Come Out of the Kitchen," the comedy in which Ruth Chatterton has achieved a positive triumph, will be given at the Columbia Monday night, September 4. It will also mark the beginning of the fourth week of this attraction and the ninth week of the Henry Miller season. Success of no uncertain type has perched upon the new A. E. Thomas comedy and it will go to New York with a record outdistancing that achieved in this city by "Daddy Long Legs." Californians outside the city of San Francisco who will want to see this unusually delightful comedy will find it necessary to make a trip to this city, as Mr. Miller will take the company and its production intact to New York at the conclusion of the run at the Columbia. Miss Chatterton has become strongly entrenched in the affections of local theatregoers through her remarkably appealing and delightful performance of "Jane Ellen." This young American star has won for herself through sheer ability an enviable position among the stellar lights of the stage. In the supporting cast are Bruce McRae who gives a finished performance in the role of Burton Crane; Marguerite St. John, Mrs. Chas. Craig, Alice Lindahl, Barbara Milton, Harry Mestayer, Charles Trowbridge, Walter Connolly, Robert Ames, W. S. Sames. During this engagement matinees are given on Wednesday and Saturday.

The Symphony Season

The working out of the final details for the sixth season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra which begins October 27 at the Cort, has turned the offices of the Musical Association of San Francisco in the Phelan Building into a veritable beehive of industry. Conductor Alfred Hertz announces that the personnel of the orchestra is practically complete. Only a few places remain to be filled, negotiations for these positions are almost consummated, and the admirable body of instrumentalists will soon be ready to go into rehearsal under the inspired baton of the director who has attained such an affectionate position in the hearts of

San Francisco music lovers. The announcement made last week by President William Sproule of the Association that the contracts for the new season insure the entire devotion of the musicians to the activities of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, has brought forth the enthusiastic commendation of the music world. Secretary-Manager A. W. Widenham is busily engaged upon the formal prospectus of the forthcoming season which will shortly be sent to music lovers of San Francisco and adjacent cities. It will deal with the aims and scope of the organization, the dates of concerts, the dates of opening the guarantors' and subscribers' season ticket sale, the date of opening of the sale of seats for single concerts, several of the early programmes and other data. Symphony concerts will be given on the following Fridays: October 27; November 10, 24; December 8, 22; January 5, 19; February 2, 16; March 2,

16, 30. On each Sunday afternoon following the Friday events concerts will be given, the programme policy for which will be shortly announced. These dates follow: October 29; November 12, 26; December 10, 31; January 7, 21; February 4, 18; March 4, 18; April 1. There will be a special Thanksgiving concert on November 30. Popular concerts, when the compositions will be selected because of their general appeal, will be given on the other Sundays in the season. Following are the dates of these concerts: November 5, 19; December 3, 17; January 14, 28; February 11, 25; March 11, 25. The orchestra will number 80 musicians. The instrumentation will be augmented when the works to be presented demand it. Director Hertz has expressed himself as delighted with the personnel of the orchestra, which, in its practically completed state, follows: First violins: Louis Persinger, concert master, assistant conductor and principal first violin; Hermann Martonne, assistant concert master; Ralph D. Wetmore, Gino Severi, L. W. Ford, Lion Goldwasser, R. Seiger, S. Polak, M. B. Amsterdam, L. Fenster, J. M. Willard, P. Mazza, Max Amsterdam Sr., A. Laraia; second violins: Giulio Minetti, orchestral manager and principal second violin, Gale W. Callinan, G. De Lorenzo, B. Purt, J. A. Paterson, J. T. Hartzell-Gold, E. P. Allen, H. Hoffman, Hans Helget, Reginald L. Hidden, Walter Manchester; violas: Nathan Firestone, principal, C. Trainor, E. E. Perrigo, Charles E. Schmitt, Charles Heinsen, Arthur Stephan, A. E. Stechle, Arthur Lewis, U. Marcelli; celli: Horace Britt, principal, Stanislas Bem, Arthur Weiss, Herbert Riley, A. W. Nielsen, G. Demetrio; contra basses: John Lahann, principal, W. Bell, O. Geoffrion, P. Demetrio, S. Greene, L. J. Previati, H. Seiger; flutes: B. Emilio Puyans, W. Oesterreicher, L. Newbauer; piccolo: W. Oesterreicher; clarinets: Harold B. Randall, J. Kunzelman, N. Oeconomoc; bass clarinet: N. Oeconomoc; bassoons: Samuel Meerlo; French horns: Walter Hornig, Paul Roth, R. Rocco; trumpets: D. C. Rosebrook, Otto Kegel, A. Arriola, Arthur Stephan; trombones: H. F. Beitel, O. E. Clark, F. N. Bassett; tuba: Ralph Murray; harp: Kajetan Attl; tympani: George Wagner; percussion: George Huntington, E. Nolting.

Last Week of "Canary Cottage"

Positively the final week of "Canary Cottage" in San Francisco will begin with the performance of Sunday night at the Cort. The Oliver Morosco success says farewell with the performance of Sunday night, September 10, concluding a run of eight capacity weeks. An extension of its local engagement is absolutely impossible. Booking contracts prevent this. Oliver Morosco is now in New York arranging for the New York presentation. Trixie Friganza, Charles Ruggles, Herbert Corthell, Dorothy Webb, Eddie Cantor, Leola Lucey, Grace Ellsworth, Carl McCullough, the Edwards Brothers, Elsie Gordon, Olga Marwig and the other dispensers of fun and melody are as big favorites in New York as they are in San Francisco, and the beauty of the native canaries of the chorus would prove an excellent first aid to the boosters of the California Promotion Committee. The management urges prospective seat purchasers to make their reservations early, for late comers are certain of disappointment. The only matinees during the final week will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

De Cisneros at Philharmonic

Sunday's concert of the People's Philharmonic Orchestra will be the tenth under the conductorship of the capable and industrious Nikolai



RUTH CHATTERTON

As she appears in the third act of "Come Out of the Kitchen," the twenty-fifth performance of which will be given at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night

Sokoloff. That the symphony cause has been greatly benefited, and good music in San Francisco given a great impetus by the People's Philharmonic Orchestra, is proven conclusively by the appreciation so thoroughly attested by the large audiences that have attended the concerts. The program for Sunday is all that the most exacting could desire. Eleanor de Cisneros, a soloist of eminence, will assist and the following works will be given a splendid interpretation: Tragic Overture, Op. 81 (first performance in San Francisco), Brahms; Aria "Le Chef d'Armee," from Dances et Chants



ELEANOR DE CISNEROS

Dramatic soprano who will appear as soloist at the Philharmonic Orchestra concert on September 3 at the Cort

de la Mort, Moussorgsky, orchestrated by Rimsky-Korsakow (first performance in San Francisco), Eleanor de Cisneros; legend "The Enchanted Lake" (by request), Liadow; Aria "Mon coeur s'ouvre ta voix" from "Samson and Delilah," Saint-Saens, Eleanor de Cisneros; Symphony No. 4, F Minor, Op. 36, Tschai-kowsky. Seats are on sale at the box offices of the Cort, Sherman Clay, and Kohler and Chase.

Oriental Dancers at Pantages

"Brides of the Desert," a spectacular classical dancing tragedy which has the approval of

Alexander Pantages and was produced by John J. Cluxton of the San Francisco house, will be the headliner at Pantages. Princess Athena who was one of the favorite dancers at the P. I. E. fair, and Mlle. Verna Merceraue will be the stars, assisted by ten Oriental dancing girls. A troupe of models will offer reproductions from famous statuary under the billing of "Models De Luxe." Tudor Cameron and Johnny O'Connor, well liked comedians, will return with a new edition of their comedy skit "Apostles of Good Cheer." Ed Blondell and Company, with Miss Gertrude Perry in the leading role, will present the laughable farce "The Lost Boy." Harrison Greene and Katherine Parker, the blue ribbon duo, are popular with local audiences. Alexandro, the master of the xylophone, will offer popular selections. The first installment of one of the greatest mystery serials that has yet been produced will be given.

The Alcazar's New Season

Eva Lang and John Halliday will open the regular stock season at the Alcazar beginning Monday matinee, September 4, with an elaborate presentation of William Faversham's tremendous success "The Hawk." Miss Lang is one of the most charming of our younger actresses, and John Halliday is an actor of great versatility and power. Belasco and Mayer have arranged for a series of the latest New York successes in which to star these clever players, and they are planning to make the approaching season one of the most notable in the history of their popular playhouse. "The Hawk" is a drama of great power with many big situations. All the Alcazar favorites will be in support.

"Aida" on Ewing Field

With the arrival of Arturo Spelta, the stage manager, the work of preparing for the open air production of Verdi's grand opera "Aida," on Saturday evening, September 30, in Ewing Field, took a great stride forward. Spelta brings exceptional experience to his task. Formerly an opera singer, later a painter, always deeply interested in the art of the theatre in all its aspects, he took up the production of grand opera on a large scale and was entrusted with many important performances. He produced the huge spectacular "Aida" given in Egypt on the sands of the desert in 1911. Forty thousand people witnessed that huge spectacle. Then in Buenos Ayres he again put on "Aida" on a similar scale of magnificence; repeating his work in Philadelphia this summer. With such famous singers as Emmy Destinn, Julia Claussen, Leone Zinovieff and Clarence Whitehill heading the cast, and so competent a conductor as Josiah Zuro wielding the baton, the artistic importance of the event—by which the Youth's Directory and the San Juan Bautista Mission are to benefit—will be very great. Tickets are now on sale at Sherman and Clay's and Room 315, St. Francis.

PEOPLE'S PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

NIKOLAI SOKOLOFF, Conductor

CORT, Sunday, 3 O'clock

Soloist: ELEANOR DE CISNEROS

The Celebrated Dramatic Mezzo-Soprano

PROGRAMME:

Brahms: Tragic Overture; Moussorgsky: Aria, "Le Chef d'Armee," from "Dances et Chants de la Mort," orchestrated by Rimsky-Korsakow (first performance in America); Liadow: Legend, "The Enchanted Lake;" Saint-Saens: Aria, "Mon coeur s'ouvre ta voix," from "Samson and Delilah;" Tschai-kowsky: Symphony No. 4, F Minor.

POPULAR PRICES—25c, 50c, 75c. Box, Loge and first 14 rows Orchestra, \$1. Seats at Cort Theatre.

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In a One-Act Play Entitled

"ASHES"

LYDELL & HIGGINS in "A Friend of Father's;" THE SHARROCKS in "Behind the Grand Stand;" PRINCESS KALAMA Assisted by William Kao in "A Hawaiian Nights Entertainment;" LOHSE & STERLING in "Athletic Feats;" CLARENCE OLIVER & GEORGIE OLP in "Discontent;" THE DANCING KENNEDYS; ELIZABETH BRICE & CHARLES KING in Bits of Vaudeville.

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

CORT

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Positive Farewell to San Francisco

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Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

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Alexander Pantages Presents "BRIDES OF THE DESERT" With Princess Athena and Verna Merceraue in an Elaborate Classic Novelty, Written and Produced by J. J. Cluxton. An Artistic Treat MODELS DE LUXE in a Series of Art Masterpieces. TUDOR CAMERON & JOHNNY O'CONNOR, Apostles of Good Cheer. HARRISON GREEN & KATHRINE PARKER, the Blue Ribbon Pair of Polite Comedy. EDWARD BLONDELL, Assisted by Miss Gertrude Perry, in "The Lost Boy," a Gloom Chaser. ALEXANDRO, Master Xylophonist. LAMAR and His Wonder Dog "Queen." First Installment "YELLOW MENACE," the Great National Mystery Serial Starring EDWIN STEVENS.

ALCAZAR THEATRE

PHONE KEARNY 2

Commencing Monday Evening, August 28

EVA LANG - JOHN HALLIDAY

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A Drama of Great Power and Thrilling Situations

PRICES—Evenings: 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinees: 25c, 50c

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Monday, September 4th

25TH PERFORMANCE AND BEGINNING OF

FOURTH GREAT WEEK

HENRY MILLER Presents

RUTH CHATTERTON

Assisted by Bruce McRae and the Henry Miller Players in

"COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN"

A New Three-Act Comedy Success

Not to Be Played Elsewhere in California

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

Winding up the War

(Continued from Page 6)

capture territory as to do other things. It is rather concerned with so pressing the enemy upon unexpected point after unexpected point, with so harassing him in his present rapid decline of useful effective, with so embarrassing his judgment as to where he shall move to parry that new danger, to get reserves which he finds increasingly difficult to find, that at last his line will no longer hold at all. To make that line bend, to flatten a bulge in it and thus to recover territory, is not to advance in any way the progress of the Allied cause. There is nothing in such action savoring of a decision or bringing near a victorious peace. But the making of the enemy's defensive organization to "crumble;" the causing of his remaining spare troops to be moved now here, now there, with increasing difficulty and an increasing chance of leaving open some denuded sector to the numerically superior offensive power of the Allies; the creating of an opportunity for striking with final effect upon one or more such denuded sectors, and—consequently upon this—the destruction of a cordon which, like a chain, is only as strong as its weakest link—that is the major and patent strategical object of the whole Alliance. It is the object at which the military chiefs of the Allied armies aimed patiently, long before they had obtained that numerical superiority which is now more and more the determining factor in the war.

"Zass" Music at Tavern

Effete New York is going to hear from Powell street again. Last time it was the Texas Tommy we sent on. On this occasion the surprise package for Broadway is going to be "zass music" for dancing. Beyond all question it is the sprightliest fox trot, hesitation or slow waltz tempo ever strummed and drummed. If you haven't as yet danced to "zass" tempo a treat, a positive startling delight awaits you. When the unionized musicians went out with the cooks and waiters at Techau Tavern, Manager A. C. Morrisson installed George Gould and his "zass" bandsmen. Gould is one of the few orchestral experts who can lead off his men with a piano. You'll recall Gould as director of Douglas Crane's dance music but he has an entirely different sort of orchestra at Techau Tavern now. So wonderfully successful has been Gould's new fangled dance tempo that I venture to say "zass" will be the rage in most of the fashionable cafes and hotels from this city to New York and back again within six months.

"Cigarette Day"

The headquarters of the San Francisco Association for the Blind and Permanent Blind Relief War Fund for Soldiers and Sailors at 49 Post street is a scene of great activity these days. From nine o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon, with the exception of Sundays, the many prominent women who want to help the sightless unfortunates to help themselves are marshaling their forces for a big attack on the charitably inclined of this city, to take place Thursday, September 14, "Cigarette Day." "Cigarette Day," an entirely local conception, will be devoted to raising funds for those two very deserving organizations. Half a million Imperiales cigarettes have been

given free of cost by the manufacturers to the ladies in charge and several hundred attractive and energetic maids and matrons will dispose of them to smokers and non-smokers on the above date. If anyone does not smoke and wants to help along the cause, the cigarettes can be purchased and given back to the ladies who will send them to the sufferers from trench warfare across the seas.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LOUISA BERG, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of LOUISA BERG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of William E. Johnson, Esq., at 921 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LOUISA BERG, deceased.

ERIK BERG,

Administrator of the estate of Louisa Berg, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 29th, 1916.
WILLIAM E. JOHNSON, ESQ.,
Attorney for Administrator,
921 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-26-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Superior Court, State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10, Probate; No. 21299.

Estate of MARY D. KUSTER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of MARY D. KUSTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Andrew G. Maguire, 281 Page Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY D. KUSTER, deceased.

FANNIE KIRBY,

Administratrix of the estate of Mary D. Kuster, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 2, 1916.
ANDREW G. MAGUIRE,
Attorney for Administratrix,
281 Page St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-2-4

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SHERIFF'S SALE

Justice Court.—No. 85581.

G. E. DOLAN, Plaintiff, vs. FRED MACK and MRS. FRED MACK, his wife, Defendants.
Under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Justice Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 28th day of June, A. D. 1916, in the above entitled action wherein G. E. DOLAN, the above named plaintiff, obtained a Judgment against FRED MACK and MRS. FRED MACK, his wife, defendants, on the 5th day of May, A. D. 1916, I am commanded to sell all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Waller Street distant thereon 106.3 feet easterly from the point of intersection of the easterly line of Steiner Street with the southerly line of Waller Street; running thence easterly along said southerly line of Waller Street 25 feet; thence at right angles southerly 120 feet; thence at right angles westerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles northerly 120 feet to the southerly line of Waller Street and the point of beginning. Being Lot No. 29 in Block 867.

Public Notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 25th day of September, A. D. 1916, at 12 o'clock m., of that day, in front of the Sheriff's Office in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said execution, sell all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said Judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money of the United States.

Dated, San Francisco, August 16th, 1916.

THOMAS F. FINN, Sheriff.

WALTER E. DORN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-26-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 72594; Dept. No. 10.

JEMETT POSTON, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY A. POSTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: HENRY A. POSTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful neglect, habitual intemperance, and willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JAS. P. SWEENEY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Nevada Bank Building,
San Francisco, California. 8-19-10

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL DOING BUSINESS UNDER A FICTITIOUS NAME

No. 2819.

(Ten cent U. S. revenue stamp affixed.)

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:—That I, SAM. SPIELLER, the undersigned, do hereby certify that I am doing business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of THE WESTERN CLOAK AND SUIT CO., that the principal place of business of The Western Cloak and Suit Co. is situate at No. 117 Grant Avenue in the said City and County of San Francisco.

That I am the sole owner of the said business known as The Western Cloak and Suit Co., and I am interested therein; that my name in full and my place of residence is as follows: SAM. SPIELLER, No. 5 Hollis Street, San Francisco, Cal.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 11th day of August, 1916.

SAM. SPIELLER.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco.—ss.
On this 11th day of August in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixteen before me, L. H. CONDON, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared SAM. SPIELLER, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

L. H. CONDON,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
(My commission expires January 9, 1919.)

Endorsed: Filed Aug. 12, 1916.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney at Law,
1003 Phelan Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 8-19-5

BEST DRUGS
SHUMATE'S PHARMACIES
SPECIALTY PRESCRIPTIONS
14 DEPENDABLE STORES 14
SAN FRANCISCO

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF RICHARD CORBETT, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664 OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 18,313; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of RICHARD CORBETT, Deceased.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, and each and every and all persons named or not named, having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased:

You, and each of you are hereby notified that Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, the petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this Court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit, the estate of Richard Corbett, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are the heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased disappeared prior to the first day of December, 1907, and that by a judgment duly given and made by said Court on the 5th day of January, 1915, the said deceased was declared dead, and that said deceased died intestate; that the said deceased was then and there a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State, consisting wholly of money, and that said estate now consists of money solely;

That a petition for Letters of Administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 18th day of December, 1914, filed in the above entitled Court by M. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco;

That thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was, by a judgment of said Court, duly given and made, on the 5th day of January, 1915, appointed Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased; that thereafter, to wit, on the said 5th day of January, 1915, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such Administrator, and Letters of Administration were duly issued to him under the seal of said Court, by the Clerk of said Court; that thereafter, and on the 6th day of February, 1915, said M. J. Hynes, Administrator of said estate, died;

That a petition for Letters of Administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 24th day of February, 1915, filed in the above entitled Court, by W. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco;

That thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, that the said W. J. Hynes was, by a judgment of said Court, duly given and made on the 11th day of March, 1915, appointed Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased; and that thereafter, to wit, on the said 11th day of March, 1915, said W. J. Hynes qualified as such Administrator and Letters of Administration were duly issued to him under the seal of said Court by the Clerk of said Court, and that the said W. J. Hynes ever since has been, and now is, the duly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator of the estate of said deceased;

That the said order and decree of the said Court appointing the said W. J. Hynes Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect, and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of Letters of Administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made;

That the said Richard Corbett, deceased, died intestate, leaving him surviving no grand-father or grand-mother, no father or mother, no wife, child or descendants of any child or children, no brothers or sisters, and that said petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the whole of the said estate of said deceased;

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate, and that the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof, so far as known to said petitioners;

And that these petitioners pray the said Court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made; that the Court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the Court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said Court in the matter of the said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of said Court in the matter of said estate and in the Register of Proceedings in Estates of said Court in the matter of said estate, and directing that, in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid, then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said Court for not appearing as aforesaid, and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid, to show cause and exhibit to said Court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, as provided by Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California;

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition, the said Court, on the 22nd day of August, 1916, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate of Richard Corbett, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said Court as hereinafter specified, and that by said order the Court fixed Tuesday, the 5th day of December, 1916, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein.

NOW, THEREFORE, you, and each of you herein above named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have, or claim, any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the Courtroom

thereof, in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 5th day of December, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the Court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having, or claiming, an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased;

And that you, and each of you, and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said Court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said Court in the matter of the said estate and in the Register of the Proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said Court, and that each and every, all and singular, the persons who appear as aforesaid, show cause, as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, to the said Court in the matter of the said estate, by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California;

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said Court in the matter of the said estate, and in the Register of Proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said Court for not appearing as aforesaid;

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause, as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, to the said Court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate, as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate to the said Court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California specified;

That the said Court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS, the Honorable George H. Cabanis, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk of said Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

EUGENE W. LEVY, Attorney for Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, Room 560 Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California. 8-26-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75,177; Dept. No. 4.

HELENA HORSTMANN, Plaintiff, versus CONRAD HORSTMANN, also known as CHARLES HORSTMANN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CONRAD HORSTMANN, also known as CHARLES HORSTMANN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's habitual intemperance and of Defendant's failure to provide Plaintiff the necessities of life; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD, Attorney for Plaintiff, 1003 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco. 7-29-10

Elocution may be a good thing, but it doesn't go far enough. It merely teaches us how to speak, not when.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRED W. SIMONTON, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of FRED W. SIMONTON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at the office of Charles A. Lee, 615 Hobart Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRED W. SIMONTON, deceased.

Administrator of the estate of Fred W. Simonton, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, August 12, 1916.

CHARLES A. LEE, Attorney for Administrator, 615 Hobart Building, San Francisco, Cal. 8-12-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 74925; Dept. No. 4.

HENRY HAINS, Plaintiff, vs. GABRIELLE HAINS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GABRIELLE HAINS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3rd day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ERNEST PAGNUOLO, Attorney for Plaintiff, 110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 8-12-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10; No. 75525.

ANITA WARREN PATTERSON, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM PATTERSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM PATTERSON, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of August, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By F. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON, Attorney for Plaintiff, 423 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-19-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIUS LOEWEY, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of JULIUS LOEWEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Wm. Loewy & Walter Loewy, Number 201 Sansome Street, Room 507, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JULIUS LOEWEY, deceased.

Administrator of the estate of Julius Loewy, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, August 19, 1916.

WM. LOEWY & WALTER LOEWY, Attorneys for Administrator, 201 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal. 8-19-5

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The general market seems to us to be acting naturally. Regardless of developments, it has to recognize the force of technique. Having eliminated a large part of the shortage by a pronounced advance in the industrial list, readjustment was essential and could be brought about only by reactions from highest prices reached. After digestion of advanced level, a resumption of improvement is to be expected, if not opposed by unanticipated developments of a radically adverse nature. We have reasons for expecting Steel, Reading, Inspiration, Union Pacific, Locomotive and Smelters to be bullishly prominent. There is a strong tendency in speculative investment channels active in the stock market to confine all bull operations to the industrial and copper lists. Already there are signs that this element is looking further ahead to the inevitably higher expenditure of railroads, and wishes to digest the prospect before making commitments in that security department. Practically the whole of the interest and other charges of Union Pacific are covered by miscellaneous income, says an executive analysis. It is pointed out that the regular transportation given are practically all available for dividends. This stock is expected to be bought on a scale down by banking interests. The bear element is making capital out of a report that Germany will soon send a half billion of American securities to the United States by submarines. There is developing a very bearish attitude among the trading element with regard to the motor stocks. The private borrowing demand shows a large increase of shortage in Willys and Maxwell, and there is also a heavy short selling on the curb among motors there. It is noteworthy that most of the prominent stock exchange houses, putting their views in writing, are announcing that notwithstanding pessimism found in some quarters, the trend of the market is upward. It is strongly intimated that "we are in a bull market" that is starting to discount the election of Hughes, Wilson's "repudiation" of arbitration and the enormous irresponsible power demonstrated to be possessed by labor leaders, being looked upon as likely to result in a "fear vote" for Republicans. While specialist and other advices agree that considerable long stock has come upon the market for steel above the 95 level, a large part of the absorption is traced to important interests, including investment institutions, which are said to contemplate an investigation into the corporation after the war. The purchase of this stock market weakness should give excellent trading profits for the present, judging from all advices received.

Wheat—The wheat market the past week has been very active and prices covered a wide range, finally closing the week at some recession from best prices, and with every indication of further decline next week. The trouble with the market is that it is strained on long side. Crop news,

particularly that from Canada, has been as bullish as at any time, and demand for cash wheat continues excellent; none the less, market fails to respond to the news as formerly. A material decrease in general trade was quite noticeable. Chicago men now in the Northwest and those recently there, have been sending quite bullish news, one of them suggesting that the Western Canadian provinces would very soon estimate a yield around 160,000,000. Threshing returns from our three States are fully supporting early claims of material damage. Foreign Governments are in the market for round lots, according to New York advices, but, as has been the practice for some time, the amount of business done is being withheld. The fact that market does not respond to this sort of news is worthy of notice. It is quite probable that a widely extended long interest prevails, as the world's shortage has been so freely advertised. This being so, it is not unreasonable to argue that a failure of the market to respond to bullish news may ultimately result in a readjustment of holdings.

Corn—There has been a fair volume of trade in corn without noteworthy developments. Smaller holders were inclined to the selling side because of some improvement in crop news over central and northern sections, but offerings were well taken on the decline. A careful canvass of the probable movement of old corn develops a general belief that with cars in hand there would be fair movement from Illinois, but none from other sections. The car situation also affects shipping business there being numerous bids in market for quick shipment, which cannot be accepted. Business, therefore, considerably restricted and in a moderate way affecting the spot market.

Cotton—The market during the week has experienced sensational advances, which carried prices for the principal options well above 1550, due to reports of serious deterioration in the eastern belt since the last Government report was compiled. Owing to the favorable weather which has prevailed since then, the trade were expecting some improvement in this section of the belt. Failure of the crop to recuperate when climatic conditions became favorable, can only be accounted for by its lack of vitality, due to inadequate fertilization. It is well known that the western belt has suffered seriously during this month, owing to the prolonged and unusual drought and unprecedented damage by boll weevil and boll worm. With such disastrous conditions existing over the entire belt, there can be no question now as to this being another short crop, and 15 cents will now be considered a minimum price for this season's yield and 20 cents or higher is not at all unlikely. It is expected that the Government report will point to a crop under 13,000,000 bales. This would mean a wild scramble, and competitive buying by American and foreign spinners to secure their

requirements, and the belated ones would have to close their mills or run on short time, owing to the shortness of raw material. There is yet big money to be made on the bull side.

Madge—The skirt should come to the shoe-tops.

Marjorie—I quite agree with you, my dear. But I can't get a pair high enough!

Isabel—Are you sure you really love me?

Arthur—Dearest, I would be President of Mexico for your sake.

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JUNE 30TH, 1916:

Assets\$63,811,228.81
Deposits60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash..... 1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds..... 2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund 222,725.43
Number of Depositors 68,062

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P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and
Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8
o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

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NOTICE OF TRUSTEES' SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

WHEREAS in accordance with the terms and under the authority of a certain deed of trust executed and delivered by John L. Polito, the party of the first part, to W. E. Palmer and Fred E. Palmer, as trustees, the parties of the second part, and M. D. Merritt, the party of the third part, dated the 27th day of May, 1915, and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 5th day of June, 1915, in Liber 871 of Deeds (new series) at page 244, which deed of trust was given to secure the payment of a certain promissory note for the sum of Five hundred dollars (\$500.00) of even date therewith, executed and delivered by said party of the first part to the party of the third part and which promissory note together with all the interests of said party of the third part in said deed of trust was subsequent to said 27th day of May, 1915, and prior to the date of this notice for value received sold and assigned to A. M. Palmer and said A. M. Palmer being now the owner and holder of said promissory note mentioned in and secured by said deed of trust, the said A. M. Palmer as the owner and holder of said promissory note has by written declaration and demand declared that default has been made by the party of the first part in the payment of the principal sum named in said promissory note, to-wit, the sum of Five hundred dollars (\$500.00) and in the payment of the interest thereon at the rate of twelve per cent (12%) per annum according to its terms from date thereof until paid, said interest having been paid to the 27th day of January, 1916, and has demanded that the undersigned, trustees as aforesaid, sell the real property described in said deed of trust and hereinafter described to pay and satisfy the amount due and unpaid upon said promissory note, together with the expenses of sale and the expenses of the trust;

AND WHEREAS default has been made by said John L. Polito in the payment of said promissory note and of the interest thereon since the 27th day of January, 1916, and no part of the principal sum of said promissory note has been paid;

Now the said W. E. Palmer and Fred E. Palmer, as trustees as aforesaid, hereby give notice that on Tuesday, the 19th day of September, 1916, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon at the real estate office of G. H. Umben & Co. at No. 20 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and under and pursuant to the terms and conditions of said deed of trust and of said written declaration and demand they will sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder for cash in Gold Coin of the United States that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Orizaba Avenue, distant thereon two hundred seventy-five (275) feet northerly from the northerly line of Garfield Street, running thence northerly and along said westerly line of Orizaba Avenue seventy-five (75) feet, thence at a right angle westerly one hundred (100) feet, thence at a right angle southerly seventy-five (75) feet, thence at a right angle easterly one hundred (100) feet to the westerly line of Orizaba Avenue and the point of commencement;

Being Lots 35, 36, 37, Block 57, City Land Association. Terms of sale: Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, ten per cent (10%) payable to the undersigned at the fall of the hammer and conclusion of sale, balance upon the delivery of the deed. If balance is not so paid said ten per cent (10%) shall be forfeited and the sale shall be void. Said real property will be offered for sale in one parcel and the holder or holders of said promissory note secured by said deed of trust, his or their, agent or assigns may bid and purchase at said sale.

Dated, August 9th, 1916.

W. E. PALMER,
FRED E. PALMER,
Trustees.

JOHN RALPH WILSON,
Attorney for Trustees,
Room 709, 57 Post St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

8-19-5

CERTIFICATE OF S. S. SCHEPPS AND GEORGE L. FURST, DOING BUSINESS AS VIRGINIA STUDIO

No. 2811.

(Ten cent documentary revenue stamp cancelled.)

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned, S. S. SCHEPPS and GEORGE L. FURST, are transacting a general Art business in this State, under the name of VIRGINIA STUDIO; that their principal place of business is in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that they are now conducting said business in the premises generally known and designated as Number 128 Post Street, in said City, County and State aforesaid; that they are the sole owners of said business; that their full names are S. S. SCHEPPS, who resides at No. 704 Bush Street, and GEORGE L. FURST, who resides at No. 704 Bush Street, both in said City and County and State, aforesaid.

S. S. SCHEPPS,
GEORGE L. FURST.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco.—ss.

On this 8th day of August, 1916, before me, J. D. BROWN, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared S. S. SCHEPPS and GEORGE L. FURST, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) J. D. BROWN,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed August 9, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY W. DINKELSPIEL,
Attorney for said Virginia Studio,
802-6 Claus Spreckels Building,
San Francisco, California.

8-19-5

CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned MAX LEUTHOLDT and OTTO DUDZECK, both of whom are residents of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, are partners and as such partners constitute a partnership transacting business in this State under the firm name of M. LEUTHOLDT & CO.; that the principal place of business of said partnership is in the said City and County of San Francisco, and that the above mentioned names are the names in full of all of the members of the said partnership.

Dated, San Francisco, August 12, 1916.

MAX LEUTHOLDT,
OTTO DUDZECK.

S. JOSEPH THEISEN,
Attorney for Partnership,
Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

8-19-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 9798; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, Deceased.

SARAH A. JACOBS, the Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, deceased, having filed therein her verified petition praying for an order of sale of the Real Estate of said deceased for the purpose herein set forth:

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said Estate of said deceased appear before the above entitled Court and Department on Wednesday, the 20th day of September, 1916, at Ten (10) A. M. on said day at the Court-Room of said Court, in the New City Hall on the West side of Polk, between McAllister and Grove Streets, San Francisco, California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administratrix and Petitioner to sell the Real Estate of said deceased at a private sale, or so much thereof as shall be necessary.

It is further ordered and directed that a copy of this order shall be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOS. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated this 14th day of August, 1916.

MARSHALL NUCKOLLS,
Attorney for Administratrix,
417 Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, California.

8-19-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75045; Dept. No. 3.

BECKIE DROY, Plaintiff, vs. SAM DROY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: SAM DROY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10, Probate; No. 15132.

In the Matter of the Estate of MAURICE HAYES, Deceased.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE. ROSE HAYES, the surviving wife of the said MAURICE HAYES, deceased, having presented her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Thursday, the 14th day of September, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10 Probate of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at the City Hall, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executrix, CATHERINE TIETJEN, directing her to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, within a time to be specified by this Court, as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County, or personally served as provided in section 1539 of the Code of Civil Procedure of California.

Dated, August 3rd, A. D. 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

Presented by E. J. MIZE,
Attorney for Petitioner,
96 Bernal Avenue,
San Francisco, California.

8-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH NIGLIS, deceased.—Dept. No. 9; No. 21360.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of JOSEPH NIGLIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH NIGLIS, deceased.

EUGENE NIGLIS,

Executor of the last will and testament of Joseph Niglis, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 2nd, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR THE VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION OF THE CORPORATION BELOW NAMED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75828; Dept. 12.

In the Matter of the Voluntary Dissolution of BURG BROS. LUMBER & BUILDING CO., a Corporation.

Notice is hereby given that Burg Bros. Lumber & Building Co., the corporation above named, has duly filed in the above entitled Court its application praying for an order or decree of said Court dissolving said corporation, and that Monday, the 25th day of September, A. D. 1916, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, in the Court-Room of said Court, Department 12 thereof, situate in the Hall of Justice of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been duly fixed as the day, time and place for the hearing of the said application.

Notice of the hearing of the said application shall be given by publication for six successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a weekly newspaper, published, printed and circulated in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, beginning on the 19th day of August, 1916, and ending on the 23rd day of September, 1916, and any and all persons are hereby notified that they may file in the above entitled Court before the date of the expiration of the said notice any objections which they may have to the granting of the aforesaid application for the dissolution of the said corporation.

Dated this 15th day of August, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of the said Superior Court.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

W. T. KEARNEY,
Attorney for said Application,
1012 Mills Building,
San Francisco, California.

8-19-6

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of RETTA J. BIRD, deceased.—No. 21159, N. S.; Dept. 10 Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of RETTA J. BIRD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Joseph Slye, Esq., Room 1003 Phelan Building, 760 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of RETTA J. BIRD, deceased.

L. H. CONDON,

Administratrix with the will annexed of the estate of Retta J. Bird, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 5th, 1916.

JOSEPH SLYE, ESQ.,
Attorney for Administratrix,
1003 Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

8-5-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRANKLIN K. BARTHEL, Deceased.—No. 21294; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of FRANKLIN K. BARTHEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the office of her attorney, E. B. Power, Room 1212 Humboldt Bank Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRANKLIN K. BARTHEL, deceased.

KATHERINE BARTHEL,

Executrix of the last will and testament of Franklin K. Barthel, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 19, 1916.

E. B. POWER,
Attorney for Executrix,
1212 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

8-19-5

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878



Vol. XXVIII. No. 1255

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 9, 1916

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE:

The Maori in France

The Shameful Surrender

The Incendiary of Journalism

Raemaekers and His Cartoons

An Easter Party—A Russian Sketch

Senator Sherman's Attack on Gompers

"Jim" Emery Tells Why Business is Pounded

Mrs. George Kessler, Friend of the Blind Soldier

The September Lantern—Out Next Week



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FOR THE OLD FREEDOM

FOR PRESIDENT:

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

The Shameful Surrender It is said that nobody knows what political effect President Wilson's shameful surrender to the railroad brotherhoods will have. And such is the state of public morals! In no normal mind is there any doubt as to the general character of the President's conduct; yet the great political party that embodies the Opposition which is essential to the republican form of government is applauding our Chief Magistrate's cowardly and disingenuous expedient. Here undoubtedly is an impressive sign of the times that calls for plain speaking; for once more, to quote Carlyle, God's absolute laws converted into moral philosophies appear to be sanctioned only by considerations of Profit and Loss. This is not a time for euphemisms. We have seen our President groveling at the feet of Union Labor, committing his party to the principle that the end justifies the means, using his tremendous power to extort from a coordinate branch of the government legislation that reeks of injustice; and yet we are told that we do not know what may be the immediate effect. This is like saying that in the case of a man who plundered another on the highway on a rainy night it was doubtful whether he would be sent to jail or receive a reward because the stolen property was so hard to carry that the owner might have got very wet had he not been robbed.

The Controversy It is not to be gainsaid that the railroad brotherhoods put the President and his party in a hole when they insisted on having immediate action on their demands. The party leaders felt that a strike was the one thing they could not afford to have happen. They were sure they were able to explain away every-

thing else, but a great industrial upheaval they feared would shatter their fondest hope—another term at the public crib. A desperate situation, to be sure, but was not the darling Moralism of the White House a temptation too great for the labor leaders to resist? They might well have asked themselves, When shall we see his like again? If ever a psychological hour was to come Mr. Woodrow Wilson was the man to make it recognizable. The man who signed the La Follette bill to please Furuseth; who signed the anti-injunction bill to please Gompers; the man who stood for the labor rider to the appropriation bill; who lowered the flag in Mexico and who would rather hymn the praises of his ideals than fight for them, was precisely the man to be relied upon to abandon the principle of arbitration when threatened with a nation-wide strike. This distinguished politician bears no resemblance to the Woodrow Wilson who delivered a baccalaureate sermon at Princeton in 1909. That Woodrow Wilson described the labor unionist as a man who gives "as little as he may for his wages" and said that the labor of America was "rapidly becoming unprofitable under its present regulation by those who have determined to reduce it to a minimum." The Woodrow Wilson who spoke at Princeton seven years ago feared that our economic supremacy would be lost "because the country grows more and more full of unprofitable servants." An unsophisticated schoolmaster was the Wilson of Princeton. He regarded the average union man as one who was not "suffered to do more than the least skillful of his fellows." The White-House Wilson is a man of another calibre; to be accurate, he is a practical politician with all a politician's weaknesses and more than the average politician's supply of sugary ideals. When threatened with a strike this gentleman talked of the inviolability of the principle of the eight-hour day, an academic principle which in this instance was not involved at all. When we talk of the importance of the eight-hour day we mean, as everybody knows, that it is unjust and cruel to require men to work longer than eight hours. In this instance the question of eight hours was not a question of shortening the hours of labor; it was a question of raising the rates of pay. Thus the whole controversy was grounded in intellectual dishonesty, and to this dishonesty the President of the United States gave assent. Indeed he kindly assisted in confusing the issue by solemnly affirming the soundness of the eight-hour principle. But the President's worst offense was this, that he put the highest possible premium on force as a solvent of labor problems. The brotherhoods played the part of a bandit with a gun to his victim's

head, and the President was the policeman who compromised with the thief by telling him not to shoot but take the swag. We infer that the President comes from the same school of morals from which Colonel Harris Weinstock of Sacramento was graduated. Colonel Weinstock wired his friend, one of the brotherhood chiefs, to submit the issue to arbitration, not because it would be just to do so but because in the end the brotherhoods would get what they wanted.

Sherman's Attack on Gompers In view of what happened at Washington last week it is instructive to read some of the remarks made by Senator Sherman of Illinois in his speech on the Merchant Marine bill on August 15. It was in the course of that speech that Senator Sherman took occasion to denounce Samuel Gompers. A little of his language was quoted in the despatches, but as to the general character of the speech we were not informed. Senator Sherman discussed the economic policies of the Administration and incidentally showed how President Wilson was cultivating the friendship of organized labor. In this connection he quoted Mr. J. J. Keegan of St. Louis who said in an interview on July 16 that unless the railroad presidents promptly acceded to the demands of the brotherhoods the Federal Government would seize every railroad in the United States. The plans for the seizure had not all been made, he said, but according to reliable information he had received, the step would be "inevitable." He predicted that 99 per cent of the members of the brotherhoods would vote for a strike, and he declared that as the Interstate Commerce Commission had been appraising the railroads for three years the Government was in a better position than ever "to assume the responsibility of ownership." Now this man Keegan is a labor leader employed as Commissioner of the United States Department of Labor. "I suppose," said Senator Sherman, "that this prediction being made in the name of a labor leader, whatever is said, however insane, however frantic, however insufferable and sublimely idiotic, is sanctified thereby." Considering what has happened it is evident that Mr. Keegan said nothing that was idiotic. If the railroads were not seized it was not that there was any moral scruple against their seizure; it was because somebody had not the courage to precipitate general confusion. After calling attention to Keegan Senator Sherman said:

No more insufferable control or tyranny ever cursed a country than these parasitical men who exploit labor and live off the sweat of somebody else's brow. Mr. Gompers is a public nuisance. Mr. Keegan is a

Socialist, or what might be denominated an economic crank; and they are the ones who find lodgment in high places and are in high favor under this Administration, from Redfield clear down to Mr. Keegan, or clear up, I do not know which it is."

Senator Sherman went on to denounce Mr. Gompers, who, he said, when the dynamiters were indicted in Indianapolis, "set up a tribunal of his own and acquitted them before they had received a public hearing." According to Senator Sherman, the most fortunate thing that ever happened to Gompers "was that he escaped indictment himself on a similar charge." A few days after this speech was delivered Senator Reed essayed a defense of Gompers, denying in his behalf that he took part in politics. A letter from the labor leader was read, characterizing Sherman's speech as an attack on organized labor. A lively controversy ensued, during the course of which Senator Sherman asked Senator Reed if he knew that the man "who was not in politics" had a son on the Administration payroll. Reed did not know. "In due time," said Sherman, "I shall enlighten the Senate as to the condition of the Gompers family with reference to the public pay rolls and also with reference to drawing subsistence from various labor unions in this country." Senator Sherman added that Gompers with characteristic evasiveness "retired behind the shelter of innocent men saying that my criticism was against the American Federation of Labor. It was not. No one knows it better than Mr. Gompers who habitually runs to cover." On the whole it was not a happy defense for Mr. Gompers, but it served to throw additional light on the relations between President Wilson and the labor boss.

The Incendiary of Journalism

It is a curious instance of the irony of our civilization that whereas the minor crimes of mischievous rogues provoke great resentment the enormities of malevolent scoundrels are viewed with complaisance. Consider for example the effect on the public mind of a mere homicide by anarchists and the effect of an incendiary editorial in a daily paper. The man that frothes at the mouth when an anarchist explodes a bomb in a crowd rubs shoulders with a Crothers in his club and vituperates all anarchists over a highball. Here is a publisher whose utterances every little while are a vague instigation to wholesale murder. Here is an editor whose hostility to society is the least of his offenses, for he is preaching revolt not from sympathy with the masses but for the profit to be made from circulation among them. Formerly his sympathies were with the employers of labor, but at the time of the teamsters' strike ten years ago he found that the policy didn't pay, and he complained that the employers were ungrateful. Now we find this publisher's paper instilling poison into weak minds, inflaming the passions of envy and hatred, preaching insidious sophistries designed to confirm any unbalanced individual in the crazy belief that he would be justified in revenging himself on society in any way he might care to adopt. And though we tolerate Crothers we rage against our dynamiters. Surely Crothers is a greater evil than Mooney. As a citizen he is much less deserving of respect; for whereas Mooney is frankly and consistently anti-social, Crothers is so only by innuendo. Our lean and hungry contemporary professing to be a law-abiding citizen, associates on friendly terms with our captains of industry, but all the while he is suggestionizing weak minds in language calculated to make the envious contemptuous of law and order and hostile to a class which he urges them to despise.

A Bulletin Editorial

If we assume that Mr. Crothers is a stranger to sincerity it is because we credit him with having more sense than the readers to whom he addresses his arguments. What sort of minds he appeals to one may perceive by glancing through almost any of his daily editorials. Here for instance is one devoted to comment on the great power wielded by the 400,000 members of the railroad brotherhoods. He contrasts this power with what he pronounces the greater power of a small ring of Wall Street financiers who dominate our big transportation companies. Now Crothers is not ignorant of the fact that the brotherhoods are directed precisely as the railroads are directed—by their representatives. Nor is he unaware that these labor despots who dominate the brotherhoods are fewer in proportion to the men represented than the railroad directors. All intelligent men know that the railroad magnates represent thousands of men where the brotherhood chiefs represent hundreds. There are more than two million railroad stockholders and bondholders. But these are matters involving no question at issue. Why were they discussed by Crothers? Merely for the purpose of serving as a pretext to inflame the minds of readers so dull and stupid that they might be induced to assume that railroad magnates have been grinding the faces of their crews. In this same editorial Crothers tells his readers to remember that "the power of the brotherhood is clean." Thus it is to be inferred that the power of organized

capital, the power that directs great public utilities operating under charters from the people for the benefit of the people, in short, the power that makes our great industries possible, is unclean and in need of chastening. Further: Mr. Crothers tells his readers that the power of the brotherhoods "has been earned by years of severe labor, by the endurance of hardships, etc." Presumably of course our great captains of industry are either men of leisure who seized their jobs as pirates take booty, or they are bloated bondholders who luxuriate in palatial offices with nothing on their minds, not even the trivial question of paying interest. But why go on! The mean, contemptible spirit in which this sort of flubdub was conceived is transparent. The mischief of it is not so remote or mysterious as to require elucidation. Yet, as we have said, it occasions no articulate resentment; at least no resentment that manifests itself in the cash-drawer. Surely if Mr. Crothers were really to despise the class that he is teaching his readers to hate, there would be more warrant for his aversion than he gives in his editorial columns; for where are there men more despicable than the prosperous shopkeepers who, conceiving his motives, nevertheless continue to support and encourage him that they may sell a few more yards or another pair of shoes. Ugh! it's a nasty business that this Tartuffe of journalism is pursuing, but our merchants are implicated in it and they will continue to be until a Koster or some other man of courage organizes sentiment for its abatement. Meanwhile *Town Talk*, never despairing, will continue at brief intervals to remind our merchants of their misdeeds. If they are not too callous a voice in the wilderness may awaken them, and of course there is always the chance of their perceiving that *The Bulletin* as the organ of the local ring of labor agitators and the hypocritical friend of labor, is "hurting business." By the way, they can get results without quitting their favorite journal. If each of twenty would reduce his space one-half Crothers would be willing to join the Law and Order League.

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296—MRS. GEORGE A. KESSLER

By Edward F. O'Day

George A. Kessler, widely and favorably known on both sides of the Atlantic as an importer of champagne, was a passenger on the Lusitania when she was struck by a German torpedo. A powerful swimmer, he was saved after spending four hours in the water.

George Kessler's wife had motored to Liverpool to meet her husband and drive him to the Kessler country place on the Thames. She went to the Cunard office to learn when the Lusitania might be expected and was told that the great steamer had been sunk. She had no reason to think that she would see her husband alive.

When George Kessler and his wife were reunited they thanked God for His goodness and resolved to devote their lives to the alleviation of distress caused by the war. That explains why Mrs. Kessler is in San Francisco, raising money for the B. F. B. permanent blind relief fund. Every cent which Mrs. Kessler raises goes to aid the blinded soldiers of Belgium, France and Great Britain; for her husband pays the entire expenses of this great war charity.

Mrs. George A. Kessler is well known in San Francisco. Before her marriage she was Miss Cora Parsons. She was born in Sacramento, but was raised in this city and graduated from the Girls' High School. She has lived abroad for fifteen years, but returns to her old home to find herself among friends.

"This work of aiding blind soldiers," said Mrs. Kessler when I called on her at her headquarters, 49 Post street, "was started in England by Lady Arthur Paget and Sir Arthur Pearson. Pearson is himself totally blind. He lost his sight through overwork. Meeting him you do not realize at first that he is sightless. He walks about his office quite at his ease, and he has even escorted me to his table in his favorite restaurant. His own terrible deprivation filled him with compassion for the young men whose eyes have been destroyed in battle. So he opened a place in London where the battle-blinded soldiers are taught avocations and are encouraged to overcome their awful handicap. This place is called St. Dunstan's; it is the Regent's Park residence of Otto Kahn of New York, lent to Pearson for the use of the blind.

"St. Dunstan's can only accommodate a small number of blinded soldiers. There are thousands thus afflicted, and many more institutions are needed, not only in Great Britain but also in Belgium and France. Hence the work undertaken by the B. F. B. (Belgium, France and Britain) permanent blind relief fund.

"These blind soldiers must be reeducated. Workshops are needed, and tools and machinery. The countries for which these young fellows

lost their sight have done what they could, but these countries are overburdened already. So we are appealing to America in the name of humanity and for the sake of an ennobled and loftier civilization. We have headquarters in New York as well as in this city. We have one hundred committees working in twenty-six States. We have put out 92,000 collection boxes, and over 300,000 dime banks throughout the country. 'Cigarette Day' is part of our San Francisco programme, and we plan other means of raising the necessary funds.

"The number of young fellows blinded in this war is appalling. Since the attack on Verdun began the number has swelled enormously. It is so easy for a soldier to be blinded. Every fighter who sticks his head out of a trench runs this danger. Shells, hand grenades, gases—every agency of modern warfare adds to the roster of the blind.

"There is a little convalescent home at Cookham on the Thames near our country place. I worked in this hospital for a year and a half, and I have had considerable experience with the blind. At first they are terribly depressed. In their depths of despair they want to kill themselves. But when they discover that life still holds something for them to do they become quite happy. With the deaf the morbid state of mind seems to persist; but it is not so with the blind, once they realize that there is work which they can do. Until that realization comes to them they suffer terribly. Remember, they are in a different position from those who were born blind. These are fine, strong young fellows who have been plunged with dreadful suddenness into the black sea.

"There is a sergeant-major with us, a Scotchman who was blinded. He delivers lectures for our fund. When he recovered consciousness in the hospital and learned that he could never see again, he begged God to take him. There was a wife and a child, and he saw no future. But he was taught typewriting and massage at St. Dunstan's. Today he is skilled in both, and there is no longer any reason why he should worry about his wife and child. He has been the life of our New York headquarters. Whenever you hear laughter there it is pretty apt to be the sergeant-major who started it.

"It is marvelous what these blinded soldiers can learn. Basket making is particularly easy for them. And they become adepts at massage. The loss of sight renders the sense of feeling more acute, and they acquire a wonderful knowledge of the muscles in a short time. In Japan, you know, all the masseurs are blind. This work is reserved for them by the Government on account of their aptitude for it. I have seen the doctors at St. Dunstan's teaching the blind massage from a papier mache form. It is most encouraging to see how quickly they learn. The quickened sense of touch also permits the blind to master typewriting without great difficulty. Piano tuning is another avocation which is open to the blind; for like the sense of feeling, the sense of hearing is also made acute by their affliction. They are very successful too at poultry farming. Ten blind soldiers have gone from St. Dunstan's to take positions as superintendents of poultry farms. They have been completely successful. They mix the food, set the eggs, operate the incubators and clean out the runs with remarkable skill.

"It is touching to see the effect upon these young fellows when they are drawn from the

depths of despair and given an independent position among their fellowmen. They want no sympathy or pity. Once they know they can take care of their families they are happy. And it is extraordinary what they can learn in a year. They manifest great skill in the mechanical way. Some of them are even building engines.

"But they don't want to stay in institutions. They want to go home. To make it possible for them to go home and be self-supporting is our endeavor. Of course they cannot bargain. They can produce things, but they cannot carry their goods to market. So in addition to providing more institutions where they may be reeducated and equipping these institutions with tools and mechanical devices, we aim to establish exchanges where their products may be sold. The first work of the fund will be to enlarge and modernize all the present blind institutions of Europe. Then we shall organize in various European cities additional modern blind schools, blind workshops, blind employment exchanges and agencies for commercializing blind products. In this way we hope to make all these war victims self-supporting for life, and save them from their present hopeless and helpless condition.

"By aiding in the establishment of these institutions the American people will perform an act peculiarly American. They will enable thousands of their unfortunate fellow beings to become self-supporting, independent and useful. To give a helping hand to every one who sincerely and earnestly wants to make good is the spirit on which a great deal of the success and prosperity of our own great democracy has been built. So I am not surprised by the generosity with which America has responded to our appeal."

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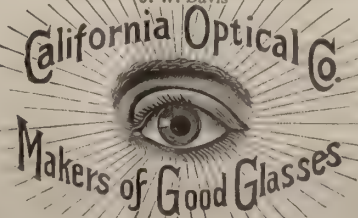
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Perspective Impressions

One of the words we are thoroughly tired of is "forward-looking."

Hearst is trying to stop the war. Mrs. Par-
tington up to date.

Tom Edison is for Wilson. We still believe
that Tom is a great electrician.

"Our President may easily become a King,"
said Patrick Henry. True, but why should a
President wish to reduce his prerogative?

The price of macaroni may go up, but mac-
aroni will keep on going down as long as we
have an Italian colony.

"While many men do covet their neighbor's
wives, there is no use in mentioning it in church.
It might just be left to the imagination," says
an Episcopal clergyman of this city, discussing
the proposed revision of the Ten Command-
ments. If St. Paul were only alive to write a
letter to this namby-pamby priest!

It may be all right to call them Roumaniacs,
but think how long they lived in a madhouse
before yielding to the malady.

Come to think of it, King Constantine kept
his country out of war more than two years,
and all things considered he had a job of some
size on his hands.

It was Briand who put an end to the railroad
strike in France. But Briand was an anarchist
whereas President Wilson believes in law and
order—except when the Unions are looking.

Our President may have a one-track mind, but
evidently it will serve his purpose so long as the
people who pay the freight continue to sleep
at the switches.

The Brotherhoods objected to the Canadian
Arbitration Law because it would put them
in a servile state. But the Brotherhoods don't
mind putting the railroads in a servile state at
the same time refusing even to let them have
American arbitration.

"It was called a Democracy, but it was in
reality the rule of one man."—Thucydides.

The difference between the two Labor Day
orators may be stated thus: Mayor Rolph made
a speech, but Archbishop Hanna said some-
thing.

Mayor Rolph spoke as a politician with his
eye on a bigger job; Archbishop Hanna spoke
as a Christian gentleman and an American
patriot.

More wages for the full crews that sit in
the baggage car and read the papers, but the
underpaid clerks, what about them? They'll go
on commuting and wondering why the cost of
living is going up.

Now that it appears to be all right for a
President to order the legislative department
of the government to do precisely what he wants
what's the matter with legalizing a dictator-
ship? But perhaps we are satisfied with what
the silent processes of time have given us.

The Maori in France

(From a British Correspondent)

In the green lanes of France you may meet
at any time with men of all colors. There
are black men marching there, brown men and
bronze, besides all the English and French
soldiery. A while ago a long column swung
along the road to the tune of a melody sung in
time to the marching feet. The tune you would
know, but the words would be new to you, or
at least seem so.

He roa te wa ki Tipirere,
He tino mamao,
He roa te wa ki Tipirere,
Ki taku kotiro,
E noho pikatiri,
Hei kona rehitā koea,
He mamao rawa Tipirere
Ka tae ahua.

It is an old friend in new guise, and the last
word of the first line will tell you that it is
none other than "Tipperary." But what is the
tongue that it is sung in and what of the men
that sing it?

On the under side of the world there is a
land where the trees never turn yellow. Where
the summer is a fair division of the year with
a month and a half thrown in for good measure.
It is a land of big spaces, full, broad rivers
and turquoise lakes. In the south there are
great mountains with their peaks clothed in
perpetual snow and their glaciers moving to-
wards the sun-bathed plains. In the interior
there lived a race of chivalrous warriors who
fought a great fight against British troops.
Now New Zealand is as British as Sussex and
the spirit of the dark-skinned fighters who took
up arms against the red-coats has come to
France in the Maori contingent.

When Britain first declared war there was an
immediate response from the Dominions and the
Maoris asked that they be allowed to fight for
their King with their "pakeha" (whitemen)
brothers. At first there were obvious dif-
ficulties, and it was not for some time that the
Government was able to accede to their request.
Then there came a time when there was great

rejoicing in the Maori pas, and the young men
flocked to the recruiting offices, as became
the sons of a fighting race. It was disgrace
to be hoeing the kumara beds when the man-
hood of England was needing respite from the
battle. They would go over the sea to help
the King and the Empire, and so they came,
first to Gallipoli and then to France.

They are children in spirit, and their pleasures
have always been of their own devising. They
had no written language, but they handed down
by oral tradition the most complex genealogical
trees and their own detailed and picturesque
folklore. There is another side to them that
has been evidenced as the result of the civiliza-
tion that we have taken them, but that is not
the side we are interested in. When the war
came to New Zealand it found one Maori boy
dwelling beside the waters of Lake Taupo. He
was happy as he could be and not overworked.
He had been taught English by the Catholic
priest of Waihi, and he could read the papers
slowly, but sufficiently well to tell that here
was a great adventure offered him. He sat in
the whare one night reading from the cables how
the Germans had thrown our army back from
Mons. He did not know where Mons was, but
he knew that men were wanted. He asked
if he could go to fight, but was told that it
was not a war for the Maori. Then at last
came his chance. He took his younger brother
out to the potato paddock and gave him de-
tailed instructions as to what he was to do
if the kumaras were by any chance ready for
digging before he came back from settling the
King's affairs. He shook hands solemnly with
his grandfather and performed the 'hongi,' rub-
bing his own flat nose on the tattooed face of
the old man. He shouldered his bundle and
walked away past the hot springs, through the
manuka scrub with its sweet-smelling flowers
until he struck the coach road under Maun-
ganamu the little pocket-edition of a volcano
with its dead crater filled with foxgloves.

He walked to Waioura, and then he took a

train. In ten days he was wearing a khaki
jacket and a helmet and doing tedious drill on a
hard-trodden square. Then, after the allotted
space of training, he was embarked with his
fellows, all his own race, and the long journey
to Egypt commenced. Arrived at Gallipoli he
got his first taste of fighting, and heredity came
uppermost. Disregarding all that an impressive
sergeant-major had drummed into his head, he
forgot that a bayonet was for use at close
quarters. He was sent with the other Maoris
on a little piece of work that demanded much
steadiness and the utmost quiet. They crept
along the dere to attack the Turk. It was to
be a surprise attack, and the rifles were not to
be fired. It was a surprise, and Honé went into
the thick of the mêlée with his rifle clubbed
like the "tiaha" or the "teko-teko" of his for-
bears. It was hard work, but orders were
obeyed, and there were no noises but the sound
of hard breathing, and the thud of the rifle
stocks and the cries of the wounded. Their
object was achieved, and that night on the beach
under Walker's they sat and talked in their own
tongue of the glories of that half-hour.

Then they came to France, and we find them
swinging along between the high poplars to
the tune of "Tipperary" sung sweetly in their
soft voices and with the perfect time that all
Polynesian races are able to put into their music.
Honé came, too, and here he is at the head of
the column with two stripes on his sleeve. As
he marches he wishes wistfully that his old
grandfather and little Hori, his brother, could
see him now and could have heard the cheers
that greeted them in the streets of the first
French town they passed through. Once more
he was in the thick of things, but this time he
did not march back to the bivouac. A stretcher
carried him to the waiting motor-ambulance and
he was hurried to the hospital, where a surgeon
shook his head sadly over him.

He lay there for two days, but his spirit was
already half round the world to the quiet lake-

(Continued on Page 16.)

An Easter Party

(Reprinted from THE LANTERN by request)

By A. Kuprin

(Translated from the Russian by John D'Auvergne)

It was . . . well, it seems to me now like three hundred years ago. So much has happened; so many events, faces, towns, successes, failures, joys and griefs, lie between then and now.

At that time I was living in Kieff, just at the beginning of the Podol beneath the Alexandrovsky Hill, in furnished rooms called "The Dnieper Docks." These were kept by a former river-boat's cook, who had been dismissed for drink, and his wife Anna Petrovna, a real genius for robbery, malice and greed.

Of the regular residents there were six of us. In No. 1 lived the oldest habitué of the house. Once upon a time he had been a merchant and had kept a corset shop. Then the card fiend had caught him in her train, and he had played away his whole subsistence. After that he had found employment as a clerk, but his passion for gambling had again brought him to grief. Now he lived God knows what senseless nightmare of a life. He slept all day, and late at night he would slouch off to one of the low gambling dens, of which there are many at all the big river ports on the Dnieper. Like all players who play for sheer love of gambling, he was generous, broad-minded, and of course a fatalist.

The engineer Butkovsky lived in No. 3. To believe his own words, he had finished the School of Forestry, the School of Mines and goodness knows what other technical institutions, not counting the higher schools abroad. And indeed, from the point of view of an all-embracing knowledge he was like a stuffed sausage, or rather, perhaps, like a trunk which has been packed full with every possible kind and size of garment, and then, after a tremendous struggle, closed and locked, but from which, when it is opened again, everything falls out topsy-turvy. He could speak freely and without any prompting about harbor piloting, aviation, botany, statistics, forestry, politics, prehistoric brontosaurus, astronomy, military science, harmony and dominants, town-planning, poultry-rearing, leveling and sanitation.

Regularly once a month he drank himself drunk for three days, during which he spoke nothing but French and wrote little requests to his former engineering colleagues. Then for five days he crawled under a great blue-check English plaid and sweated the drink out. This was all he did, unless I except his letters to the newspapers, which he sent off right and left on the slightest excuse: on the necessity of draining the marshlands; on the discovery of some new star; on the opening of new artesian wells.

Whenever he had any money he used to hide it away between the pages of books which stood on his shelf, and then keep it there for a surprise.

I remember how he used to say (he had a burr, too, in his speech):

"My friend, take down the fourth volume of 'Elisée Reclus' from the shelf, and somewhere between pages three hundred and four hundred you will find five roubles I owe you."

In personal appearance he was quite bald, with a white beard and a fringe of grey whiskers spread out like a fan.

I myself lived in No. 8. In No. 7 there was

a student with a heavy, clean-shaven face—an over-pious stammerer who has since achieved great fame as a crown counsel.

In No. 6 was a German called Karl, a P.W.D. engineer, and in character a real, fleshy Teuton with a rapacious thirst for beer. No. 5 was occupied by Zoe, a prostitute, whom the mistress of the house liked better than all the rest of us put together. First, she paid more for her room than we did; secondly, she always paid in advance; and, thirdly, she was never rowdy or disorderly, as she only brought home (and that very seldom) the best kind of guests, quiet and elderly men, and for the most part she spent the night in other hotels.

I ought to add that in one way we were acquainted and in another way not. We borrowed from one another tea, needles and thread, boiling water, newspapers, ink, pen and paper. In this our refuge there were altogether nine rooms. The other three rooms were let by the night or temporarily to chance couples. We never complained. We were used and hardened to anything.

* * * * *
Spring had come—the warm, soft spring of the South. The ice had gone down the Dnieper, and the river was flowing so strongly that as far as the eye could see it had overflowed the low-lying Chernieff bank. The nights had set in dark and warm, broken now and then by sharp, short showers. Where yesterday the buds on the trees were scarcely green, in the morning one awoke to find that they had blossomed into the first tender leaves.

Then came Easter with its great night of beauty and gladness. I had no friends to whom to go to celebrate the end of the fast, and so I just wandered round the town by myself, going from church to church, looking at the processions and the illuminations, listening to the carolling of the bells and the beautiful singing, and admiring the sweet faces of the women and children lit up by the warm light of the candles. There was a sort of intoxicating sadness in my heart, something very peaceful and soothing that brought a quiet, painless regret for all the lost purity and simplicity of my childhood days.

When I returned to my room I was met by Vaska, our corridor servant, a sly rogue with a large heart. I gave him the Easter kiss. Then, smiling from ear to ear and showing his great teeth to the gums, he said:

"The lady from No. 5 says you're to go to her."

I was a little astonished. I was not acquainted with the lady from No. 5.

"She's sent you a note," Vaska explained. "It's lying on your table."

I took the square-ruled sheet, which had been torn from an account-book, and under the printed heading of "Profits" I read the following:

"Dear No. 8: If you are free and not too squeamish do come up to my Room to Celebrate the Easter festival.

"Yours truly,

"Zoe Kramarenkov."

I went across to the engineer to take his advice. I found him standing before the mirror and struggling desperately with all ten fingers

to bring some order into his unruly whiskers. He had on a glossy coat, in which you could see yourself, and he had on a white tie round his well-worn, edge-stained collar.

It appeared that he, too, had received an invitation, and so we went off together.

Zoe met us at the door, begged our pardon, and blushed. She had the ordinary typical face of the ordinary Russian rouble prostitute: soft, kind, irresolute lips, a nose rather like a potato, and great eyebrow-less eyes that seemed to stare at you from all sides. But when she smiled—that gentle, homely, absolutely artless smile of hers, so modest, so quiet and so womanly—her whole face changed, and she became really charming.

The gambler and the P.W.D. man, Karl, were already seated. And so, with the exception of the student, all the regular frequenters of the "Dnieper Docks" were gathered round Zoe's board.

Her room was just as I should have expected it. On the chest-of-drawers were empty chocolate boxes, pasteboard pictures, face powder and curling tongs. The walls, too, were covered with photographs of clean-shaven, curly-haired chemists, haughty actors in profile, and threatening subalterns with drawn sabre. On the bed there was a regular mountain of pillows covered with an embroidered counterpane, while the table, covered with paper cut out to resemble a lace cloth, looked resplendent under its load of Paschal cake, kulitch, eggs, a whole ham and two bottles of some unknown wine.

We all gave her the Easter kiss, cheek to cheek, politely and in the proper manner, and then sat down to table. I must say we were an extraordinary party: four men wholly wrecked and battered by their failure in life, four old wasters whose aggregate age was certainly well over two hundred years, while the fifth member of the party, our hostess, was a Russian prostitute, the most naive, the weakest and the kindest being in the whole world.

How kind she was in her own clumsy way; how shy in her hospitality; how friendly and charming in her simplicity.

"Take this," she said coaxingly, handing one of us a plate. "Take this and eat. No. 6, I know you prefer beer. Vaska told me. There—you'll find it beside you under the table. And for you other gentlemen there's wine. It's very good wine, too—Teneriffe. A friend of mine, a ship's captain, always drinks it."

We four, who knew life inside-out, had no doubts as to where the money came from for this Easter feast with its beer and "Teneriffe." But the knowledge in no way depressed us.

Zoe told us about her Easter-night impressions. At Bratsvto, where she had heard matins, there had been a dreadful crush, but she had managed, nevertheless, to secure a good place. The choir of the Theological Academy had sung wonderfully, and the students themselves had read the Gospel, and had read it in turn, too, in every language of the world: in French, in German, in Greek and even in Arabic. And then, when they had gone to see the blessing of the Paschal cake, there had been such a bustling and hustling that the pilgrims had got their cakes and loaves all mixed up, and began to quarrel.

(Continued on Page 16)

The Spectator

"To France at Verdun"

This is the title of George Sterling's latest poem, and I esteem it a great favor to be the first to give it to the public. Here it is:

Glory to God for thy might!
 Glory with prayer and song,
 France of the sword of light,
 Saving a world from wrong!
 Thou who dost count not the pain and the cost,
 Music of cannon is forth on the world.
 Over thy borders what legions are hurled!
 Stand! or the world is lost!

Ramparts of darkness were thine,
 Once, ere democracy's dawn—
 Dungeons and shackles malign,
 Precious to kings and their spawn.
 Those thou hast crushed with thy terrible heel,
 Daughter of freedom, of justice and truth:
 War shall be thine in thy beautiful youth—
 Never a new Bastille!

Ramparts of stars and of sun,
 These thou defendest to-day,
 Holding the hills of Verdun,
 Stronger than lions at bay.
 Thou who in sorrow dost cry not "Alas!"
 Thou who in battle art first in the field,
 Stand (for the hearts of the world are thy shield),
 Crying, "They shall not pass!"

Jusserand's Tribute

One of the two or three copies of this poem made by Sterling found its way into the hands of M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador at Washington, and he thereupon wrote George Sterling the following letter:

Dear Mr. Sterling: I am grateful to Secretary Franklin Lane for the suggestion to which I owe a copy of your poem "France at Verdun." I read it with emotion and admiration. It embodies sentiments which many who could not express them so well have felt in this generous country whose friendship in the present crisis is particularly valuable to the Republic on the other side of the water. Believe me, with sincerest thanks,

Very truly yours,
 Jusserand.

Raemaekers Enlists

It may be a matter of no particular significance that Louis Raemaekers has enlisted in the Dutch army, but it is at least curious that he should enlist, and at any rate his enlistment warrants the suspicion that it is far from certain in Holland that Queen Wilhelmina will keep out of the war. Louis Raemaekers is not a theatrical individual. No man was ever in more deadly earnest than he is; than he has shown himself to be from the first week of the war. Perhaps some of my readers are not acquainted with the great Dutch cartoonist. They may have seen his pictures without ever having taken note of his name, and besides not much has been written of him in the local press. Louis Raemaekers was unknown even in Europe before the war. Now his name is a household word in Europe, and his pictures are printed all over the world. Fame has seldom spread with such rapidity as in the case of this humble newspaper artist. In England he is numbered among the great heroes of the war. His pictures are reproduced in Paris as well as in this

country. They are known in South Africa and in Australia. Those pictures have been reproduced between book-covers, and many thousands of copies have been sold.

Objection to His Cartoons

Early in the war Raemaekers was for a time on the point of rising to the importance of an international problem. There were vigorous protests in Berlin against the printing of his cartoons in the leading paper of a neutral country. No official action was taken, but it was reported that the Queen of Holland received intimations to the effect that Raemaekers' cartoons gave great offense to the German Government, and that the suppression of them would be regarded as signal proof of the sincerity of Holland's neutrality. These intimations caused some stir in Holland, and according to Raemaekers himself when applauded and eulogized at a reception in London for his contributions to the Allied cause, the journal on which he was employed suffered from the enmities he incurred. He was modestly pleading that credit was not due to him, but rather to the courageous editor who had braved reprisals. Since then the story has been told that one day when two men were walking along a street in a Dutch border village through which ran the boundary line they had a chat with a German sentry who told them there was a man on their side of the boundary whom it would be worth while capturing. He hoped the man would cross the boundary by mistake as a very large reward had been offered for him. The man, he said, was Raemaekers the artist. The man he was talking to was Raemaekers.

The Power of His Cartoons

Anybody familiar with Raemaekers' cartoons can readily understand the seriousness with which they are taken. No amount of ordinary pro-German propaganda could offset the effect of them. They are powerful because they materialize the whole anti-German idea of the war and the significance of Kultur. Raemaekers visualizes, as it were, the psychic constitution of the people who methodically organized the war, and the subject-matter of his pictures may be considered universal in its appeal. He is at once the pictorial historian of ruthlessness and the Greek chorus of the play; and in his most powerful pictures there is a passionate and vitriolic hatred of the spirit that guides and directs the Central Powers. This Dutchman has a ferocious humor that imparts to every picture a quality of repulsion and this quality is never so striking as when he realizes for us his idea of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince. The former he has pilloried remorselessly, as in one cartoon where he has him gloating with maniacal slyness and ferocity over Miss Cavell. Again he pictures him as a poseur and as an absurdly sly and self-centred person. The Kaiser is also represented as conscious of tragic failure, as one whose ambitions are topped by disillusionment and apprehensions. There is one called "The Awakening" in which we see the Kaiser starting from sleep in the presence of a servant with breakfast on a tray. This picture is entitled "I dreamt the whole thing was not true." The Kaiser's face is a picture of mingled horror and misery. The Crown Prince figures in many pictures as a spry young man of deluded fatuity and weakness, as "At Verdun" where he is standing on a pyramid of skulls looking through

field glasses over his father's head and saying "We shall have to raise them a little higher before we shall be able to see 'Verdun.'"

Honoring the Cartoonist

Raemaekers' cartoons are terrible and pitiless in their realism, but they are also great art, and they are recognized as such by art critics. The work of the ordinary cartoonist is exposed to the objection that it is "literary" or anecdotal rather than pictorial, depending chiefly on topical allusion. To be appreciated the spectator must be alive to their social or political meaning. But we are no longer given to the narrow view that a picture is not art if it illustrates a story. Many of the world's greatest pictures depend for their full significance on ideas over and above the pictorial quality. The only question is whether the artist has expressed something of universal human significance, whether he has stirred genuine emotions that are not merely parochial. Raemaekers has done this, and the importance of his work is due in a measure to the fact that he belongs to none of the belligerent nations. He is a neutral in whose pictures illustrative of his conceptions of the mainsprings of Germany in the war is expressed more powerfully than by any other man what may be described as the Allies' subjective estimate of the German soul. So today the Allies are not only buying his drawings; they are bestowing honors upon him. Though he was given a warm reception at a banquet in London Englishmen are saying that his reception in Paris "threw into disagreeable relief his cold and negligent treatment" in their country. In Paris he received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, and the French Government has decided to purchase and place in the Louvre a set of reproductions of his cartoons. Lest his countrymen may be thought less grateful than their Allies Arthur Baumann, the English art critic, is now suggesting in letters to the press that it is to be regretted that "a unique collection of Raemaekers' drawing should have been dispersed in London and bought by private individuals." He urges that they be collected again and presented to the Trustees of the National Gallery. He offers to start the collection by donating a picture that he bought, "the original cartoon of Nurse Cavell's body lying outside the Kaiser's tent."

"Jim" Emery Speaks Out

"Why American Business Is Constantly Pounded" is the title of an article just written by James A. Emery, formerly a San Franciscan, now well known in the national capital and throughout the East as an expert regarding industrial legislation and its effect upon business. "Jim" Emery is described nowadays as "an unusual compound of expert in law and in business." He is at the head of the National Manufacturers Association and is general counsel for the National Council of Industrial Defense. Explaining the antagonism to business so constantly appearing in present-day legislation, Emery attributes it to "envy, discontent and suspicion." He says that "there is a complete circle of evil influences at work," and he explains: "There are envy, discontent and suspicion among a large part of our people; there are demagogues who are fanning these passions; politicians who are injecting them into our laws; and, to complete the circle, the business men, disgusted and exasperated with popular suspicion, unjust accusation and unfair legis-

lation, have made the mistake of withdrawing from, instead of enlarging their contact with, the public and public affairs."

Hatred of Corporations

Emery calls attention to the opprobrium connected with the term "corporation." "A mere legal description," he says, "it has become upon the lips of some an epithet, and upon those of others an accusation and an indictment that often without a hearing amounts to a conviction of business wrong." He points out that one out of every twenty families in the United States is an owner of and an investor in the stocks and bonds of some corporation. "Every possessor of a policy of insurance," he points out, "every bank depositor, every stockholder and home-owner, every participator in the philanthropies that minister to sickness and misfortune in the State and nation is directly interested in the maintenance of fair conditions for corporate life and operation; for whatever he has, be it little or great, is tied up in that endless chain of stabilizing influences that keep straight the flow of profitable investment and make sure the enlargement of productive industry."

The Statute as a Social Panacea

Legislators, he declares, are more interested in chastening than assisting business. "This condition has been intensified in no small degree by an increasingly prevalent and widely agitated belief in the statute as a social panacea. Every party, and indeed every community, has received the advice of popular political practitioners who sell from popular platforms every kind of social, economic and industrial nostrum for the ills that affect the body politic. Many have earned a handsome income by the extensive advertisement of their patent medicines; and others—thank God!—have lived to receive a swift discharge from an agonized but recovered patient. Statutes have been and still are being offered to communities and industries like pills to a patient, and by no means in small doses." In support of this he quotes Professor Dicey, the great British student of parliamentary activity, who says that Congress and our States annually enact more legislation than is proposed by the combined Parliaments of Great Britain, Germany, Italy, France and Austria, representing more than two and a half times our national population.

Nonindustrial Legislators

"The representation in the last Congress and in the present, most influential in shaping the policies under which present-day industrial America must live, and move, and have its being," continues Emery, "is nonindustrial in its environment and in its inexperience and sometimes in its political attachment." Analyzing the membership of the important standing committees of Congress, Emery finds that the great

industrial States are almost entirely without representation thereon. For instance: "In the Sixty-third Congress the tremendously important Federal Trade Commission act was in charge of a Senator who represented a State which contains less than one-tenth of one per cent of the wage-earners of the United States, and contributes less than one per cent of our industrial production." Finally Emery draws this indictment: "The severest restrictive regulation of industry and commerce was formulated by a majority representation and influence, which, however able, well intentioned and sincere, were qualified by neither experience, environment, or knowledge to fix the rule for the development of industrial life. On the contrary, by the inevitable law of human nature, they have written into that statute a native prejudice against large things because of their size, against industrial things because of their nature, against corporate things because of their name."

Dr. Aked Turned Down

"I was wounded in the house of my friends," complained the old prophet of Israel; and Dr. Aked might well echo the cry. Dr. Aked's old friends have turned and rended him. They have thrown him down and trampled on him. They have stuck the knife into him and turned it round. They will have none of their erstwhile leader. He is in disgrace, a pastor without a flock, a shepherd with a broken crook. The humiliation has been open; indeed, it has been spectacularly public. Hoi polloi have been permitted to occupy reserved seats while the demoted leader was roasted to a turn. Nothing of the sort has ever happened in this community before. Usually, when a pastor is no longer persona grata to his congregation he is rusticated by stealth or sent on his way to the tune of ringing resolutions of praise. Not so in the case of Dr. Aked. A vociferous majority of his former backers slam-banged him before all the town. It is the most sensational repudiation of a religious leader we have ever known in San Francisco. Men usually most discreet have put the reverse English on secrecy and have shouted their dislike of Dr. Aked from the church steeple.

Church History Revealed

As a result of all this startling exposure we learn that there was great dissatisfaction among the elders even before Dr. Aked went a-flivvering with Henry Ford. "We disagreed last year," said Chairman Morse, "and I told him he had better pay more attention to his pulpit and not so much outside. Within twenty-four hours he called me up and told me of the offer of the Ford peace expedition to take him along. We told him he ought not to leave his work here, but he left the next day." And now, said Morse, he wants to come back, even at a reduced salary! It develops that he left the rich church \$10,000 in debt, and that he destroyed its ecclesiastical

organization through neglect of the church and attention to other things. One of the most emphatic charges against him was that he could interest women in the church, but not men. And it seems that he could not stand adversity. "I know from experience that under adversity he is a broken reed," declared Morse. Friends of Dr. Aked insisted that he was a changed man, that he had learned from recent experience that a minister of the gospel should preach the gospel. But Morse and others were of the opinion that only a miracle could make a change in him. And they do not expect a miracle! So Dr. Aked is a clergyman hearkening for a call that does not come. Here is a tragedy—of a sort. It is a situation which your friend The Spectator foresaw; but now that it confronts Dr. Aked's former admirers, I have not the heart to say "I told you so."

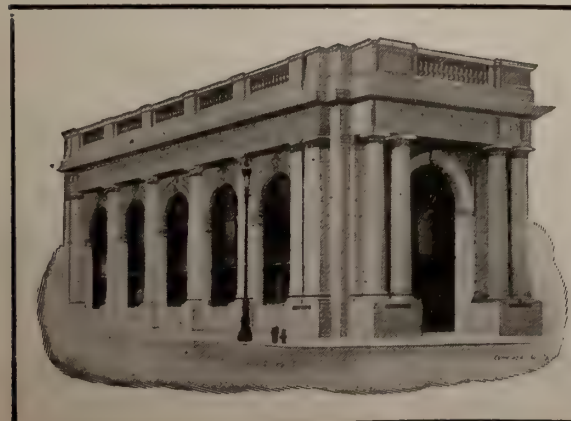
The Lily Tells a Town Talk Story

Every so often I find that a story first told in this paper has made its way to the far places of the earth. Sometimes the story returns in its original form; sometimes it is so altered as to be hardly recognizable. The number of stories that went forth to the world in Town Talk and have become classics in the repertoire of the raconteur is large enough to surprise those who do not devote much attention to such matters. The latest to return to us from abroad is the story about Sara Bernhardt's leg. It is the story of the cable sent by Sam Davis to Bernhardt last year, just after her leg had been amputated, in which the irrepressible Sam asked how much she would charge for the exhibition of her leg at the Forty-Nine Camp on the Zone. According to Sam, Bernhardt cabled back: "Which leg?" This story was brought here from London by Mrs. Langtry, and was told by that vivacious story-teller to Walter Anthony of The Chronicle. The story was first told by Sam Davis when he was interviewed for "Varied Types."

Mrs. Atherton Praises Weill

Writing from Paris to the New York Times, Gertrude Atherton tells a story which reflects great credit upon Raphael Weill and which San Franciscans ought to know; so I quote it:

One day, having nothing else to do, and meeting this same friend, she asked me if I would like to go to the Ministry of Agriculture with her; she had matters regarding this great work to talk over, but nothing of a private nature. I went along as a matter of course. My friend and the member of the bureau talked as rapidly as all French people do talk, and my mind soon wandered; I never listen to a foreign language unless I have to. Suddenly the official leaned over to me and said: "Madame, could you not send to California and get us enough vegetable and fruit seeds for our tuberculosis farms?" I gasped. This was a large order, but no doubt my friend had been telling him of my consuming interest in France. However, I said I would do my best, and when I went home it may be imagined that my brain felt for a time as if it were on the rack. How on earth was I to obtain seeds in sufficient quantity to furnish fifty or sixty thousand farms? If the war had finished it would have been a simple matter to write to the Department of Agriculture in Washington, but in present circumstances such a gift would be an unneutral act. Then I bethought myself of the Chamber of Commerce in California. But for all I knew it might be half German. Then I remembered that Mr. Raphael Weill, the leader of the French colony in San Francisco, was here, an equally ardent American and Frenchman. I made an appointment with him, and



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Paid-Up Capital \$ 4,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits..... 2,082,070.22
Total Resources 47,849,940.12

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asked his advice. He said promptly that he would take over the entire order, that he would furnish the French Government with all the seeds it could use. I think that one of the most spontaneously fine acts prompted by this war.

The Flight of the Stork

The Family dedicated a new "play wood" on its beautiful Farm near Portola last Friday night. In this new "play wood" the annual celebration of the Flight of the Stork took place Sunday night in the presence of two hundred and fifty members and guests. It is a beautiful spot, and moonlight makes its beauty magical. Nature built a little theatre there, flooring it with greensward and walling it with redwood trees. The trees spread their lofty branches in an arched roof with an opening in the midst to let in the stars. This fair spot is dedicated to Frank L. Mathieu, one of the club's best beloved members. It is a labor of deep affection with Frank Mathieu to stage the Family plays, and the dedication of the new "play wood" to him is evidence of the appreciation which the clubmen have for his devotion. This year's Flight of the Stork was a three-day celebration and the most successful, by all accounts, in the history of the Family. Larry Harris was the presiding genius of the first night's entertainment which ended with the dedication of the new "play wood." The honor shown Mathieu came as a complete surprise to him, and he was deeply moved. The Saturday night entertainment was conducted by Milton H. Cook, and will be the mark by which all similar entertainments in the future will be measured by Family men. The play was the fruit of collaboration between Waldemar Young and Uda Waldrop. Young sped his poetical imagination back to the golden days of California before the gringo came, and provided Waldrop with a delicate framework of dramatic story which incited the young composer to his best musical efforts. If there was any doubt about Uda Waldrop's future as a musical composer—and there was none among his friends—it was dispelled forever on Sunday night when his exquisite music was played by the Family orchestra and sung by the club's most distinguished vocalists. Waldemar Young is known for the dainty lyrics that flow from his pen. His little play of "The Hacienda" sparkled with these poetical brilliants, and they lost nothing of their lustre in Waldrop's musical setting.

A Threat against Old Ben

Edmond Coblentz of The Examiner has a relative who has an Irish maid. This maid has always been loud in her denunciation of The Examiner "for making fun of the Irish." Recently Coblentz was dining at the home of his relative, and came upon the Irish maid reading the comic supplement of the Sunday Examiner.

"Aha!" said Coblentz, "so you read The Examiner after all, don't you?"

"Indeed and I don't," said the Irish girl. "You wouldn't call this The Examiner. 'Tis the funny paper!"

"But it's a part of the Sunday Examiner," said Coblentz. "I don't think you are as prejudiced against The Examiner as you pretend."

"You don't think so!" said the Irish girl with considerable heat. "Then you should come to Hibernian Hall Sunday afternoon and attend the meeting of our society."

"What are you going to do?" asked Coblentz.

"We're going to boycott The Examiner," said

the Irish maid; "and what's more, we're going to boycott the Saturday Evening Post."

"The Post too," said Coblentz. "What's the matter with the Post?"

"It's been making fun of the Irish," was the answer. "But we'll get even with it. We'll put that Benjamin Franklin on the bum!"

Between Two Fires

The Marquis de Polignac and M. Guy, both of the house of Pommery, are among our latest visitors of distinction. They have been entertained by Hector McKenzie, the local representative of Pommery.

"Meet Monsieur Guy," was the way "Mac" introduced one of the visitors to his pals, giving Guy the ordinary English pronunciation.

"But no!" the Frenchman finally expostulated. "In your country it is an insult, is it not? to call a man a guy. I am not Guy but Gee."

"Let him have it his own way," was McKenzie's comment. "But when he gets to New York and finds out what a Gee is he'll be willing to go back to Guy!"

In New York, perhaps I should explain, the slang of the East Side dedicates the word "gee" to the description of a chump, a dampfool or a nobody.

Oscar Wilde's Father

"When I was fourteen my father took me to Sir William Wilde, the father of Oscar Wilde, whose hospital in Westland Row, Dublin, was one of the most famous in the world. All he did to me was to pat me on the cheek. Many a time I felt like biting his hand. After seven weeks of this affectionate treatment he informed me that I could never see."

Thus Mrs. Mary Josephine O'Farrell of this city, the sixty-three-year-old woman who had been blind since her first year, had never seen her husband or her son, and who had her sight restored recently by the brothers Green of this city. Well might the fourteen-year-old girl despair when Oscar Wilde's father pronounced her blindness incurable, for Sir William Wilde was one of the greatest oculists and otologists of the nineteenth century. Not only in the surgery of the ear and eye but also in practical philanthropy, Sir William Wilde stood out as the leading Irishman of his time. But his career was overshadowed by that of his brilliant and eccentric son.

A Career of Beneficence

"I think there cannot be a better fusion of races than that of the Saxon with the Celt," wrote Sir William Wilde. He was the product of that intermixture. He was born in 1815 and died in 1876. Thus he did not live, as did his wife, the celebrated "Speranza," to suffer from the disgrace of his son. As a medical student he won great distinction, and as soon as he began practicing he won the reputation of being a surgeon of great resource and courage. His first year's fees amounted to £400, and all of this sum with £600 more he devoted to founding a hospital for the poor suffering from ear and eye diseases. This institution known as St. Mark's Ophthalmic Hospital—now the Royal Victoria Eye and Ear Hospital—was the first of the kind in Dublin. The extent of its beneficent work is quite incalculable. William Wilde was appointed oculist to Queen Victoria, was knighted and won many

other honors. He has a place of high distinction in Irish literature. His Catalogue of the Antiquities of the Royal Irish Academy is one of the authoritative works on that branch of learning. His monograph "The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life" in which he attempted to refute the statement that the great Jonathan was insane, has been described as "one of the most chivalrous of literary efforts." The book is very rare. I knew of two copies in San Francisco, but both were destroyed in the fire of 1906. Sir William Wilde married Jane Frances Elgee, better known to readers of Irish fairy lore as "Speranza." She conducted the only Dublin salon that ever became famous. Those who would like a truthful and amusing picture of it may consult the memoirs of Katherine Tynan Hinkson. It was in this salon that young Oscar Wilde was first petted and spoiled with too much attention. Sir William Wilde's was a life of unselfish charity to the poor whom he never charged for his services. It was also, unfortunately, a life of unbridled passions. His portraits, like those of his great son, show a face of mingled intellectuality and animalism. In addition to Oscar and Willie and the daughter who died young and was immortalized in one of Oscar's tenderest poems, he had several natural children. Once a girl patient brought a most serious charge against him, but her sanity was doubtful and the charge was dismissed. Nevertheless it left a stain upon his name.

His Genius in Surgery

Many stories are told of Sir William Wilde's extraordinary boldness in surgical operations. Traveling in a wild part of Ireland he was called to attend a boy who had a piece of hard boiled potato sticking in his throat and was choking to death. Wilde cut the boy's throat with a pair of ordinary scissors, and saved his life. When this boy grew up he emigrated to Philadelphia, and he was fond of showing the scar on his neck where "the famous Sir William Wilde of Dublin cut my throat." Another time a Dublin fisherman was brought to him with a darning needle embedded up to the head in his right eye. It had been driven in with terrific force by the flapping of a sail in which it was sticking. No ordinary means of operating would meet the emergency, so Wilde extracted the darning needle with a powerful electric magnet. I doubt whether this expedient, common enough now, had ever been resorted to before. Sir William Wilde was so shabby and careless in his personal appearance that he was known as "the untidiest man in Ireland." In this connection a story is told of the quip of the great Dublin wit of those days, Father Healy. Father Healy was at a dinner party, and heard an Englishman describe his rough passage across the Irish Channel from Holyhead.

"It was the dirtiest night I have ever seen," said the Englishman.

"Oh, then it must have been wild," said Father Healy.

"Golden State" Favored

On August 20 the Standard Oil tanker "Astral" was launched at the Union Iron Works. Golden State extra dry champagne was employed in christening this vessel. Golden State extra dry champagne was also used Sunday, August 6, in christening the Vacuum Oil Company's tank steamer "Paulsboro" at the Union Iron Works.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Society and the Poet

When I dropped into Tait's Tuesday night and saw George Sterling supping with a party which included Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt Jr., Mrs. Charles W. Clark, Mrs. Raoul-Duval and the Marquis de Polignac, my idle thoughts took an unaccustomed turn and browsed over a field of pleasant possibilities. Has smart society, I asked myself, at last taken up poetry and the poets? Is there to be a coalition between the aristocracy of fashion and the aristocracy of letters? Is the poet to be received henceforth in the so-called "exclusive set," not as a lion but as an equal? It was an amusing line of speculation, and I dallied with it as I watched our foremost poet clinking his champagne goblet and dancing with Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Raoul-Duval. I had not thought before that American society took much real interest in poets except when they cultivated them for exhibition purposes. It is true that the haughty Mrs. Brown Potter used to recite George R. Sims' "Ostler Joe," but I reminded myself that that was quite a long time ago. But then it suddenly occurred to me that on the following day Mrs. Francis Carolan was to recite Rodman Drake's "American Flag" at an entertainment given by the Friends of France; and I saw in this what seemed to be corroboration of my first idea. Decidedly, society is opening the door to poets, and George Sterling, as our best poet, is the first to pass the threshold.

The Brainy Tobin Sisters

It is interesting, I thought as I pursued this line of contemplation, that this new recognition of the poet as a social equal should be extended in the first instance by Mrs. Charles W. Clark and Mrs. Raoul-Duval. For these are two sisters of the brilliant Tobin family, and there is a distinguished poet in that family. I refer to Agnes Tobin, the unequalled translator of



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Petrarch and the subject of Alice Meynell's flawless lyric tribute "The Lady of My Delight." Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Raoul-Duval have the appreciation of letters which distinguishes all the Tobins, and I doubt not that they had read most of George Sterling's poetry long before they made his acquaintance. I am justified in regarding the friendship which they bear to Sterling—the friendship which was evidenced at Tait's Tuesday night—as token of the admiration which they entertain for his works. Whether Mrs. Vanderbilt is also a reader of poetry I do not know. Newport, I believe, has little of the atmosphere of poetry about it. But Mrs. Vanderbilt is a close friend and great admirer of Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Raoul-Duval, and now that these twain have taken down the bar which separated genius and society I look for no objection but rather enthusiastic coöperation on her part.

Lions No Longer?

Poets have been introduced into exclusive San Francisco drawing rooms in the past, but merely as curiosities. Joaquin Miller was not unknown to some of our haughty hostesses in the earlier years after London had lionized him. Recently Edwin Markham was permitted an occasional look-in on exclusiveness, and accommodating lion that he is, roared delightfully for the excitation of blasé society folks. But the supper group at Tait's led me to think that poets are to be lions no longer, only human beings like Mrs. Vanderbilt or Mrs. Clark or Raoul-Duval. It will be a welcome innovation, and it will benefit both the poets and the society people. The influence of a poet like George Sterling on society is bound to be considerable. The trouble is that there are very few poets like him. His influence will be exerted largely through the force of his conversational powers. Society people will learn, with some surprise no doubt, that it is permissible to put brains into conversation. But I must say at once that his will be no discovery to the Tobin sisters who are an exception to most society rules. In time, I believe, a man like Sterling will be able to introduce poetry as a topic of social small talk; then his hearers will be amazed to learn that it can be made an interesting topic. They will pass by insensible degrees to the discovery that poetry is worth reading, that it need not all be caviare to the general run of society people. But here I pause. Perhaps I am going too far. The fact remains however that one poet is recognized socially. Perhaps I have emphasized this fact too much. I ask George Sterling to forgive me. But he cannot blame me for dwelling on the sight I witnessed at Tait's. It seemed the prelude to a new era.

What of the Donohoe Girls?

At the beautiful wedding of Genevieve Cunningham and Platt Kent, Christine Donohoe, the maid of honor, caught the bridal bouquet of butterfly orchids. Her sister Mary Donohoe found the ring in the wedding cake. Last year, at the wedding of Evelyn Cunningham and young Joe Donohoe, Mary Donohoe also found the ring in the cake. So it is not surprising that society which believes in signs, is asking whether we are to be informed soon of one or more romances with Donohoe girls in the center of interest.

"Billy" Cronan in the Limelight

Lieutenant Commander Cronan who put his superior officer on the little island of Guam under arrest, thereby starting a big naval row, is well known in San Francisco society. Cronan was here for quite a while, and was one of the favorites in the set presided over by Mrs. Eleanor Martin. When he married Nelly Grant there was more than one San Francisco belle who suffered from a sort heart, for "Billy" Cronan was regarded as most eligible and there had been a lot of pretty caps set for him.

Working for the Blind

When Mrs. George A. Kessler, a former San Franciscan, came to this city a few days ago to open headquarters for the B. F. B. permanent blind relief fund, she was accompanied by Mrs. Valentine Webster, a beautiful war widow. Mrs. Webster is the widow of the late Captain Webster of the British army. Although a member of one of the most prominent and wealthy English families, Mrs. Webster came to America some months ago to devote her life to promoting this great and beneficent relief work. Captain Valentine Webster died more than a year ago from exhaustion and pneumonia, after being on duty seventeen hours a day during six months, while organizing and training four divisions of 20,000 British soldiers for duty on the French front. During Great Britain's various wars of recent years he had been wounded eleven times and had won six medals for gallantry. He had been around the world twenty-five times.

At Hotel Oakland

Mrs. George Samuels entertained with a luncheon and card party. The guests were Mesdames Theodore Schleuter, Harry Nelle,

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Vincent Chlopeck, Harry Cheesebro, M. Campagnon, George Lloyd, T. Merrick, Fred Phelps, Charles Sample, T. Lubelski and H. K. Gibbs. Mrs. Mary F. Childs has returned to her apartments. Mr. and Mrs. George W. Pursell have taken apartments. Amongst the prominent arrivals recently are: Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Crow of Los Angeles; Mrs. M. F. Childs, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Fain of Houston, Texas; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Anawalt of Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Lemare of London, Eng.; Mrs. J. C. Kennedy and Miss Ada Kennedy of Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bennett of Salt Lake; Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Monteverde of Tular; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Pursell of Oakland; Mrs. R. S. Cox Jr. and Richard S. Cox 3rd of Seattle; Mrs. P. N. Remillard and Miss L. Remillard of San Jose; Mrs. G. Breuner and Miss M. Breuner of San Francisco; Dr. and Mrs. Wedelstaedt of St. Paul; Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Bristol of Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Steele of Modesto; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Guild of Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Kelly of San Diego and Mr. A. Bonnheim of Sacramento.

At the Cecil

Mrs. Oliver Hazzard, wife of Captain Hazzard of the United States army, and her aunt Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt, gave a luncheon and bridge Wednesday. The guests were Mesdames J. Franklin Bell, Frederick Perkins, B. Griggs Holt, John McDonald, Martha Pratt Donnellan, Albert Edward Gillespie, John Gardner, R. E. Downing. An elaborate dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. Elmer F. Highly Tuesday. It was a compliment to Mrs. Stanley Taylor who sailed on the following day for her home in Honolulu. Among the guests were Judge and Mrs. J. P. O'Brien, Miss Blanche Highly, Mrs. Stanley Taylor, Messrs. Anson, John and Norbet O'Brien. Numerous luncheons were given by the guests of the Cecil Wednesday. Mrs. C. W. Scott entertained a coterie of friends, Miss Maud Pardy had friends at another table, Mrs. John Charles Doyle of Los Angeles was hostess at a luncheon and bridge, Mrs. George Henry entertained informally and Mrs. V. R. Keith gave an impromptu luncheon. Mrs. Christian Boorger and Misses Miriam and Elizabeth Borger have returned from an eastern trip

and join their relatives Dr. and Mrs. J. Borger at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. John Crawford and their attractive daughter, are back after a delightful motor trip through Southern California and the Lake Tahoe region. Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Fowler have come down from Stockton. Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Durham who made their headquarters at the Cecil Hotel during the Exposition year motored up from their home in Los Angeles Monday. They will be guests for a month. Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Heney are recent arrivals. They were accompanied by the later's mother Mrs. S. A. Swinford.

Philharmonic Winter Series

The conductor, the business manager, the orchestral manager of the People's Philharmonic Orchestra and the officers of the People's Philharmonic Association, which maintains the People's Philharmonic Orchestra, are diligently at work on plans for the winter series of ten popular symphony concerts on Thursday nights at Scottish Rite Auditorium. The first concert will be Thursday night, November 23, and the music-loving public will be glad to learn that the new People's Philharmonic Orchestra will be comprised of musicians the equal of those to be found anywhere. Several symphony players (stars in their respective departments) will be brought from the East to enrich the local musical colony. The prices, for season tickets for the ten Thursday night concerts will be \$2.50, \$5.00, \$10.00 with \$100.00 for mezzanine boxes seating five.

A Great Rink Master

Dunbar Poole, one of the most experienced ice skaters and rink managers in the world, will be in charge of the Winter Garden when that large and perfectly appointed establishment on Sutter, Post and Pierce streets is thrown open to the public early next month. Although Poole was the first Anglo-Saxon to master all the figures necessary to enter the great European tests for the world's championship held in Berlin in 1911 and in Manchester in 1912, he is best known as an ice rink manager. For ten years he handled the enormous Glaciarium of Sydney, Australia, which was, up to the war, increasing in popularity every year. Last winter Poole had charge of the ice skating at the Curling Club

of Duluth, Minn., and more recently he was engaged at the rink of the Alexandria Supper Club at Los Angeles where John Tait completed the arrangements that will make him manager of the Winter Garden.

San Francisco Boys' Outing Farm

Society folk old and young, matrons and debutantes, are taking active interest in the pageant and tea-dance which is to be given at the Palace Hotel on Saturday afternoon, October 7, for the purpose of building a convalescent home on the San Francisco Boys' Outing Farm near Saratoga. Here every year a large number of poor city boys enjoy a few weeks in the out-of-doors where they live by military rule and, at the same time, are allowed to get all the good and joy there is in the hills and valleys. Otherwise, were it not for Mrs. Bertha Rice's kindness, for she works without pay, these boys would know no change from the city's crowded streets. It is to fulfill the demand from the city's orphanages for a convalescent camp that the endeavor is being made, and it is to be rewarded, for the tables are selling so rapidly that the convalescent building will be a reality before winter has begun. Heretofore there have been but floored tents for accommodations which are all right for strong boys but not comfy enough for ailing ones. Those who have taken tables thus far include most of our leading society matrons.

A Great Ice Hockey Battle

Next Tuesday night will see a sparkling spectacle and a truly wonderful athletic combat at the Techau Tavern Ice Palace when the Olympic Club and the Indoor Yacht Club unleash their well-trained and keenly-pointed hockey players upon the ice in what may prove the crucial game in the championship series now running to a close. Intense rivalry between the clubs will bring out a numerous and enthusiastic club following which is likely to fill the arena from gallery to parquet. The great night begins with dinner and a smart salon concert at the Techau Tavern. There will be dancing for the guests with George Gould's much talked about "jazz music" orchestra playing. Then at 8:30 a general exodus to the Ice Palace ensues.

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The Stage

The Philharmonic Concerts

Something in the nature of a collision has occurred between the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and the orchestra of the People's Philharmonic Association, and as a result there is a shortage of musicians. San Francisco is a music-loving city, but it is also a provincial city, far from the centre of things musical, and when two symphony orchestras telescope the harmonies are difficult to manage. So it has become necessary to discontinue temporarily the concerts that Mr. Sokoloff has been directing very successfully under the auspices of the Philharmonic Association. Mrs. Casserly, the president of the Association, announces that meanwhile new musicians will be engaged to fill several vacancies and that a winter series of evening concerts will be given in Scottish Rite Auditorium beginning Thursday, November 23. The summer series of concerts came to a close last Sunday afternoon when Mr. Sokoloff gave us Tchaikowsky's Fourth Symphony in a manner that gave one a keen sense of the things that in music are not merely the images of thought but the equivalent of thought itself. Eleanor de Cisneros, as the soloist of the occasion, presented a striking color scheme. She is a virile, vigorous vocalist. Miss de Cisneros improvised an ending to the Samson et Dalila aria—"My Heart at thy Voice"—which would probably give Saint-Saëns quite a thrill.

—H. M. B.

The Lily at the Orpheum

In the days ago the Jersey Lily, as Mrs. Langtry was called, was regarded by theatre-goers as an "attraction" rather than as an actress, for such was her fame as a "beauty" and as an historic personality that critics were more inclined to discuss the individual than to criticise her performances. But to Mrs. Langtry's credit, be it said, she always took the histrionic art seriously, and she always did "act" as well as "look." She is acting now at the Orpheum where she is presenting a play called "Ashes," a genuine vaudeville drama with the genuine vaudeville "punch." As the star of this little play Mrs. Langtry does all that is required of the heroine to make the author's handiwork effective. Besides she is still an attraction, for she is not only the Jersey Lily whom Watts described as a goddess when he first saw her in a London drawing room of the mid-Victorian period, but she is also Lady de Bathe, a representative of the titled British aristocracy and a personage round whom clusters a lot of precious tradition. Nay, she is more than the wife of Hugo de Bathe. She is a Le Breton, a sister of a K. C., a representative of one of the ancient Norman families that came over before the Conquest, and in England to be able to go that far back is to have something worth talking about. There is a certain sentimental interest in this notable woman, and to the thoughtful mind she is a very interesting study as she plays her little part at the Orpheum.

—T. F. B.

The Bill at Pantages

"Brides of the Desert," which has won the approval of Alexander Pantages after J. J. Cluxton had put into it weeks of effort, has made good. It is based on the love tragedy of Prince Amenaris who has tired of one charmer and bought another. Princess Athena will be remembered from the Zone where her success

was very great. She has with her a group of back-to-nature classic dancers. Cameron and O'Connor who are "Apostles of Good Cheer" are a pair of comedians that have the stuff in them that makes laughter. The Models De Luxe are an artistic treat in marble statuary. Alexandre lures with his xylophone, while Queen, the canine marvel, tries to sing and talk.

—The Second Nighter.

Over 100,000 Saw "Canary Cottage"

The final performance of "Canary Cottage" at the Cort will be given Sunday evening, September 10, concluding the record-breaking run of eight weeks. Although the demand for seats is as great as ever, and the piece could hold the local boards for several weeks more, previously made contracts stand in the way of a continuance of the engagement. Something like 133,000 persons will have seen the Oliver Morosco musical hit in the 72 performances of the run. Many of these have been attracted Cortwards several times, for "Canary Cottage," more than any musical comedy of recent years, retains its entertaining powers with many visits.

The Paderewski Concerts

The great Paderewski will give two concerts at the Cort on Sunday afternoons, September 24, and October 1, and one concert in the

Municipal Opera House in Oakland on Saturday afternoon, September 30. Paderewski has held a supreme position for the twenty odd years that his playing has enchanted the peoples of five continents. When he first dazzled the world with the beauty of his playing, he opened a new era for the pianoforte, discovering unguessed possibilities for that instrument. Liszt reformed and enlarged the technique of the keyboard, Paderewski has done the same for the pedals, revealing the wondrous command of color that lies in them. It was he who first made the piano "sing" a melody so that the listener almost forgets that it is an instrument of percussion. Great programmes may be expected from Paderewski and so arranged that they hold everyone's attention from start to finish. His fame as an arranger of programmes is only eclipsed by his greater fame as an artist. Manager Will L. Greenbaum who is starting a wonderful list of stars for his 1916-1917 season with these Paderewski concerts announces that he is now accepting mail orders. He may be addressed in care of Sherman Clay in San Francisco or Oakland. Advance mail orders should include check or money order and state location of seats desired. The ticket sale for the Paderewski concerts will start at the Sherman, Clay ticket offices on Wednesday morning, September 20.



MRS. LANGTRY (LADY DE BATHE)

Who will present an entirely new one-act play by Edgar Allan Woolf entitled "The Eleventh Hour" next week at the Orpheum

Mischa Elman Coming

The wonderful young Russian violinist, Mischa Elman, will make his first appearance in this city in three seasons on the Sunday afternoons of October 8 and 15 at the Columbia. This marvelous artist continues to grow in musical greatness. Still in his early twenties, he has achieved the distinction of occupying his place among the three greatest violinists, and with the exquisite "Elman tone" gives him first rank many among the current favorites. He will be accompanied by Walter Gold, an eminent pianist who has been associated with many of the foremost violinists. The Elman concerts, as usual, will be under the direction of Will L. Greenbaum who will accept mail orders now.

Sir Rabindrinath Tagore Coming

An announcement that will interest book-lovers and literary people generally is that of the forthcoming visit here of the great Hindu poet and philosopher, Sir Rabindrinath Tagore, the holder of the Nobel prize. Tagore will lecture on "The Place of Literature in Human Progress" in the Colonial Ballroom of the St. Francis Hotel on Tuesday evening, October 3, and on Thursday afternoon he will give a "Reading from his Works" at the Columbia. Tickets for these events will be sold at Sherman, Clay and Company's and at Paul Elder and Company's book store. It is to Paul Elder and Will L. Greenbaum that San Francisco is indebted for these appearances of this celebrated man.

Divorce Playlet at Pantages

"The Divorce Question," a half-hour condensation of William Anthony Maguire's tense three-act drama which created widespread discussion in Chicago and New York, will head the new eight-act show at Pantages Sunday. The playlet relates in a gripping manner the domestic troubles of a young married couple who have separated and visit a village priest to seek his advice. There are several dramatic scenes in "The Divorce Question" which is a powerful arraignment. Shelton Brooks and Clarence Bowen, known as "the two dark spots of joy," will furnish the comedy portion of the big show. The comedians are composers of the prevailing ragtime craze "Walkin' the Dawg" and will offer a new idea in the presentation of this rollicking dance at every performance. One of the most delightful musical acts that has played the circuit are the six Kirksmith sisters who play different instruments and are talented vocalists. Freeman and Dunham present a jolly little travesty on sporting life entitled "A Day at Brighton." Paris Green, a singing monologist, with two dainty athletic maidens, styled Black and White, is another splendid feature. The second episode of "The Yellow Menace," and the initial installment of the newest mystery serial "The Crimson Stain" will also be shown.

"Pair of Sixes" at Alcazar

Eva Lang and John Halliday, the distinguished artists, having successfully inaugurated the regular stock season at the Alcazar, demonstrating at the same time their wonderful ability to handle serious drama, will next week display their talents in farce, the medium being "A Pair of Sixes," a play that kept New York laughing for a solid year. Belasco and Mayer are to be congratulated upon the acquisition of two such clever stars to head their Alcazar players. While Miss Lang captivated her audiences from her first appearance last week and impressed them with her exceptional emotional power, she is reputed to be at her best in comedy roles. Eastern critics have pronounced her one of the most charming of America's

younger comedienne. John Halliday has likewise won the highest encomiums in dramatic roles but is never so happy as when playing a rollicking comedy part. He possesses a natural adaptability for farce comedy and will undoubtedly have several big surprises for Alcazar patrons next week. "A Pair of Sixes" teems with funny situations. The staging will be handled in Addison Pitt's usual effective style.

Final Week of Ruth Chatterton

Ruth Chatterton in "Come Out of the Kitchen" is making a marvelous record for attendance at the Columbia where the play enters upon its fifth and final week Monday night. Miss Chatterton's portrayal of the role of Olivia Dangerfield in the A. E. Thomas play is an artistic treat which fits finely into the Miller scheme of high dramatic standards, so noticeable in the case of "Come Out of the Kitchen." San Francisco has had the distinction of passing judgment on the premiere of one of the most delightful of current stage works.

"The Mission Play" Coming

"The Mission Play" begins its engagement Sunday night, September 18. The John McGroarty play is just starting a tour of the Eastern cities after having been presented at San Gabriel for 961 performances. Miss Lucretia DelValle will be seen in the role of Senora Yorba played by her when "The Mission Play" came to San Francisco on its first visit. Wilfred Roger will be the Frey Junipero of the cast and Robert Lawlor will be seen as Ubaldo. The play has been equipped with new scenery and accessories for the Eastern tour and will be offered as befits a great pageant. One hundred people will go on tour with the production.

Second Week of Lady de Bathe

Mrs. Langtry (Lady de Bathe) will enter on her second and last week at the Orpheum next Sunday matinee when she will present a one-act play entirely new to this city by Edgar Allen Woolf, "The Eleventh Hour." There will also be a great new show headed by Alan Brooks who will appear in his newest comedy "Dollars and Sense." In this Mr. Brooks has achieved a decided novelty for he presents what is in reality a four-act play in twenty-five minutes in an entirely original manner. His support consists of Leah Peck, Irving Dillon and S. Hatakenaka. Al and Fannie Steadman entitle their act "Piano Capers." They are a clever and diverting couple who sing and dance exceptionally well. In Willard, "The Man Who Grows at Will," is presented a unique and distinct novelty. From his normal height of five feet nine and a half he grows in full view of the audience until he is six feet and five inches tall. A committee is selected at every performance from the audience so that those inclined to skepticism will have every opportunity of judging for themselves at close range. Paul Gordon and Ame Rica are a versatile sensation on wheels. In addition to their marvelous cycling feats they manifest ability as singers, dancers and comedians. Ralph Dunbar's Old Time Darkies is a colored quartet who depict the negro in the ante-bellum days. They took Broadway by storm when appearing at the Palace Theatre and are quaint comedians. Al Lydell and Bob Higgins in their ludicrous skit "A Friend of Father's," and the Sharrocks in their baffling mind-reading exhibition in the skit "Behind the Grand Stand" will contribute to this bill which will have as a finale The International Film News Weekly showing the

latest important events in different parts of the globe.

Forewarned

"If we are going to be married you must give up smoking," she said.

"Yes," he agreed.

"And drinking, and your club."

"Yes."

"And playing cards for money. Now, doesn't anything else suggest itself to you that you will give up of your own accord?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"All idea of getting married."



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FIRST INSTALLMENT "THE CRIMSON STAIN"

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Sunday, September 17—"THE MISSION PLAY"

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

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J. FARRELL and STOCKTON & POWELL

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LAST WEEK

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The Honest Man

By Jan Gordon

In old Montenegro, those high, bare mountains between Ricka and Grahavo in the midst of which Cetinje nestles in its fertile cup, so ill-supplied are the farms with soil that from one acre a man might carry away on his back all the arable land in one single journey. Hunger and the Montenegrin are sons of the same soil to which liberty has a near cousinship. Thus the children of the Black Mountains are driven into other lands seeking for work, to withdraw from their pinched homes the craving of their own appetites.

One such wanderer traveling across Bosnia, Slavonia (where he enriched himself by a cunning robbery), Baska and Transylvania, crossed at last the borders in Russian Galicia, where he married a fine, healthy maiden of the country; founded with his ill-gotten capital a small hotel and other enterprises; prospered exceedingly and at length came to die, leaving behind him an iron-bound chest filled with a pretty treasure.

Child there was none, and the buxom girl, grown old and fat, had preceded into the unknown. Her relatives came post-haste to the good man's burial, but great was their chagrin to find that the whole chest, also whatever moneys the sale of the Montenegrin's houses might procure, were all bequeathed to the Gospodar of his old country, by him to be divided for the good of the nation. The relatives returned to their own homes, cursing all strangers and venting their disappointment upon their disappointed wives. The iron-bound trunk less the death duties, was sent by train as far as Cattaro and thence carried by mule-back to Cetinje, till at last the agent in charge of the affair had placed it between the hands of the Gospodar himself.

The Prince pondered for some while over the problem of this money. At length he sent for the Chief Minister. The Minister came smiling and rubbing his hands.

"Petko," said the Prince, "you know of these moneys which have been left us. We must appoint a man to divide them amongst our people."

"Gospodar," said the Chief Minister, "I have the very man. Svetko Maritch, Gospodar. Appoint him."

The Prince pulled his mustache.

"Um," he considered. "I have not heard such an excellent report of Svetko. . . . Is he not a cousin of yours?"

"Therefore the man to entrust with this business," said the Chief Minister.

The Prince smiled, for he had a sense of humor. He sent for the War Minister.

"Ilya," said the Prince to the War Minister, who had been in office more than twenty-five years and could not sign his own name. "Do you know of a man who could divide this money for me?"

Ilya rubbed his chin. "There is Lazar Moiskovitch," he suggested.

"I was looking for a man," said the Prince, looking into the air and smiling softly, "not a money-bag, Ilya."

"But those who have money would divide this more justly," urged Ilya.

The next day as he sat beneath the arbor receiving petitions and hearing complaints of his people, the Prince said to all:

"Who of you is the most honest man in all Montenegro?"

Some said this man, some said that other; but at last all agreed that Yevto Milutin might be counted the most praiseworthy.

"I have heard of Yevto," said the Prince, and sent for him.

Yevto Milutin came stepping through Cetinje to speak with the Gospodar. Forty years old was he, but looked still twenty-five; his eyes were clear like the black lake of Jabliak, his nose was fine as the beak of a hawk; six-foot-two was he in his sandals, and a great fighter, yet no man could say that one unjust deed was laid against him in heaven. He took his small, round cap in his hand and bowed before the Prince.

"Yevto," said the Prince, smiling, "they tell me that you are the most honest of all my subjects."

"Who say so?" said Yevto.

"The people," said the Prince.

"Whom the people like they idolize," said Yevto. "You should ask the Turks, Gospodar."

"This is nothing to do with the Turks," answered the Prince. He signed to two of his "Perianik," who came forward bearing the chest.

"Yevto Milutin," said the Gospodar, "this is the treasure from Russia. Swear to me that you will divide it fairly and justly between my people."

"I swear," said Yevto.

"Swear that you will divide it like God Himself."

"I swear to divide it like God Himself," said Yevto.

The Prince signed, and the "Perianik" strode away bearing the treasure between them, while behind, Yevto followed, his eyes looking toward the ground, deep in thought.

In his own home Yevto unlocked the box and counted out the gold and silver between his fingers. He made a list of names, and against each name he set a figure. According to the figures he made the money into packages.

The next day, accompanied by a Kvass, he visited the Ministry. With each Minister he left a parcel of the money, and each Minister—as he opened the parcel, and the gold and silver coins rolled over the papers—rejoiced, for nobody had held Yevto for a courtier. He visited the homes of the wealthy, he visited the vodas and the greater merchants.

At the end of a week, very weary, he came to the Gospodar with a large parcel in his hands.

"Oh, Gospodar," said Yevto, "I bring your share of the treasure."

"Does that much remain over?" asked the Prince, astonished.

"This is your share," said Yevto, and the Prince took the money, for he held Yevto an honest man.

But in a little while complaints began to reach his ears. Yevto was a scoundrel, said the peasants. Not one piastre of the Russian money had he given to the poor and needy, but all to the rich—to the Maritch, to the Sorchitza, to the Moiskovitch and a host of others, who, God knows, were wealthy enough. Very angry, the Prince sent for Yevto. And he was frowning as the man came to him.

"What is this?" said the Prince sternly. "You have deceived me. You have divided the treasure like a sycophant and a courtier, and not like an honest man, Yevto. My peasants have not touched one piastre of the treasure, but you have given it to the rich and powerful."

"I have obeyed your commands, Prince," said Yevto with dignity. "Had you told my honesty to divide the treasure, then I would have given to each his portion, especially to those who were poor. You told me to divide the treasure like God, and like God I have divided it."

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An Easter Party

(Continued from Page 7)

Then suddenly Zoe became very thoughtful, and with a little sigh began half-dreamingly to tell us how she used to spend Easter week in her village.

"We used to gather little flowers called 'dream-flowers.' You know, those little blue ones that come up first after winter. We used to make a dye out of them and paint the eggs with it. It gave a splendid blue color.

"To get a yellow color we used to boil onion skins and rub the eggs with them. Besides that, we painted them all sorts of other colors. And then for a whole week we went about the village and played at cracking eggs, first with the pointed end, then with the other, and the winner kept all the eggs he cracked. There was one lad who had found a stone egg somewhere in town, and he smashed up everyone. But when we found out what the trick was, we took all his eggs and gave him a thrashing.

"And all through Easter week there were swings. In the centre of the village there were great big ones for the general public, and then, too, between each gateway there were the small ones—just a board and a pair of ropes. And all through the week we boys and girls swung and sang 'Christos voskrese' (Christ is risen). How fine it all was."

We listened to her in silence. Life had battered and buffeted us so long and so fiercely that it seemed to have driven for ever out of our minds all remembrance of childhood, home, mother and former Easters.

In the meantime the calico curtain over the window had grown faintly blue with the first cold light of dawn. Then it darkened again, changed to a dingy yellow, and finally lit up with the rich red rose of the rising sun.

"If you don't mind, I'll open the window," said Zoe.

She drew back the curtain and pushed back the window. We all came over beside her. It was a lovely, festal morning, so pure and so fresh that it seemed as if someone had come in the night and with untiring hands had cleansed and purified everything, even the blue sky with its fleecy white clouds and the tall, stately poplars with their young trembling leaves. Before us rolled the Dnieper, blue and majestic and silvery. And from all the belfries in the town came the glad pealing of the chimes.

Then suddenly, in spite of ourselves, we all turned away. The engineer was in tears. Holding on to the handle of the window and leaning his brow on it, he cried until his whole body shook and trembled with his sobs. God knows what was happening in the poor, broken, wounded heart of this old wastrel. I only knew about his past life from the stray hints he himself had dropped: his marriage with an unworthy woman; the spending of Government money, his attempt to shoot his wife's lover, his grief at the loss of his children who had gone with their mother.

Zoe's sigh was full of compassion. She went up to him, put her arms round him, and laid his old grey head, with its ruddy bald pate, upon her breast. Then gently and soothingly she began to stroke his cheek.

"You poor old thing, you poor dear," she cooed to him. "I know how hard it is for you. You're all like stray dogs—all old and alone in the world. Never mind, bear up. God will help you. All grief will pass. Everything will come right again. Ah—you poor, poor man!"

With a great effort the engineer controlled

himself. His eyelids were quivering, his eyes were red, and his nose was blue and swollen.

"Damn my accur-sed ner-ves. Damn!" he said angrily.

But from his voice I knew that in his throat, in his mouth, in his nose, the bitter, unshed tears were still lurking.

Five minutes later we took our leave, each of us reverently kissing Zoe's hand. The engineer and I were the last to go, and on the very threshold of Zoe's room we ran into the student who had just come back from a merry evening with his friends.

"Ha-ha," he stammered with a stupid grin, and, as he spoke, he raised his eyebrows significantly. "Th-at's where you've been, eh? H-m, h-m, so that's the wa-ay you br-ring in Easter, is it?"

There was no mistaking the cruel, biting scorn in his voice.

Slowly, magnificently, the engineer gave him a look that took him in from the sole of his boots to the peak of his cap. Then after a long pause he hissed into his ear in a tone of withering contempt:

"You scum!"

The Maori in France

(Continued from Page 6)

side where the white sand is washed by waters as blue as the clear sky. He thought himself back at Taupo sitting under the shade of the manuka bushes. The steam from the hot pools in the ti-tree was wafted across the water and the boiling mud geysers chuckled and gurgled like goblins as he told his brother and the old man of how he had fought the Turk and the Germans.

The nurse at the other end of the ward was suddenly conscious of soft singing, and as she came along the passage-way between the beds she heard that the voice was Honé's. She, too, knew the tune, but the words were strange to her. "He roa, te wa ki Tipirere, he tino mamao," he sang. And then as the little boiling pools chuckled and laughed softly and the note of a distant bell-bird came across the arm of the lake from Waitanui he closed his eyes and his spirit went to the place where all good warriors go.

No Change

The dinner was very bad.

"Another new cook, eh?" said Mr. Dawson. "It is strange what a time we have with cooks. The Dixons have no such trouble. Dixon was telling me only yesterday that they have had the same cook for ten years."

"Yes, dear," said Mrs. Dawson sweetly, "and did he tell you who she is?"

"No. Who is she?"

"His wife."

Too many of us seem to think that the time to say no is the next time.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LOUISA BERG, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of LOUISA BERG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of William E. Johnson, Esq., at 921 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LOUISA BERG, deceased.

ERIK BERG,

Administrator of the estate of Louisa Berg, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 29th, 1916.

WILLIAM E. JOHNSON, ESQ.,

Attorney for Administrator.

921 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-26-5

SHERIFF'S SALE

Justice Court.—No. 85581.

G. E. DOLAN, Plaintiff, vs. FRED MACK and MRS. FRED MACK, his wife, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Justice Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 28th day of June, A. D. 1916, in the above entitled action wherein G. E. DOLAN, the above named plaintiff, obtained a Judgment against FRED MACK and MRS. FRED MACK, his wife, defendants, on the 5th day of May, A. D. 1916, I am commanded to sell all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Waller Street distant thereon 106.3 feet easterly from the point of intersection of the easterly line of Steiner Street with the southerly line of Waller Street; running thence easterly along said southerly line of Waller Street 25 feet; thence at right angles southerly 120 feet; thence at right angles westerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles northerly 120 feet to the southerly line of Waller Street and the point of beginning. Being Lot No. 29 in Block 867.

Public Notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 25th day of September, A. D. 1916, at 12 o'clock m., of that day, in front of the Sheriff's Office in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said execution, sell all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said Judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money of the United States.

Dated, San Francisco, August 16th, 1916.

THOMAS F. FINN, Sheriff.

WALTER E. DORN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

8-26-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 72594; Dept. No. 10.

JEMETT POSTON, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY A. POSTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:

HENRY A. POSTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, habitual intemperance, and wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JAS. P. SWEENEY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Nevada Bank Building,
San Francisco, California.

8-19-10

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL DOING BUSINESS UNDER A FICTITIOUS NAME

No. 2819.

(Ten cent U. S. revenue stamp affixed.)

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:—That I, SAM. SPIELLER, the undersigned, do hereby certify that I am doing business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of THE WESTERN CLOAK AND SUIT CO., that the principal place of business of The Western Cloak and Suit Co. is situate at No. 117 Grant Avenue in the said City and County of San Francisco.

That I am the sole owner of the said business known as The Western Cloak and Suit Co., and I am interested therein; that my name in full and my place of residence is as follows: SAM. SPIELLER, No. 5 Hollis Street, San Francisco, Cal.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 11th day of August, 1916.

SAM. SPIELLER.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 11th day of August in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixteen before me, L. H. CONDON, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared SAM. SPIELLER, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

L. H. CONDON,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(My commission expires January 9, 1919.)

Endorsed: Filed Aug. 12, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney at Law,
1003 Phelan Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

8-19-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF RICHARD CORBETT, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664 OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 18,313; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of RICHARD CORBETT, Deceased.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, and each and every and all persons named or not named, having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased:

You, and each of you are hereby notified that Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, the petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this Court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit, the estate of Richard Corbett, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are the heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased disappeared prior to the first day of December, 1907, and that by a judgment duly given and made by said Court on the 5th day of January, 1915, the said deceased was declared dead, and that said deceased died intestate; that the said deceased was then and there a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State, consisting wholly of money, and that said estate now consists of money solely;

That a petition for Letters of Administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 18th day of December, 1914, filed in the above entitled Court by M. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco;

That thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was, by a judgment of said Court, duly given and made, on the 5th day of January, 1915, appointed Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased; that thereafter, to wit, on the said 5th day of January, 1915, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such Administrator, and Letters of Administration were duly issued to him under the seal of said Court, by the Clerk of said Court; that thereafter, and on the 6th day of February, 1915, said M. J. Hynes, Administrator of said estate, died;

That a petition for Letters of Administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 24th day of February, 1915, filed in the above entitled Court, by W. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco;

That thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, that the said W. J. Hynes was, by a judgment of said Court, duly given and made on the 11th day of March, 1915, appointed Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased; and that thereafter, to wit, on the said 11th day of March, 1915, said W. J. Hynes qualified as such Administrator and Letters of Administration were duly issued to him under the seal of said Court by the Clerk of said Court, and that the said W. J. Hynes ever since has been, and now is, the duly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator of the estate of said deceased;

That the said order and decree of the said Court appointing the said W. J. Hynes Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect, and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of Letters of Administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made;

That the said Richard Corbett, deceased, died intestate, leaving him surviving no grand-father or grand-mother, no father or mother, no wife, child or descendants of any child or children, no brothers or sisters, and that said petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the whole of the said estate of said deceased;

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate, and that the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof, so far as known to said petitioners;

And that these petitioners pray the said Court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made; that the Court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the Court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said Court in the matter of the said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of said Court in the matter of said estate and in the Register of Proceedings in Estates of said Court in the matter of said estate, and directing that, in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid, then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said Court for not appearing as aforesaid, and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid, to show cause and exhibit to said Court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, as provided by Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California;

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition, the said Court, on the 22nd day of August, 1916, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate of Richard Corbett, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said Court as hereinafter specified, and that by said order the Court fixed Tuesday, the 5th day of December, 1916, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein,

NOW, THEREFORE, you, and each of you herein above named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have, or claim, any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, are hereby notified and required to

be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the Courtroom thereof, in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 5th day of December, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the Court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having, or claiming, an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased;

And that you, and each of you, and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day, and date, file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said Court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said Court in the matter of the said estate and in the Register of the Proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said Court, and that each and every, all and singular, the persons who appear as aforesaid, show cause, as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, to the said Court in the matter of the said estate, by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California;

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date, and at the place aforesaid in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said Court in the matter of the said estate, and in the Register of Proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said Court for not appearing as aforesaid;

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause, as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, to the said Court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate, as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate to the said Court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California specified;

That the said Court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS, the Honorable George H. Cabaniss, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of said Court,
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

EUGENE W. LEVY,
Attorney for Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch,
Room 560 Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery St.,
San Francisco, California. 8-26-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75,177; Dept. No. 4.

HELENA HORSTMANN, Plaintiff, versus CONRAD HORSTMANN, also known as CHARLES HORSTMANN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CONRAD HORSTMANN, also known as CHARLES HORSTMANN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's habitual intemperance and of Defendant's failure to provide Plaintiff the necessities of life; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco. 7-29-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRED W. SIMONTON, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of FRED W. SIMONTON, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator, at the office of Charles A. Lee, 615 Hobart Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as the place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRED W. SIMONTON, deceased.

GEO. W. SIMONTON,
Administrator of the estate of Fred W. Simonton, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 12, 1916.

CHARLES A. LEE,
Attorney for Administrator,
615 Hobart Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

8-12-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 74925; Dept. No. 4.

HENRY HAINS, Plaintiff, vs. GABRIELLE HAINS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GABRIELLE HAINS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3rd day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
ERNEST PAGNUELO,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

8-12-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10; No. 75525.

ANITA WARREN PATTERSON, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM PATTERSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM PATTERSON, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of August, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By F. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.
SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
423 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

8-19-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIUS LOEY, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of JULIUS LOEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Wm. Loewy & Walter Loewy, Number 201 Sansome Street, Room 507, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JULIUS LOEY, deceased.

BRUNO LOEY,
Administrator of the estate of Julius Loewy, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 19, 1916.

WM. LOEWY & WALTER LOEWY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
201 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

8-19-5

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Steel common was the centre of interest in the stock market throughout the week, and properly so. It is the biggest stock in the world, because it eclipses all other issues, except Government bonds, in volume outstanding in the hands of the public, and it is the most widely distributed and normally active of any. It broke all previous records in its history when it sold at 99 3-8, not by a fluke, but on heavy transactions, because investors and speculators think it is cheap, since it is earning 40 per cent or more at present, and the outlook for business is better than ever, and prices of steel products are still at the very top and at least \$20 a ton above what has been regarded as the nominal range in prosperous times. The increase in the cost of production has not been large, and improvements in manufacturing processes are being made all the time, so the extra prices received are practically clear gain. Many of the smaller steel producers are making still larger profits, because they have reserved part of their capacity to take advantage of offers of premiums for prompt deliveries. Copper mine shares are in a similar position. The price of copper metal has become firm at 27 cents a pound for electrolytic after going through a short period of weakness that carried copper in second hands down to about 23 cents. The domestic demand is heavier than ever and exports also keep up well. The Entente Allies are in the market and are reported as willing to contract for next year's output of some of the principal mines. At these high prices many mines are able to sell or treat accumulations of low-grade ores, and to reopen abandoned workings that would be unprofitable at 18 cents a pound or less. Several copper shares now yield more than 10 per cent income on current prices and the demand for copper is likely to be good after the war is over. "War stocks" were firmer last week because the war in Europe threatens to last for another year, and the peace terms discussed in an unofficial way, chiefly by Germans and German newspapers, are preposterous and will never be entertained until one side or the other wins a decisive victory. It would be idle for Congress to request President Wilson to offer his services as mediator again. His first offer still stands, and all suggestions that he should repeat his offer are made for political effect. It may be that the Allies will buy less ammunition and arms, but they will buy steel and copper until the end of the war. Rails held firm, notwithstanding all the strike talk. However, the general feeling all along has been that there would be no strike, and now that it is practically out of the way for some time, means that it will soon be forgotten.

Wheat—These are perilous times for holders of wheat. The long-discussed and much-advertised reserve in Russia is liable at any time to be released through the action of Rumania in coalition with the Allies, and subvert completely all the recent theories of a shortened

world's supply of breadstuffs. With the stocks of Canada, Australia, India and Argentina, there would be, with the Russian accumulation of three years, enough wheat to supply Europe, without the necessity of calling upon the United States for a bushel, and this is what the late happenings in Europe strongly suggest. Nothing could be more important than the commissariat of a large army, and some way to distribute the harvests of the biggest grain-growing nation of the world has no doubt been a matter of serious discussion and consideration during the life of the conflict. The Allies lost millions of money and thousands of men in trying to open the Dardanelles, and proved conclusively that it could not be done by open attack upon the forts which guarded the approach to Constantinople. Another way has been found, which though somewhat discursive will take the grain up the Danube, through Rumania, and thus into the consumptive channels of the world, and relieve a tension which has been felt throughout all of Europe for two years or more. Its effect upon this country will be felt in the greatly lessened export inquiry and lower prices, for, if we would sell our surplus, it must be in competition with countries that can grow and merchandise their crops cheaper than ourselves. We look for lower prices, but would sell only on good bulges.

Corn—Some of the most enthusiastic bulls are bearish for a turn, believing that the market has been overbought. It will require the test of husking returns to determine the amount of injury to the corn crop, for it is authoritatively denied that any serious damage has been outside of Kansas and Oklahoma, and the deterioration there has been well discounted. We have talked with men who have quite recently covered Illinois and Iowa, and they confirm other reports of excellent prospects. Dakota and Minnesota, which contributed little or nothing last year in this line, have an average prospect if the frost does not come too early, and considering the abandoned wheat acreage planted to corn this year, there should be a considerable increase over last year in the final results. We still believe that conditions the past summer have been ideal for development, and we advise against leading up with corn at these price levels.

Cotton—Continued reports of deterioration throughout the entire cotton belt were confirmed by the Government figures which made the condition up to August 25th 61.2 or the lowest for this season of the year ever recorded. The hot dry weather without fertilizer has been the factor which has brought about this low condition. There were numerous complaints of boll weevil which kept the market nervous, as well as talk of shedding. Liverpool market kept pace with our market, and they became very much alarmed when our Government figures were announced advancing one-half per cent pound in our money. However, as is usual,

after an advancing market, the climax is generally reached on the publication of some sensational report, and this is what happened last week. There was heavy selling by the more fortunate operators in the way of profit taking, and as the advance had reached a dangerous point for this season, a good reaction was in order. This reaction came after the October option sold at 1650, and on general heavy liquidation the price declines to below 16 cents were good, support by spot interests held the market in check. The crop this year is sure to be a very small one.

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JUNE 30TH, 1916:

Assets	\$63,811,228.81
Deposits	60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
Number of Depositors	68,062

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1916, a dividend to depositors of 4% per annum was declared.

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NOTICE OF TRUSTEES' SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

WHEREAS in accordance with the terms and under the authority of a certain deed of trust executed and delivered by John L. Polito, the party of the first part, to W. E. Palmer and Fred E. Palmer, as trustees, the parties of the second part, and M. D. Merritt, the party of the third part, dated the 27th day of May, 1915, and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 5th day of June, 1915, in Liber 871 of Deeds (new series) at page 244, which deed of trust was given to secure the payment of a certain promissory note for the sum of Five hundred dollars (\$500.00) of even date therewith, executed and delivered by said party of the first part to the party of the third part and which promissory note together with all the interests of said party of the third part in said deed of trust was subsequent to said 27th day of May, 1915, and prior to the date of this notice for value received sold and assigned to A. M. Palmer and said A. M. Palmer being now the owner and holder of said promissory note mentioned in and secured by said deed of trust, the said A. M. Palmer as the owner and holder of said promissory note has by written declaration and demand declared that default has been made by the party of the first part in the payment of the principal sum named in said promissory note, to-wit, the sum of Five hundred dollars (\$500.00) and in the payment of the interest thereon at the rate of twelve per cent (12%) per annum according to its terms from date thereof until paid, said interest having been paid to the 27th day of January, 1916, and has demanded that the undersigned, trustees as aforesaid, sell the real property described in said deed of trust and hereinafter described to pay and satisfy the amount due and unpaid upon said promissory note, together with the expenses of sale and the expenses of the trust;

AND WHEREAS default has been made by said John L. Polito in the payment of said promissory note and of the interest thereon since the 27th day of January, 1916, and no part of the principal sum of said promissory note has been paid;

Now the said W. E. Palmer and Fred E. Palmer, as trustees as aforesaid, hereby give notice that on Tuesday, the 19th day of September, 1916, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon at the real estate office of G. H. Umben & Co. at No. 20 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and under and pursuant to the terms and conditions of said deed of trust and of said written declaration and demand they will sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder for cash in Gold Coin of the United States that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Orizaba Avenue, distant thereon two hundred seventy-five (275) feet northerly from the northerly line of Garfield Street, running thence northerly and along said westerly line of Orizaba Avenue seventy-five (75) feet, thence at a right angle westerly one hundred (100) feet, thence at a right angle southerly seventy-five (75) feet, thence at a right angle easterly one hundred (100) feet to the westerly line of Orizaba Avenue and the point of commencement;

Being Lots 35, 36, 37, Block 57, City Land Association. Terms of sale: Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, ten per cent (10%) payable to the undersigned at the fall of the hammer and conclusion of sale, balance upon the delivery of the deed. If balance is not so paid said ten per cent (10%) shall be forfeited and the sale shall be void. Said real property will be offered for sale in one parcel and the holder or holders of said promissory note secured by said deed of trust, his or their, agent or assigns may bid and purchase at said sale.

Dated, August 9th, 1916.

W. E. PALMER,
FRED E. PALMER,
Trustees.

JOHN RALPH WILSON,
Attorney for Trustees,
Room 709, 57 Post St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

8-19-5

CERTIFICATE OF S. S. SCHEPPS AND GEORGE L. FURST, DOING BUSINESS AS VIRGINIA STUDIO

No. 2811.

(Ten cent documentary revenue stamp cancelled.)

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned, S. S. SCHEPPS and GEORGE L. FURST, are transacting a general Art business in this State, under the name of VIRGINIA STUDIO; that their principal place of business is in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that they are now conducting said business in the premises generally known and designated as Number 128 Post Street, in said City, County and State aforesaid; that they are the sole owners of said business; that their full names are S. S. SCHEPPS, who resides at No. 704 Bush Street, and GEORGE L. FURST, who resides at No. 704 Bush Street, both in said City and County and State, aforesaid.

S. S. SCHEPPS,
GEORGE L. FURST.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco.—ss.

On this 8th day of August, 1916, before me, J. D. BROWN, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared S. S. SCHEPPS and GEORGE L. FURST, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year last above written.

(Seal)

J. D. BROWN,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed August 9, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY W. DINKELSPIEL,
Attorney for said Virginia Studio,
802-6 Claus Spreckels Building,
San Francisco, California.

8-19-5

CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned MAX LEUTHOLDT and OTTO DUDZECK, both of whom are residents of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, are partners and as such partners constitute a partnership transacting business in this State under the firm name of M. LEUTHOLDT & CO.; that the principal place of business of said partnership is in the said City and County of San Francisco, and that the above mentioned names are the names in full of all of the members of the said partnership.

Dated, San Francisco, August 12, 1916.

MAX LEUTHOLDT,
OTTO DUDZECK.

S. JOSEPH THEISEN,
Attorney for Partnership,
Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

8-19-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 9798; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, Deceased.

SARAH A. JACOBS, the Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, deceased, having filed therein her verified petition praying for an order of sale of the Real Estate of said deceased for the purpose herein set forth:

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said Estate of said deceased appear before the above entitled Court and Department on Wednesday, the 20th day of September, 1916, at Ten (10) A. M. on said day at the Court-Room of said Court, in the New City Hall on the West side of Polk between McAllister and Grove Streets, San Francisco, California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administratrix and Petitioner to sell the Real Estate of said deceased at a private sale, or so much thereof as shall be necessary.

It is further ordered and directed that a copy of this order shall be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOS. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated this 14th day of August, 1916.

MARSHALL NUCKOLLS,
Attorney for Administratrix,
417 Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, California.

8-19-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75045; Dept. No. 3.

BECKIE DROY, Plaintiff, vs. SAM DROY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: SAM DROY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

T. W. HUBBARD,

Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10, Probate; No. 15132.

In the Matter of the Estate of MAURICE HAYES, Deceased.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE. ROSE HAYES, the surviving wife of the said MAURICE HAYES, deceased, having presented her petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Thursday, the 14th day of September, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10 Probate of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, at the City Hall, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Executrix, CATHERINE TIETJEN, directing her to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased, within a time to be specified by this Court, as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County; or personally served as provided in section 1539 of the Code of Civil Procedure of California.

Dated, August 3rd, A. D. 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Presented by E. J. MIZE,
Attorney for Petitioner,
96 Bernal Avenue,
San Francisco, California.

8-12-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH NIGLIS, deceased.—Dept. No. 9; No. 21360.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of JOSEPH NIGLIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH NIGLIS, deceased.

EUGENE NIGLIS,

* Executor of the last will and testament of Joseph Niglis, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 2nd, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR THE VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION OF THE CORPORATION BELOW NAMED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75828; Dept. 12.

In the Matter of the Voluntary Dissolution of BURG BROS. LUMBER & BUILDING CO., a Corporation.

Notice is hereby given that Burg Bros. Lumber & Building Co., the corporation above named, has duly filed in the above entitled Court its application praying for an order or decree of said Court dissolving said corporation, and that Monday, the 25th day of September, A. D. 1916, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, in the Court-Room of said Court, Department 12 thereof, situate in the Hall of Justice of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been duly fixed as the day, time and place for the hearing of the said application.

Notice of the hearing of the said application shall be given by publication for six successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a weekly newspaper, published, printed and circulated in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, beginning on the 19th day of August, 1916, and ending on the 23rd day of September, 1916, and any and all persons are hereby notified that they may file in the above entitled Court before the date of the expiration of the said notice any objections which they may have to the granting of the aforesaid application for the dissolution of the said corporation.

Dated this 15th day of August, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY,

Clerk of the said Superior Court.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

W. T. KEARNEY,
Attorney for said Application,
1012 Mills Building,
San Francisco, California.

8-19-6

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Superior Court, State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10, Probate; No. 21299.

Estate of MARY D. KUSTER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of MARY D. KUSTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Andrew G. Maguire, 281 Page Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY D. KUSTER, deceased.

FANNIE KIRBY,

Administratrix of the estate of Mary D. Kuster, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 2, 1916.

ANDREW G. MAGUIRE,
Attorney for Administratrix,
281 Page St., San Francisco, Cal.

9-2-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRANKLIN K. BARTHEL, Deceased.—No. 21294; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of FRANKLIN K. BARTHEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the office of her attorney, E. B. Power, Room 1212 Humboldt Bank Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRANKLIN K. BARTHEL, deceased.

KATHERINE BARTHEL,

Executrix of the last will and testament of Franklin K. Barthel, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 19, 1916.

E. B. POWER,
Attorney for Executrix,
1212 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

8-19-5

"A Happy Combination of Sound Thought and Graceful Expression"

—WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor St. Louis Mirror



THE LANTERN



Edited by THEODORE F. BONNET and EDWARD F. O'DAY

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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 16, 1916

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IN THIS ISSUE:

Human Nature in the Raw

Our Debt to the Chemically Pure

The Deterioration of a Stanford Poet

Sergeant-Marquis de Polignac Talks War

The Aloof Mr. Wilson—A Transformation

France Infuriated by Wholesale Deportations

When Psychic Research Failed Its Champions

Notable San Franciscans with the "Dolly Sisters"

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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FOR THE OLD FREEDOM

FOR PRESIDENT:

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

The young people who get themselves into trouble by getting marriage licenses for a "lark" remind us that the habit of practical joking is not extinct. Far from it, indeed. There are signs that augur a great revival of this primitive form of entertainment. Practical joking is the staple of humor in the comic pictures of the dailies and in the "movies," and our politicians though essentially solemn are never so serious as when playing practical jokes on the dear people. It is recorded in Froissart that the English people "amused themselves sadly after the fashion of their country." The fashion has come down to us like the Common Law, and when a politician, like Mr. Wilson, after posing for years as a conservative Democrat gets elected under false pretenses and puts a thumb to his nose while dancing a jig arm-in-arm with Mr. Gompers, we are so sadly amused that we groan in agony. We have undergone a great change of temperament since the days when we smiled at the witticisms of Abraham Lincoln. Now we smile at our own follies, and we are too dull to appreciate the humors of the situation in Mexico. Our adult minds are on a par with the minds of the undergraduates who bought the marriage licenses in San Jose, thereby incurring a suspicion that they might not care to invite. We are drifting back to the days of that incorrigible practical joker, the Count of Grammont, when courtiers and maids of honor were never so happy as when involving their friends and enemies in ridicule. For their liveliest jests they depended on some physical deformity. The practical joker of those days was a cruel person, a lineal ancestor of the boy we used to know who regarded a bent pin as a divine instrument of delight. This boy, grown up, is to be encountered every little while. His favorite aim is to bring discomfiture on a friend. A boisterous individual, proud of the reputation of a village cut-up, he is prominent at the club where he shakes the sides of dullards with his comicalities. He achieves a triumph when he imposes on somebody's good faith by some elaborate system of deception that was invented in

the days of Aristophanes or Moliere. A man in years, his mind has not grown since the days when he played "lame soldier," but when convulsed with merriment at the success of his horseplay he does not guffaw alone. It is a sign of the times that this bore is in no danger of exile, not even in middle life. The people that laugh with him, vote with him, and so it is that in nation, state and city, we are getting the kind of government we deserve.

The Eastland Case

What became of the *Eastland* case? Perhaps you have forgotten the *Eastland* case, though in all probability you were inflamed with indignation when the pleasure steamer *Eastland* turned over in the Chicago River, causing the loss of a thousand lives. Some awful things were going to happen to the persons responsible for that terrible catastrophe. A lesson was to be taught that greedy ship owners would never forget. The case was so important that it was taken in hand by a member of the President's Cabinet, thus reminding us of Mr. Wilson's high regard for human life. The President took official cognizance of the case, assuming that it was covered by that interminable blanket called interstate commerce, under which the President arrogates to himself something like the power of the Czar. Whatever comes under the head of interstate commerce comes within reach of the President, for the Interstate Commerce Commission is under congressional control and of Congress, as we have lately seen, the Executive is the boss. And as the boss of the commission he can do more than fix the wages of train crews; as a matter of fact he can regulate the raising of oranges in California, or at least determine the wages and hours of workmen employed in orchards that ship fruit to the East. So it was easy to take a hand in the *Eastland* case. The hand employed was Redfield's, and this Cabinet officer ousted the Coroner, made his own investigation and returned a Redfield verdict—that the Government inspectors were competent, nobody was to blame and one thousand lives were lost in an unavoidable accident—a sort of "merciful dispensation of Providence" it was called in the Senate the other day when it was cited as an example of "what the Government can do when it engages in private business."

A Tip to Preachers

"He has learned what he knew before, only he has learned it better," says *The Chronicle*, speaking of a fashionable preacher's letter to the members of a congregation to which he wishes to return. *The Chronicle* adds: "He has learned that the business of a preacher is to preach the gospel." This is not the beginning and the end of

the preacher's business, but for some preachers it is quite enough. The preacher is at liberty to imitate the apostles of Christianity and the Fathers of the Church and to do all in his power to awaken devotion and faith. Multifarious are the duties of the clerical office in a church rightly ministered, but it is really very important that a clergyman should be guided by the Gospel. Therein is to be found a very important admonition that preachers should ponder whenever they are tempted to thrill their flocks. We have been reminded of it by the noble letter of that eminent divine Cardinal Mercier, appealing from the deaf ear of the Civil State to the Clerical Hierarchy for an enquiry into certain matters in Belgium. "The effect of the war on religion," he says, "is God's secret, and we are not in His confidence. But there is one question which dominates it, and it is a question of morality, law and order. 'Seek ye first,' says our Lord in His Holy Gospel, 'the Kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you.' Now God has many secrets, and we have many clergymen who talk as if they thought themselves in His confidence. These men do much evil. Sometimes they pretend to speak as God's mouthpiece when affirming a thing to be true which they should know is one of God's secrets. These men do not seek the Kingdom of God and His justice, nor are they content to pilot men to God's Kingdom by expounding the fundamentals of His justice or the essentials of His morality."

Human Nature in the Raw

Human nature is not a thing about which we may generalize with accuracy. There is some good and some evil in all men. We should not be sceptical then if told that whatever may be said of the "frightfulness" practiced in this war the Turk is coming through it with a fine reputation as a soldier and a gentleman. There is much that appears contradictory in human nature. The Turk is a devil in Armenia but he was a gentleman in Gallipoli. This is not at all incredible. It is not unusual for a man to be a gentleman with those whom he regards as his equals and a devil in dealing with those whom he regards as his inferiors. Whereas a good fighter wins the respect of the Turks, he has contempt for the gentle and helpless. Many western travelers have admired the Turk for his charm, courage and courtesy, and have even defended Armenian massacres as though massacres perpetrated by such charming people must be right. Now as a matter of fact the desire to massacre one's enemies is a vice that is not confined to heathens. It is a vice of which any people is capable as soon as it re-

gards its enemies as a hostile principle. Christians as well as heathens have massacred their enemies, and there have been massacres of Christians by Christians. In truth there have been manifestations of barbarism in every civilization. Even the Athenians under the leadership of their great rabble-rouser Cleon were quite ready and willing to massacre the people of Mitylene. The virtuous Pliny put the Christians to death, and even Marcus Aurelius, the darling of our most sentimental culturines, was a persecutor of the Christians. An interesting history could be written of the crimes of good men, and interesting histories have been written on the atrocities of Christian peoples in the days of the Duke of Alva and the virgin Queen Elizabeth. The fact that peoples endowed with many of the most attractive virtues committed the most horrible crimes is one that must be kept in mind when we consider the possibilities of even the finer sort of human nature. There is a curious element in human nature about which we are most imperfectly informed; which, in fact, we make no effort to purge from the general system. It is an element of madness that prompts men to do the greatest possible injury to those who are not in accord with them. A very striking manifestation of it nowadays is that of the fanaticism against people who are not in sympathy with the crusade against the Demon Rum. This is a crusade marked by the irrationality that was once peculiar to witch-burners. Carried on by zealots that affect a burning passion for reform, its futility is obvious, its enormous evils notorious, but the fury persists and the fanatics are not to be dissuaded, for they are partisans of a principle, and it does not matter to them that the real demon is their own pet. Presumably they would destroy only vineyards, breweries and distilleries, but to know them and their ways and methods is to be quite sure that nothing would please them half so much as the power to imitate the Turks in Armenia.

No New Thing Under the Sun Fresh comments on the enmities we have incurred in the war remind us of the words of a defunct friend whose wisdom has come down to us in a popular volume. "There is no thing new under the sun," he said. All is but repetition. Even the passions of men and the pretexts thereof repeat themselves, thus making repetition of history a continuous performance through the ages. The neutral's position is always of a thankless nature. The neutral is beloved by neither side, hated on both sides. In the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 the Germans denounced their Teutonic cousins across the North Sea for not assisting to avert the peril of Napoleonic militarism, and the French reviled the perfidy of Albion for the refusal of the English to come to the rescue of the *grande nation* from the barbarians of the North. Human nature is always the same,

and men have a habit of reasoning with their hearts and convincing themselves that their judgments are wholly the result of mental processes. Today there are Englishmen as well as Germans who attribute our general attitude to greed. The same conception of England's attitude was formed in 1870 even in England. Hark to the voice of Sir Robert Morier sounding across the years from Darmstadt:

We sit like a bloated quaker, too holy to fight, but rubbing our hands at the roaring trade we are driving in cartridges and ammunition. We are heaping up to ourselves the undying hatred of this German race that will henceforth rule the world, because we cannot muster up courage to prevent a few cursed Brummagem manufacturers from driving their unholy trade.

Shortly after the war of 1870 there was a great change of sentiment, a change that was no new thing under the sun. A change will occur again—what may appear to be a racial change—but the fact is there is hardly any such thing as racial distinction. Human nature is everywhere the same; but nations have moods induced by many factors. There is the psychology of a nation as well as the psychology of a crowd. The German of Goethe's day is no different from the German of Bernhardi's day, but the latter-day German has not been reading Jean Paul. He has become self-conscious.

Once more we are warned of the great British menace. The warning comes from our vigilant guide, philosopher and pro-Kaiser propagandist, the Hon. William Randolph Hearst, who "views with alarm" manifestations of British ungraciousness and ingratitude. There is much in what Mr. Hearst says respecting the conduct of England and the criticisms of papers like *The London Times*. We have indeed assisted the Allies in this war. We probably saved them from defeat, as Mr. Hearst says; but we have no reason to be proud of having refused to forfeit our self-respect, as we might have done by heeding the inspired clamors of our great wholesale journalist. It is not especially to a nation's credit that it has lived up to the laws of nations. At the same time, knowing that out of private purses we have done much for the suffering peoples of Europe, we feel that whatever may have been the motives of the few who have profited off the war, it would be unjust to hold that as a people we have shown ourselves indifferent to the highest interests of humanity and civilization. Maybe we should have done more than we have done. But Mr. Hearst argues that we should have done less with respect to the Allies, and that therefore we now thoroughly deserve the hostility of Germany. Mr. Hearst is very emphatic in this severe judgment. He utters himself as an oracle familiar with the whole history of the war in its most intimate details; almost with the cocksureness of a suspiciously prejudiced juror. For though Mr. Hearst

is voting on the verdict before hearing all the evidence he argues with the vehemence of one of the attorneys in the case. Now this war is no ordinary controversy involving a few simple propositions that are as easily apprehended as the issues of a will contest. It is the greatest dispute that ever occurred in the world's history. It concerns more than the fate of a few nations. Some of the questions it presents touch the fundamentals of civilization itself. Though questions of commerce are depending on this colossal conflict, questions of humanity are at issue and are of immediate interest. We have heard a lot about atrocities in this war; more than was ever heard before; greater atrocities than are discussed anywhere in history; and though there may have been much exaggeration, so much has been said by way of extenuation on the score of "military necessity" that the subject in itself calls for universal consideration as one of the factors not to be ignored in determining the attitude of neutrals. To be sure, atrocities are the inevitable incidents of war, but the principles on which it may be attempted to justify atrocities of a certain kind are another matter. As there is a deep significance in principles we can conceive of a nation, even a nation with justice on its side, alienating the sympathy of the whole world by embracing and living up to certain principles. And we can conceive no worse indictment against a nation than that it deliberately maintained the attitude of a neutral bystander when practices revolting to mankind were practiced by one side on principle. Now, doubtless the humane Mr. Hearst is not inaccessible to the emotions of normal mortals, but we wonder if before uttering himself cocksurely to the effect that we "thoroughly deserve" the hostility of Germany he inquired whether Germany ever deserved our most profound sympathies. We wonder because of the stories that have lately been reviving interest in atrocities—the stories of the practice of slavery in Lille, news of which appears on another page. If these stories are true we shall probably care less that we deserve the hostility of Germany than that we have not done more to earn the gratitude of the Allies notwithstanding their ungraciousness; for, after all, what do we care about the approval of England? What we need to care about is our own conscience. So these stories from Lille are deserving of investigation, and Mr. Hearst the passionate lover of human interest stories should apply himself to the study of them—unless in the exigencies of wholesale journalism he has put himself beyond the liberty of doing so. He has facilities to verify or disprove them or to expound the "military necessity" of the slavery. Surely the matter is of enough importance to warrant an inquiry by a person whose report would command the respect of Americans; some person, let us say, who is able to inspire confidence as easily as William Bayard Hale inspires distrust.

Varied Types

298—MARQUIS DE POLIGNAC

By Edward F. O'Day

A short, well-built man with blond hair, a red mustache, a pleasant smile and a mastery of slow but pure English is Melchior, Marquis de Polignac who has left San Francisco after a short visit enlivened by luncheons, dinners and suppers in the bosom of our smartest smart set. A nice man is de Polignac, and a very distinguished man. In the republic of France he is still called a marquis; but he has another handle to his name which is more honorable than the empty title which evidences his aristocratic lineage; he is a sergeant in the French army.

The sergeant-marquis is head of the younger branch of the old de Polignac family. His cousin, the present and fourth Duke de Polignac, is head of the elder branch. The de Polignac dukedom only dates from 1780 when it was created by Louis XVI, but the family is a very ancient one. It was already flourishing in the eleventh century. It has contributed many ministers to France, the last being Prince Jules de Polignac who was prime minister for Charles X. Melchior is the great-grand-nephew of Jules. The de Polignacs are well known in this country. One of them married a Miss Singer of sewing machine millions. Another served in the Confederate army through the Civil War, giving up his sword as a major-general to embark on a spectacular career in New Orleans. The grandmother of the sergeant-marquis who has just left San Francisco was the widow Pommeroy; that explains why he is at the head of one of the greatest of the concerns that embottle the "sunny laughter of the peasant girls of France."

Before the old world came to an end in July, 1914, the Marquis de Polignac was known as one of France's truest sportsmen. He was a member of the international committee that managed the Olympic games at Stockholm. He belonged to all the clubs that fostered sport. He organized the first two aviation meets held in France, the Rheims meets of 1909 and 1910.

The marquis is a firm believer in the value of athletic training to the youth of a nation. He gave testimony to that belief when he founded, at his home city of Rheims in 1912, Le College d'Athletes, the first large French educational institution to specialize in the training of men in sports. He gave Rheims a park of three hundred acres, with a thirty-acre athletic field for working men. Indeed, he is one of the moving spirits in the athletic revival which was so noticeable in France before the war and which, most assuredly, the war will encourage rather than stop.

It goes without saying that when war was declared the marquis enlisted. He had not taken the special training which would have entitled him to a commission, so he joined his infantry regiment as a private. From Rheims his regiment was ordered to Belgium, and he saw the first fighting there. He was at Charleroi of

bloody memory, and he took part in the heart-breaking retreat which lasted for six days and came to a glorious end when General Joffre ordered a stand at the Marne. After the Battle of the Marne, de Polignac was in the trenches for five months between Soissons and Rheims. Then he took instruction in military aviation and became a pilot.

After considerable service in the air he was sent to America by the French Government as custodian of the war relics exhibited at the great Allied Bazaar in New York. Incidentally, he was asked to study the manner in which physical culture is taught to American children; for this is something the French schools are going to take up when the war is over.

"Charleroi must have been terrible," I remarked to de Polignac after Hector McKenzie had brought me to his drawing room in the St. Francis.

"It was not serious where I was," he answered. "We had our little battle, of course. But each man sees only what goes on for a mile or so, and in our part of the battle it was not so bad. I have been through trench assaults which were much more serious.

"But we had a terrible time during the six-days' retreat. We walked very quickly, and at nightfall when we stopped we were too tired to pay attention to the food which was provided. After resting half an hour or so we went on again. For six days we had scarcely any food or sleep. We were very much depressed, for we had no news, and only knew that we were retreating.

"Then suddenly came Joffre's order that we were to stand and fight to the death. Immediately we became very enthusiastic. We had no thought about food or sleep then. That was the first day of the Battle of the Marne. My regiment had fallen back, from Charleroi to Nogent-sur-Seine.

"After the Battle of the Marne ours was the first regiment to march into Rheims. That was our home. The Germans had been there ten days, and when we recaptured the city we could shoot them like rabbits in the streets. They had been drinking a great deal of champagne. Our people had had no news of us for a month, so you may imagine the wonderful enthusiasm when we came into Rheims."

"Is the cathedral very bad?" I asked.

"The silhouette only exists," was the answer. "The cathedral reminds me now of the skeleton of a man one knew when he was alive and dressed in splendid clothes."

"After the march into Rheims," continued the sergeant-marquis, "I was in the trenches near Berry-au-Bac. That was a real bore. In the first line you can't sleep or wash, and the food is cold when it comes to you. Such an experience is not very amusing. You remain in the first line two or three days at a time; then you go back, and another regiment takes your place. But if there is fighting going on, you must remain much longer."

Perhaps it was because he was bored by this life in the trenches that de Polignac made application for an aviator's billet. He received instruction, and then spent some time at air work.

"There are three types of military aeroplanes," he explained; "the fighting machines, the bombing machines and the observing machines. I drove

a machine of observation. It was our duty to correct the fire of the guns by flying over the field and observing where the shells fell. We sent back reports to the gunners by signals and by wireless. The sight of the battlefield is splendid, but I drove the machine while my companion made the observations, so I could not look around much. The responsibility of the driver is great. The machine gets terribly shaken up when a shell bursts nearby, and unless you are on your guard you will lose control. You are never quite safe in the air, especially when the enemy is shooting at you!"

De Polignac does not talk freely of his experience at the front. He modestly explains that he did very little, whereas others whom he knows accomplished heroic feats; so it would be absurd, he says, for him to talk about his actions. However, he entered the war as a private and is now a sergeant, so he cannot have acquitted himself so ingloriously as his modesty would have you infer.

In common with others who have been on the French front de Polignac has been impressed by the religious revival in the ranks.

"When one is in danger of death," he says, "the religious teaching of youth comes back to the mind. But as to whether this will be permanent, who shall say? When the danger passes, will the religious fervor disappear? We cannot tell until later."

That France did not want war is a statement which de Polignac regards as beyond the realm of controversy.

"For years," he says, "our politic was a politic of conciliation. When Germany asked we gave, to keep the peace. Perhaps Germany thought that she could keep on asking and that France would keep on giving. But there comes a time when a country can give no more, when a country must fight. That time came for France."

The sergeant-marquis showed me a great many pictures taken at the front. I examined them with deep interest. I noticed—and it confirmed my suspicion that he is a modest man—that there was not a single photograph of the sergeant-marquis among them.

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Perspective Impressions

Skirts are to be longer, but doubtless they'll be daring in some new and more interesting way.

There are still a great many modest girls, but they keep their pictures out of newspapers.

What became of all that controversy over twilight sleep?

The Sultan of Turkey is writing poetry. It will be recalled that Nero fiddled.

Over 85 per cent of the new students at Stanford have registered as Christians. What will they be when they graduate?

Every day or so we see the picture of another "world's most perfect woman." How many are there, anyway?

How long will the chiefs of the four brotherhoods revere those pens President Wilson gave them?

We are supposed to be a very intelligent nation, yet some people are going to vote for Wilson because Hughes has whiskers.

It may be taken for granted that the Oakland pruders who put clothes on "Stella" saw her undraped on the Zone.

We should worry about Japan! Why not invite a Japanese statesman over to handle the Mexican problem.

The Musicians Union declared the Santa Rosa celebration unfair, but the Natives had a mighty good time just the same.

By the way, what has happened to a gentleman known to fame as "Colonel House of Texas?"

Henry Ford's latest magazine eulogist tells us that the "miracle-maker" has a "mind of appalling simplicity." In keeping with the times, we suppose. In other words, a Ford mind; that is to say, a mental tinlizzie.

The mother who didn't raise her son to be a soldier probably cherished the hope of making a politician out of him that he might become a popular idol and unblushingly pocket the salary of a commissioner of something or other.

Rolph in San Francisco, Johnson in Sacramento and Wilson in Washington. The country is truly blessed!

Now that the brotherhoods got what they wanted without arbitration it is clear that Gompers will be false to his trust if he doesn't go the limit.

Burbank has joined Edison for Wilson. Now for Henry Ford, the fifth in the list of Greatest Living Americans. The other one is Bryan, famous as the author of a whole stack of peace treaties. And yet this is said to be the golden age of mediocrity.

The Bulletin announces that Governor Johnson got an immense majority at a straw vote taken in Lake county by Sheriff Finn of the Johnson machine. Is it looking so doubtful for the Governor that straw votes under the auspices of Finn are deemed advisable?

Having served notice on Americans that they need not look to their own country for protection in Mexico why should we care about the exploitation of far-off China?

"Military Necessity" In France

Wholesale Deportations Give the People Fresh Thrills of Indignation

By ROBERT McTAVISH

Not till long after the war shall we get both sides of all the stories that have been told of atrocities committed among noncombatants. But of some of them there is no question of veracity, while of others it is argued that they were justified by the principle of "military necessity." This principle is argued chiefly in behalf of Germany, but even Germany is not adhering to all principles that she first enunciated. She has even forsworn the principle on which the Lusitania was sunk, a principle that was once defended vociferously in this country. As to the atrocities in Belgium the stories of which were the first to startle the world they were long ago investigated by eminent authority (British of course) and the revolting stories of inhumanity are now pretty generally accepted. Also they appear to be ignored, notably in the case of Belgium, Cardinal Mercier having appealed in vain to ecclesiastical authority to investigate, ascertain the truth and tell it to the world. It seems as though the sensibilities of the world have been benumbed by the war, and that it is not to be shocked whatsoever may happen. Yet it is not unlikely that indignation will manifest itself in some form after the war, and that the enormous crimes that have been committed will be permitted to go unpunished. People will cool off, but they will not forget. True, they have forgotten before, but in no war of which we have any record were belligerents guilty of inhumanity and brutality on principle and on the scale on which atrocities have been perpetrated in this war; nor ever before were investigations in progress during the course of the war. At present an investigation is going on in France of certain startling doings by the Germans in occupied territory. A French White Book on the subject was re-

cently published and much space has been given to it in the Eastern press. Commenting on the subject, the New York Times says: "For some time dispatches have been coming in from France depicting the great excitement of the public mind there over the forcible deportation of 25,000 noncombatants from Lille and nearby towns to other regions, to work in the fields as agricultural laborers for their German masters. It has been apparent that no occurrence of the war has horrified and infuriated the French more. Gustave Herve declares that American feelings were no more deeply stirred over the Lusitania massacre than are French feelings over 'the filthy crime committed in the north against our countrymen.' The state of feeling in France may be understood by the fact that so serious and responsible a man as Stephen Pichon denies to the Germans the right to be called barbarians, saying, 'The barbarians at least were on a level with the customs and sentiment of their time.'"

The public mind of France is indeed excited. No wonder, considering the stories that are told. Here is the story of a Frenchwoman writing from Lille April 30: "We have just passed through a terrible three weeks, but it is especially during the last week that we have passed through moral tortures of anguish which are especially hard for a mother's heart to bear. On the pretext of the difficulties raised by England with regard to supplies, and the refusal of the idle to work voluntarily in the fields, forced evacuation has been carried out with every imaginable refinement of cruelty. It was not done by whole families. That we should suffer together was too good for us. So they have taken in each family four or five people—men and women, children of 15, young girls, anybody

upon whom fell the arbitrary choice of the officer—and, in order to prolong our misery, they carried out their work by district, without even indicating the district in which they were going to operate. It was 3 o'clock in the morning when these heroes, headed by their bands and armed with bayonets and machine guns, came to carry off the women and children, God knows where, and God knows why! They say that it is far from the front, for work in no way connected with the war; but we already know that these unhappy children have been received with stones in districts where the population had refused to work for the Germans and had been told that they were volunteer workers. It was a devilish lie. . . . About three weeks ago there were raids in two big neighboring towns. People were taken off anyhow, in the streets and from the tramways, and the persons thus carried off never reappeared."

The stories that come from France remind one of things that happened in the days of Caesar. Are they fabrications? Certainly they are hard to believe, but "military necessity" covers many sins in these days of Christian war. The Times says: "The prayers of fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, are of no avail. The victims have from ten minutes to an hour to get ready. There is not even a drawing by lot; the arbitrary pleasure of the officer is the only law; at his nod Marie must go and Jean stay. Some officers doubtless exercised their power with as little cruelty as possible, some did not; in one case an officer politely inquires of a woman to which one of her servants she is most attached, which one she most desires to keep with her, and when she unsuspectingly names the girl, replies, 'Then that is the one we

(Continued on Page 16)

The Aloof Mr. Wilson

Amazing Transformation in Washington of the "Man of Mystery" Who Was Once a Typical Democrat, and Is Now a Secluded Statesman Accessible Only to a Helping Hand

By THEODORE BONNET

Few people go through life without making around them a shell of one kind or another, partly for protection, partly for the solace of their own sweet selves. Usually the shell is formed by the hardening of the epidermis through accretion of experience or secretion of prejudice, but this is not so in the case of our President. His shell is the hardening of self-sufficiency. This is not only my conception of the man; it is also Oswald Garrison Villard's conception, and this gentleman has been in contact with the President's skin where he had exceptional opportunities of observation. He was there before the shell; he saw the outer induration develop, studied it as an entomologist studies a caterpillar, and now he gives us a treatise on the subject in the *North American Review*. Doubtless it will attract widespread attention, for Mr. Villard is no ordinary magazine writer. He is president of the New York Evening Post Company, which is more or less sympathetic with the Administration; he was a professor of history at Harvard, and his book "John Brown—a Biography Fifty Years After," has a permanent place in American literature.

This is a very remarkable article that Mr. Villard has written on Woodrow Wilson, remarkable for the information it gives about an amazing personality. The President, it appears, is a man transformed, a man of mystery, the sort of person one might expect to meet in fiction, not in real life, and not as a hero but as a sort of mechanical contrivance constructed after the manner of the one created by Mary Shelley in her story of Frankenstein, who put life into his puppet and unintentionally produced a monster. Mr. Wilson has proved something quite different from what he gave promise of being to his creators—the men who groomed him for the Presidency. Impressed by his divine air of learning, they believed it was fanned by the undying breath of genius, but they never suspected that he was at all different from what he seemed. He seemed the ordinary flesh-and-blood mortal with a heart as well as a mind; now he appears to be a person almost devoid of the social instinct, a man of a purely scientific sentimentality to whom intellectual detachment is second nature; a curious mixture of vague transcendentalism, shrewd common sense and inaccessible egoism floundering in the misty region of the super-ethical.

A full-blooded philosopher once observed that if the callous were placed in power, all government would come to an end. He meant that it was essential that man should be governed by feeling as well as intellect, by a heart as well as a brain. When a man is all intellect he takes a very imperfect view of life. He sees people as through a telescope. He is deformed by a frigid calculation that reckons principally with self and that is the born foe of generosity.

Woodrow Wilson is revealed to us by Mr. Villard as a person who was once very human, quite a natural individual, with qualities that one finds in his friends and acquaintances every day. As Governor of New Jersey Mr. Wilson was a man with a warm heart and with sentiments like other men's. He was a good "mixer." "To all the world," says Mr. Villard, "his door stood ajar. Rich and poor, contented and discontented, the powerful and weak, the prosperous

and oppressed, came and stood upon his threshold, beholding freely who was within." He seemed such a nice man that he soon had many friends, among them men who had stood aloof from politics, but who, seeing in Mr. Wilson a prophet whose "heart fairly ached for democracy," gave to him "of their hearts, of their enthusiasms new-born, of their unselfish selves, of their means and their precious time." From them the praise of the Governor spread throughout the country. He became President, and then, alas, Woodrow, the darling Executive of New Jersey, was no more. The men who had been fostering the ambition of the Princeton schoolmaster found that they had been nourishing a phantom. At any rate the Woodrow Wilson they had known vanished and a new Woodrow was "materialized," one not at all like the man who used to mix with the "Intellectuals" of New England democracy. Says Mr. Villard:

"When he closed the door of his office in Trenton, he locked and left within Woodrow Wilson the accessible tribune of the people, and from that day became Woodrow Wilson the least accessible and most secluded of all our Presidents. It was not merely that he was oppressed by the magnitude of his new task; not that the office of President had grown enormously in routine duties since the days of the last Democratic President; not that a private bereavement soon bore him down; not that a physical strength none too great must be husbanded, nor even that problems of State almost unparalleled in their gravity and import took their toll of hours for waking and for sleeping. These all had their influence, but at bottom it was the policy that was changed; his own relationship to this new office was controlled by a different theory from that which ruled at Trenton."

Again: "Thus, he no longer worked in any degree in the open; he sought council of fewer and fewer; his door no longer stood ajar; even his Cabinet knew him not for days and weeks at a time, becoming often a mere chorus of ratification. Visitors and volunteer advisers were no longer welcome—more than that, they were under suspicion of some ulterior motive. The burden of proof that they were not secretly in the pay of the magnates of Wall Street rested upon them. Notably has this been the case with those having knowledge of Mexico. To have capital invested in that country is as effective a disbarment from the Presidential ear as to be doing business in Wall Street itself. Our leading financiers have been denied a hearing—to their complete puzzlement. 'We do not want to grind axes, we do not want to ask anything. We merely wish to have the same right as the labor leaders to present to the President our point of view,' they said. In vain. Wilson must be beyond suspicion. He will not stoop to smuggle captains of industry into the White House by the back-door as Mr. Roosevelt and, on occasions, as Mr. Taft did. They are beyond the pale and must be kept there."

Not only were the captains of industry barred. Mr. Wilson, according to Mr. Villard, has no ear for anybody who cannot give him something. All his old friends have been barred.

Even statesmen and high officials are "turned down" at the White House unless they are immediately needed for some Wilson purpose.

Says Mr. Villard: "Take the case of the Federal Reserve Board. The creation of the system of which it is the head is one of the very great constructive achievements of the Wilson Administration. A year after its appointment its members had never met the President save at an official reception at which they were not even invited until the attention of some White House functionary was called to the presence in Washington of this highly important new board. It never occurred to the President to send for them in order to talk over their work, to stimulate them with his own personal interest, to learn of their problems and perplexities at first hand. So they began and carried on their duties without any personal contact with the man who appointed them and to whom they were responsible."

From reading Mr. Villard one gets the impression that the President carries self-reliance to a point in dangerous proximity to quixotism; also, that he fears nothing so much as that he might be thought in need at times of the advice of others. Hence it is perhaps that he has surrounded himself with second-rate men whose views no man of mental power would care to share. Hence it is that we have, as Mr. Villard says, "a one-man government of a different type from the Roosevelt brand." A different type indeed. Roosevelt was a dictator, but his dictates were often absolutely his own. He did the people's thinking and the people followed him. Mr. Wilson does his own thinking but not till he has put his ear to the ground and interpreted the throbbing of the popular heart, which does not always throb true. This explains his many changes of policy, from "preparedness" to child labor and the tariff. His policy, according to Mr. Villard, is "purely opportunist." His whole career thus far, it may be said, is the career of a practiced opportunist, of the cold-blooded master of the trick of intellectual detachment. The man who won the affections and confidence of the New England Intellectuals was the opportunist making his Opportunity. The man who switched his position on child labor is the man who switched his position on union labor. If Mr. Villard will go back a little, to be precise, to so late a day as January 12, 1909, he will find Mr.

(Continued on Page 13.)

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The Spectator

Our Debt to Los Angeles

To a correspondent in Los Angeles who is "close up" to Mr. E. T. Earl, the multi-millionaire editor and notable convert to civic decency, I am indebted for a vivid picture of "California Redeemed," as Mr. Earl calls it. "You folk in San Francisco," says my correspondent, "are incredibly slow. For a long time San Francisco has played the part of the tail wagging the dog, but Los Angeles is now the full-grown canine come into its own, and the bay city is under a great debt of gratitude to our town. We have done a lot for you and you will soon begin to realize it. Just now you are fighting for the open shop up there, but you are still under the heel of union labor. Presently a change will occur, and then you will perceive what we have done for you. The change will come when Mr. Johnson goes to Washington and leaves Lieutenant-Governor Stephens at the helm. Stephens is a big man, and for him you are indebted to us. When the Governor wanted to know who would be satisfactory to us our leading men got together and picked out Stephens. He was told that Stephens was our ideal, a man representing the best people in Los Angeles, the people who have at once the moral interests and the business interests at heart. At first he objected to the former Congressman. He thought that your labor leaders would object to a man who is identified with the Chamber of Commerce and who enjoys the confidence of the Merchants and Manufacturers Association, but we stood pat, and the Governor did the right thing. Funny, isn't it, that the lawless element in your labor-ridden town should regard Johnson as their friend and should have made it a cinch for a good law and order man to take his place when he goes to his reward in Washington? We are all deserving of congratulations, and San Francisco is pretty lucky considering how that cheap demagogue Rolph has turned out. If we had him down here, we'd recall him so fast he wouldn't know what struck him. But he can't do much harm now. With Stephens as Governor you'll see the militia called out in short order if they're needed."

The Governor Looking Forward

According to my Los Angeles correspondent Governor Johnson has proved himself "all wool and a yard wide." He says that the Governor has been falsely accused of playing politics; that on the contrary the Governor has been acting from the "highest ethical motives" and is really sick at heart as he reflects on the things that politicians are required to do in the corrupt atmosphere that the "Old Guard" is still "breathing like mildew on this State." I am advised by my correspondent that after his election to the Senate Mr. Johnson will put his

past behind him and in "the arena of national politics" will labor for the best interests of the nation and of the Republican party to which hereafter he will be firmly attached. He has the hearty good will of all the "best people" in Los Angeles, especially "the best church people" who feel that he has rendered the State a great service by naming "a man so forward-looking" as Stephens as his successor. Since the primary, by the way, (according to my correspondent) Mr. Stephens has informed his friends in Los Angeles that they may depend on him to improve the service at Sacramento, to practice economy and to cling firmly to the principles "that mean so much to all good men and women who hope to see the State redeemed from the curse of strong drink."

The Sebastian Case

Lieutenant-Governor Stephens is a quite sophisticated politician. He had an experience of late that has served to warn him against pretenders to civic virtue; for he was one of the "best people" of Los Angeles who elected the unclean Sebastian Mayor of the chemically pure city. Sebastian was the greatest joke ever played on an American community. Formerly a policeman of the red-light district, he won the confidence of the "best people" by affecting a profound abhorrence of the natural vices to which normal flesh is most susceptible. He became the most aggressive Puritan in the most virtuous of cities. It was he that invented the system of employing prostitutes to tempt frail men on the public streets. He made it extremely hazardous for mortal man to give rein to impure thoughts any distance from Long Beach. The people hailed him a regenerator beyond compare, and E. T. Earl, no unpretentious Puritan himself, celebrated him all over the front page and even unto the editorial columns. Sebastian became the protégé of all the clubs supported by the skirted sex, and there is no end of them in Los Angeles. In time he became the candidate of the whole anti-underworld element. People were led to believe that there was great opposition to him in the underworld. As a matter of fact he was the pet of the underworld. But the "best people" were so strongly convinced to the contrary that even when he got involved in a nasty scandal they rushed to his defense and beat a church deacon who was running against him. To make his case all the stronger a theatrical frame-up to assassinate him was pulled off in his home, thus giving color to the suspicion that the underworld wouldn't stop at murder in a case where it was so important to get rid of so zealous an official. All the "best people" are now beyond need of enlightenment so far as the former Mayor is concerned, but they are still very susceptible to the appeal of the Pharisee and very desirous of keeping their city chemically pure.

Dr. Aked, First Nighter

"I note," says a breezy correspondent of mine who happens to be in New York, "that the pure and simple pew holders of the church around the corner from the St. Francis Hotel have put the ache in Aked and have extracted the 'con' from First Congregational. It doesn't surprise me, and it doesn't surprise new Yorkers. They all say that the Reverend Charles began tobogganing when he made the tactical blunder of disagreeing with the trustees of John D. Rockefeller's

Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. But of course New Yorkers are so Manhattanly provincial that they can't understand how the higher duty may call a preacher from their bailiwick to other pastures. Personally, it is my opinion that Dr. Aked struck the down grade when he hit the deck of the Oscar Two after leap-frogging over that bewhiskered and reverend old chap from Chicago. But this is not what I took my pen in hand to tell you. I wanted to tell you where Dr. Aked spent some of his time while he was waiting for the second call to San Francisco, the call that didn't come. The biggest first night of the season thus far was the opening night of "His Bridal Night" at the Republic Theatre. This play features the two Dolly Sisters, Yancesi and Rozsika. All the celebrities of Broadway were there, from 'Diamond Jim' Brady to William Randolph Hearst. I was there myself. And though I had a very good seat—I'm ashamed to tell you what it cost me—Dr. Charles F. Aked had a better. Did he enjoy the show? I think he did. The next night I went to see "Cheating Cheaters." Again Dr. Aked was in one of the best seats. Let me hasten to disabuse your evil mind of a suspicion I see lurking there. "Cheating Cheaters" is not a risqué play; it is a melodramatic farce. And although the other play is announced in the electric lights thusly:

"HIS BRIDAL NIGHT"
With the Dolly Sisters

it is only very mildly naughty. I'm sure Dr. Aked, like myself, was not disappointed when he found there was nothing particularly daring in its situations. Doubtless he went to "His Bridal Night" and to "Cheating Cheaters" to relieve his mind of the strain put upon it by I. H. Morse, Wallace Bradford, C. O. G. Miller and the rest of the trustees of his old church. I

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couldn't help wondering whether he left his name and seat number at the box office so that if the call to San Francisco had come he could respond immediately."

Hearst and One of the Sisters

"After 'His Bridal Night' was over," continues my correspondent, "I went to the New Amsterdam roof to see Ziegfeld's 'Midnight Frolic.' No, I didn't see Dr. Aked there. But I did see Hearst. He occupied a prominent table on one side of the dancing space, with Lewis Nixon whose middle name is Tammany, and several others. Right opposite Hearst's table, on the other side of the dancing space, sat the two Dolly Sisters with their husbands. You know, Rozsika is married to Jean Schwartz, the composer; and Yancsi is married to Harry Fox. You remember Harry Fox in Jack Morgan's 'Orchard' before the fire. Will you ever forget how he used to stand on top of the piano in the back room and sing? Well, Harry Fox and Yancsi Dolly got up to dance a Harry Fox fox-trot, and they trotted as far as Hearst's table. Hearst jumped up and stopped them to congratulate Yancsi on her success in 'His Bridal Night.' Yancsi introduced Harry to Bill, and there was quite a little talk. You know, the Dolly Sisters are twins and everybody who is anybody in New York pretends that it's impossible to tell them apart.

"How do you tell Yancsi from Rozsika?" Hearst asked Fox.

"It's dead easy," was the answer. "I make Jean's wife eat an onion every morning."

"Then everybody laughed, and Hearst finished the fox trot with Yancsi while Harry Fox went back to his own table. You know what they're saying on the Rialto? That the first thing we know Harry Fox will be invited to one of Judge Gary's dinners. The judge is very strong for Hearst who quotes him every other day in the Hearst papers."

His Friend Mrs. Snowden

Speaking about our former fellow-townsmen I am reminded of his old friend Mrs. Philip Snowden, wife of the distinguished M. P. You will remember perhaps that the lady was Dr. Aked's guest when she visited the Exposition. Well, I have been reading about her in The New Witness, the London weekly of which Cecil Chesterton is editor. The Snowdens are Pacifists, like Aked, and though they haven't forsworn allegiance to their native country, like Aked, they are as ready to betray their native country as Aked was when he joined with a patriotic German in a petition to the President to put an embargo on munitions. Mrs. Snowden recently returned from this country to England, and there she contributed to the Socialist Review an article on Suffrage and Peace in America. In this article, says Editor Chesterton, Mrs. Snowden makes "what is in effect a frank confession of treason." He explains that she

says that while in this country she was closely associated with Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and the Woman's Peace Party and now acknowledges that one of the objects of the party "is to bring pressure on the President to prohibit exportation of armaments to the Allies—an object of which she makes it clear that she approves." Further: "It is clear that during her sojourn in America Mrs. Snowden did her best to prevent our troops from receiving adequate munitions." "If she were a man," says Editor Chesterton, "it would be obviously proper to lock her up—if not shoot her—on her own testimony." He adds: "We have a strong dislike of advocating harsh measures in regard to a woman, but she should certainly not be allowed, under any pretence whatever to leave the borders of this country again."

Lodge Knows All About It

Sir Oliver Lodge used to be president of the British Society for Psychic Research, and he remains one of the most devoted members of that strange cult. Writing in the Hearst papers recently Sir Oliver declared emphatically that there was a life after death. This is not a surprising declaration; it is the firm belief of millions who take no stock in psychic research. But Sir Oliver went further. He declared with equal emphasis that "many emigrants" to the other world "have found a means of sending word of their progress to the mourners on shore." And for good solid proof of this statement he refers us to a book he is writing, a book based on evidence gathered by his beloved Society for Psychic Research. He doesn't expect that his book will convince everybody, he says; but he counsels "an open yet critical mind." I flatter myself that I have such a mind; so I wonder what Sir Oliver thinks of a book recently published by an American newspaperman. It is called "The Quest for Dean Bridgman Conner," and it is by Anthony J. Phillpot. It tears to pieces a case which is typical of those which are being reported constantly by the Society for Psychic Research. It is very uncomplimentary to Sir Oliver Lodge's American confrere Dr. Hodgson and to the celebrated Mrs. Piper whose revelations have been the bulwark of psychic faith for many years.

The Quest for Dean Bridgman Conner

It is not often that the revelations of a medium in her trance are followed up by a sleuthhound from the reporters' room of a newspaper office; but this book tells the true story of just such an assignment. Dean Bridgman Conner whose disappearance from the world furnishes the starting point, was a young American electrician employed in the City of Mexico. In February, 1895, he caught typhoid fever and was taken to the American hospital; about three weeks later the American Consul-General reported to his parents in Burlington, Vermont, that he had died there and had been buried in

the American cemetery; his baggage and personal effects were sent home. So far the story is quite ordinary; but then Mr. Conner Sr. had a vivid dream "in which his son appeared and said he was not dead, but was alive and held captive in Mexico." This set Mr. Conner talking, and other people talked too. The vague suspicion was started that the young man had been kidnapped from the hospital—that another body had been buried in place of his—that he was in the hands of brigands who wanted a ransom. The body was exhumed and examined, and there was doubt as to its identity—the more so because Mexico was regarded as a country in which anything might happen.

Mrs. Piper Consulted

It occurred to Dr. Richard Hodgson, secretary to the American branch of the Society for Psychical Research, to refer the matter to the celebrated Mrs. Piper. That lady gave several seances on the subject and called in several "controls." The result of this was to confirm suspicion and add particulars. As seance followed seance, precision grew more precise. It was at last established by these inquiries that

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Dean Bridgman Conner was in the private lunatic asylum of a Dr. Cintz, a German, in a site which the medium described minutely, near the city of Puebla.

Enter the Sleuthhound

This is the point at which the reporter, Anthony J. Philpott, comes into the story. He was on the Boston Globe; and he had once before, in the course of his reportorial duties, discovered a man who had mysteriously disappeared. It was decided, therefore, to send him to Mexico, guided by the spirits of the departed who had communicated with Mrs. Piper, to look for Dean Bridgman Conner. He went. He found that Mrs. Piper's "controls" had described the scenery and the local color sufficiently closely for him to identify the place. He had been told to look for the private lunatic asylum; but the asylum itself was not there, and there was no Dr. Cintz and no news of Dean Bridgman Conner. That point cleared up, Mr. Philpott repaired to the City of Mexico, to see what he could find out at the Consulate and the hospital. It was a hospital with an excellent reputation, and it was hardly credible that there could have been any foul play there; but there was a difficulty in finding anyone who had actually seen the dead body, for the doctor who had attended the case had gone to Guatemala, and the nurse also had disappeared. The fact that that lady's name was Smith did not make it any the easier to find her; but Mr. Philpott tracked her to a hacienda at Tuxpan. Her evidence satisfied him that Dean Bridgman Conner had really, beyond the shadow of a doubt, died of typhoid fever in the hospital, and that Mr. Conner Sr. and Dr. Hodgson and Mrs. Piper and the "controls" had sent him on a wild goose chase.

Calling Hodgson's Bluff

The newspaperman returned to Boston and had a passage at arms with Dr. Hodgson who still insisted that Mrs. Piper was right, and said that if he had the means he himself would go to Mexico and find Dean Bridgman Conner—alive—and bring him back to his father and mother. That proved a rash remark. The proprietor of the Boston Globe offered to put up the money for Dr. Hodgson's journey, and published the fact that he had done so; but Dr. Hodgson never accepted the offer, nor did he ever make any attempt to go to Mexico to clear up the mystery. Such is the story told by this interesting book. I wonder what Sir Oliver Lodge has to say about it?

The Decline of Carruth

Once upon a time a college professor wrote a poem called "Evolution" which began:

A fire mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jellyfish and a saurian,
And caves where the cavemen dwell;
Then a sense of law and beauty,
And a face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

The college professor must have been amazed at the popular success of his poem. He could not have dreamed that it would appeal so quickly to so many people. "Evolution" is a newspaper classic. It is reprinted constantly. No poem is asked for so often by the people who write to the editors of query departments, unless it be Langdon Smith's "When You Were a Tadpole and I Was a Fish;" and the people who write to query editors are the people from whom we may learn what poetry is most read in America. The college professor who wrote "Evolution" is William Herbert Carruth, the

head of the department of English literature at Stanford. I call attention to "Evolution" because it marks the height of Carruth's versifying ability. He has done nothing else as good; he has done many things that are very bad. The decline of Carruth is marked by his latest effort, "The Missing List."

His Foolish Complaint

In "The Missing List" Carruth complains that in the war lists of dead and wounded he fails to find any of the rulers of Europe:

The files are full of Brown and Smith,
Callahan, Moore and all their kith;
Zimmerman, Schmidt and Roth appear,
Beaujean, Martin and Jacques are here;
But all these months some names I've missed—
No Hohenzollerns in the list.

He goes on to say that "the Hapsburg name would grace the list," and the names of Guelph and Romanoff and Savoy. I have inferred from some of his recent poems that the head of the department of English literature at Stanford is a Socialist; but even Socialism does not excuse such fatuity as this. We all know that in the scheme of modern war the killing and

wounding of kings, princes and their generals is regarded as highly undesirable. To argue from this that these kings, princes and generals are cowardly is to draw a faulty conclusion. They may be cowards or they may not be; in either case they are not permitted to lead storming parties or otherwise expose themselves unnecessarily. What good could King George or Czar Nicholas do in the trenches? But the Prince of Wales has done his "bit," and perhaps he is as brave as the next fellow; while the Czar's family is well represented at the front. Surely Carruth does not sneer at the Grand Duke Nicholas. And how about Albert, King of the Belgians? Would Carruth be more impressed with his courage if he found his name among the dead? The King of Italy could do no more at the front than King George or King Nicholas; there is plenty for him to do at home, and the House of Savoy is well represented among the actual fighters. What possible good could the octogenarian Emperor of Austria accomplish on the battle front? Carruth is not ingenuous; he is appealing to the prejudice against kings, and this is an ignorant prejudice which should not be



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encouraged at a seat of learning like Stanford. Carruth has degenerated since he wrote:

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the road;
And millions who, nameless and humble,
The long, straight pathway trod—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

A Question of Discretion

Strange things are happening every little while in Los Angeles. Socially, politically, morally, Los Angeles is in a class by itself. Some time ago a man convicted of forgery down there was granted a new trial by the trial judge, and an appeal was taken by the district attorney. This isn't the way things usually happen in criminal cases. When a trial judge grants a new trial to a man convicted of a crime it is generally taken for granted that the man didn't receive a square deal. The complaint of reformers, like those of the Commonwealth Club, has been not that trial judges grant new trials but that Appellate judges are too much given to technicalities that are beneficial to men convicted of crime. They never thought of reforming trial judges that tolerate professional jurors and start a trial with the presumption that the defendant is guilty. So they had the law reformed for the purpose of protecting trial judges from reversal. But now comes the Appellate Court of the southland with a decision reversing the trial judge in the forgery case for reversing himself, as it were. It seems as though the appellate judges were resolved to be guided by the spirit of the Commonwealth reformers; for according to the spirit of the law, if a man is presumed guilty when put on trial what hope is there for him when a verdict of guilty is returned? In this case, according to the Appellate judges, even the trial judge is not to be relied upon though he heard the testimony, saw the witnesses, studied their manner and perceived the effects of evidence. They hold that defendant was not entitled to a new trial. Now, I find, the Appellate judges have been very properly reversed by the Supreme Court. Justice Melvin in a brief opinion says that the law (the reformers' law designed to make convictions a cinch by barring fundamental technical considerations) was not intended to transfer to the Appellate courts "the high discretion vested in the trial tribunal." "We cannot manufacture in fancy," says Justice Melvin, "an hypothetical situation in which a reviewing court would be justified in questioning the discretion of a trial court who should grant a new trial in a case involving a criminal charge." All the justices concurred, including Justice Lawlor who, it is safe to say, never granted a new trial in a criminal case in his whole life.

The Worth of a City Attorney

So Mayor Rolph is going to ask the people for a ten-thousand-a-year city attorney! A great spendthrift of the people's money is Mr. Rolph, and he has reason to have confidence in their generosity, but I have my doubts as to whether they will be willing to go into their jeans for an extra five thousand in this instance. True, the job has been turned down by one lawyer, but think of all the lawyers who would grab at it; who, indeed, would work at

it, which is something no city attorney has done for years! The fact is we don't elect city attorneys to work at the job. Usually we elect an incompetent who appoints a few real lawyers, and these men get much less than five thousand a year. At present, to be sure, the job is vacant and will be filled by Mayor Rolph, who is probably a connoisseur of lawyers and wouldn't have a cheap lawyer at any price; but ten thousand a year! Half the lawyers of San Francisco are well satisfied to make enough to pay office rent and expenses and to make possible three squares a day. Add office rent and office expenses to a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year man and you have the equivalent of at least two thousand a year more. Obviously our Mayor wishes to be liberal with the people's money. However, there would be no objection to a ten-thousand-a-year lawyer if we were sure we should get one. But of course we'd elect a politician as usual, a first-class glad-hander and fence-mender. We have some competent lawyers on the bench. How many of them get ten thousand a year? How many lawyers in San Francisco are making ten thousand a year over and above office expenses? They are to be counted on the fingers of two hands and there are some mighty able men not making five.

Warning from a Bank

In the current monthly financial letter of the Anglo and London-Paris National Bank I find corroboration of what was said in these columns two weeks ago with reference to the recognition in financial circles of the prohibition menace. The letter calls attention to the enormous growth of the vineyards of California during the fifty years in which the industry has been encouraged by the State which has employed

to show the economic results that must follow the destruction of a leading agricultural industry of the State and one that has been so widely advertised as an attraction to immigrants. Aside from the moral question involved in the State encouraging its citizens to engage in the grape industry and thereafter destroying that industry without compensation, the readjustment, if either of the amendments carry, will come at a time when the world is reapportioning the war losses and at a period when stability of California industries should be safeguarded by every citizen who believes in economic preparedness. The direct loss to this industry would not be limited to those who have investments in the business, but would fall heavily upon the railroads handling the product, the merchants furnishing supplies, communities dependent upon the industry and 150,000 people whose means of living would be taken away, and their creditors."

Disraeli and McGuffey

Two great men are the subjects of pleasant study in the September Lantern which is now on the news stands. Theodore Bonnet writes of Benjamin Disraeli whom he calls "the masterful dude," and Edward F. O'Day writes about McGuffey's Fifth Reader. Did you ever think of Disraeli as the model after whom Oscar Wilde built himself? That is one of the original points Bonnet makes about the brilliant eccentric who made Queen Victoria an Empress. The temptation to tell Disraeli anecdotes is very great, but the writer has refrained from retailing those which are generally known. He has some delicious jeux d'esprit, however, that will be new to most people. McGuffey's Fifth Reader is a book which O'Day professes to revere; but the fact is that he pokes a good



ALICE SHER

With "Where's My Horse" at Pantages

commissions and made appropriations for the benefit of the grape growers. "The industry has increased," says the Letter, "until the total investment reached \$150,000,000 from which is derived an income of \$30,000,000 applied to the support of 150,000 people and paying to the federal government about \$2,000,000 in taxes and to counties and cities, \$1,500,000." The Letter further says: "These details are given

deal of fun at it. Both essays are good reading for these sultry days. There are two fine stories in this issue of The Lantern. One is by Maxim Gorki; another by an English writer John Freeman who knows a lot about feminine psychology. For the lovers of verse there are two splendid pieces of poetry.

The fellow who doesn't believe in luck is lucky.

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By TANTALUS

The Beagling Season

I trust that my readers will not grow too excited when I inform them that the beagling season will open next month. As a sport beagling has many social thrills, and as a social diversion it is not bad sport. It is perhaps the most exclusive sport in these parts. There is only one pack of beagles—that owned by Mrs. Fred Kohl, and unless you are invited by Mrs. Kohl you can't beagle. The result is that thousands who consider themselves as among the social elect have never beagled, and probably never will. They may go to their graves without learning by experience just what a beagle hunt is. This is dreadfully hard on them, but what can you do? The laws against monopolies do not cover the case. If a pack of beagles were a public utility, the excluded elect (which sounds like a contradiction in terms, but you know what I mean) might take the case to the Railroad Commission and get some kind of a writ compelling Mrs. Kohl to let them beagle. But a pack of beagles is not even a private utility, let alone a public one. A pack of beagles is a luxury, and an expensive one. The beagles bring many bills with them. You can't beagle properly unless you breakfast beforehand, and fashion decrees that a beagle breakfast shall be a very elaborate spread. None of your fruit, eggs, toast and coffee for beaglers! Some people are so devoted to these beagle breakfasts that they want to remain at the table when the time comes to hunt. They don't fancy the long cross-country saunter in the wake of the little dogs. But these people are not good sportsmen; they are not even good society sportsmen. And they do not appreciate their privilege. I know people who'd give a thumb or an eye for the privilege of following Mrs. Kohl's beagles. But the season will open without them. Climbers are

not permitted to beagle. Even the beagles wouldn't stand for such a thing.

Highbrows Brushing Up

The announcement that Sir Rabindranath Tagore is coming here to lecture has caused our highbrows to delve into the Hindu's poetry. Preparedness is the slogan of the highbrows; and if an Esquimaux poet were headed this way the highbrows would do their darndest to get a smattering of the literature of the igloos. Sir Rabindra is considered a very great lion, so more than the usual amount of brushing up is in order. Most of those who have read it don't care very much for his pink poetry for pale people; but of course it would be a terrific blunder to admit as much. After struggling with a page of Sir Rabindra the ordinary impulse is to say: "I don't get you." That impulse must not be obeyed. The correct words are: "How exquisitely esoteric!" When you say that you show your worthiness to mingle with the elite of highbrowdom. Sir Rabindra is a venerable old chap, with impressive whiskers, but all his books don't contain as much good poetry as you'll find in a page of the "Kasidah." Just the same there will be a tremendous crush to hear Sir Rabindra when he lectures here. I don't in the least blame Will Greenbaum and Paul Elder for bringing him. It was an enterprising thing to do.

A Silly Style

I quote from one of the society editors:

"Twenty-four guests assembled to greet the handsome New York matron who is here from New York with her husband and small son, who has been named Theodore Payne IV."

This is from an item which tells about the luncheon Mrs. Theodore Payne gave in honor of the wife of her son Clare Payne. I take this opportunity of saying that the annexation of Roman numerals to a name strikes me as a very silly style. It is done in royal families of course, but we have no royal family in this country. With us it is affected by some of our so-called "aristocrats," though as a matter of fact we have no aristocrats in this country either. It is a pretentious style, an ostentatious style, a style thoroughly un-American. Its adoption seems to be on the increase. I believe it started with certain new-rich pork packers of Chicago or Kansas City. Such people have no sense of humor; and I am forced to conclude that those who ape them in our neck of the woods are deficient in that saving quality.

The Wakefields Return

Pictures of health and happiness, Frank Wakefield and his beautiful wife are in town after a long sojourn in Papeete. The former Mrs. John D. Spreckels Jr. looks handsomer than ever after her ocean voyage. She declares that she was delighted with the South Seas. It goes without saying that the Wakefields were warmly welcomed by their friends who missed them sorely and who hope that the wanderlust will not send them forth again for a long time to come.

Events at Hotel Oakland

The Ladies Relief Society will stage another fashion show in the Ivory ball room at the Hotel Oakland on October 14. It will be carried out along the same artistic lines as the

ones held last year. Mrs. Wickham Havens, Miss Matilda E. Brown and Mrs. Frank H. Proctor will direct the affair while Mrs. George Rothganger will have charge of the boxes and loges. Mrs. Herbert Sanford Howard will give a series of lectures in the blue room. Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Sands of Pasadena have returned to their apartments. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Platt have rooms for the winter. Amongst the prominent arrivals recently are: Mrs. S. H. Williams and Mrs. M. H. Smith of Woodland; Miss Grace McGee, Miss Genevieve McGee and Mrs. J. M. McGee of Oroville; Mr. and Mrs. Thos. P. Boyd of San Rafael; Lloyd and Rodney Pantages, Carmen Pantages and Mrs. E. Mendenhall of Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Birge of Santa Clara; Miss Katherine West Nathan of Pasadena; Mr. and Mrs. Leslie C. Lane and daughters of Minnesota; Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mullen of Sacramento; Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Gianelli of Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Hand and Frank E. Hand Jr. of Los Angeles; and Mr. and Mrs. V. M. Miller of Seattle.

At the Cecil

Mrs. Dora Ahborn of Honolulu who has been spending the summer and autumn at the Cecil, has been giving a series of dinners. Thursday this charming hostess entertained ten at dinner. The table was adorned with Duchess roses and maidenhair ferns. Covers were arranged for the following guests: Miss Silburn Purvis, Miss Ethel Bishop, Miss Harcourt, Messrs. Reed Bishop, Wycliss Taylor and Raymond Bishop. Mrs. Ahborn entertained recently a party of sixteen, and the decorations were Shasta daisies combined with Australian maidenhair ferns. Among the guests were Mr. and

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Mrs. Tackerbury, Mr. and Mrs. Hulse of Berkeley, Mrs. Carroe, Mrs. Cykler of Berkeley. Charles A. Walker of Salt Lake City has joined his wife and mother-in-law Mrs. E. V. Foote at the hotel. Mrs. H. Turner has just returned from a delightful trip to Alaska and is a guest. Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt and her niece Mrs. Oliver Hazzard, wife of Captain Hazzard of the United States army, have been giving a series of luncheons. They entertained in honor of Mrs. Jarius Moore and Mrs. Smith, two charming army matrons of Fort Winfield Scott, Tuesday. Mrs. Margaret Haynes of Chicago will pass the winter at the Cecil; she arrived in the city this week.

The "Funny Pictures"

The page of the Sunday paper to which most people turn is the funny page. Did you ever sit down and attempt to make a funny drawing? Perhaps you think that a few weeks of practice would make your rough attempts acceptable to the average editor of a Sunday paper. The ideas are the chief things in the funny field. To acquire a few months' practice on fundamentals go to the Best Art School and enjoy the privileges of working, night or day, from models, with hints and helps galore from A. W. Best and Alice Best. You'll enjoy it.

Doctor—Have you a pain in your stomach, or one in your side?

Patient—Which would be cheapest?

The Aloof Mr. Wilson

(Continued from Page 7)

Wilson answering an invitation to a banquet of anti-strike advocates in this language: "I am a fierce partisan of the open shop and everything that makes for individual liberty." Mr. Villard, moving backward, will find Mr. Wilson saying in a speech in the Waldorf Hotel, March 18, 1907, that "we speak too exclusively of the capitalistic class" as "an enemy of equality and freedom of opportunity" and that there is another "equally formidable class," the "class formed by the labor organizations and leaders of the country." Mr. Wilson, when he made that speech was making an opportunity to get

into the White House. Now he is on a still hunt for opportunities to keep himself in the White House and so, as we infer from Mr. Villard, Congress never knows "where it is at." Members of Congress, says The Post editor, "have been actually afraid to utter the usual campaign speeches in Congress during the last few months for the familiar circulation in the fall (under frank) at home, lest the President in his bed-chamber change the party policy overnight, and thus leave them advocating something the President had discarded in the name of Democracy and democracy." Mr. Villard adds: "It is a far cry from the day when Grover Cleveland, on being told that his advocacy of a tariff for revenue only would make certain his defeat, assured the party leaders that he preferred defeat if need be. What a glorious and how unheeded a lesson!"

We are told, among other interesting things, that Mr. Wilson has changed his attitude toward newspapermen. The first day on which he greeted the correspondents in Washington he told them they were to be his bosom friends. Did they not have, he asked, unequalled opportunities for telling him how their home-constituencies—by whose will he was to be ruled—were thinking? Would they not be his wireless antennae recording for him the throbbings of the political ether? Unfortunately these unofficial ambassadors of the plain people had a habit of asking searching questions—there are some pestiferous Republicans among them—which were not welcome to the man who, obviously ill at ease, stood by his desk, flanked by a stenographer and two secretaries, to parry those questions as best he might. Soon there were subjects about which the correspondents were forbidden to ask any questions—for State reasons. Next, the conferences became irregular, and finally they ceased altogether in July, 1915. The last one was held on the day of the acceptance of Mr. Bryan's resignation, when a group of puzzled correspondents endeavored in vain to ascertain whether it was a Cabinet resignation which was holding up the then-pending note to Germany. These conferences, by the way, are to be resumed, but they cannot be a success, says Mr. Villard, because the element of mutual trust and cordial friendship no longer exists as it existed in Trenton in

the days when Mr. Wilson was all things to all men—before he developed his shell. There are times now when the President is a stranger even to his Cabinet. The same state of affairs existed even at the time of the Lusitania crisis. No Cabinet meeting was held. In the midst of the crisis Mr. Wilson went to Cornish and secluded himself absolutely for twenty-five days—"a Presidential happening," says Mr. Villard, "one must go far back in our history to parallel, if it can be paralleled at all. During this entire time no visitor crossed the threshold to discuss public affairs."

What is true of Mr. Wilson's relations with the statesmen of his official family is true also of his life in the White House. The President is a "frost" everywhere but on the lecture platform. Even since his second marriage he has not "thawed out" in the slightest degree, much to the disappointment of friends who have been hoping that some day he might prove himself something more than a mere calculating machine without a heart. As a matter of fact he is, says Mr. Villard, a man "with unbounded power to charm when he will but unbend." I have heard there were times when the President relaxed from his normal gravity; but Mr. Villard leads me to the conclusion that I was misinformed. Mr. Villard knows his Washington, and though he pronounces Mr. Wilson an opportunist he would have us know that there are opportunities that the President does not take. "Despite many base anonymous rumors," says Mr. Villard, "his private life is all that it should be." Which is precisely what one should suppose in the case of an intellectual marvel free from ardors and bothersome emotions. "The tragedy of it is," adds Mr. Villard on the testimony of people who know, "that the President desires nothing so much as to be loved, not for what he has achieved, not for his intellectual powers, but for himself alone." This is a great tragedy, one that even Mr. Wilson will some day realize, for, according to Mr. Villard, the men who once loved him have found him out. They loved him even for the enemies he had made; they were his true disciples who believed in him. "But behold!" Villard exclaims, speaking allegorically, "he now strikes hands with those whom but the other day he cast out from among us as unclean."

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The Stage

Mother Goose at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for next week Bert Kalmar and Jessie Brown who have been for several years a successful headline attraction in every city of importance in the United States. They will present a character singing and dancing novelty entitled "Nurseryland" which is a beautiful scenic production and introduces several popular fairy tale characters from Mother Goose including Mother Hubbard and her funny dog, the droll and eccentric Simple Simon, Mary Mary Quite Contrary, Little Bo Peep, the delightful and winsome Little Boy Blue and Jack and Jill. The scene is laid in a child's nursery and after the little one has been put to bed, the walls of the room fade out and the great pages of a printed book are revealed. On one page you read the familiar nursery rhymes and from the other page step forth the little folks of fairyland. Allan Dinehart who divides the headline honors will appear in a dramatic gem by Everett S. Ruskay entitled "The Highest Bidder" in which he will have the aid of Mary Louise Dyer and John Alexander. Mr. Dinehart is a sterling and popular actor. Deiro, master of the piano-acordion who has a score of imitators but no equals and who has the ability to make his instrument express every emotion, will be heard in an entirely new repertoire. Robert Dore, the eminent concert baritone, and George Halperin, the renowned piano virtuoso, will offer selections from their repertoire which embraces only what is good in music. Mr. Dore has a vigorous baritone voice of quite unusual range, and Mr. Halperin is not only an excellent accompanist but a soloist of ability. Al and Fannie Steadman will contribute a second edition of their "Piano Capers;" Willard whose extraordinary growth at will is baffling all who see him; Dunbar's old time darkies; and Alan Brooks and his company in the dramalet "Dollars and Sense" will complete this exceptionally fine bill.

"The Clansman" at the Cort

Beginning with a matinee Sunday "The Birth of a Nation; or, The Clansman" returns to San Francisco, in response to many demands, and will be exhibited at the Cort twice daily. The matinee performances will begin at two sharp and the evening performances at eight sharp. "The Clansman" already has to its credit a run of thirty-three weeks, the longest engagement in the history of local theatricals. That it has not outlived its welcome is demonstrated by the advance sale at the Cort box office. "The Clansman" still stands as the banner achievement of D. W. Griffith, the world's greatest director, and as the most remarkable achievement to date in the realm of the film. Nothing that has yet been given to the screen can compare with it. Although Thomas Dixon's novel "The Clansman" was the inspiration for the twelve reels of "The Birth of a Nation" the picture deals more broadly on its historical side with the life of the American nation than does either the play or the book. Historically and technically the picture is perfect. The night battle scenes represent the greatest feat ever accomplished in the history of motion picture photography. The burning of the entire city of Atlanta at night is graphically shown in the picture. Sherman's march to the sea; the siege before Gettysburg; Lee's surrender to Grant; the famous raids of the Ku Klux Klan, with thousands of these white-hooded riders in action, are shown.

Mission Play at Columbia

With superb new scenery and accessories and prepared for a great transcontinental tour, "The Mission Play" comes to the Columbia on Sunday night prior to the opening of its first Eastern tour. The play which created quite a furore here two seasons ago, is staged under the personal direction of the author John Stephen McGroarty. The Columbia audiences will see the splendid actor Wilfred Roger in the role of Fray Junipero Serra, and Miss Lucretia Del Valle will once more be seen as Senora Josefa Yorba, in which she scored a great success when the play was previously staged here. Ralph Bell is to be the Don Gaspar de Portola of the cast and Robert Lawlor of this city has been cast as Ubaldo. With the organization numbering over one hundred people, will appear twenty-five real California Indians. The Mission Play, in its superb settings, presents a series of beautiful pictures of the most romantic period of California history—but it is not a picture play in



PADEREWSKI

The great Polish pianist who appears in Cort Theatre Sunday afternoons September 24 and October 1, and in the Municipal Opera House of Oakland Saturday afternoon, September 30

the moving picture sense. The management has consistently declined all offers to have the Mission Play pictured, and it is the only great American pageant drama that has never been put on the moving picture screen. The various roles call for some fine acting and the cast selected for the transcontinental tour will prove well fitted for the appearance in the East of California's great play. Matinees are announced for Wednesday and Saturday.

"Panthea," a Sensation, at Alcazar

The sensational "Panthea," a drama of a wonderful self-sacrifice, has been specially secured by Belasco and Mayer for their new stars Eva Lang and John Halliday and will receive its presentation in this city at the Alcazar beginning next Monday night. Olga Petrova was the star of this play when it was first produced in New York, and she scored a positive sensation. The name part which will be played by Miss Lang, affords the most striking opportunities for emotional acting. Panthea is an exotic creature of mystery, fire and tears; a tiger woman who for her lover's sake hesitates at no self-sacrifice. The play teems with thrills, shocks and dramatic surprises. It will be admirably staged by Addison Pitt, than whom

there is no one better able to do it, for he planned and directed the original Olga Petrova production. All the Alcazar players have splendid parts.

Paderewski's Programmes

Next Wednesday morning at Sherman Clay, the sale of seats will open for the two concerts to be given by Paderewski, the Polish tone-poet, at the Cort on Sunday afternoons, September 24 and October 1. The wonderful art of this master is too well known to need expatiation at this late day. His playing is as beautiful as ever, and he still possesses indescribable power of reaching the hearts of his auditors. Here is the magnificent programme for the first concert: "Sonata," Op. 57 (Appassionata), Beethoven; "La Bandoline" and "Le Carillon de Cythere," Couperin; "Le Coucou," Daquin; "Fantasia," Op. 17 (three parts), Schumann; "Ballad," G Minor, "Etudes," Op. 25, Nos. 12, 7 and 3, and "Valse," Chopin; "Fantasie on Mendelssohn's 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,'" Liszt. It will alone be worth the price of a ticket to hear Paderewski's playing of the immortal "Wedding March" in the final selection. The programme for the second concert has not yet been arranged but Manager Greenbaum promises it will be fully equal to the above offering. Mail orders may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman Clay accompanied by check or money order. Special attention will be given to out-of-town orders. In Oakland Paderewski will repeat the above programme on Saturday afternoon, September 30, in the Auditorium Opera House. The tickets for this event will be on sale at Sherman Clay in both Oakland and San Francisco on and after Tuesday, September 26.

Max Bloom at Pantages

At Pantages next week Max Bloom, one of Chicago's best known comedians, will head the newest of Boyle Woolfolk's musical "tabs" entitled "Where's My Horse." The production with the odd title is based on the efforts of a married couple to escape from their social duties and enter a new life in the country. They buy a horse with acrobatic proclivities and the fun never stops while the "prop" equine is on the stage. Alice Sher and a ravishing beauty chorus will also be introduced. Leonard, Anderson and company, a company of excellent travesty stars, will return with their laughable burlesque on Shakespeare styled "When Caesar C's Her." This act, when played here last season, scored one of the genuine hits of the year's bookings. Fetching Alice Hamilton whose character studies have made her a name for the big lights on the electric signs of the big Eastern theatres will make her first appearance here. Dan Maley and Mildred Woods have a new novelty in dancing steps called "Feet Flirtology." Van Cello performs wonderful feats manipulating a barrel with his feet. George Morton, one of the original black dots, and Yatsumaya, a Japanese with a beautiful lyric tenor, will be the other acts. The second episode of "The Crimson Stain" which is creating wide interest, will also be shown.

"Aida" on Ewing Field

Leone Zinovieff, the Russian tenor who is to sing the role of "Rhadames" in the open-air production of Verdi's "Aida" on Ewing Field Saturday evening September 30, arrived in San Francisco Tuesday. Zinovieff has been twelve

years on the operatic stage. He was born in Kieff, Russia, and made his first appearance in the Royal Theatre of that city. His musical education was received at the Petrograd Conservatory and under the tutelage of Ortsi in Milan. He began his career as a lyric tenor, afterwards adding dramatic roles, so that now he has a repertoire of forty-five operas at his command. This will be his fourth appearance in open-air productions of "Aida." He sang the part of "Rhadames" in the famous production in Egypt in 1912, and afterwards appeared in Buenos Ayres twice, and this summer in Philadelphia, in the performance given under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania. The Youths' Directory and the San Juan Bautista Mission preservation fund will benefit by the Ewing Field production. Seats are now on sale at Sherman Clay and at the Hotel St. Francis.

A Whistler Story by George Moore

"Whistler was walking with me, and he said, 'Ugly boots—boots pointed toes—how can you?' They were new and rather expensive boots, and I asked in great surprise what was wrong with them. 'Pointed toes—pointed toes—dreadful, dreadful looking things!' Whistler went on. 'Are they really very ugly?' I asked, and Jimmie rapped out, 'Ugly?—well, of course—how can you, Moore?' I had not thought pointed toes ugly, but I supposed of course Whistler must

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239 Grant Ave.
San Francisco

be right, and I determined not to wear out that pair of pointed toes. Then, a little time afterward I met Mrs. Whistler, happened to say something about her husband's views on pointed toes, and she said: 'Of course Jimmie has to wear square toes! He has a deformed foot.' In everything Whistler's extraordinary egoism was manifested. Because of his foot, you see, he evolved a theory that square toes were beautiful and pointed toes ugly, and tried to make other people accept it."

ALCAZAR THEATRE

PHONE KEARNY 2

Commencing Monday evening, September 18
Matinees Thursday, Saturday and Sunday
A Drama of a Woman's Wonderful Self-Sacrifice

"PANTHEA"

Teeming With Thrills, Shocks and Dramatic Surprises
Staged by Addison Pitt Who Directed the Original
New York Presentation
Evenings—25c, 50c and 75c. Matinees—25c and 50c



BERT KALMAR AND JESSIE BROWN
In "Nurseryland" next week at the Orpheum

Redd—Had to be towed back home by a horse?

Greene—Sure thing.

Redd—Didn't you feel humiliated?

Greene—Not a bit. Wasn't I saving gasoline?

PADEREWSKI

CORT THEATRE

Sunday Afts., September 24-October 1

Tickets, \$2.50, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, on sale Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

AUDITORIUM OPERA HOUSE

OAKLAND

Saturday Aft., September 30—Same Prices

MAIL ORDER to WILL L. GREENBAUM, care
Sherman, Clay & Co., San Francisco or Oakland.
Steinway Piano

Coming—MISCHA ELMAN, Violinist; SIR RABIN-
DRANATH TAGORE.

PANTAGES

VAUDEVILLE

MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON

AN ALL STAR COMEDY EIGHT-ACT SHOW

MAX BLOOM, ALICE SHER and a Stunning Beauty
Chorus in the Joyous Racy Extravaganza "WHERE'S
MY HORSE;" LEONARD, ANDERSON & CO. in the
Laughable Shakespearean Travesty "WHEN CAESAR
C'S HER;" ALICE HAMILTON, That Quaint Com-
edienne; MALEY & WOODS, "Feet Flirtology;" GEO.
MORTON, "The Original Black Dot;" MATSYUMA,
the Japanese Caruso; VAN CELLO, Famous Barrel
Manipulator; Second Episode of "The Crimson Stain."

SECOND EPISODE OF "THE CRIMSON STAIN"

Orpheum

Safest and Most
Magnificent
Theatre in
America

J. FARRELL & STOCKTON & POWELL Phone Douglas 70
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day

A BILL OF HEADLINERS

BERT KALMAR & JESSIE BROWN in "Nurseryland;"
ALLAN DINEHART & COMPANY in "The Highest
Bidder;" DIERO, Master of the Piano Acordion; ROB-
ERT DORE, the Eminent Barytone, and GEORGE HAL-
PERIN, Piano Virtuoso; AL & FANNIE STEADMAN,
Piano Capers; WILLARD, the Man Who Grows at Will;
DUNBAR'S OLD TIME DARKIES. Last Week ALAN
BROOKS in His Comedy Dramalet "Dollars and Sense."

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse Geary and Mason

Phone Franklin 150

Beginning Sunday Night, September 17

ONE WEEK ONLY

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

Return Engagement Prior to Its First Eastern Tour

"THE MISSION PLAY"

By John Steven McGroarty

On a More Elaborate Scale Than Ever

Prices—Evening: \$1.50 to 25c. Matinees: \$1 to 25c
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday

CORT

LEADING THEATRE

Ellis and Market

Phone Sutter 2460

Commencing Sunday Matinee, September 17

SPECIAL RETURN ENGAGEMENT

2 P. M.—TWICE DAILY—8 P. M.

D. W. Griffith's Mighty Masterpiece

"THE BIRTH OF A NATION"

(The Clansman)

Popular Prices: Daily Matinees—25c. Nights—25c and 50c

"Military Necessity" in France

(Continued from Page 6)

will take.' 'To dislocate the family by tearing young girls from their homes is no longer war,' urges Bishop Charost in his vain appeal to the German commandant. In vain he speaks of the mothers 'left alone now,' and of the dangers to their daughters from 'the promiscuity which fatally accompanies wholesale kidnappings.' 'You are a father,' pleads the bishop in his useless attempt to move the general, 'you know that there is no right more respectable and more healthy in the human order than that of the family.'"

Of course these tales are sending fresh thrills of indignation through the Allied countries. Also they are increasing the demand that there shall be a day of reckoning. "These crimes committed under a military cloak must not be ignored in the peace treaty," exclaims a Paris correspondent. According to another correspondent "the names of the chief criminals are known to the authorities; in some cases they are prisoners. While it would evidently be difficult to punish directly after the war those who have not fallen into the hands of the Allies by a special extradition treaty between the Allies, all those sentenced in contumacious could be for ever shut up in Central Europe and denied access to Allied Territory." Further: "It is to be hoped if the British Government is not prepared to join in such after-war action and is not engaged in collecting evidence of the breaches of international law and the dictates of humanity, that, as in France and Belgium, private persons already engaged upon the work will be ready to force the Government, with proofs in their hands to fulfil its obvious duty."

The treatment of the people of France is especially shocking because it seems so free from passion. It is deeply instinctive in human nature to feel less disgust for crimes done in a passion than for crimes deliberately planned. An act of blind rage is less repulsive than an act of calculated policy. We reach the limit of horror in villainy when the brain of the villain is cold.

The Skating Season Is On

The joy and tang of autumn are with us. The russet browns and golden sheen of the gorgeous interior of Techau Tavern Salon seem sweetly indicative of the coming fall with its social activities and merry doings. It's going to be a skating season beyond any doubt. To be strictly active and on the stage with a full part one must know how to skate at least one dance number—a ten step or the waltz. Nowadays the routine is an hour of morning skating instruction at the Ice Palace from Fred Oschner, the dean of the instructors, and then the midday lunch at the Tavern. Then back again in the afternoon to try out what one may have learned in the morning. Hockey is the reigning vogue of society. The Polo Hockey and Skating Club's team so signally defeated the Canadian Club last week, 8 to 2, that there remains no further doubt about the San Mateo players being the best at the Ice Palace. The Polo team plays the San Francisco Hockey Club on next Tuesday night. Before the game there will be dining and dancing with a Salon concert programme at the Tavern beginning at 6:30 o'clock and then a general exodus to the Ice Palace for the great game which begins about 8:30. After the game there will be public and exhibition skating.

It is easy to bear other people's burdens. They are so much lighter than our own.

CERTIFICATE OF PARTNERSHIP

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned MAX LEUTHOLDT and OTTO DUDZECK, both of whom are residents of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, are partners and as such partners constitute a partnership transacting business in this State under the firm name of M. LEUTHOLDT & CO.; that the principal place of business of said partnership is in the said City and County of San Francisco, and that the above mentioned names are the names in full of all of the members of the said partnership.

Dated, San Francisco, August 12, 1916.

MAX LEUTHOLDT,
OTTO DUDZECK.

S. JOSEPH THEISEN,
Attorney for Partnership,
Balboa Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

8-19-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 35910.

MAY E. BRIDGE, a widow, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MAY E. BRIDGE, a widow, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above-entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL NO. 1.

BEGINNING at a point on the westerly line of Stockton Street, distant thereon eighty (80) feet and two and one-fourth (2 1/4) inches southerly from the point formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Stockton Street with the southerly line of Sutter Street; and running thence southerly along said line of Stockton Street nineteen (19) feet and nine and three-quarters (9 3/4) inches; thence at a right angle westerly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle northerly nineteen (19) feet and nine and three-quarters (9 3/4) inches; and thence at a right angle easterly sixty (60) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 168.

PARCEL NO. 2.

COMMENCING at a point on the westerly line of 29th Avenue distant thereon two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet northerly from the northerly line of Fulton (formerly D) Street, and running thence northerly along the said westerly line of 29th Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle westerly one hundred twenty (120) feet; thence at a right angle southerly fifty (50) feet; and thence at a right angle easterly one hundred twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands, Block No. 409.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be met in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the Seal of said Court this 8th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 16th day of September, A. D. 1916.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco, San Francisco, California; Savings Union Bank and Trust Company, San Francisco, California; City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, San Francisco, California.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

9-16-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY ELLEN ROSE BROWN, deceased.—No. 2852, N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARY ELLEN ROSE BROWN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of James M. Hanley, attorney at law, 505-6 Kohl Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY ELLEN ROSE BROWN, deceased.

CHARLES P. BROWN.

Administrator of the estate of Mary Ellen Rose Brown, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 16th, 1916.

JAMES M. HANLEY,
Attorney for Administrator,
505-6 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

9-16-5

SHERIFF'S SALE

Justice Court.—No. 85581.

G. E. DOLAN, Plaintiff, vs. FRED MACK and MRS. FRED MACK, his wife, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Justice Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 28th day of June, A. D. 1916, in the above entitled action wherein G. E. DOLAN, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against FRED MACK and MRS. FRED MACK, his wife, defendants, on the 5th day of May, A. D. 1916, I am commanded to sell all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Waller Street distant thereon 106.3 feet easterly from the point of intersection of the easterly line of Steiner Street with the southerly line of Waller Street; running thence easterly along said southerly line of Waller Street 25 feet; thence at right angles southerly 120 feet; thence at right angles westerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles northerly 120 feet to the southerly line of Waller Street and the point of beginning. Being Lot No. 29 in Block 867.

Public Notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 25th day of September, A. D. 1916, at 12 o'clock m., of that day, in front of the Sheriff's Office in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said execution, sell all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money of the United States.

Dated, San Francisco, August 16th, 1916.

THOMAS F. FINN, Sheriff.

WALTER E. DORN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

8-26-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 72594; Dept. No. 10.

JEMETT POSTON, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY A. POSTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: HENRY A. POSTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, habitual intemperance, and wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JAS. P. SWEENEY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Nevada Bank Building,
San Francisco, California.

8-19-10

CERTIFICATE OF INDIVIDUAL DOING BUSINESS UNDER A FICTITIOUS NAME

No. 2819.

(Ten cent U. S. revenue stamp affixed.)

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:—That I, SAM. SPIELLER, the undersigned, do hereby certify that I am doing business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, under the firm name and style of THE WESTERN CLOAK AND SUIT CO., that the principal place of business of The Western Cloak and Suit Co. is situate at No. 117 Grant Avenue in the said City and County of San Francisco.

That I am the sole owner of the said business known as The Western Cloak and Suit Co., and I am interested therein; that my name in full and my place of residence is as follows: SAM. SPIELLER, No. 5 Hollis Street, San Francisco, Cal.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 11th day of August, 1916.

SAM. SPIELLER.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco.—ss.

On this 11th day of August in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixteen before me, L. H. CONDON, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared SAM. SPIELLER, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

L. H. CONDON.

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(My commission expires January 9, 1919.)

Endorsed: Filed Aug. 12, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney at Law,
1003 Phelan Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

8-19-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF RICHARD CORBETT, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664 OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 18,313; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of RICHARD CORBETT, Deceased.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, and each and every and all persons named or not named, having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased:

You, and each of you are hereby notified that Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, the petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this Court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit, the estate of Richard Corbett, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are the heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased disappeared prior to the first day of December, 1907, and that by a judgment duly given and made by said Court on the 5th day of January, 1915, the said deceased was declared dead, and that said deceased died intestate; that the said deceased was then and there a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State, consisting wholly of money, and that said estate now consists of money solely;

That a petition for Letters of Administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 18th day of December, 1914, filed in the above entitled Court by M. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco;

That thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was, by a judgment of said Court, duly given and made, on the 5th day of January, 1915, appointed Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased; that thereafter, to wit, on the said 5th day of January, 1915, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such Administrator, and Letters of Administration were duly issued to him under the seal of said Court, by the Clerk of said Court; that thereafter, and on the 6th day of February, 1915, said M. J. Hynes, Administrator of said estate, died;

That a petition for Letters of Administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 24th day of February, 1915, filed in the above entitled Court, by W. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco;

That thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, that the said W. J. Hynes was, by a judgment of said Court, duly given and made on the 11th day of March, 1915, appointed Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased; and that thereafter, to wit, on the said 11th day of March, 1915, said W. J. Hynes qualified as such Administrator and Letters of Administration were duly issued to him under the seal of said Court by the Clerk of said Court, and that the said W. J. Hynes ever since has been, and now is, the duly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator of the estate of said deceased;

That the said order and decree of the said Court appointing the said W. J. Hynes Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been, and now are of full force, virtue and effect, and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of Letters of Administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made;

That the said Richard Corbett, deceased, died intestate, leaving him surviving no grand-father or grand-mother, no father or mother, no wife, child or descendants of any child or children, no brothers or sisters, and that said petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the whole of the said estate of said deceased;

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate, and that the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof, so far as known to said petitioners;

And that these petitioners pray the said Court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made; that the Court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the said Court, and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said Court in the matter of the said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of said Court in the matter of said estate and in the Register of Proceedings in Estates of said Court in the matter of said estate, and directing that, in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid, then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said Court for not appearing as aforesaid, and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid, to show cause and exhibit to said Court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, as provided by Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California;

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition, the said Court, on the 22nd day of August, 1916, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate of Richard Corbett, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said Court as hereinafter specified, and that by said order the Court fixed Tuesday, the 5th day of December, 1916, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein.

NOW, THEREFORE, you, and each of you herein above named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have, or claim, any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, are hereby notified and required to

be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the Courtroom thereof, in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 5th day of December, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the Court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having, or claiming, an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased;

And that you, and each of you, and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said Court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said Court in the matter of the said estate and in the Register of the Proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said Court, and that each and every, and all singular, the persons who appear as aforesaid, show cause, as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, to the said Court in the matter of the said estate, by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California;

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said Court in the matter of the said estate, and in the Register of Proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said Court for not appearing as aforesaid;

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause, as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, to the said Court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate, as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate to the said Court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California specified;

That the said Court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS, the Honorable George H. Cabaniss, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk of said Court, By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

EUGENE W. LEVY, Attorney for Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, Room 560 Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California. 8-26-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75,177; Dept. No. 4.

HELENA HORSTMANN, Plaintiff, versus CONRAD HORSTMANN, also known as CHARLES HORSTMANN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CONRAD HORSTMANN, also known as CHARLES HORSTMANN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's habitual intemperance and of Defendant's failure to provide Plaintiff the necessities of life; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk. By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD, Attorney for Plaintiff, 1003 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco. 7-29-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LOUISA BERG, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of LOUISA BERG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of William E. Johnson, Esq., at 921 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LOUISA BERG, deceased.

ERIK BERG, Administrator of the estate of Louisa Berg, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 29th, 1916. WILLIAM E. JOHNSON, ESQ., Attorney for Administrator, 921 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-26-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 74925; Dept. No. 4.

HENRY HAINS, Plaintiff, vs. GABRIELLE HAINS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GABRIELLE HAINS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3rd day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk. ERNEST PAGNUELO, Attorney for Plaintiff, 110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 8-12-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10; No. 75525.

ANITA WARREN PATTERSON, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM PATTERSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM PATTERSON, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of August, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By F. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk. SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON, Attorney for Plaintiff, 423 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-19-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JULIUS LOEY, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of JULIUS LOEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Wm. Loewy & Walter Loewy, Number 201 Sansome Street, Room 507, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JULIUS LOEY, deceased.

BRUNO LOEY, Administrator of the estate of Julius Loewy, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 19, 1916. WM. LOEWY & WALTER LOEWY, Attorneys for Administrator, 201 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal. 8-19-5

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market continued its upward trend last week, and the industrial group, led by U. S. Steel common, had the call. Toward the end of the week, copper shares came to life, and the market closed the week in the midst of what looked like an old-fashioned bull market. The railroads, however, with the exception of Reading, failed to respond to the better feeling in the industrial list, and price changes were in a narrow range. The railroads don't seem to be wanted by the speculator, notwithstanding the excellent showing in earnings, but if this advance in the industrial list continues, no doubt they will come to life. Steel common, Mercantile Marine preferred and several copper mining shares sold at new high records during the week, while railroad shares hung back. Everything points to a well sustained boom in the steel business. In spite of the increased output of the mills, steel products remain high in price, and mills that are reserving part of their capacity to take advantage of the urgent requirements of the trade have received large premiums at times and have been able to sell their full output at top prices. Never before in the history of the steel trade has it been so profitable to do business for cash instead of making contracts for future deliveries. The copper trade is fully as prosperous as the steel trade, and profits and prices are as much above normal. Several mining companies increased their dividends, and this has allayed the antagonism which was growing because directors refused to let the shareholders get a substantial part of current earnings. Mercantile Marine preferred made a new high record on Saturday, partly as a result of its oversold condition. Wall Street is full of bears, but many of them are political bears who talk loudly but trade lightly or not at all. The election campaign is now in full swing, following President Wilson's acceptance speech, and politics will play a greater part in the stock market until the votes are counted.

Wheat—There was heavy selling of wheat, influenced by the news that Greece had entered the war on the side of the Allies. This piece of news, being disseminated after several days of advancing markets and the trade pretty well loaded, was a signal for liquidation. The heavy pressure brought to bear by these sales kept the market weak for the greater part of the week. Here the keen cash demand by the foreigners in competition with our own millers, was given consideration, with the result that shorts began to cover and longs to reinstate, but finding that the earlier sales had been well absorbed by resting orders, they were compelled to bid prices up in order to get the wheat they wanted. News coming from the spring wheat territory indicated that the farmer was considerably worried about his ability to get good seed there for next year, and that he was storing

his grain in bins preparatory to holding it. If the farmer intends to hold his good quality of wheat for seed, it looks as though the miller will have great difficulty in purchasing the quality of wheat necessary for his purposes, and as a consequence, he is depending largely upon the excellent quality of hard winter wheat to meet his demands. Here, however, he is met in competition by the foreigner, who seems to be extremely anxious to satisfy his demands in this same territory, and is willing to pay fancy premiums to attain it. With all these things taken into consideration, we can see no reason for a recession in future prices. The only possibility of a decline in prices, in our estimation, is the opening of the Dardanelles, which will release large quantities of Russian and Roumanian supplies, but this seems rather remote, and the foreigner himself is taking no chances, but is purchasing our wheat as fast as he is able to obtain it. We therefore believe the purchase of wheat is logical.

Corn—The same character of news that influenced the wheat trade influenced the holders of corn futures. There was considerable selling of corn by the larger local traders and commission houses, the pit element falling in line and helping to depress prices. Considerable corn was thrown on the market, but after it had declined a cent or more, some of the trade took courage and bought, forcing a recovery of about half the decline. What cash corn there is to be had seems to be wanted, and we are inclined to think it will continue to be wanted at even higher prices than it is selling for at present. On any breaks such as we have had, we feel that it is well to have orders in the market to meet such declines and thereby make it possible to get it on a break.

Cotton—It was a liquidating market throughout the entire week, with prices finally showing a decline of 150 points from the highest point reached last week. Rallies were frequent, but they did not hold, and the longs seemed to lose courage, and on any fresh selling that seemed to come from the South, prices yielded. Shorts construed every selling order that came from the South as hedging, and added to their lines, anticipating a continuation of this selling, regardless of the decline. There was very little buying for speculative account. Nearly all contracts opened were for New England spinners and spot firms. Spinners were buying and calling cotton the break. Texas wired us that owing to the continuation of the drought, crop estimates were being reduced. Advices from Mississippi confirm the smallest crop views. The national ginners report a further decline in condition over the entire belt of 3 points below the last Government report. All the news points to an early opening but a smaller crop. We see nothing in the situation to justify the recent decline; on the contrary, conditions justify much

higher prices and we believe we will shortly see them.

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JUNE 30TH, 1916:

Assets	\$63,811,228.81
Deposits	60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
Number of Depositors	68,062

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1916, a dividend to depositors of 4% per annum was declared.

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NOTICE OF TRUSTEES' SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

WHEREAS in accordance with the terms and under the authority of a certain deed of trust executed and delivered by John L. Polito, of the first part, to W. E. Palmer and Fred E. Palmer, as trustees, the parties of the second part, and M. D. Merritt, the party of the third part, dated the 27th day of May, 1915, and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 5th day of June, 1915, in Liber 871 of Deeds (new series) at page 244, which deed of trust was given to secure the payment of a certain promissory note for the sum of Five hundred dollars (\$500.00) of even date therewith, executed and delivered by said party of the first part to the party of the third part and which promissory note together with all the interests of said party of the third part in said deed of trust was subsequent to said 27th day of May, 1915, and prior to the date of this notice for value received sold and assigned to A. M. Palmer and said A. M. Palmer being now the owner and holder of said promissory note mentioned in and secured by said deed of trust, the said A. M. Palmer as the owner and holder of said promissory note has by written declaration and demand declared that default has been made by the party of the first part in the payment of the principal sum named in said promissory note, to-wit, the sum of Five hundred dollars (\$500.00) and in the payment of the interest thereon at the rate of twelve per cent (12%) per annum according to its terms from date thereof until paid, said interest having been paid to the 27th day of January, 1916, and has demanded that the undersigned, trustees as aforesaid, sell the real property described in said deed of trust and hereinafter described to pay and satisfy the amount due and unpaid upon said promissory note, together with the expenses of sale and the expenses of the trust;

AND WHEREAS default has been made by said John L. Polito in the payment of said promissory note and of the interest thereon since the 27th day of January, 1916, and no part of the principal sum of said promissory note has been paid;

Now the said W. E. Palmer and Fred E. Palmer, as trustees, as aforesaid, hereby give notice that on Tuesday, the 19th day of September, 1916, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon at the real estate office of G. H. Umben & Co. at No. 20 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and under and pursuant to the terms and conditions of said deed of trust and of said written declaration and demand they will sell at public auction to the highest and best bidder for cash in Gold Coin of the United States that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the westerly line of Orizaba Avenue, distant thereon two hundred seventy-five (275) feet northerly from the northerly line of Garfield Street, running thence northerly and along said westerly line of Orizaba Avenue seventy-five (75) feet, thence at a right angle westerly one hundred (100) feet, thence at a right angle southerly seventy-five (75) feet, thence at a right angle easterly one hundred (100) feet to the westerly line of Orizaba Avenue and the point of commencement:

Being Lots 35, 36, 37, Block 57, City Land Association.

Terms of sale: Cash in Gold Coin of the United States, ten per cent (10%) payable to the undersigned at the fall of the hammer and conclusion of sale, balance upon the delivery of the deed. If balance is not so paid said ten per cent (10%) shall be forfeited and the sale shall be void. Said real property will be offered for sale in one parcel and the holder or holders of said promissory note secured by said deed of trust, his or their, agent or assigns may bid and purchase at said sale.

Dated, August 9th, 1916.

W. E. PALMER,
FRED E. PALMER,
Trustees.

JOHN RALPH WILSON,
Attorney for Trustees,
Room 709, 57 Post St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

8-19-5

CERTIFICATE OF S. S. SCHEPPS AND GEORGE L. FURST, DOING BUSINESS AS VIRGINIA STUDIO

No. 2811.

(Ten cent documentary revenue stamp cancelled.)

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the undersigned, S. S. SCHEPPS and GEORGE L. FURST, are transacting a general Art business in this State, under the name of VIRGINIA STUDIO; that their principal place of business is in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; that they are now conducting said business in the premises generally known and designated as Number 128 Post Street, in said City, County and State aforesaid; that they are the sole owners of said business; that their full names are S. S. SCHEPPS, who resides at No. 704 Bush Street, and GEORGE L. FURST, who resides at No. 704 Bush Street, both in said City and County and State, aforesaid.

S. S. SCHEPPS,
GEORGE L. FURST.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco.—ss.

On this 8th day of August, 1916, before me, J. D. BROWN, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared S. S. SCHEPPS and GEORGE L. FURST, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) J. D. BROWN,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed August 9, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY W. DINKELSPIEL,
Attorney for said Virginia Studio,
802-6 Claus Spreckels Building,
San Francisco, California.

8-19-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of IRENE MORRIN, deceased.—No. 21411, N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of IRENE MORRIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, F. B. Clarke, Room 1033 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of IRENE MORRIN, deceased.

THOMAS MORRIN,

Executor of the last will and testament of Irene Morrin, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 16, 1916.

F. B. CLARKE,

Attorney for Executor,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

9-16-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 9798; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, Deceased.

SARAH A. JACOBS, the Administratrix of the Estate of JOHN A. JACOBS, deceased, having filed herein her verified petition praying for an order of sale of the Real Estate of said deceased for the purposes therein set forth:

It is hereby ordered that all persons interested in said Estate of said deceased appear before the above entitled Court and Department on Wednesday, the 20th day of September, 1916, at Ten (10) A. M. on said day at the Court-Room of said Court, in the New City Hall on the West side of Polk between McAllister and Grove Streets, San Francisco, California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why an order should not be granted to said Administratrix and Petitioner to sell the Real Estate of said deceased at a private sale, or so much thereof as shall be necessary.

It is further ordered and directed that a copy of this order shall be published at least once a week for four (4) successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

THOS. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

Dated this 14th day of August, 1916.

MARSHALL NUCKOLLS,

Attorney for Administratrix,
417 Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, California.

8-19-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75045; Dept. No. 3.

BECKIE DROY, Plaintiff, vs. SAM DROY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: SAM DROY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD,

Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AMELIA C. POPPENBERG, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of AMELIA C. POPPENBERG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of August L. Fournier, Esq., 1311 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AMELIA C. POPPENBERG, deceased.

JOHN F. RAU,

Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Amelia C. Poppenberg, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 16th, 1916.

AUGUST L. FOURTNER, ESQ.,
Attorney for the Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of Amelia C. Poppenberg, deceased,
1311 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, California.

9-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH NIGLIS, deceased.—Dept. No. 9; No. 21360.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of JOSEPH NIGLIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH NIGLIS, deceased.

EUGENE NIGLIS,

Executor of the last will and testament of Joseph Niglis, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 2nd, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

9-2-5

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR THE VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION OF THE CORPORATION BELOW NAMED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75828; Dept. 12.

In the Matter of the Voluntary Dissolution of BURG BROS. LUMBER & BUILDING CO., a Corporation.

Notice is hereby given that Burg Bros. Lumber & Building Co., the corporation above named, has duly filed in the above entitled Court its application praying for an order of decree of said Court dissolving said corporation, and that Monday, the 25th day of September, A. D. 1916, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, in the Court-Room of said Court, Department 12 thereof, situate in the Hall of Justice of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been duly fixed as the day, time and place for the hearing of the said application.

Notice of the hearing of the said application shall be given by publication for six successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a weekly newspaper, published, printed and circulated in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, beginning on the 19th day of August, 1916, and ending on the 23rd day of September, 1916, and any and all persons are hereby notified that they may file in the above entitled Court before the date of the expiration of the said notice any objections which they may have to the granting of the aforesaid application for the dissolution of the said corporation.

Dated this 15th day of August, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of the said Superior Court.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

W. T. KEARNEY,
Attorney for said Application,
1012 Mills Building,
San Francisco, California.

8-19-6

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Superior Court, State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10, Probate; No. 21299.

Estate of MARY D. KUSTER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of MARY D. KUSTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Andrew G. Maguire, 281 Page Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY D. KUSTER, deceased.

FANNIE KIRBY,

Administratrix of the estate of Mary D. Kuster, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 2, 1916.

ANDREW G. MAGUIRE,
Attorney for Administratrix,
281 Page St., San Francisco, Cal.

9-2-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of FRANKLIN K. BARTHEL, Deceased.—No. 21294; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of FRANKLIN K. BARTHEL, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the office of her attorney, E. B. Power, Room 1212 Humboldt Bank Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of FRANKLIN K. BARTHEL, deceased.

KATHERINE BARTHEL,

Executrix of the last will and testament of Franklin K. Barthel, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, August 19, 1916.

E. B. POWER,
Attorney for Executrix,
1212 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

8-19-5



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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVIII. No. 1257

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1916

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE:

Our Silent Press

The Banner Bible Year

Another Mercier Address

Don Quixote in the Park

Barbarity in San Francisco

The Short-Rowell Controversy

Rolph Takes a Flyer in History

Sherman's Excoriation of Gompers

Jay Rial on Old Theatrical Days Here

Disraeli and McGuffey are Featured in
This Month's *Lantern*

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TOWN TALK

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FOR THE OLD FREEDOM

FOR PRESIDENT:

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

Let us not complain too vehemently of barbarities in Europe. There is really something to be said in extenuation of the barbarous things that are done in the heat of passion where society is in chaos, but what about our treatment of the Chinese at the immigration station? Here are cruelties practiced at our own door by officials employed by a Government that has turned a deaf ear to the complaints of men deserving of a respectful hearing. Surely, as Voltaire's Candide observed: "We must cultivate our own garden." That is to say, we must trim our own hedges before complaining of the hedges across the way. Many years ago San Francisco bore an evil reputation on account of the barbarities practiced on Chinese by vicious hoodlums, but since then we have improved somewhat in our appreciation of the decencies of life. We were thought to have repented our sandlot days long before we ventured to put our refined manners on exhibition at the World's Fair. Moreover we have assimilated many nourishing ideals spoonfed from Washington, and our humanity has broadened under the tuition of Mr. Wilson, from whom we have learned to love and to pity the poor peons of Mexico. What, then, is the explanation of the heartlessness of these officials of the Wilson Administration employed in the immigration bureau? Maybe they inherited their hatred and their instincts from the days when "The Chinese Must Go" was a popular slogan, when, to brickbat a heathen was regarded as a graceful performance. But what about the Secretary of the Wilson Cabinet who appears to sympathize with the underlings? Is there any hoodlum taint in him?

When the viticulturists of California received a little justice at the hands of our statesmen in Washington last week there was not any more jubilation in our vineyards than in the newspaper offices of our big dailies. Of course the vineyardists were made very glad and very grateful, but the press shouted with joy and felicitated the whole State on what was pro-

nounced a great victory. From this it is to be inferred that the press would regard prohibition in California as a great calamity. Indubitably it would be a great calamity, the greatest that ever befell any State since the Civil War, but why doesn't the press say so? If it advantages the whole State to make viticulture a little more profitable would it not be disastrous to prohibit viticulture or even to impair the business of our grape growers? Surely the question is at least of sufficient importance to justify discussion. Virtually the dailies have said that the prosperity of our viticulturists means the prosperity of our State, but only thus inferentially do they affirm the unwisdom of prohibition. If in the opinion of the press the matter involves a moral question of greater importance than the economic one, surely our virtuous dailies ought to say so. But they say nothing at all, these great moulders of public opinion. There is, to be sure, a very important moral question involved, the question whether, after encouraging viticulture for fifty years by appropriating State funds year after year to promote the business of wine-making, thus inducing people to invest their money in vineyards and in the stock of corporations in the wine business, it would be honest to destroy their property without due compensation? On this question the dailies of San Francisco are silent. Far be it from them to dare incur the hostility of the organized band of agitators now striving to bring disaster on California. Yet we are called upon every little while to safeguard the liberty of the press and to endow the press with new privileges. Perhaps it might be well to safeguard our own liberties by employing the initiative and referendum to teach the press a lesson.

The Banner Bible Year

What a wonderful record was made last year by the American Bible Association! From the report of an eminent divine at the Methodist Convention in Santa Cruz we learn that in 1915 thirty-two million Bibles were shipped from headquarters in this country. In this connection, and from the same source, we learn that it was the war that helped to make nineteen-fifteen the banner year for the printing plants that produce Bibles. With the war raging on all fronts the evangelists of this country and the missionaries abroad were not preoccupied with the business of salvation among the heathens of the Far East and the Near East. Like the munition makers they, too, were serving the men in the trenches. There was no embargo on Bibles. And though it was hard to get food through the blockade, it was possible to ship the Scriptures to the Turks at a time when the unregenerate

children of Allah and readers of the Koran were reducing the population of Armenia. How absurd to talk of the bankruptcy of Christianity in the twentieth century! Consider that in one year Christians were starving Jews in Poland and turning out Bibles by the million in the United States. The Bible, says the enthusiastic divine of the Santa Cruz convention, "is still the world's most popular book." Heartening truth, this, for Christians that are not incredulous; that is to say, for those that have the faith of the men that pay the printing bills and the freight. But, alas! there are sceptical Christians who do not regard the Bible as a passport to salvation. For there are dull Christians to whom the Bible is little short of incomprehensible. It holds no spiritual food for them. From their sceptical standpoint there may be a great difference between the number of Bibles printed and the number read. Their idea of a popular book is a best-seller, or one for which there is a demand among readers, not one that people have to be urged to read. However, judging from the earnestness of the American Bible Association and the prosperity of its printing plants, Christian missionaries are spreading the light with great rapidity, and the Gospel conquest of the world is a consummation that even the war cannot delay much longer. An output of thirty-two million Bibles a year is at least significant of an encouraging outlook. The good work is surely being prosecuted on a colossal scale; and it is to be presumed that the good missionaries are getting results as well as Bibles; also that there is widespread reading of the Scriptures. Perhaps we are on the verge of another Renaissance, for maybe the love of literature is spreading, maybe men are being lured to a life of contemplation by the lyrical splendor of the Psalms, the worldly wisdom of Ecclesiastes, the eloquent inspiration of Isaiah and the simple beauty of the gospels. The Scriptures cannot fail the man who appreciates their lofty import. They are indeed fit for the renewing and refreshing of men's minds, as was said by the scholars who revised them for James the First. Thus they quoted St. Augustin, a gentleman who spent many years making converts, but who, curiously enough, never thought of using the Bible as a first aid.

"What is becoming of the family fireside?" is the question asked by a zealous divine who observes quite shrewdly that "the family is the unit of the State" and that "unless the family has something to cling to it will be in danger of disintegration and demoralization." Here, evidently, is a clerical recluse who has been sequestered from the haunts

of men these many years. Unless current information on the subject is misleading, the family anchor has been whirling through the countryside ever since Satan sent Henry Ford among us to popularize the automobile. The Ford is indeed a devil-wagon. But, in truth, it is only partly implicated in the crime of demoralizing the family. The family fireside burnt itself out long ago; long before the gas log asphyxiated its first victim. And as to the sacred unit of the State that once regarded the home as the "rallying place of the affections" it has been disintegrating ever since Christian preachers began proclaiming the divinity of the individual and the importance of liberating him from ties that chafe and gall. The family fireside is a solecism. It was doomed about the time that horse-hair furniture went out of fashion, for shortly after that the whatnot was banished from parlor to basement. Now the passing of the whatnot marked the fading of sentiment. With the whatnot went a fond attachment to little things, to trifling keepsakes and precious heirlooms. These were the visible tokens of a family tradition in the humblest homes. They were among the household gods in whose presence relatives and friends breathed a delicious home-feeling. We parted from our lares and penates without a sigh, and now it seems likely that even the family stove may soon be discarded. With the delicatessen store next door, and hot water for a bath to be had by turning a faucet, why the cumbersome stove? Formerly the chief end of the American home was the comfort of the family, and the ruling consideration was the propitiation of servants; now the idea of domestic comfort is illustrated by new wrinkles in an apartment house; and the chief end of the American home is the starting point of a trip in a motor car. We don't even entertain our friends at home. We invite them to a cafe. The simple truth of the matter is that home has ceased to be a sentiment. Magic has vanished from the little word that once implied a mystic circle of comforts and virtues, a circle consecrated by parental love and made holy by the joys of childhood. If the strength of a nation is in a well-ordered home, our kind of preparedness will not do us much good. Perhaps, after all, what would do us most good is a little of the experience that Europe is having; for, at least, it revives views of futurity along with deep sentiments and fond attachments.

—*—
 Unfortunately the *Congressional Record* is not a well-edited journal, else it might become very popular. Usually it is topheavy with the kind of flubdub that only a "Battle Bob" La Follette is capable of uttering, but occasionally it has a speech worth reading, for Senator Sherman of Illinois is among the contributing editors, and this gentleman is a speaker who, when he has something to say, says it as one who knows how. To him of late we have

become indebted for much material worthy of reproduction in these columns, and we shall use it from time to time somewhat after the manner of a continued story. Last week we told of his attack on the President's close friend Mr. Samuel Gompers that evoked a defense of the labor leader from the serviceable Mr. Reed of Missouri. Now, from the *Congressional Record* we learn that though taken unawares Senator Sherman was able to take pretty good care of himself. Indeed he made a very elaborate impromptu reply, and it was of such a nature that in all probability the wither-wrung Gompers felt as though it would have been better had he not emitted the protest of the galled jade. Senator Reed denied in behalf of Mr. Gompers that the eminent labor chief was in politics. Senator Sherman in reply, after calling attention to Gompers' son on the Administration payroll, reminded the Senate of the rider to the sundry civil bill of 1913, excluding farmers' organizations, horticultural societies and labor unions from prosecution under a \$300,000 item designed to defray the cost of prosecutions for violations of the Sherman anti-trust bill. That rider, an outrageous piece of discrimination, was Gompers' pet measure and it was approved by the President. For voting against it Senator Sherman was bitterly assailed in his district by the chief of organized labor. No farmer, he said, ever complained of the vote against the measure, but Gompers spent a fortune trying to prevent the reelection of Senators who lived up to a most sacred principle of their government. "The easiest way," said Sherman, "is to float with the stream of popular affairs in such legislation. We know that to do otherwise breeds trouble. But I am an American. I can earn my living today with my hands better and more usefully than Mr. Gompers can or ever did. He is a parasite upon the body of organized labor, a creeping poison ivy upon the whole structure of the industrial world." After pointing out the narrowness of Gompers' policies in general and of their evil effect on our industrial system and the government itself, Senator Sherman said:

The bane of public life today is that there is a double standard of criminality. It is claimed by Mr. Gompers and his school of thought that a given act committed by a union man in the cause of union labor is innocent, while if you or I or two or more of us commit the same act we are guilty of a felony. I do not subscribe to this doctrine. I believe every union man in the country is as much under the obligation of obeying the laws of this country as I am myself. If there is to be raised in this country an issue that no crime can be committed by unionized labor, according to Mr. Gompers' belief, then this country is not worth paying taxes for, and is not worth fighting for in war, or behaving yourself for in time of peace. If this can not be a government of law, if it must become a government of classes with some punished and others exempted, it ceases to be popular government. It ceases to command my respect. It ceases to command even my allegiance, because this is either the government of all the American people or it is not

worthy of the name. It is not a government of labor unions, by labor unions over everybody else, exempting them; but it is a government of all of us together. The sooner we get back to that healthy, sane doctrine of American life, the sooner some of the malignant growths that have fastened themselves upon the body politic will be removed without the surgery of war. I sound my belief here now—I make the statement advisedly—that the great American issue is not keeping out of war with the Old World, but it is keeping out of civil and internecine strife caused by arraying one class against another and proclaiming the infamous doctrine that the Government is made for some but not for others.

Before closing his speech Senator Sherman touched on the subject of criminals defended by Gompers in the name of organized labor, men whose innocence he loudly affirmed and who afterwards pleaded guilty to dynamite outrages. He read letters from Gompers on the subject, and argued from them that Gompers was in a sense implicated in crimes committed by men on the payrolls of the unions. He knew, said Sherman, that money was being spent by the Structural Ironworkers Union—\$1,000 a month—but he went serenely on his way without knowledge of what was done with it. "In any ordinary affair," said Sherman, "it would be criminal negligence not to know." He added:

Here is a significant thing. I call upon Mr. Gompers to answer it. I advert to it so that every honest union man in this Republic may treasure it in his memory and bring his understanding to bear upon it. Has there been a job of structural ironwork dynamited in the United States since the McNamaras were convicted and the Indianapolis dynamiters sent to Fort Leavenworth? Not a case of dynamiting has afflicted this country, destroyed property, or taken life since that sentence was imposed upon those men.

Further:

If I were at the head of an organization as its chief officer, and one of the principal bodies affiliated with that organization was doing what the Indianapolis defendants did and what the McNamaras did, and I did not know it, I ought to be indicted for dense and inexcusable ignorance of things I ought to know—not indicted criminally, but indicted before the tribunal of reasonable men's minds. All these years this happened. Men were suddenly blown into eternity. Millions of dollars of property were destroyed. Mr. Gompers went placidly on his way. The bloody trail in a great tragedy was unseen by this vigilant guardian. No word of rebuke came from him. He did not know it. He says he believed the McNamaras were innocent. I presume, because he has never apologized, he believes these men convicted in Indianapolis were innocent. He never has apologized for his views on either question. He is ready at any time to defend anybody else who claims he is a member of a union, however infamous may be the crime with which he is charged, and which afterwards may be proven against him.

If Senator Reed has rushed to the defense of Mr. Gompers since Senator Sherman made that interesting speech we have not come across it in the *Congressional Record*.

Varied Types

299—JAY RIAL

By Edward F. O'Day

"We'll stand here and talk, if you don't mind," said Jay Rial. "I have to take care of my newspaper friends."

So we stood in the tan bark at the main entrance to the "big top," and Jay Rial talked about the good old days of the theatre in San Francisco, excusing himself now and then to dispense the best seats in the circus to such as presented newspaper credentials. One or two presented queer credentials, and I knew they were not newspapermen within the newspaperman's meaning of the term. I am satisfied that Jay Rial knew it too, but he treated them with perfect courtesy. Jay Rial is a gentleman of the old school.

Jay Rial is the special press representative of the Barnum and Bailey Circus. It is pleasant work, he says; delightful work in its lack of worrying responsibility—and that is much to a man who is no longer young and who looks back over a life crowded with the ups and downs of theatrical management. It was about this life insofar as it had to do with San Francisco that I asked Jay Rial to speak, for I knew that such reminiscences as he might draw from a well-stocked memory would appeal to our old-timers among whom Jay Rial's is an honored name.

"I first came to San Francisco in '82," said Jay Rial, "bringing with me the Academy of Music production of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' We played at the old California under the management of Jack Haverley. Tom Maguire laughed at the idea because San Francisco had just had several weeks of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Just the same we played four weeks and took in over \$40,000 which would be considered big business today. George Kunkle played Uncle Tom; Jennie Partington was Topsy; and L. R. Stockwell was Lawyer Marks. The company made a tour of the coast as far north as Victoria, and did very well

"From that time on I was in San Francisco so often that it is a little difficult for me to get the dates just right. One of my happiest visits was during the summer of '84 when I brought out Madam Modjeska and her company for a tour of six weeks, opening at the Baldwin, playing the principal California cities and closing in Denver. Maurice Barrymore played the leads; Georgie Drew-Barrymore was in the company, also William Muldoon, the famous Greco-Roman wrestler who played the Wrestler in 'As You Like It.'

"While we were at the Baldwin Mr. MacNeil, head of the Scottish Society of San Francisco, called on me and proposed a wrestling exhibition between Muldoon and Donald Denny, a famous Scottish wrestler whom he had brought from Scotland to add interest to some Scottish celebration which his society had arranged. Muldoon did not favor the idea, Denny being a catch-as-catch-can wrestler. However MacNeil persisted, and finally we arranged an exhibition at the Grand Opera House. Muldoon thought we might 'pick up' several hundred dollars. Imagine our surprise when we had five or six thousand to divide. The interest was so keen that when our theatrical season closed in Denver, Muldoon and I returned to San Francisco to arrange more matches. Many famous Greco-Roman wrestlers from all over the world came to San Francisco to meet Muldoon, and

there ensued probably the greatest series of high class matches given since the days of ancient Rome. Muldoon was never mastered. One match in the old Mechanics Pavilion was particularly exciting. Clarence Whistler was opposed to Muldoon; after Muldoon he was the most powerful of them all. Muldoon won the first fall. Whistler's tactics, while within the rules, were not precisely sportsmanlike and irritated Muldoon. In the second round Muldoon, goaded beyond the limit, picked up Whistler in his hands, raised him high above his head and hurled him to the mat. Whistler's shoulder was broken. The referee, contrary to all rules, called the match a draw. Shortly after, Whistler sailed for Australia where he died. Muldoon still lives, probably the finest specimen of manhood to be found. He has a famous institution near White Plains, New York, where he re-creates the physical life of worn-out statesmen and millionaires.

"Speaking of Whistler recalls another interesting theatrical engagement at the old California Theatre during my management—Dion Boucicault's farewell to America. I cannot recall a more delightful personal association. Night after night the old theatre was filled with San Francisco's oldest and best. As I look back now I can see the great men and women who made the early history of this, the most interesting city in all the world. I could write pages of famous names of men and women who filled the old house. The morning following the farewell night I was at the dock to say adieu to Boucicault and his company. Whistler was a passenger on the same steamer, the old Zealandia.

"In the fall of '84 I brought out a stock company to play six weeks at the old California. Louise Rial who was my wife, played the star parts, and others in the company were Mrs. Mat Lingham, Harry Duffield and L. R. Stockwell. It was a magnificent company. We played a Covent Garden melodrama called 'Taken from Life' for three weeks; also 'Camille,' 'The Ticket-of-Leave Man,' 'Led Astray' and 'London Assurance.'

"About this time Tom Maguire left the Baldwin and went East. I took the theatre, and among the attractions I recall Fannie Davenport in 'Camille' and other plays; also Leonard Grover. M. B. Leavitt and I became partners at the Bush about this time; and we offered Rice's 'Surprise Party,' Evans and Hoey, Frank Daniels, the Hoyt plays, Fay Templeton, Kate Castleton and others.

"About '85 or '86 McKee Rankin and I leased the old California. In the company were Kitty Blanchard Rankin, Isabel Morris, Alma Stuart Stanley, Mabel Bert, Frank Mordaunt, Jack Wallace, Frank Wright and Joseph Holland. Rankin and I were partners for about six months, and we made a great deal of money. Then Rankin bought me out and I went to New York. The change that comes periodically in San Francisco theatricals happened along, and Rankin didn't make a go of it.

"I leased the Grand Opera House in '87 or '88, and brought out Daniel Bandman, Sophie Eyre and William Morris among other well known players. We had four weeks of grand opera with Patti, Gerster, Nicolini and Tomagno. I don't believe the sun shone on a single day

of that four weeks. It was raining continuously. Yet we played to over \$200,000. At this time I was associated with 'Montana Joe' Maguire whose stock in trade was his remarkable resemblance to Lawrence Barrett.

"Let me complete this record of dates by coming down to '93. I had been gold mining in British Guiana, had caught the bush fever and came home to die. I didn't die, but came to California for my health. Joe Redding and John Parrott had organized a symphony orchestra with Fritz Scheel as director, and they asked me to manage the season. It was a great success. One night Scheel was ill and it became my duty to announce that Concertmaster Marquardt would conduct. It was my first appearance before an audience. I was applauded when I made my little speech, and this flustered me so that I regarded it as an encore and made another speech!"

Rial told me that the old California in every detail of interior architecture was "more of a theatre than any other in America." He told me that there was no hotel in the country like the old Occidental. These two statements indicate the affection he entertains for the old city. He had many dear friends here, the closest being Major Darling, commandant at Fort Mason.

"I used to stay there frequently," said Rial, "and I shall never forget the invariable ending of all those pleasant evenings. Major Darling would go to the piano just before midnight, and play a beautiful composition of his own. It was so written that the chime of a clock brought it to a perfectly harmonious conclusion. Major Darling timed his playing so that the melodious chimes of the clock in the drawing room striking midnight came in at just the proper moment. That was the signal for Major Darling's guests to say good night and retire to their bedchambers. Major Darling composed under the name of Auguste Mignon. He dedicated to me his song called 'We Ought to Be Together, You and I,' a song which Will Carleton used to sing.

"They were happy days! I think I knew everybody in San Francisco. Some day, when I have the time, I am going to write the life story of Bummer and Lazarus!"

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Perspective Impressions

Naturally the union men of New York think this is a good year to strike. But maybe before the end they will not be grateful for the inspiration that came from Washington.

Supervisor Andy Gallagher suggests five cent concerts in the Civic Auditorium. Alderman Andy has a jitney mind.

The President having kept us out of war wonder if he thinks it worth while to keep our letters out of British hands.

Those armed motors in France may remind men in this country who have reached middle age of the days when they were reading dime novels, and especially of the iron horse with which a wonderful hero toured prairie land in all directions, shooting Indians.

Bet you can't tell offhand where the Carso and the Dobrudja are.

"Venus will be stripped of her anonymity," said one report of the Alameda moving picture rumpus. If she's a regular Venus there's nothing else to strip her of.

Gifford Pinchot is for Hughes, while Amos Pinchot is for Wilson. This is the sort of news we are expected to get excited about during election time.

The University of California has a woman candidate for Congress who describes herself as a Socialist, an "ardent suffragist," an opponent of militarism, an advocate of an eight-hour law for her sex, a student of labor conditions, of sociology and of philosophy. Wonder if she is an expert in the psychology of God!

On Columbus Day Columbus will be knighted at the City Hall. Made a Knight of Columbus, so to speak.

The Italian Government has commandeered ten million eggs. All the bad actors in Italy must approve this step.

All that a fitting bride left her elderly groom was a "Psalm of Trust." He doesn't need it.

So the barbers have decided not to strike for more pay! Is this a case of self-denial or Chamber of Commerce?

A lady whose husband stayed at home nearly every evening urges that as the reason why Judge Graham should give her a divorce. Obviously the only way to reconcile this couple is to keep them apart.

Don Quixote in the Park

By Theodore Bonnet

Maybe some day we shall be able to enjoy an outing in Golden Gate Park without incurring the risk of graveyard reflections. For in an argument concerning art we are not slow to see the point, as was learned years ago when certain rebellious artists having the courage of their prejudices, made merry in the slumbering streets by smashing the Cogswell fountains. Now of course, in spite of all its airs and admiring attitudes, this is not an artistic community. A great many of our citizens, even the most sincere admirers of art, feel more or less consciously that truly great art is too much for them. They are aware that they make mistakes and frequently praise the wrong thing. Experience makes them diffident, and they are glad to be guided by those whom they regard as the natural interpreters of beauty. So it was that after tolerating the ugly Cogswell effigies for many years the people accepted the judgment of the lawless iconoclasts, perceiving at once that a great public service had been rendered by the reduction of the fountains to smithereens. Now, similarly, the people may be educated up to intolerance of effigies in marble and bronze that mar the landscape of their beautiful park. Statues that serve no purpose but to remind us of dead heroes are, to say the least, somewhat incongruous in a public playground. The effigy of a former statesman is quite appropriate in a niche in a public building, but in a public park it is tolerable only provided there is a museum to store it in and a Chamber of Horrors to gratify a taste for the grotesque. This desirable intolerance may result from the education to be derived from the study of such works as *The Thinker* and the Cervantes group. Here are specimens of the sculptor's art that have a message for us. They teach us that the sculptor may do much more than make a kind of counterfeit presentment; that he may make beautiful things that appeal to the imagination, like music, and that stir the emotions, like the beauties of nature. In short, we learn from Rodin and from Mora, if we had not learned it before, that there is a freshness in sculpture as well as in flowers, and that the sculptor appealing to us in the

terms of his art may thrill us quite as effectively as the composer of a symphony.

I saw Mora's Cervantes group last Sunday, and received from it some very delightful impressions. This is a work that San Francisco should be very proud to possess. It seems especially fitting that it should have come to us in this the Cervantes tercentenary and that the monument should have been erected by countrymen of the immortal author in a State that was peopled by his countrymen and that derived its name from the literature of chivalry, which was the passion of his life. I doubt whether public notice of the Cervantes tercentenary has been taken anywhere else in this country. Doubtless somebody has mentioned that he died on the same day that Shakespeare died, and maybe it has been conjectured, as often before, that Shakespeare read the immortal Spanish classic; that perhaps he carried it home to Stratford in his saddle-bags to read under the mulberry tree at New Place. It is pleasant to reflect that the immortal creator of the Fat Knight of Eastcheap may have enjoyed the delicious humor of the immortal creator of the eccentric Knight of La Mancha; and it is not at all unlikely, as the first translation of *Don Quixote* was published in England four years before Shakespeare's death.

Mora's work aside from its sculptural qualities is an inspiring performance, being at once a loving interpretation of a great masterpiece and a fanciful and sympathetic comment. It reminds one of Francis Thompson's essay on *Don Quixote*. Thompson pronounced the immortal classic "a piece of literary duplicity without precedent or succession." His idea was that behind the comic mask of *Don Quixote* was the melancholy face of Cervantes. He denied that Cervantes laughed chivalry away. Chivalry was no more in a country where the writing of *Don Quixote* was possible. It was written to mock the fat-witted materialists of the day to whom idealism was a matter of derision. "What an ass is this *Don Quixote*, to be sure," said the readers who were too dull to understand; "how diverting are his absurd doings." Thus were they trapped and cozened

into jeers the while Cervantes looked over their shoulders with a sardonic smile. Never was such mordant irony written. The fact is of course that Cervantes was himself a romantic hero. He had saturated himself in the literature of chivalry. He lived a life of adventure, and we know he liked fighting so much that at Lepanto he dragged himself from a bed of fever to fight the Turk by whom he was made prisoner in Algiers. No, Cervantes was never inclined to laugh chivalry away. He might laugh away the fat-witted materialism of a Henry Ford that confounds itself with idealism, or the canting idealism of a Wilson that is too proud to fight when fighting might hurt business, but the idealism inspired by a delicate spirituality was not fit subject for mockery in the philosophy of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

Now the interpretation of *Don Quixote* that I read in Mora's group in the park is one of deep sympathy with the man who despised the materialism of the boor and the bourgeois, who would rather die for God at Lepanto than yield to the infidel. According to Mora, one sees that Cervantes loved the brave knight who, in the midst of a clay-content society held fast to his exalted ideals of life and duty and had the courage of his convictions. On the two pet children of his brain kneeling to him in rapt adoration he looks down with a melancholy and benignant smile. At least, so it appears to me, but like the smile wherewith *La Gioconda* haunted several centuries it frames a question for the inquisitive mind. In the corner of the mouth, half hidden, half revealed, one may read the secret of the great classic that made four generations laugh before anybody thought of asking Who and what was Cervantes? Full of the laughter of that classic one may read the smile that Mora modeled and be melted to tears.

When Mozart conducted "*The Magic Flute*" for the first time it was received with faint applause, but an old musician, who knew what the music meant, stole up to the composer and kissed his hand; and Mozart stroked his head, as perhaps Cervantes would now like to stroke the head of Joseph Mora.

Cardinal Mercier's Address

(The venerable Primate of Belgium appeared in the Cathedral of Brussels on the eighty-fifth anniversary of the ascension to the throne of the first King of the Belgians and the eighty-sixth of the declaration of Belgian independence, and delivered this patriotic address in defiance of von Bissing, the German Governor-General of the conquered country.)

We are assembled here today to celebrate the eighty-sixth anniversary of our national independence.

In fifteen years, from now on this day, our cathedrals restored and our churches rebuilt, will be wide open; the crowd will pour in; our King Albert, erect on his throne, will bow, but with a free gesture, before the majesty of the King of kings, his forehead indomitable; the queen and the young princes will surround him, we will hear the glad chimes of our bells, and throughout the entire country, under the arches of our temples, the Belgians, hand in hand, will renew their vows to their God, to their sovereigns, to their liberties, while the bishops and the priests, the interpreters of the soul of the nation, will intone with one common outburst of joyous gratitude a triumphant *Te Deum*.

Today the hymn of joy dies on our lips. The Jewish people captive in Babylon, seated, in tears, on the banks of the Euphrates, looked on the river flowing by. Their silent harps hung on the willows overhanging the banks. Who would have had the courage to sing the canticle of Jehovah on a foreign soil?

"Patrial land of Jerusalem," says the Psalmist, "if I should ever forget thee may my right hand wither away and my tongue cleave to my mouth if I cease thinking of you, if you are no longer the foremost of my joys!" The Psalmist finishes with imprecatory words. We are forbidden to reproduce them; we are no longer of the Old Testament, which tolerated the law of retaliation: "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." Our lips, purified by the fire of Christian charity, do not utter words of hate. To hate is to wish evil unto others and to delight in it. No matter how great our sorrows may be, we do not hate those who inflict them upon us. With us national harmony is allied to universal fraternity. But above the sentiment of universal fraternity we place the respect for absolute right, without which there is no commerce possible, either between individuals or between nations. And this is why, with St. Thomas Aquinas, the foremost authority on Christian theology, we proclaim that public reprobation is a virtue.

Crime, violation of justice, attack on public peace, whether it emanates from an individual or from a number of people, should be suppressed. Sentiment rises, becomes uneasy to positive torture, as long as the guilty one is not, according to the sane and strong expression of spontaneous language, 'put in his place.' To put men and things in their place is to re-establish order, restore equilibrium, restore peace on the basis of justice. Public vengeance thus understood frightens the sensibility of a soul. Nevertheless it is, says St. Thomas, the expression, the law of the purest charity, and of zeal which is the flame thereof. It does not make of suffering a target, but an avenging weapon of denied right.

How is it possible to love order without hating disorder; wish intelligently for peace without despising that which interferes with it; love a brother, that is to say to wish him well, without wishing that willingly or by force his will be bent before the indefeasible rigor of justice and truth? It is from these heights that one must consider the war to understand its grandeur.

Again, you may meet with effeminate temperaments for whom the war is only an explosion of mines, the bursting of shells, slaughtering of men, shedding of blood, heaping up of dead bodies; you will find near-sighted politicians who see no other result of a battle but the interest of a day, the taking or the retaking of a territory, or of a province. But if the war of deliverance has so much of austere beauty, it is because it is the disinterested outburst of an entire people who give, or who are willing to give, that which they hold the most dear, their life, for the defense or the reclaiming of something which cannot be weighed nor figured, which cannot be taken: Right, honor, peace, liberty!

Have you not felt for the last two years that the war, the ardent and sustained expectation under which you live, purifies you, frees you from that which is lower, makes you enter into yourself, and raises you toward that which is better in you?

It is toward the ideal of justice and honor that you rise, its attraction lifts you up. And because this ideal, if it is not a vain abstraction which evapores with the fictions of a dream, should have its seat in a living and subsistent subject, I do not tire of affirming that truth which holds under a yoke: God reveals Himself the Master, Conductor of events and of our wills. Holy Master of the universal conscience.

Ah! if we could clasp in our arms our heroes who, over there, are fighting for us, or await trembling in the trenches their turn to go to the front; if we could listen to the beating of their hearts, would they not answer: 'I am doing my duty; I am sacrificing myself to Justice?'

And you, wives and mothers, tell us in your turn the beauty of these tragic years. Wives whose every thought, sorrowful but resigned, is toward the absent one, carrying to him your aspirations, your long expectation, your prayer. Mothers, the divided existence of whom consumes itself in the anguish of each moment, you have given your husbands and your sons, and you will not take them back. Every instant we stand breathless in admiration before you.

The head of one of our noblest families writes me: "Our son, of the Seventh Infantry, has fallen; my wife and I are heartbroken; however, if it were necessary we would give him again."

A vicar of the capital has just been condemned to twelve years and labor. They allow him me to go to his cell, to embrace him, and to bless him. "I," he said, "have three brothers at the front; I believe I am here principally for having helped the younger—he is only 17 years of age—to rejoin his older brothers; one of my sisters is in a neighboring cell. But I thank God for it. My mother is not alone; she sent us word to this effect; she does not weep."

Do our mothers not make us think of the mother of the Maccabees?

What lessons of moral greatness, here and even on the road to exile, and in the prisons, and in the camps of internment in Holland and in Germany! Do we think often enough of what these brave fellows must suffer, who, since the beginning of the war, the day after the defense of Liège and of Namur, or of the re-

treat from Antwerp, have seen their military career broken and regret their inability.

There is courage in the outburst; there is not less in restraint. There is even more virtue, sometimes, in suffering than in acting. And these two years of calm submission of the Belgian people to the inevitable testify to this profound tenacity which made a humble woman say, when the possibility of an early peace was being discussed before her: "Oh! for us there is no hurry, we will keep on waiting!" How beautiful all this is, and full of lessons for the coming generations!

This is what we must see, my brothers—the magnanimity of a nation in sacrifice, our universal and persevering confraternity in affliction, in sorrow, and in the same invincible hope. This is what we must look at to estimate at its worth the Belgian nation.

Now, the first artisans of this moral grandeur are our soldiers. While waiting until they come back—and grateful Belgium welcomes the living and crowns with glory the memory of the dead—let us raise to them in our souls a permanent monument of religious gratitude. Let us pray for those who are no longer. Let us not exclude any one from our commiseration; Christ's blood flowed for us all. There are some, probably, who are expiating in purgatory the last traces of their human weakness. It belongs to you to hasten their entry into Heaven. Help the distress of the poor. Give of your superfluity to those who have not the necessities. Attend the Mass that is said every week in your parish for the deceased soldiers. Take your children with you and advise them to receive Holy Communion, and you also receive Communion with them.

Pray also for those who are in the firing line on the battlefield. At the moment in which I am speaking to you there are some in their last agony. The perspective of eternity spreads out before them. Let us think of them; let us mortify ourselves for them; let us resign ourselves for them and obtain for them a good death.

"Our soldiers are our masters," a member of the French Academy wrote recently, "they are our chiefs, our professors, our judges, our supports, our real friends; let us be worthy of them, imitate them, and resolve not to do less than our duty; they are invariably disposed to do more than theirs."

(Continued on Page 16.)

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The Spectator

Mayor Rolph Waxes Historical

Mayor Rolph dedicated the new branch library in Noe Valley last Sunday. He is quoted as saying:

"The people of this district are doing something today that will not, perhaps, be recorded in the events of our city, but which is a decidedly progressive step. Unlike the destruction of the famous library of Alexandria, in Egypt, by Omar, you are doing something which is of more historical value."

Reading this in Monday's paper I could not help thinking of the time Alice Meynell sat next to John Drew at a dinner party in this city. The connection is not self-evident, so I hasten to explain. The celebrated American actor talked to the celebrated English writer in his justly celebrated choppy manner. After dinner when Mrs. Meynell was asked what she thought of Drew, she answered: "He's quite local and elliptical, isn't he?" Well, I have always known that "Mission Jim" was local; but I learned from the little excerpt from his speech in Noe Valley that he is elliptical as well. Let me put down that second sentence again:

"Unlike the destruction of the famous library of Alexandria, in Egypt, by Omar, you are doing something which is of more historical value."

If the late unlamented Goold Brown were alive I should defy him to make sense of that. The Mayor had an idea in his head, but he didn't get it all out. What the Mayor said was nonsense. What he meant, I suppose, was that the people of Noe Valley, in building a branch library, were doing something of more historical value than the deed of Omar who destroyed the famous library of Alexandria. It's a pretty feeble thought at best. It looks to me as though the Mayor attempted to express it merely for the purpose of showing his erudition.

He's Behind the Times

Even so, the allusion was unfortunate. When a man speaks at the dedication of a library he should be very careful about his historical references. For there are bound to be librarians present on such an occasion, and librarians are great sticklers for accuracy. On this occasion Dr. Taylor was present. He may have laughed in his sleeve, not merely at the defective grammar but also at the faulty history embodied in that sentence uttered by his successor in office. Dr. Taylor knows that Omar did not destroy the famous library of Alexandria "in Egypt," as Mayor Rolph said with geographical particularity. I can imagine "Fuzzy Wuzzy" taking "Mission Jim" aside and telling him all about that matter. Dr. Taylor would explain

that the Ptolemies collected 700,000 volumes in the Alexandrian library; but that only a small part of this collection remained in A. D. 640 when Alexandria was captured by the Saracens. He would go on to say that the story of Omar's vandalism rests upon the authority of Abulpharagius who wrote six centuries after the event. He would doubtless quote the story from old Abulpharagius as follows:

John the Grammarian, a famous Peripatetic philosopher, being in Alexandria at the time of its capture, and in high favor with Amrou, begged that he would give him the royal library. Amrou told him that it was not in his power to grant such a request, but promised to write to the caliph for his consent. Omar, on hearing the request of his general, is said to have replied that if those books contained the same doctrine with the Koran, they could be of no use, since the Koran contained all necessary truths; but if they contained anything contrary to that book, they ought to be destroyed; and therefore, whatever their contents were, he ordered them to be burnt. Pursuant to this order, they were distributed among the public baths, of which there was a large number in the city, where, for six months, they served to supply the fires.

After quoting this story, and noting with amusement the satisfaction it gave to Mayor Rolph, Dr. Taylor would then proceed to quote from Gibbons' *Decline and Fall*, as follows:

Since the Dynasties of Abulpharagius have been given to the world in a Latin version, the tale has been repeatedly transcribed; and every scholar, with pious indignation, has deplored the irreparable shipwreck of learning, the arts, and the genius of antiquity."

Dr. Taylor would again be amused by the "I-told-you-so" expression on Mayor Rolph's face; but he would proceed, inexorably, to quote the remainder of the passage in which Gibbon utterly demolishes the whole story. And he would then tell Mayor Rolph that since Gibbon's time nobody has taken the story seriously. Perhaps he would conclude his discourse by shaking a playful finger at "Mission Jim" and quoting: "A little learning is a dangerous thing."

Short and Rowell Disagree

From the Fresno Republican I learn that Governor Johnson is not yet out of the woods. Now it is generally assumed that Governor Johnson enjoys the whole-hearted support of the paper that Chester Rowell edits, but this is not so. In the office of the Republican there is an anomalous state of affairs. Chester Rowell inherited the editorship of the paper from his uncle, a gentleman universally respected and therefore not at all like his nephew, but Chester has not complete control of the paper. Frank Short, the attorney, one of the leaders of the California bar, is a director of the company that owns The Republican, and he has the right to address its readers through its columns. When his views are not in accord with Rowell's he makes the fact known to Republican readers, and on questions of public interest he argues his side of the case in opposition to the editor's. Hence The Republican, much to Rowell's embarrassment, sometimes comes out with two editorial pages diametrically in opposition. Invariably Rowell's argument falls flat, for Short is a man with a logical mind, skilled in controversy, and the editor of The Republican has the misfortune to argue at times like a bad sophist. Now, as I was saying, it appears from The Republican that Governor Johnson

is not yet out of the woods. In The Republican of September 10 I find Frank Short arguing that Republicans are under no obligation to support Johnson for Senator; that they may be true to their party and support Mr. Patton of Los Angeles who was the choice of the Democracy at the primary. This reads like heresy.

Short's Views

Mr. Short's argument is not only quite plausible: it is powerful. Even admitting, he says, that Mr. Booth who was a candidate at the primary and Mr. Crocker of the National Committee have agreed to support Johnson it does not follow that all Republicans ought to do likewise. Nor has the case been made any better for Johnson by his promise to support Hughes. "Those of us," says Short, "who believe in the Republican party and those who believe in the Democratic party, are not going to vote for candidates or nominees of our respective parties because they adhere to an individual or a nominee, but because they either adhere to or dissent from a political party." He holds that the idea that a president is elected as the director or dictator of a party is un-American. The President is merely the most important member of a party. In this connection Short says:

"We have a very recent and striking example of the results that follow the surrender of the functions of a political party to one individual holding the office of president. This experience lasted for about seven years and a half, and very shortly thereafter our visible political assets consisted of two ex-presidents and one ex-party. Even now we are struggling with the question as to whether we can recover sufficiently from the collapse and division arising out of one-man control of the Republican party to win an election, when obviously all the political and public considerations justify the return of the Republican party to power."

The Governor's Past

Continuing, Short points out that Governor Johnson's past does not justify the assumption that he would be true to Republican principles. He says: "Truth compels us to recognize that Governor Johnson holds as of less importance and regards with less seriousness the obligations of an official elected through the nomination of a political party and by a vote of its membership, than the average official or representative. In the very recent political history of the state, he was nominated at the Republican primaries as the Republican candidate for governor, and by votes of myself and other Republicans, he was elected to the office of Governor of this state. And while holding this office he not only went out of the Republican party, but he participated in an important way in the organization of an opposing party, and with all of his exceptional ability and energy, while still holding the office of Governor, he endeavored to destroy the Republican party."

Further: "We think the present situation, from a party point of view, is no less unfortunate than the past; that is to say, Governor Johnson, while the nominee of the Republican party, through its primaries, for United States Senator, assumes the position that he is a Progressive and not a Republican, and that he is the nominee of the Progressive party, primarily running as a Progressive and not as a

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Republican, and only incidentally soliciting the Republican nomination and the votes of Republicans.'

Heads I Win, Tails You Lose

Referring to the fact that Booth is now for Johnson, the distinguished Fresno attorney says his attitude as a good loser is commendable but that it should be remembered that we were informed in advance that if the Governor were defeated he would not support Booth. He continues: "It is the misfortune of our legal training, we suppose, that we have always thought it was a poor rule that would not work both ways, and that in politics, as in other controversies, if the loser was expected to support the winner, the rule was supposed to apply to both and not only one of the contesting parties. We are now, however, driven to the conclusion that for this rule has been substituted Mark Twain's method of matching coins, 'Heads I win, tails you lose.' It of course sounds ridiculous to say that if Governor Johnson was nominated Mr. Booth was morally obligated to support him, whereas, if Mr. Booth was nominated Governor Johnson was not only not morally obligated to support him but would not support him and would run against him and oppose him and the Republican party! A statement of this undeniable situation carries with it its own moral and conveys its own argument, and needs no further discussion. Of first importance is the question as to whether Governor Johnson is now a Republican, with the additional and connected question as to whether or not in the United States Senate he is going to be a Republican, or whether he is to be a Progressive and remain with that party—constituting practically its entire remains—or whether he is to be an independent." Short argues that as the nominee of the Progressive party Governor Johnson may oppose Republican principles and that before voting for him we should know precisely what he intends doing.

Rowell Comes Back

On the reverse side of the page on which Short's article was printed Rowell printed an editorial entitled "Why Short Bolts." "We confess," says Chester, "we do not follow the logic," and then he proceeds to argue that Short imposed an obligation on himself and that for him to violate it now is to be inconsistent. Also he makes the point that Governor Johnson is free from obligation though Booth is not because Booth promised to support the Republican nominee. He holds that all Republicans are bound to support Johnson though, as he says, Johnson is not bound to be a Republican, having agreed only to support Hughes, not the party. In reply Short points out the moral obliquity of the Rowell argument. He says: "When the matcher of coins

on the flat-boat described by Mark Twain made the suggestion to his rube victim that he would match with him, 'heads I win, tails you lose,' the rube knew what the proposition was and played into the game with never a chance to win a coin. But would this obvious and agreed situation relieve the proponent of the proposition from being a humorous, although obvious, rogue? The agreement of the victim to the conditions of the game made it no more honorable in its ultimate result than would have been the case if the coin had been taken out of his pocket by the other fellow while the rube was not looking. Further," says Short, "political independence within the limitations of reason and honor and under certain conditions is a highly commendable virtue. But such independence is a virtue and not a commodity. And an independent in politics, running for office, cannot rightly capitalize his independence. Under no circumstances can he rightfully become a contestant in a political race and insist that although he is not bound himself to support his adversary, that nevertheless because he is an 'independent' and his adversary is a 'regular,' his adversary is morally and by the rules of political integrity bound to support him, but that he is not bound to support his adversary."

The Rowell editorial, according to Short, is distinguished for its "total misconception of moral standards."

They Don't Like Tagore

Sir Rabindranath Tagore will be welcomed, feted, lionized and rapturously adored by San Francisco esthetes, but it looks as though his countrymen here won't waste any enthusiasm on him if the views of those countrymen are voiced by the local Hindu paper. I draw this conclusion from press matter sent out in advance of Rabindra's arrival in America by Ram Chandra, the editor of the Hindustan Gadar which is published out on Valencia street. The Hindustan Gadar is an anti-British organ. I believe that it has been placed on the censor's black list and denied circulation in British territory on the ground that its editor is trying to incite rebellion against the crown. Ram Chandra some weeks ago sent out a circular intended to throw cold water on the enthusiasm evoked by the announcement of Rabindra's coming. This circular charges that Tagore deserted his principles when he was offered knighthood. "Until he received his title," says Ram Chandra, "Sir Rabindranath was under the ban of the British Government for his political teachings. The cloud of official suspicion hung over him, and confidential orders were sent to all Hindus in government service not to send their children to Tagore's school in Bolpur. When the title was offered him many eminent Hindus of his principles believed he would refuse the lure, but Tagore set aside his nationalistic prin-

ciples and beliefs and accepted the gift of the King. Since then he has been definitely on the other side of the fence." Ram Chandra also states that Rabindra is accompanied on his tour by two British missionaries "who have already been on a number of political missions for the British government." And he infers this: "The present trip to the United States is for other purposes than merely to deliver esthetic lectures." One of these purposes, he says, "is to place a check upon the Hindu revolutionary propaganda which is being actively carried on from the Pacific Coast, particularly by the Hindus in California, of whom there are more than six thousand." All this may or may not be true. But if the Hindus in San Francisco are revolutionists, as Ram Chandra implies, they will scarcely extend a welcome to the Bengal lion.

Who Did It?

"San Francisco's fight for a permanent Palace of Fine Arts, led by the San Francisco Examiner, has been finally, definitely and irrevocably won." —The Examiner.

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feature of the Exposition, has been won."—The Call.

These conflicting claims raise the question that heads this paragraph of mine. Who did it? Which monarch of the dailies deserves the credit? "Under which king, Bezonian?" For myself, I am neutral. I don't know who killed Cock Robin, haven't an idea who struck Billy Paterson, refuse to commit myself as to the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask, and certainly shall not attempt to solve the larger problem now under consideration. It may have been The Examiner; it may have been The Call; it may have been both; it may have been—whisper this—it may have been neither. I suggest that the solution be left for the mysterious stranger who once upon a time promised half a million for the preservation of this same Palace of Fine Arts. Or was it half a billion? After making his grand promise he vanished, and has not been heard from since. No effort was ever made to track him to his lair. Perhaps he will come forward now, and tell us whether The Examiner or The Call is the hero of the preservation. And if he doesn't come forward, what's the difference?

Blackmail and the Mann Act

Ever since the Mann White Slave measure became a federal statute it has been a bludgeon in the hands of blackmailers. Many of the actions filed in San Francisco under the statute have been blackmailing attempts attended with considerable success. But of course the statute has been used for blackmailing purposes on innumerable occasions of which the public knows nothing. Blackmail is being levied all the time; we hear of it only when the victim resists. The Philadelphia gang of blackmailers whose numerous activities are now engaging the attention of the Department of Justice used the Mann Act as their weapon of intimidation. They used it effectually too. When the statute was before Congress some of the wiser legislators saw the sinister possibilities inherent in it and spoke and voted against it. For their pains they were regarded with suspicion by so-called "forward-looking" reformers. Their stand has been justified by the event. Hasn't the time come to repeal the Mann Act? Isn't James R. Mann of Illinois, the Republican floor leader in the House of Representatives, big enough to admit that he made a dreadful mistake and to ask for the correction of that mistake? Or

does he prefer to pose as the friend of virtue while actually aiding and abetting one of the most vicious kinds of evil?

"Jim" Emery in Town

James A. Emery has become a big figure in our national industrial life since he left San Francisco some years ago, but when he comes back to the old town—at too infrequent intervals—his old pals do not think of calling him anything but "Jim." "Jim" is in town now, and is being entertained extensively by friends who knew him when he was a boy and have never allowed the breadth of the continent to affect the intimacy begun at school. "Jim" Emery is that kind of man, and so are his friends. Emery makes his headquarters at Washington, D. C., for his work demands a first-hand acquaintance with the activities of Congress. He has been described as "an unusual compound of expert in law and in business." He is at the head of the National Manufacturers Association, and is general counsel for the National Council of Industrial Defense. Recently he contributed to the magazine supplement of the New York Times an article entitled "Why American Business Is Constantly Pounded." It was written before the four Brotherhoods made their epochal descent upon Washington, but appeared when the threatened railway strike was the paramount issue before the country. Its unforeseen timeliness added to its interest, and it has been commented on in the most favorable manner all over the United States. Emery has been telling his friends many remarkable facts concerning the railroad situation which did not get into the newspapers. He was not only on the ground, but was in the very midst of the controversy; and his powers of observation and analysis combined with his keen yet kindly insight into human nature make his account of all that went on both before and behind the scenes an absorbing narrative. Emery is impressed more than ever, this visit, with the resiliency of San Francisco, with its capacity to rise above troubles that would prostrate most communities. This capacity he sees exemplified in the present Law and Order movement led by Fred Koster of the Chamber of Commerce. He regards it as the most important step forward taken by this city in years, and he looks for its complete success. I have no doubt that Koster and his associates have availed themselves of Emery's presence here, and have dipped into his stores of ex-

perience for their own guidance. Whatever advice he may give them for the prosecution of their good work will be perfectly safe, for "Jim" Emery yields to none in his love for San Francisco and in his confidence in its future.

Our Great Temperance Society

"Let us do something for the League of the Cross Cadets." This was the suggestion made at the Olympic Club the other day in the midst of a little group of Olympians who were discussing prohibition in general and that prohibition amendment in particular that purports to be aimed at saloons, but by which it is proposed to treat all clubs as though they were saloons and deadfalls. Clubmen throughout the State have been stirred to indignation by this covert scheme of the prohibitionists to invade the privacy of what to many of them is their only home, and so it is a subject of much im-

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passioned discussion. As a consequence there is now enthusiasm for the League of the Cross Cadets where there was none before, for the League of the Cross is something more than a crack military movement; indeed it is above all things a temperance society. Now the suggestion made at the Olympic Club was quickly acted upon. The Olympians started a movement to do something for the League of the Cross because it is a temperance society and because it is under the direction of one of themselves—the Rev. Father Richard Collins, who is a member of the club and the best handball player on the Coast.

A Rebuke to Fanatics

This temperance-military society was organized in this city a quarter of a century ago, at a time when there was agitation by a band of fanatics for drastic dry legislation. The Archbishop of the diocese, knowing the folly of that sort of thing, advocated greater zeal for the promotion of temperance and it was he that suggested the organization of the League of the Cross Cadets. His idea was that in the long run greater good was to be done by the proper training of youth than by the coercion of men. Realizing the importance of the great principle of personal liberty, he felt that the cause of temperance was not to be advanced by intemperance in reform; and to make a temperance movement attractive to the young he urged the formation of a military company. Thus the League of the Cross, which is now a whole regiment, came into existence. It has flourished ever since, and there are now many prominent citizens of San Francisco who learned something of the military science when they were wearing the cadet uniform. They learned, too, a great many things that make for good citizenship, for the chaplain of the regiment devotes much of his time to the moral training of boys.

A Military Ball

As a military organization the League of the Cross is under considerable expense, and it has no endowment. It costs something to support the cadet regiment, and Father Collins is at times worried about the state of the treasury. But the movement that had its inception in the Olympic Club, and that has been gathering considerable force, bids fair to relieve him of anxiety. A big committee has been organized to raise funds and it has been decided to give a benefit ball at the Civic Auditorium on October 31st as a testimonial both to the League and to Father Collins. The ball will be preceded by a programme of special features, including a parade and evolutions by the city's best drill teams and a massed concert by twenty or more amateur brass bands directed by Paul Steindorff. These are the men who have the project in charge: President, William A. McCarthy; vice-presidents, James C. Nealon, Harry I. Mulcrevy and Andrew F. Mahoney; treasurer, James S. Fennell; secretary, John H. Sheehan; committee chairmen—honorary, Rt. Rev. Edward J. Hanna; executive, Dr. A. H. Giennini; finance, Andrew F. Mahoney; hall and music, William J. Hynes; auditing, William F. Humphrey; reception, Thornwell Mullally; press and publicity, Dr. Charles D. McGettigan; advertising and printing, Andrew J. Gallagher; floor, Harry I. Mulcrevy; entertainment, Sid Grauman; concessions, M. E. Altmayer; tickets, D. A. White; decorations,

John McLaren; service, Charles Loesch; ushers, Colonel John L. Flynn. Archbishop Hanna will be the principal speaker at a meeting which has been called for next Monday evening in the assembly hall of the Phelan building, commencing at 8 o'clock, when a ladies' auxiliary will probably have been organized.

Dickman's Toast on the Stage

When Harry Leon Wilson was writing his delicious "Ruggles of Red Gap" he borrowed

It is a story of one of the moving picture companies near Los Angeles. Despite the fact that the spinner of the yarn refers to the Pacific Slope as "the well known Coast," Witwer shows an imperfect acquaintance with our geography. Speaking of a joyride after working hours he writes: "That night we went over to Frisco and saw the town." And there is also an "afternoon ride" to Oakland. The writer speaks of these spins just as he speaks of a jaunt to Long Beach. He seems to think



NORA BAYES

America's foremost singing comedienne who will begin her return engagement next Sunday matinee at the Orpheum

Charlie Dickman's favorite toast, "Three rousing cheers." This toast Wilson put into the mouth of Cousin Egbert, with most satisfactory results. The great popularity of "Ruggles" made the Dickman drinking slogan popular all over the country. Now it has reached the stage. A. E. Thomas borrowed it when he was writing "Come Out of the Kitchen." He makes the dowager in the comedy use it with considerable effect. So our great painter may be said to have exerted his influence upon a best-seller of fiction and a great popular success of the stage. It goes without saying that Harry Leon Wilson and Charlie Dickman are warm friends.

Some Strange Geography

H. C. Witwer wrote a story called "Lay Off, Macduff" for last week's Saturday Evening Post.

that Long Beach, San Francisco and Oakland are all at about the same distance from Los Angeles.



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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Dancing Outlook

Notwithstanding our deplorable lack of a Greenway to direct the season's sociability and the suspension of the Mrs. Bowie Detrick assemblies, the dancing outlook is not so awfully bad. There is to be a series of dances at the St. Francis, and another series at the Palace. The former series will consist of several subscription affairs given by those indefatigable matrons Mrs. Gus and Mrs. Will Taylor, Mrs. Fred McNear and Mrs. Walter Martin. These will be attended principally by what we call our "peninsular set." The Palace series will be given by the Wednesday Evening Dancing Club which is sponsored by Mrs. Jim and Mrs. Tom Bishop, Mrs. Aleck Keyes, Mrs. George Somers, Mrs. Langley Porter and others of the same urban set. Both series will be very smart and desirable. Then there are to be the dances given by The Neighbors, as some of the matrons at the Presidio end of Jackson and Pacific avenue call themselves. These dances are smart too, but more "comfy-cosy," so to speak, than the big hotel affairs. There will be other dances, of course. It looks as though our feet will get all the exercise they need.

Society Artistes

We keep on developing society artistes. Staid matrons like Mrs. Frank Carolan, Mrs. Fred Kohl, etc., are not alone in their power to please an audience. The young girls, married and single, are showing talents of no mean order. For instance, handsome Mrs. Christian de Guigne danced an Arabian dance at a fete in Santa Barbara recently. I am told that she danced it exceedingly well, too. And Fredericka Otis has been displaying talent. She took part in a benefit for the Catholic church at Monterey, singing a Spanish serenade with Miss Maria Antonia Field, one of the belles of the Mission town. From what I hear, Fredericka has no reason to fear professional criticism. These things are encouraging. They indicate that our girls are not neglecting their higher abilities while cultivating society. I must also mention here that Elva de Pue will spend the season, not in a round of gayety, but in the sober pursuit of a literary style at one of the Eastern seats of learning. She desires to be a writer, and I for one believe that she is going to be one—a good one, I mean.

As to Willie and Birdie

We heard the other day that Willie Vanderbilt and his wife Birdie were about to stage a reconciliation. I hope it is true. I take stock in it principally because the rumor says that the children brought them together. Children are sometimes the only hope of separated parents; love of the children effects what nothing else can do. Both W. K. Jr. and his

wife are devoted parents. It was to avoid the epidemic of infantile paralysis that Mrs. Vanderbilt spent so much time in California. All that time, we are told, Willie kept in communication with her, and was truly solicitous about the health of the kiddies. The Vanderbilts have never made any legal record of their differences; and it is the hope of all of Birdie's friends here that they may once more find happiness together. But while this rumor is in the air, there is another that Willie's cousin Reggie is thinking of divorce. Reggie, like his cousin Willie, married a Catholic, Cathleen Neilson, in 1903. Mrs. Reggie is said to be averse to divorce on religious grounds; but the rumor adds that her husband has no such scruple. The quidnuncs say that Reggie has been pretty gay. Already they have picked out his second wife for him.

Finding Fault with Tommy

You can't please everybody. Pardon me for the platitude. It is wrung from me by the treatment which is being accorded to Eleonora Sears, known to her intimates as "Tommy." It seems that Eleo is a changed girl. All the "pep" and "zing" and "ginger" has gone out of her. She's staid, sedate, dignified, quiet. Her clothes lack their former noisiness. Her actions are prim and restrained. No more rough house for Eleo. And the Eastern bavardes are complaining about this transformation. They don't like it. They long for the exuberant Eleo of the recent past. They are making uncomplimentary comparisons between Eleo of today and Eleo of yesterday. "She seems to have lost all the old sparkle," says one of the bavardes. At Newport she takes the mildest interest in tennis, "and does not even sneak behind the pavilion to indulge a sly cigarette." And the bavarde concludes: "It is indeed depressing."

The Former Criticism

Now this criticism is extremely irritating to me. And for the simple reason that when Eleo used to be a tomboy the bavardes were in the habit of scolding her for her antics. She didn't please them a bit. They made fun of her strenuousness. They thought she ought to be demure, like other girls of less spirit. They wondered when she intended to turn over a new leaf. Well, she has—and note the result. They want the old Eleo back again! This is illogical. It seems that whatever Eleo does she cannot please these carping bavardes. I am reminded of the old fable for which we are indebted to Aesop, the fable of the miller, his son and their donkey. The miller and his son were laughed at when they drove the donkey instead of riding him. The son was reproved when he rode while his father walked. The miller was reproved when he rode while his son walked. They were accused of cruelty when they both rode. Finally they tried to please people by carrying the donkey, but unfortunately he fell off the bridge and was drowned. Then the miller saw that by trying to please everybody he had pleased nobody and lost his beast into the bargain. I hope Eleo will think of this homely fable and not bother about the unreasonable bavardes. But what about the change in Eleo? What caused it? I make the guess that she is in love.

Path of Gold Ball

Exposition nights will be vividly recalled to the minds of the San Francisco thousands Thursday, October 5, when the Civic Center is made the scene of the feature attractions of the second night of the big illumination festival. There are to be fireworks, and an official housewarming for the new million-dollar City Hall, an out-door carnival for the merry-makers and the spectacular masquerade "Path of Gold Ball," the biggest thing of the kind ever attempted in this city. The display of fireworks, with the showers of rockets and the salvos of giant shells, will rival the best ever attempted along the Marina. Practically every feature ever placed in the pyrotechnic programme at the Jewel City is to be presented, with the exception of the scintillator drill, and even that is to be staged later in the evening when the ball opens. On this occasion the scintillators are to be used indoors and the ceiling and walls of the Auditorium are to answer instead of a San Francisco fog as a curtain on which the multi-colored lights are to register. Thornwell Mullally, our premier impresario, already has announced two big features which will turn the mind toward the days of 1915. One termed the "Parade of the Light of Ages" is a spectacular pageant depicting the evolution of light. The second is the exhibition of the two hundred Exposition views, prepared during the year just past for W. D'Arcy Ryan. These views, all in natural colors, will be projected on a screen six times the size of the ordinary theatre curtain and according to the few who have seen them will make the lights of the Jewel City blaze forth again in all their glory and make the flowers bloom once more. Seats for the masque already have been put on sale, and the demand indicates a record-breaking crowd.

Tea Dance for Boys' Outing Farm

The secrecy surrounding the identity of the beautiful young girls who are to take part in the pageant to be given at the Palace Hotel on Saturday afternoon, October 7, for the benefit

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of a convalescent cottage for the Boys' Outing Farm near Saratoga is arousing so much interest among the members of the smart set that everyone is hastening to procure tables either in the rose room or the sun court. Already the tables in the rose room have been sold out and very few remain in the sun court. It will be necessary to call the ball room into use in order to accommodate those who have taken tickets. The pageant will be called "The Spirit of the Dance" and will portray the evolution of the terpsichorean art from the time of the Pharaohs down to the present time. A beautiful young girl in cloth of silver gown will portray the dance muse and will conjure from the crystal pictures of the future ages. There will be an Egyptian and a Grecian frieze, a Roman bacchanal dance, a Spanish ballet, a Pavane, a Minuet, a modern ball-room dance and a futurist conceit. Miss Ruth Griffith has planned and is directing the pageant. Gardenias and orchids will be sold to swell the fund. Miss Ethel Lilley, Miss Alice Keeler, Miss Flora Miller and Miss Ruth Taft being among those who will help in this way. Some of those who have taken tables and will entertain guests are Mesdames William H. Crocker, Joseph D. Grant, George W. McNear Jr., Henry J. Crocker, William B. Thomas, Herbert Fleishhacker, Charles Templeton Crocker, William G. Irwin, Cyrus Walker, Mountford S. Wilson, Adolfo Stahl, I. N. Walter, George T. Marye, George A. Pope, Alexander S. Lilley, Frederick Beaver.

Events at Hotel Oakland

Mrs. Dudley Dexter was hostess at tea at the Hotel Oakland Friday afternoon. The affair was informal and included chiefly the younger matrons and girls of the East Bay set. Mrs. Dexter is one of the charming young matrons of the Vernon Heights district and will be remembered as Miss Miriam Haines, a local belle. Miss Margaret Olcese has returned to her apartment. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Scotchler have returned to the hotel. Amongst the prominent arrivals recently are: Mrs. Chas. Steinway and Miss M. L. Steinway of New York, Mrs. Kate McPike and Miss McPike of Kansas City, Mo., Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Gillingham of Chicago,

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Nottage of Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Fisher of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Thomas of Baltimore, Mrs. F. L. Hoffman and Mrs. C. W. Bixby of Denver, Mrs. Herbert E. Miles and Philip E. Miles of Racine, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Crane of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Newport of Riverside, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. White of San Diego, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Wise Jr. of U. S. army, Dr. and Mrs. Walton Hubbard of Spokane, Lady de Bathe of London, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison C. Elling of San Diego and Mr. and Mrs. E. P. McClure of La Grange, Ill.

At the Cecil

Captain and Mrs. Richard O. Crisp were the guests of honor at an elaborate bridge party given by Mrs. Lewis Moore Wednesday evening. Only friends who reside at the hotel were invited to the charming affair. The party was in the nature of a farewell, for Captain and Mrs. Crisp leave Monday for Baltimore, where the former will be stationed. Among Mrs. Moore's guests were Colonel and Mrs. Raymond, Judge and Mrs. Fischer Ames, Dr. and Mrs. Borger, Mr. and Mrs. Defendorf, Dr. and Mrs. Kenyon, Mr. and Mrs. John Charles Doyle, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walker, Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Farnham, Mrs. William Franklin Morris, Mrs. Henry Seale, Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt, Mrs. Eugene Davis, Mrs. William Sargent, Mrs. R. B. Keith, Mrs. Clapp, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Zeigler, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. A. Burns, Mrs. White, Mr. Vail, Mrs. James Hough, Mrs. M. E. Eilers, Mrs. Foote, Dr. H. Damkroeger, Messrs. Nat Sims, Richard Barry, Sacazan, Haswell, George P. Moore. Mrs. Frederick Danforth and her daughter Miss E. B. Danforth will be guests for the winter. They are society folk from Gardiner, Maine. Mrs. Ellenwood Finnell Jr. of Sacramento is visiting her mother-in-law Mrs. Finnell. Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Smith have come down from Alaska and will spend the next six months at the Cecil. Colonel W. Forsyth of the United States army, Mrs. Forsyth and Miss Forsyth are guests. Mrs. S. B. Weldon gave a bridge tea Wednesday in the Pompeian room. The hostess was assisted in receiving her guests by her daughter Mrs. Howard Morrow of Palo Alto and her daughter-in-law

Mrs. Roy Weldon. Six tables were in play, and several friends came in later for tea. Mrs. John Charles Doyle was hostess at a luncheon and bridge on Wednesday.

Plans for the Winter Garden

Work on the Winter Garden, the big ice rink now under construction at Sutter, Post and Pierce streets, is progressing rapidly and the new resort, with its skating surface of 90 feet by 120, will be thrown open early next month. Manager Dunbar Poole will present a succession of attractive novelties, his experience of ten years at the Glaciarium in Sydney, Australia, and other famous rinks having made him thoroughly conversant with what will best please the public. Baptie and Lamb, America's foremost exhibition and spectacular skaters, from "Castles in the Air," have been engaged for the opening, with their corps of ballet girls. Norval Baptie is known as the "speed king," while Gladys Lamb is renowned as the "Pavlowa on Skates." John Tait who is heading the Winter Garden enterprise, is kept even busier than usual these days, booking lockers for society folk who intend to become regular patrons, and seeing the representatives of charitable organizations desirous of having benefit nights.

Notes of the Tavern

So charmed was Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt Jr. with the pretty conception of the orange tree with oranges growing upon it as displayed in the alcoves above the dining salon in the Techau Tavern that she is intent upon having the idea embodied in the library of the new club of the California Society on Eighty-first street in New York City. Judged by the enthusiasm on every hand it is going to be a skating season. Seemingly everybody in the peninsula set is taking waltzing lessons at the Ice Palace. Just now the Tavern is a spotlight of gaiety. After the mid-day luncheon comes the La Boheme perfume dance, and at five, after the matinee, the La Boheme perfume favors are distributed. The entertainment remains as bright as ever, with the aerial chorus on the flying swings a feature, and a host of pretty and clever artistes in single and ensemble numbers.

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The Stage

What's Doing at Pantages

"That's My Horse," a college skit in three scenes, is the drawing attraction that is making Pantages the Mecca of vaudeville pilgrimage this week. Max Bloom, as Abie who owns a horse, is the chief comedian, and with his ability as a Hebrew impersonator he is what we call "a knockout." The scenes show a large department store in lower New York where Abie's horse is the cause of all the laughter; and the grounds of a college. The word "college" when used in a play like this means rag-time, good tunes and dancing girls. This skit has them all. Leonard, Anderson and company are billed in "When Caesar C's Her." To sum this up it is a skit which shows what Caesar would do today. George Morton, "The Black Dot," is an old-timer as a black-face funster, and every minute is made pleasant by his joking and singing. Dan Maley and Mildred Woods in "Feet Flirtology" do a good deed by showing what high-class dancing and singing is. So also do Fletcher Norton and Maude Earl in song sketches with dance trimmings.

—The Second Nighter.

Julia Claussen in "Aida"

Many critics have declared that Julia Claussen is entitled to a place beside the other great singers whom Sweden has produced, notably Jenny Lind and Christine Nilsson. One of Madame Claussen's most effective operatic roles is Amneris in "Aida." She will appear in this part on September 30, on Ewing Field, in the Youths' Directory benefit performance. In Stockholm Madame Claussen has appeared as soloist at the Royal Palace by special command of King Gustav. At the Royal Opera in Stuttgart her singing led to a command performance at the Royal Palace of the King of Wurtemberg. In America the prima donna has appeared as a soloist with such organizations as the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, the Kansas City Orchestra, the Denver Symphony and the New York Symphony. In opera as well as in concert her unusual gifts have brought her recognition throughout the musical world.

The Paderewski Programmes

This Sunday afternoon at 2:30 Manager Greenbaum will start his season of 1916-17 with a concert by Paderewski. The programme is a stupendous one including the "Sonata Appassionata" by Beethoven, "Fantasia" Op. 17 in three parts by Schumann, a group of very old French gems by Couperin and Daquin, a group of six Chopin works and the too-rarely-heard "Fantasia" by Liszt on melodies from Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" with its enchanting fairy themes, exquisite "Nocturne" and inspiring "Wedding March." The tickets are on sale at Sherman Clay and the Cort. On Sunday the theatre box office will be open after ten a. m., and phone orders will receive courteous attention. The second and last Paderewski concert will be given Sunday afternoon, October first. The programme will consist of "Chronicle Fantasia and Fugue" by Bach, Sonata Op. 111 by Beethoven, Paderewski's own "Sonata" Op. 21, a group of four important Chopin works including the "Scherzo" in C sharp minor and a group of three Liszt masterpieces. Tickets will be on sale at the box offices throughout the week. In Oakland, Paderewski will play at the Audi-

torium Opera House next Saturday afternoon, September 30, at 2:30, repeating the magnificent programme of his opening concert here. Tickets for the Oakland event will be ready Tuesday at Sherman Clay, Fourteenth and Clay streets, Oakland, as well as at the San Francisco store.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore

Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the famous Bengali poet, playwright, musician and philosopher, will visit San Francisco during the week of October first and will make two public appearances sponsored by Paul Elder under the business management of Will L. Greenbaum. Since Tagore received the Nobel prize in literature in 1913, he has been widely read and his works have attracted world-wide attention. The most popular have been "Sadhana," a delightful series of short essays; "The Gardener," a volume of lyrics of life and love; "Gitanjali," a book of song offerings; and "The Post Office" which



SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

The Hindu poet and seer who lectures in the St. Francis Hotel ballroom Monday night, October 2, and in the Columbia Theatre Thursday afternoon, October 5

shows his wonderful understanding of the life of a child. Two successful plays by Tagore are "The King of the Dark Chamber" and "Chitra." His songs have inspired some of our best modern composers. Who will forget De Gogorza's singing of John Alden Carpenter's "On the Seashore of Endless Worlds" or Julia Culp's rendition of "The Sleep that Flits on Baby's Eyes" and "When I Bring You Colored Toys?" One of the most popular songs by American composers is "The Bird of the Wilderness" composed by Edward Horsman to words by Tagore. England is proud of this great Indian genius and has honored him with knighthood. The whole world of literature recognizes his genius, and the opportunity of hearing him lecture in San Francisco will be welcomed by thousands of his admirers. Sir Rabindranath Tagore will give his only lecture in this city on Monday night, October 2, in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis. On Thursday afternoon, October 5, at the Columbia he will give an afternoon of readings from his own works. Tickets may be secured at Sherman Clay or Paul Elder's.

The Mischa Elman Concerts

The first of the great violinists to play for us this season will be Mischa Elman who has

rightly been called "the Caruso of the violin." By many of his colleagues as well as by leading critics Elman is hailed as the greatest genius of the violin living. Elman is twenty-four years of age. During the past two years he has developed wonderfully, and it will be a greater Elman who will play for us at Scottish Rite Auditorium on the Sunday afternoons of October 8 and 15. The stage will not be used on these occasions. Manager Greenbaum is having a special platform built right out in the Auditorium, and the acoustics will be correct. At his first concert Elman will play an old classic "Concerto" by Vivaldi, the more modern "Concerto" by Ernst, a series of "Variations on a Mozart Theme" by Scolero (first time here), Sarasate's "Gypsy Dances," Fritz Kreisler's arrangement of a Wieniawski "Caprice" and several of his own violin arrangements. A complete change of programme is promised for his farewell appearance. Mail orders are now being received. Address Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman Clay. In Oakland Elman will play under the auspices of the Music Section of the Oakland Teachers' Association on Friday night, October 13, in the Auditorium Opera House.

Final Week of "The Clansman"

The final week of the special return engagement of "The Birth of a Nation" at the Cort begins with the performance of Sunday night, September 24. With the conclusion of the engagement this visualized "Clansman" will have been shown in San Francisco for thirty-five weeks, the longest engagement in the history of the city's theatricals by many weeks. "The Clansman" remains the single achievement of filmdom whose popularity would seem to be undying. Griffith's master creation may be truly termed a class of the screen.

The First Great Symphony

So wonderful an impression as an interpreter of Brahms was made by Alfred Hertz last season that it is but natural that the brilliant conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra should elect to usher in the new season with a Brahms composition. So the first number of the first programme, scheduled for Friday afternoon, October 27, at the Cort, will most appropriately be Brahms' First Symphony, which Hertz himself considers one of the most remarkable works in symphonic literature. The second number will be a symphonic poem by Chausson, called "Viviane," a most tender lyric piece, in admirable contrast to the powerful strains of Brahms. The concert will be brilliantly concluded by the overture to Smetana's "The Bartered Bride," for which Hertz invariably received an ovation at the various presentations of the opera under his direction at the Metropolitan. In planning his programmes Hertz has endeavored to cover every school of music and to give of the best and most representative of each school. Most of his selections for the season have never been given before by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and many have never been heard in San Francisco. Gluck's classic overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis," which Wagner said represented Gluck at his noblest, will be the first number of the second Friday symphony concert, on November 10. Debussy's "Iberia," one of a series of pictures of Spanish life in the most daring of hyper-modern colors, will follow. So difficult is "Iberia" that it is rarely given and only by

orchestras of the first class. It has achieved great success in Paris where it is frequently played. Tschaikowsky's Symphony in B minor, "Pathetique," one of the greatest of favorites with symphony lovers, will round out the second programme. The third Friday symphony concert, on November 24, will begin with that established classic, the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven, which Wagner termed the "apotheosis of dance." "Les Eolides," a beautiful symphonic poem by Cesar Franck, which follows, will prove a novelty in the true sense of the term. "Death and Transfiguration," universally considered Richard Strauss' masterpiece, will close this concert. Further programmes will soon be given out by Director Hertz. The Friday afternoon symphony concerts will be given on October 27, November 10, 24; December 8, 22; January 5, 19; February 2, 16; March 2, 16, 30. The programmes for the Sunday concerts immediately following symphonies, and for the popular concerts to be given on the alternate Sundays, will be shortly announced. Secretary-Manager A. W. Widenham announces that the list of guarantors who make it possible for the Musical Association of San Francisco to maintain the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be made public at an early date. He further states that the sale of guarantors' season tickets for the twelve Friday symphony concerts will open at the offices of the Association in the Phelan building on September 25 and continue until October 6. The season ticket sale for subscribers will be on from October 9 to October 20. On October 23 seats

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in

Auditorium Opera House

Tickets: Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Oakland and San Francisco



MISCHA ELMAN

"The Caruso of the Violin"

Sunday Afternoons, October 8 and 15

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

Prices: Orchestra, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00. Entire Balcony, \$1.50. MAIL ORDERS NOW to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

PAUL ELDER AND WILL L. GREENBAUM Present

SIR RABINDRANATH

TAGORE

The Bengali Poet-Philosopher and Seer
Colonial Ball Room, St. Francis

Monday Evening, October 2

LECTURE:

"The Place of Literature in Human Progress"

COLUMBIA THEATRE

Thursday Afternoon, October 5, at 3

READING:

"Selections from His Own Works"

Tickets: Orchestra \$2.00, \$1.50, Balcony, \$1.50, \$1.00. Box offices now open at Paul Elder's and Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

for single concerts will be placed on sale at Sherman Clay. Season tickets for the twelve Friday symphony concerts will cost \$20 for seats in the orchestra and the first three rows of the balcony, single seats costing \$2. Season tickets for the next five rows in the balcony will be \$15, with \$1.50 for single seats. Seats in the last eight rows of the balcony will be offered at \$10 for the season and \$1 for single concerts. The first seven rows of the gallery will be \$10 for season tickets and \$1 for single concerts; and the remaining eight rows will be \$8 for season tickets and 75 cents for single concerts. The prices for boxes and loges follow: lower boxes, containing eight seats, \$240; lower boxes, containing six seats, \$180; upper boxes



PADEREWSKI

Who plays at Cort Theatre this
Sunday afternoon and Sunday
afternoon, October 15

containing eight seats, \$170; upper boxes, containing six seats, \$150; loges at balcony circle, containing five seats, \$150.

Labor Sketch at Pantages

A tense little drama which is expected to create comment in labor circles is "The Striker" which is featured on the new show at Pantages Sunday. The climax is a startling interpretation of the eight-hour concession. "A Night in the Park," a tuneful twenty-minute comedy with catchy musical intervals, is another feature of the new show. Edna Aug, one of the favorite comedienne in vaudeville, will show her wonderful types from life including her ever popular "slavey" girls. Harry Coleman, a ventriloquist, has a "dummy" that not only "talks" but actually walks, smokes and drinks. Kimberley and Arnold will present a new idea in song numbers and dancing steps. The Melody Six, a sextet of pretty girls playing stringed instruments, will be another pleasing number. Karl Emmy and his pets, consisting of thirty trained terriers, and the third installment of "The Crimson Stain" will also be shown.

"Jerry" at the Alcazar

"Jerry," a delightful American comedy with a heroine who is wilful and wayward but possesses great personal charm and instinctive sound sense, is to be the next of the excellent offerings which Belasco and Mayer have obtained for their patrons during the present highly successful Alcazar stock season. Jerry is called "a girl an hour ahead of time." Miss Lang will play the name role supported by her co-star John Halliday and the Alcazar players. Miss Lang has played "Jerry" before and scored tremendously in it. During a recent presentation in the East she was personally complimented by the original star Billie Burke. The

ONE PERFORMANCE ONLY

For the Benefit of the Youths' Directory and San Juan Bautista Mission

"AIDA"

EWING FIELD

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 30

ALL STAR CAST

EMMY DESTINN, JULIA CLAUSSSEN, CLARENCE WHITEHILL, LEONE ZINOVIEFF, HENRY WELDON, ITALO PICCHI

JOSIAH ZURO, Conductor

ARTURO SPELTA, Stage Director

Chorus of 500 - Orchestra of 200 - Ballet of 100

Pageant of 1000

Popular Prices, \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3. Tickets for Sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.; Kohler & Chase; and Room 315 St. Francis Hotel.



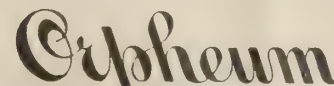
MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON

The Melodramatic Sensation of Vaudeville

"THE STRIKERS"

An Episode of Today

"A NIGHT IN THE PARK;" HARRY COLEMAN, Ventriloquist; EDNA AUG, Comedienne; KIMBERLEY & ARNOLD; MELODY SIX; KARL EMMY and His Pets; Third Episode of "THE CRIMSON STAIN."



Safest and Most
Magnificent
Theatre in
America

J. FARRELL & STOCKTON & POWELL Phone Douglas 70
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day

Return Engagement

NORA BAYES

America's Favorite Singing Comedienne

New Songs—New Costumes

BALZER SISTERS, Aerial Musical Novelty; WEBB & BURNS, the Italian Minstrels; WILLIAM DEMAREST & ESTELLE COLLETTE, Trifling Talk, Fancy Fiddling and a Careless Cello; DEIRO, Master of the Piano Accordion; ROBERT DORE, Eminent Baritone, and GEORGE HALPERIN, Piano Virtuoso; ALLAN DINEHART & CO. in "The Meanest Man in the World;" BERT KALMAR & JESSIE BROWN in "Nurseryland."

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

ALCAZAR THEATRE

PHONE KEARNY 2

Commencing Monday Evening September 25

EVA LANG and JOHN HALLIDAY

Supported by the Alcazar Players

In the Delightful American Comedy

"JERRY"

A Play Called "An Hour Ahead of the Times"

Evenings—25c, 50c and 75c. Matinees—25c and 50c



LEADING THEATRE

Ellis and Market

Phone Sutter 2460

Last Week Starts Sunday, September 24

(No Matinee Sunday, Account of Concert)

2 P. M.—TWICE DAILY—8 P. M.

D. W. Griffith's Mighty Masterpiece

"THE BIRTH OF A NATION"

(The Clansman)

The Only Photoplay That Will Live Forever!
"POP" PRICES—Matinees, 25c; Nights, 25c, 50c

COMING—The Big Winter Garden Show:
"A WORLD OF PLEASURE"

production will be beautiful in every way and will receive the personal attention of Stage Director Addison Pitt. All of the Alcazar favorites will have good parts.

Nora Bayes Back at Orpheum

The Orpheum bill for next week has Nora Bayes at its head. In compliance with a generally expressed wish which has manifested itself in an extraordinary number of written requests to the management, she will return for a brief engagement. Miss Bayes' songs and costumes will be entirely new. The Balzer Sisters, three symmetrical girls who have created a sensation as gymnasts, will give an aerial performance which is novel and daring. Webb and Burns are an exceptionally clever team of Italian minstrels. Their songs are lilting, bright and dreamy. They are clever musicians. William Demarest and Estelle Colletet give to their offering the self-explanatory title "Trifling Talk, Fancy Fiddling and a Careless 'Cello." They are a talented and versatile couple. Allan Dinchart will repeat his immense success of last season "The Meanest Man in the World." Deiro, the master accordionist in new numbers; Robert Dore, baritone, and George Halperin, piano virtuoso, in new selections from their repertoire; and Bert Kalmar and Jessie Brown in "Nurseryland" are also included.

Art

Singing is sweet; but be sure of this:
Lips only sing when they cannot kiss.

Did he ever suspire a tender lay
While her presence took his breath away?
Had his fingers been able to toy with her hair
Would they then have written his verses fair?

Had she let his arm steal round her waist
Would the lovely portrait yet be traced?
Since he could not embrace it, flushed and warm,
He has carved in stone the perfect form.

Who gives the fine report of the feast?
He who got none and enjoyed it least—
Were the wine really slipping down his throat
Would his song of the wine advance a note?

Will you puff out the music that sways the whirl
Or dance and make love with a pretty girl?
Who shall the great battle story write?—
Not the hero down in the thick of the fight.

Statues and pictures and verse may be grand,
But—they are not the life for which they stand.
—James Thomson.

"In time of trial," said the lecturer, "what brings us the greatest comfort?"

"An acquittal," responded a low person who should never have been allowed to enter the hall.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ADOLPHUS S. HUBBARD, deceased.—No. 15071, N. S.; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ADOLPHUS S. HUBBARD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, Room 1003 Phelan Building, 760 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ADOLPHUS S. HUBBARD, deceased.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Administrator of the estate of Adolphus S. Hubbard, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September, 23rd, 1916.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Administrator in pro. per.,
1003 Phelan Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

9-23-5

Cardinal Mercer's Address

(Continued from Page 7)

The hour of deliverance approaches, but has not rung. Let us be patient. Do not let our courage waver. Let us abandon to the Divine Providence the perfecting of our national education. Young women, young girls, allow me to ask you if you consider seriously enough the present hour. I beg of you, do not show yourselves strangers to the mourning of the country! There are manners and attitudes which are an insult to sorrow. Modesty is for you a halo and a virtue; it is, moreover, today, a patriotic duty. Reflect, you also, on the privations and endurance of our soldiers. Let us all impress ourselves with the grand law of austerity of life.

How earnestly we, under the relatively easy conditions, endeavor to mortify ourselves, to simplify ourselves, like the soldiers but in our own way, to assert ourselves with more direct energy! Let us not allow a minute of distraction nor of relaxation. Let us spend all the moments of our life solely for the magnificent end to which our brothers are so lovingly sacrificing theirs.

As our heroes at the front present to us the admirable and comforting picture of an indissoluble union, of a military fraternity which nothing can break, thus in our ranks, less crowded and whose discipline is more fluctuating, we will have a heart to observe the same patriotic harmony. We respect the truce imposed in our quarrels by the grand cause which alone should occupy and absorb all our means of attack and combat; and if ungodly ones or unfortunate ones who do not understand the urgency nor the beauty of this national precept, insist, notwithstanding everything, upon entertaining and stirring up the passions which from other causes separate us, let us turn away from them and continue without answering them, to remain faithful to the compact of the solidarity of friendship, to the loyal and great confidence which we have, in spite of them, concluded with them under the great breath of the war.

The approaching date of the first centenary of our independence must find us stronger, more intrepid, more united than ever. Let us prepare ourselves by our work, by patience, by fraternity.

When, in 1930, we will recall the sombre years of 1914-1916 they will appear the most luminous, the most majestic, and, on condition that we determine to do our duty today, from today on, they will be the happiest and the most fruitful of our national history. "Per crucem ad lucem" (from sacrifice shineth forth light.)

Anna—Has your sweetheart been ordered to camp?

Bella—Yes; now I must fall back on my reserves.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MICHAEL LOFTUS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MICHAEL LOFTUS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of L. W. Lovey, 1105 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MICHAEL LOFTUS, deceased.

EDWARD P. MAHONY,

Administrator of the estate of Michael Loftus, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 23, 1916.

L. W. LOVEY,
Attorney for Administrator,
1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

9-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ERNEST CHAUMELIN, deceased.—No. 21451; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ERNEST CHAUMELIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ERNEST CHAUMELIN, deceased.

ERNEST CHAUMELIN,

Administrator of the estate of Ernest Chaumelin, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 23rd, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administrator,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, California.

9-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE GREENZWEIG, deceased.—No. 21443; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of GEORGE GREENZWEIG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of their attorneys, Heller, Powers & Eberman, Room 703 Nevada Bank Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE GREENZWEIG, deceased.

EMMA GREENZWEIG

HENRY G. GREENZWEIG,

Executors of the last will and testament of George Greenzweig, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 23, 1916.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for Executors,
713 Nevada Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

9-23-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 20834; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY A. MEAGHER, also known as MARY MEAGHER, Deceased.

IDA M. MEAGHER, Administratrix of the estate of MARY A. MEAGHER, also called MARY MEAGHER, deceased, having filed herein her petition duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her, as such Administratrix, to mortgage the real property of said deceased therein, and hereinafter described, for the purposes set forth in said petition, and it appearing that it will be to the advantage of the said estate that the mortgage be made,

It is ordered by the Court that all persons interested in the estate of MARY A. MEAGHER, also called MARY MEAGHER, deceased, do appear before this Court, Department No. Ten thereof, on Saturday, October 21st, 1916, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the said day at the Court of said Department, in the City Hall, Civic Center, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real property of said estate, described below, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Seventeen Hundred (\$1,700.00) Dollars, as prayed for in the petition of said IDA M. MEAGHER, Administratrix, this day filed or for such lesser amount as to the Court shall seem meet. Reference is made to said petition for further particulars.

The real property of said estate to be mortgaged is situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Easterly line of Webster Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet six (6) inches Northerly from the Northerly line of Washington Street; running thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Webster Street twenty-five (25) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles Southerly twenty-five (25) feet six (6) inches, and thence at right angles Westerly eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Sixty-eight (268).

It is further ordered that this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks before the day of hearing hereinafter set out, in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court and dated this 18th day of September, 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge.

BUCKLEY & O'KEEFE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
347-348 Russ Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

9-23-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF RICHARD CORBETT, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664 OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 18,313; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of RICHARD CORBETT, Deceased.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, and each and every and all persons named or not named, having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased: You, and each of you are hereby notified that Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, the petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this Court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit, the estate of Richard Corbett, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are the heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased disappeared prior to the first day of December, 1907, and that by a judgment duly given and made by said Court on the 5th day of January, 1915, the said deceased was declared dead, and that said deceased died intestate; that the said deceased was then and there a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State, consisting wholly of money, and that said estate now consists of money solely;

That a petition for Letters of Administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 18th day of December, 1914, filed in the above entitled Court by M. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco;

That thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was, by a judgment of said Court, duly given and made, on the 5th day of January, 1915, appointed Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased; that thereafter, to wit, on the said 5th day of January, 1915, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such Administrator, and Letters of Administration were duly issued to him under the seal of said Court, by the Clerk of said Court; that thereafter, and on the 6th day of February, 1915, said M. J. Hynes, Administrator of said estate, died;

That a petition for Letters of Administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 24th day of February, 1915, filed in the above entitled Court, by W. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco;

That thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, that the said W. J. Hynes was, by a judgment of said Court, duly given and made on the 11th day of March, 1915, appointed Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased; and that thereafter, to wit, on the said 11th day of March, 1915, said W. J. Hynes qualified as such Administrator and Letters of Administration were duly issued to him under the seal of said Court by the Clerk of said Court, and that the said W. J. Hynes ever since has been, and now is, the duly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator of the estate of said deceased;

That the said order and decree of the said Court appointing the said W. J. Hynes Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect, and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of Letters of Administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made;

That the said Richard Corbett, deceased, died intestate, leaving him surviving no grand-father or grand-mother, no father or mother, no wife, child or descendants of any child or children, no brothers or sisters, and that said petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the whole of the said estate of said deceased;

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate, and that the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof, so far as known to said petitioners;

And that these petitioners pray the said Court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made; that the Court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the Court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said Court in the matter of the said estate in response to said notice and had their said appearance entered in the minutes of said Court in the matter of said estate and in the Register of Proceedings in Estates of said Court in the matter of said estate, and directing that, in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid, then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said Court for not appearing as aforesaid, and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid, to show cause and exhibit to said Court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, as provided by Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California;

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition, the said Court, on the 22nd day of August, 1916, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate of Richard Corbett, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said Court as hereinbefore specified, and that by said order the Court fixed Tuesday, the 5th day of December, 1916, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein.

NOW, THEREFORE, you, and each of you herein above named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have, or claim, any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the Courtroom thereof, in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 5th day of December, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date

fixed by the Court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having, or claiming, an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased;

And that you, and each of you, and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said Court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said Court in the matter of the said estate and in the Register of the Proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said Court, and that each and every, all and singular, the persons who appear as aforesaid, show cause, as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, to the said Court in the matter of the said estate, by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California;

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said Court in the matter of the said estate, and in the Register of Proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said Court for not appearing as aforesaid; And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause, as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, to the said Court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate, as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate to the said Court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California specified;

That the said Court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS, the Honorable George H. Cabaniss, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk of said Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

EUGENE W. LEVY, Attorney for Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, Room 560 Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California. 8-26-16

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of LOUISA BERG, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of LOUISA BERG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of William E. Johnson, Esq., at 921 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of LOUISA BERG, deceased.

ERIK BERG, Administrator of the estate of Louisa Berg, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, August 29th, 1916.
WILLIAM E. JOHNSON, ESQ., Attorney for Administrator.
921 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-26-16

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10; No. 75525.

ANITA WARREN PATTERSON, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM PATTERSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM PATTERSON, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of August, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By F. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON, Attorney for Plaintiff, 423 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-19-16

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75045; Dept. No. 3.

BECKIE DROY, Plaintiff, vs. SAM DROY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: SAM DROY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD, Attorney for Plaintiff, 1003 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 7-22-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75,177; Dept. No. 4.

HELENA HORSTMANN, Plaintiff, versus CONRAD HORSTMANN, also known as CHARLES HORSTMANN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CONRAD HORSTMANN, also known as CHARLES HORSTMANN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's habitual intemperance and of Defendant's failure to provide Plaintiff the necessities of life; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD, Attorney for Plaintiff, 1003 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco. 7-29-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 74925; Dept. No. 4.

HENRY HAINS, Plaintiff, vs. GABRIELLE HAINS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GABRIELLE HAINS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3rd day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ERNEST PAGNUELO, Attorney for Plaintiff, 110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 8-12-10

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—From every indication the railroad market should continue. Norfolk and Western has not been touched yet on this move. On merit it ought to be selling much higher. We expect to see Western Union score a handsome advance. A movement in rails is much more popular than in industrials. They are better collateral, easier to move and have a bigger market. Gold imports continue on an enormous scale. Business is the best ever known. In former markets where you had a million and a half share days, a dozen big men made the move, now it is the whole world speculating. Conservative purchases of standard rails and industrials on small recessions continue to show profits if discrimination is employed. General trend of market remains upward. Declines are therefore but natural reactions to remedy technique. The leading rails, New York Central, Union Pacific, Reading, the prominent industrials, U. S. Steel in particular, standard coppers especially Inspiration, Anaconda and Utah, are specialties showing large earning power, and offer buying opportunities on recessions brought about by labor disturbance or other features, which are to be considered superficial and temporary in a bull market. Northern Pacific is reported well bought. This stock has been liquidated so far as foreign selling of importance is concerned, judging from reports close to the Hill people in London. Private advices from abroad, just received, suggest that pressure from that source is practically over. A demand from semi-official source has sprung up for New York Central. It is traced to institutions in some cases. According to reports from banking offices, these buyers have been impressed with the permanency of the enlarged earning power which they seem to think will average above 10 per cent for some years to come. Banking interests identified with the property are reported to expect Union Pacific to sell considerably above 160 in present moves and continue to reflect the bull power in evidence.

Wheat—The opening of the Dardanelles has so long been predicted without results that any allusion to its possibility is met with indifference if not ridicule. The abandonment of the attempt to force a passage through miles of the strongest fortifications in the world was accepted as an acknowledgment that any future attempt would be equally as unsuccessful, and so the expectation of a release of Russian supplies has been eliminated as a factor so long that it has become considered a dead issue. We are inclined to believe, however, that more attention should be given the new complications which have lately arisen in the Balkan States, when considering the future trend of prices. In our opinion, events are shaping to effect what proved a failure when undertaken in another direction, and that instead of

withdrawing entirely the attempt to accomplish the same purpose is being made as persistently as before, and geographically more promising. It must not be overlooked that the public is not taken into the confidence of European rulers, and that it is therefore difficult to judge their intentions, but it ought to occur to anybody interested that one of the most important undertakings of the war would be the liberation of the Russian surplus. As this would require considerable time under favorable conditions, we look for nervous markets with wide ranges, and would advise sales only on sudden quick bulges, and on short stops.

Corn—This market moves sympathetically with wheat, the hope of the bulls being centered in an early visitation of rust. This must make its appearance soon in order to be effective, for the crop is in many sections already beyond the possibility of danger from that course. Even in the northern belt the corn is said to be dented and immune. A light frost even now would help mature in some localities, and it would require extremely low temperatures for this time of year to do any material damage. The cold, wet weather of the spring gave the plant great vitality, and the development under the first ideal summer seen for many seasons, has been simply marvelous. Prices have been sustained upon the theory that wheat would sell very high and that corn should advance proportionately. We think, however, that above a certain level it is not commercially popular, and that is why we argue that without frost in ten days, prices should work materially lower.

Cotton—The weight of the bale was felt in last week's cotton market, and prices broke over a cent a pound from the high point the previous week. Heavy profit taking by the more fortunate bulls took the edge off the market, and the market was in no condition to withstand the selling from the South, which was called hedge selling, or selling against actual cotton bought in the country, to arrive. This market has had a good upturn, and it was to be expected that some reaction was in order, although the big break was not expected. As the market declined, it gathered momentum and numerous stop loss orders were uncovered, which added to the selling on an already weak market. Around the 15-cent level a good demand sprang up, and the decline was checked. There was some recovery toward the close of the week, and the market looks like it was now in a position to respond to any good buying, as the big, long interest has been thoroughly liquidated, and the pressure of this cotton is off the market. There will be hedge selling from time to time, as there always is at this season of the year, when the crop is coming to market, but the general opinion seems to be that the crop is so small this year, that this

selling will not be much of a factor unless prices advance too rapidly. Private crop reports continue to show deterioration, and from some sections of the belt, advices are that the crop is already picked clean, and no top crop is to be expected. The weather has been extremely dry for the past month, and while this weather is considered quite favorable for picking and the movement of the crop, it means a smaller total crop, as rain is very necessary for a top crop in all sections of the belt.

BYRNE & McDONNELL

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San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange

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242 MONTGOMERY ST. Douglas 5234

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Inc. organized 1868 San Francisco

Member of the Associated Savings Banks
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MISSION BRANCH, S. E. Corner of Mission and
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RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH, S. W. Corner
Clement and Seventh Avenue

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, S. W. Corner
Haight and Belvedere

JUNE 30TH, 1916:

Assets	\$63,811,228.81
Deposits	60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
Number of Depositors	68,062

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock
P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and
Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8
o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1916, a
dividend to depositors of 4% per annum was
declared.

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Leave San Francisco 7:20 A. M. from
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Stage direct to the Lake.

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MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 72594; Dept. No. 10.
JEMETT POSTON, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY A. POSTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: **HENRY A. POSTON, Defendant.**

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, habitual intemperance, and wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JAS. P. SWEENEY,

Attorney for Plaintiff,
 Nevada Bank Building,
 San Francisco, California.

8-19-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of **IRENE MORRIN**, deceased.—No. 21411, N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of **IRENE MORRIN**, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, **F. B. CLARKE**, Room 1033 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of **IRENE MORRIN**, deceased.

THOMAS MORRIN,

Executor of the last will and testament of Irene Morrin, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 16, 1916.

F. B. CLARKE,

Attorney for Executor,
 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

9-16-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 12th day of September, A. D. 1916, in the matter of the Estate of **JOHN C. SCHIPPER**, also known as **JOHN CARL AUGUST SCHIPPER**, deceased, the undersigned, the Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of said deceased, will sell at private sale on Monday, the 9th day of October, A. D. 1916, to the highest bidder for cash in Gold Coin of the United States of America and subject to confirmation by the Superior Court, all the right, title, interest and estate of said **JOHN C. SCHIPPER**, also known as **JOHN CARL AUGUST SCHIPPER**, deceased, at the time of his death and all the right, title and interest that the said Estate has by operation of law, or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of said **JOHN C. SCHIPPER**, also known as **JOHN CARL AUGUST SCHIPPER**, deceased, at the time of his death in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the easterly line of Rhode Island Street, distant thereon one hundred four (104) feet southerly from the southerly line of Eighteenth Street, running thence southerly along said line of Rhode Island Street, twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly one hundred six (106) feet, three (3) inches; thence northeasterly twenty-nine (29) feet and nine and one-fourth (9¼) inches to a point which is distant one hundred twenty-two (122) feet five and one-eighth (5⅛) inches easterly from the easterly line of Rhode Island Street on a line drawn perpendicularly to said easterly line of Rhode Island Street thence westerly one hundred twenty-two (122) feet five and one-eighth (5⅛) inches to the point of commencement.

TOGETHER with all the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE: The above described parcel of land will be sold for cash in Gold Coin of the United States of America, ten per cent of the purchase price to accompany each bid, balance to be paid upon the confirmation of said sale by said Superior Court.

Bid or offers may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale.

All bids or offers must be in writing and may be left at the office of **PAUL F. FRATESSA**, Room 906 Hearst Building, Market and Third Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned, personally.

Dated, September 23rd, A. D. 1916.

BEN L. BLUMENAU,

Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of John C. Schipper, also known as John Carl August Schipper, deceased.

9-23-3

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR THE VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION OF THE CORPORATION BELOW NAMED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75828; Dept. 12.

In the Matter of the Voluntary Dissolution of **BURG BROS. LUMBER & BUILDING CO.**, a Corporation.
 Notice is hereby given that Burg Bros. Lumber & Building Co., the corporation above named, has duly filed in the above entitled Court its application praying for an order or decree of said Court dissolving said corporation, and that Monday, the 25th day of September, A. D. 1916, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, in the Court-Room of said Court, Department 12 thereof, situate in the Hall of Justice of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been duly fixed as the day, time and place for the hearing of the said application.

Notice of the hearing of the said application shall be given by publication for six successive weeks in the "Town Talk," a weekly newspaper, published, printed and circulated in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, beginning on the 19th day of August, 1916, and ending on the 23rd day of September, 1916, and any and all persons are hereby notified that they may file in the above entitled Court before the date of the expiration of the said notice any objections which they may have to the granting of the aforesaid application for the dissolution of the said corporation.

Dated this 15th day of August, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY,
 Clerk of the said Superior Court.
 By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

W. T. KEARNEY,
 Attorney for said Application,
 1012 Mills Building,
 San Francisco, California.

8-19-6

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Superior Court, State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10, Probate; No. 21299.

Estate of **MARY D. KUSTER**, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of **MARY D. KUSTER**, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, **Andrew G. Maguire**, 281 Page Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of **MARY D. KUSTER**, deceased.

FANNIE KIRBY,

Administratrix of the estate of Mary D. Kuster, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 2, 1916.

ANDREW G. MAGUIRE,

Attorney for Administratrix,
 281 Page St., San Francisco, Cal.

9-2-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of **JOSEPH NIGLIS**, deceased.—Dept. No. 9; No. 21360.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of **JOSEPH NIGLIS**, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the law office of **A. Comte, Jr.**, No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of **JOSEPH NIGLIS**, deceased.

EUGENE NIGLIS,

Executor of the last will and testament of Joseph Niglis, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 2nd, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney for Executor,
 No. 333 Kearny St.,
 San Francisco, Cal.

9-2-5

SHERIFF'S SALE

Justice Court.—No. 85581.

G. E. DOLAN, Plaintiff, vs. FRED MACK and MRS. FRED MACK, his wife, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Justice Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 28th day of June, A. D. 1916, in the above entitled action wherein **G. E. DOLAN**, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against **FRED MACK** and **MRS. FRED MACK**, his wife, defendants, on the 5th day of May, A. D. 1916, I am commanded to sell all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Waller Street distant thereon 106.3 feet easterly from the point of intersection of the easterly line of Steiner Street with the southerly line of Waller Street; running thence easterly along said southerly line of Waller Street 25 feet; thence at right angles southerly 120 feet; thence at right angles westerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles northerly 120 feet to the southerly line of Waller Street and the point of beginning. Being Lot No. 29 in Block 867.

Public Notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 25th day of September, A. D. 1916, at 12 o'clock m., of that day, in front of the Sheriff's Office in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said execution, sell all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money of the United States.

Dated, San Francisco, August 16th, 1916.

THOMAS F. FINN, Sheriff.

WALTER E. DORN,

Attorney for Plaintiff,
 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

8-26-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 35910.

MAY E. BRIDGE, a widow, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of **MAY E. BRIDGE**, a widow, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above-entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL NO. 1.

BEGINNING at a point on the westerly line of Stockton Street, distant thereon eighty (80) feet and two and one-fourth (2¼) inches southerly from the point formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Stockton Street with the southerly line of Sutter Street; and running thence southerly along said line of Stockton Street nineteen (19) feet and nine and three-quarters (9¾) inches; thence at a right angle westerly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle northerly nineteen (19) feet and nine and three-quarters (9¾) inches; and thence at a right angle easterly sixty (60) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 168.

PARCEL NO. 2.

COMMENCING at a point on the westerly line of 29th Avenue distant thereon two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet northerly from the northerly line of Fulton (formerly D) Street, and running thence northerly along the said westerly line of 29th Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle westerly one hundred twenty (120) feet; thence at a right angle southerly fifty (50) feet, and thence at a right angle easterly one hundred twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands, Block No. 409.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be met in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the Seal of said Court this 8th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 16th day of September, A. D. 1916.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco, San Francisco, California; Savings Union Bank and Trust Company, San Francisco, California; City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, San Francisco, California.

T. W. HUBBARD,

Attorney for Plaintiff,
 1003 Phelan Building,
 San Francisco, Cal.

9-16-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of **AMELIA C. POPPENBERG**, deceased.—No. 21,447, N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of **AMELIA C. POPPENBERG**, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of **August L. Fournier, Esq.**, 1311 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of **AMELIA C. POPPENBERG**, deceased.

JOHN F. RAU,

Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Amelia C. Poppenberg, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 16th, 1916.

AUGUST L. FOURNIER, ESQ.,

Attorney for the Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of Amelia C. Poppenberg, deceased,
 1311 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
 San Francisco, California.

9-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of **MARY ELLEN ROSE BROWN**, deceased.—No. 2852, N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of **MARY ELLEN ROSE BROWN**, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of **James M. Hanley**, attorney at law, 505-6 Kohl Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of **MARY ELLEN ROSE BROWN**, deceased.

CHARLES P. BROWN,

Administrator of the estate of Mary Ellen Rose Brown, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 16th, 1916.

JAMES M. HANLEY,

Attorney for Administrator,
 505-6 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

9-16-5

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Anglo & London Paris National Bank

OF SAN FRANCISCO

At the Close of Business, Sept. 12, 1916

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts.....	\$23,801,718.13
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation at par.....	2,800,000.00
Other U. S. Bonds at par.....	100,000.00
Other Bonds.....	4,266,580.96
Other Assets.....	400,947.75
Customers' Liability on Letters of Credit and Acceptances.....	2,756,595.50
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	26,965,832.18
	\$61,091,674.52

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock.....	4,933,331.52
Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	1,933,331.52
Circulation.....	2,740,200.00
Letters of Credit, Domestic and Foreign and Acceptances.....	2,756,595.50
Deposits.....	49,661,547.50
	\$61,091,674.52

OFFICERS

HERBERT FLEISHHACKER, President	WM. H. HIGH, Asst. Cashier
WASHINGTON DODGE, Vice-President	H. CHOYSKI, Asst. Cashier
J. FRIEDLANDER, Vice-President	J. W. LILIENTHAL Jr., Asst. Cashier
C. F. HUNT, Vice-President	A. L. LANGERMAN, Secretary
C. R. PARKER, Cashier	SIG. GREENEBAUM, Chairman of Board

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 30, 1916

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IN THIS ISSUE:

A Church Revolt

An Anarchist's Fair Trial

Zeppelins as Objects of Admiration

A Barber Shop View of Leading Cits

Beautiful Language From the White House

"The Man With the Hoe" Completed at Last

A Chamber of Commerce Speech Suppressed

Jimmy Swinnerton Attends Local Kindergarten

Read The September Lantern

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TOWN TALK

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San Francisco, September 30, 1916

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FOR THE OLD FREEDOM

FOR PRESIDENT:

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

An Anarchist's Fair Trial

The conviction of Billings, "the boy," as he was sympathetically described in *The Bulletin's* headlines the day the case was given to the jury, was not what was generally expected. It was feared that our little colony of anarchists was about to enjoy something of a triumph. At any rate the stage had been set for something of the kind. Our newspapers, thinking they might appeal to organized labor, assumed a very friendly attitude to the defendant. They did this on the eve of his trial. A sudden change was made in the tone of editors who were in a white heat of indignation when the dynamite outrage occurred and who were hysterical for weeks. Now it is very important that public sentiment should not be inflamed against a man charged with a revolting crime. It would be well if in all such cases we should control our emotions, but fancy the newspapers of San Francisco urging us to do so! For the first time in the career of the hysterical and flamboyant daily press of San Francisco we have been warned against hysteria in a criminal case, and the case was the case of Billings, a notorious dynamiter and the friend and companion of Mooney. If the dailies have reformed let us be grateful. But they need not have gone so far as, for instance, *The Bulletin* went in its reports of the trial, reports very plainly designed to influence the jury in favor of the defendant. And the jury, mark you, was never locked up during the trial. Yet the judge was Dunne, the man who has been very fearful of jury-tampering in the past. Now Judge Dunne was doubtless aware of the bribery scandals that were developed during the trial of the McNamaras in Los Angeles, but he had no fear of a slush fund in this case. To his credit be it said, he gave Billings a very fair trial, so fair that he put the case over a day when the prosecu-

tion closed its argument, thus giving the jury time to forget the last words of the prosecuting attorney. Yes, indeed, it was a very fair trial, so very fair as to make it hard now to believe that an act of injustice was done. Yet we never can tell. But at least we know there was no hysteria. However there were scenes of sympathy. And to the very end the good Mr. Crothers was artfully suggestionizing the public mind. We find him characterizing the professional dynamiter, who was in the midst of a career of crime three years ago, as "the boy." Apparently he would have us regard this practical anarchist as a naive, innocent, fascinating child, a prey of impulses, like Camille Desmoullins, the "gamin de Paris," the "good boy" as Mirabeau called him when, as the incarnation of the Revolution he was sweeping men and women to the guillotine. Crothers was given quite a fright when the bomb exploded on the day of the Preparedness Parade, and he was made very nervous when, as a result of public sentiment a few ads. dropped out of his paper, but since then he has screwed up his courage, for he has seen that people cool off before the end of nine days. Is he to be encouraged to play at the old game in the old way till another bomb explodes? Or is he ever to get a swat in the only place where his emotions reside—his greasy pocket?

Beautiful Language from the White House

Beautiful language soft and sweet,
Beautiful language, oh, how neat!
Words rich and rare,
Float through the air,
Oh, what beautiful language!

Resolve the President's speech into its elements and you will find that there is much that is soft and much that is sweet. But you will also find that to palliate his cowardly surrender to the railway brotherhoods he has set up a very revolutionary doctrine. He says the Adamson bill was passed to get us over a crisis. He would have us believe that it was not to pacify organized labor, but rather to ascertain by experiment the actual effect of an eight-hour day. Then he goes on to say that of course the public has rights which take precedence of the interests of any group of men. And it would be intolerable, he says, "if at any time any group of men by any process should be suffered to cut society off from the necessary supplies which sustain life." But by what means are we going to prevent groups of men from doing

the thing that is intolerable? he asks. How are we going to prevent an organization from interrupting the national life? as he puts it. And with verbal felicity he anticipates all commonsense answers by objecting to whatever reasonable measures might be proposed. For example, he objects to arbitration, explaining that you cannot compel men to work. Now of course you can compel men to work. Briand met a crisis in France by compelling men to work. The President himself in this speech, says: "The business of government is to see that no other organization is as strong as itself." Is it not failing to see this when it does not compel men to work who have entered into a conspiracy to quit work, knowing that the result will be to deprive society of the necessities of life? Thus we see we are getting chiefly beautiful language—nothing more; at least, not much commonsense. But why not arbitration? Because "arbitration is an alternative of war." Now he does not explicitly declare that arbitration is as intolerable as the intolerable thing we would avert. But he gives us beautiful language that precisely implies that arbitration is intolerable. He implies it almost in the form of a syllogism, but somewhat vaguely. Here it is: "Arbitration is associated with the dealings of hostile interests. It is an alternative of war. There ought to be no such thing as the contemplation of hostility as between men whose interests are the same and who should cooperate together." In this loose fashion we are led to the conclusion that therefore arbitration should never be contemplated. Hence Germany was right in refusing to arbitrate the Balkan question, and the brotherhoods were right in refusing to arbitrate what they called the eight-hour question and which the President was pleased to regard as the question at issue though he knew it was nothing of the kind.

From the gifted tongue of David Lubin comes this panegyric of a new kind of God. "He has a historic sense of the past, a sympathetic sense of the present and a prophetically spiritual sense of the future. While his head is above the clouds, his feet are always upon the earth." Furthermore: "He is neither a dreamer nor a cabbage." David Lubin was formerly the partner of his half-brother, the renowned Colonel Weinstock, of the California payroll. The Colonel is a poet himself, and in singing dithyrambs he has the same lyrical facility and fluency that Mr. Lubin displays. But whereas the latter is inspired by the President the Colonel draws inspiration from the Governor.

Weinstock & Lubin! Formerly they were devoted to merchandise, but now they are devoted to men, measures, agriculture and fish. Each has a mission and a message, and together they grow ideals as some men grow prunes. So in their fashion each is doing a lot of good in the world, and God will reward them if He is not too busy.

Hindenburg General Hindenburg is reputed to be a great strategist, **Dissents** yet we find him wasting men and energy in efforts to retard the progress of the Allies where their progress is a matter of no consequence. This we learn by keeping an eye on the news wired from Berlin by the correspondent of the Hearst papers, Mr. William Bayard Hale. On September 16th Hale explained the absurdity of the offensive of the Allies near Combles. "As a matter of fact," said Hale, "the German generals agree that the value of the ground is far less than the value of the lives." The next day Hindenburg made a titanic effort to drive the Allies back. He hurled an army of 90,000 against the foe, and the slaughter must have been prodigious, for the Germans were swept back by machine-gun fire, and though they renewed the charge they were finally forced to retire. To have faith in William Bayard Hale is to believe that both Hindenburg and Haig were under a delusion respecting Combles and the vicinity thereof. In England the impression prevailed that to win Combles was of vastly greater importance to the Allies than it was for the Germans to win Verdun.

The Value of an Aquarium The proposition to be voted on in November for an annual outlay of \$20,000 for the maintenance of an aquarium will meet with no opposition. The people have been made weary of propositions to enrich politicians, and they will not be inclined for the present to raise salaries, but for whatever is proposed in the interest of the whole city they have no lack of enthusiasm. We have spent a great deal of money to make San Francisco attractive, to make of it a place of interest, an entertaining city in the best sense of the term, and we shall spend more. Here, some day, let us hope, will be a city famed as an epitome of the social world, one of the lamps of life along the pathway of humanity. Now it is not at all visionary to look forward to a really cosmopolitan San Francisco. In some respects it is already a unique metropolis, but to realize our best dreams it should be a cosmopolitan city not only in the pleasures it affords, or in its varied industries and arts, but in an educational, moral and spiritual sense, in the things indispensable to the development of the higher faculties. It is along these lines we are thinking when considering the acquisition of an aquarium, which is distinctly an educational idea. So an aquarium would add to the sum of our best attractions;

and we cannot have too many attractions of the right sort. They pay. They are profitable. These are considerations that in themselves should appeal to the bulk of our citizens. Of course an aquarium will cost money, but our overhead expenses are large and we need things that will enable us to catch up to the present school of initiative and referendum politicians who have been hoisting assessed valuations without doing anything for real values.

A Church Revolt The case of the Rev. Newton E. Clemenson, of the Presbyterian Church, gives us pause and thrills us with amazement. Here is a case that smacks of mediævalism. Can it be that one of the great churches is drifting backward to the benighted period of Ecclesiastical despotism? This is a subject on which pulpiteers love to discourse when giving expression to their hereditary aversion of Popery. How often have we heard perfervid philippics against the Papacy based on charges of constraints on conscience! But here is a veteran pastor of one of the Reformed Churches complaining that a new test of orthodoxy has been set up in a Synod for the purpose of limiting his activities as a gentleman, an American and a Christian. This is incredible. To be sure, the Presbyterian Church is an offshoot of Calvinism, and Calvin was a pretty strict disciplinarian; but we are not living in the days of the cremation of Servetus. No, indeed. We are living, however, within reach of the propaganda of Westerville. And some of us are heeding the preachments of churchmen who hold that to be a good Christian one must first disbelieve the Scriptures or at least convince oneself that it was grape juice Noah got drunk on and nothing more than an unfermented liquid that made people merry at the Marriage Feast of Cana. In the topsy-turvy present clergymen of some of the Evangelical Churches are prohibitionists first and Christians afterwards. Guided by the Westerville creed, by the gospel of a political machine, these clergymen are not bothering themselves about the moralities. According to the Rev. Newton Clemenson, some of them belonging to the Synod of the Church wherein he has been preaching for thirty-five years, have been falsifying its records. He denounces them as "ecclesiastical politicians" and explains that they are opposed to him because he is against prohibition. He is against it, he says, knowing that it "engenders strife, divides communities and impedes the work of the ministry." This is a deplorable church scandal, but, as we have repeatedly said, the prohibition agitators are doing a great deal of harm.

The Age of Command That officers are not at their best as commanders after a certain age is a generalization that British military critics are now accepting. Presumably they have found that the failure of British arms in several notable instances

was due to lack of skill in the higher commands. So many blunders occurred in Belgium and France as well as in Gallipoli and Persia as to make applicable once more the Landor epigram on the British soldiers in the Crimea:

"Hail, ye indomitable heroes, hail!

Despite of all your generals, ye prevail."

Nowadays there is great faith in youth; less than ever in age. Generalship, however, is a matter of experience as well as of intellectual capacity and intuition. The military science is no longer what it was in the days of Alexander and Hannibal, who were famous generals at thirty. There are many things to be mastered now that were not dreamt of in the philosophy of Alexander, or even of Napoleon, who, by the way, was a firm believer in young men. Only forty-six when his career was ended, he had no one near him who was more than four years his senior. Napoleon began his career against Austria at twenty-seven, and in nine months had defeated four Austrian armies. But it is not always youth that counts, as Moltke proved in the Franco-Prussian war when he was seventy; also as Blücher showed when at sixty-three he gave the finishing touches to Waterloo. The most brilliant general in our Civil War was Stonewall Jackson, who was not yet forty when killed in action, but he had had experience in the Mexican War, and he was a teacher of military tactics in a Southern school when called by Jefferson Davis. Young men are needed in war when the old men are too conservative, when they lack vision or have a too keen sense of responsibility. The old fellows may always be depended on to run no risks, but as in the case of McClellan, who had experience of European battlefields before he tackled Lee and his generals, a commander may become so cautious as to neglect the advantage of the offensive and thus fatally depress his soldiers. In this war we have seen that generalship is more a matter of temperament than years. With all his years Hindenburg has dash and eagerness, and though Joffre is not a young man he is not slow to seize opportunities.

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Varied Types

300—LOUIS FRICK

By Edward F. O'Day

"Ours," said Louis Frick, "is an ancient and honorable profession. In olden times we were surgeons as well as shavers; we bled people."

"And nowadays?" I queried.

"We let blood sometimes," said the best known barber in town, "but we do not bleed our customers."

"Not even in the matter of tips?" I demanded.

"Not even in that ancient and honorable perquisite," said the chief razor man of the Palace Hotel. "We do not disdain tips; neither do we work for them. We take them as they come. Often they do not come. The most skilled phlebotomist could not get blood from a turnip, or a tip from some of the close calculators who frequent our chairs."

"What is the conventional tip?"

"There is no convention about tips," answered Louis. "Would that there were, for we are poor men. Tips, like Cleopatra, have an infinite variety. There are some who have the hardihood to proffer the humble jitney. Mostly these bold spirits come from Los Angeles, or Iowa or other Middle Western places. There are others who cross the barber's palm with gold. Mostly these have been on a toot. The best remembered tip of my tonsorial career was William Jennings Bryan's."

"And that was—?"

"Nothing," replied our most famous latherer. "It is remembered in our shop because of a quip it brought out from Taft. Taft is one of my barbers. Taft cut Bryan's hair. 'Did he leave you anything?' somebody asked Taft when Bryan had departed. 'Yes,' answered Taft; 'he left me his hair.'"

"Bryan reminds me of Nick Luning," continued the Market street Figaro. "Old Nick sat for years under my razor. He liked to be shaved close; perhaps because he was close himself. I expected no tip from old Nick, and he never once disappointed my expectation. It was the same with Sam Rainey. His pockets were always bulging with cigars; but he never relieved the strain upon them in my presence."

"Who was the handsomest man you ever shaved?" I asked.

"Billy Alford," was the ready reply.

"And the wittiest?"

"Porter Ashe."

"And the crankiest?"

"Fred Esola."

"And the vainest?"

"James O'Neill the actor."

"What was the thickest head of hair you ever cut?"

"Tom O'Connor's. Nature was in a mood of extravagance when she thatched that young man."

"And the thinnest?"

"Sam Shortridge's. Which reminds me that Sam honored my plush the other day when an unfounded rumor concerning a rise in the price of hair-cutting was in the air. My favorite orator was very indignant. He denounced the

whole race of barbers, including Don Quixote's barber, the barber of Seville and Mr. Sweedlepipe. Finally he demanded of me whether a barber with a Christian conscience could charge fifty cents for mowing his superficial lawn. I replied with the airy generalities we barbers have at the tip of the tongue.

"Louis," he insisted, "is it worth fifty cents to cut my hair?"

"It is not, Mr. Shortridge," I answered; "but the strain of finding hair to cut upon your head is worth more than fifty cents."

"You have very exacting patients, no doubt?"

"Clients is a better word," said Louis Frick. "Some are very exacting, indeed. There is Colonel Pippy. Dolling up the Colonel is a game in three moves, something like musical chairs. One barber shaves him, another cuts his hair, and a third trims his beard."

"Speaking of Colonel Pippy—" I interrupted.

"I know what you are going to ask," replied Louis, anticipating my cue. "No, I have not the honor of waiting on E. O. McCormick."

"Did you trim Hughes's whiskers when he was at the Palace?"

"I should say not," was the reply. "Mr. Hughes does not entrust his whiskers to a barber. He trims them himself. But I cut his hair. He asked me if I had been in San Francisco long. I told him thirty-four years. He asked me if I liked the city. I told him that if they'd let me I'd be the last person to leave it. He laughed. He is a pleasant gentleman."

"Let us return to your exacting clients," I suggested.

"Dr. Redmond Payne was exacting when I waited on him," said Frick. "He watched operations through two mirrors, one in each hand. James O'Neill was content with one. Judge Lawlor is pretty hard to please. When Aleck Vogelsang was here from Washington he told me he couldn't get a decent haircut in the East. Senator Phelan is very particular. Joe Kirk who has a near-O'Connor mop will only just let you touch it with the scissors. And he insists on being shaved in his own blood."

"What?" I cried, horror-stricken.

"In his own blood," repeated Louis Frick mildly. "It is a tonsorial phrase for a close shave—so close a shave that you almost scrape the skin off."

"Are there others who want to be shaved in their own gore?" I demanded.

"Many," said Frick. "There is Walter Hobart—he wants 'em all off too."

"Some of your clients are in a great hurry?" I said.

"Roy Carruthers, for instance," said Louis. "He never has time to settle comfortably in the chair. And Crit Thornton. If I spend more than eight minutes cutting his hair and shaving him he rebukes me. But he'll wait two hours for my chair, if necessary."

"Your old shop was in the California Hotel?"

"Up to the time of the fire," said Frick. "I shaved Chief Scanlan the first day I came to San Francisco thirty-four years ago, and kept on shaving him to the day of his death. And I shaved Chief Sullivan. But Chief Sullivan was an experimenter. When I got a new barber, he'd try him—once. His comment was always the same.

"Louis," he'd say, 'Eddie Graney is a good

blacksmith, but he'd have a hard time putting a mainspring in a watch.'

"I have shaved police chiefs as well as fire chiefs. I shaved Lees, Crowley, Dinan and Biggy. Many an actor I've shaved too. Lawrence Barrett was a nice, quiet gentleman to shave. McKee Rankin was very cranky. Stockwell was easygoing; he didn't care how you shaved him. I used to cut Jim Corbett's hair twice a week. That pompadour needed a lot of attention.

"Some men have stock remarks to make when they climb into the plush. Dr. Lustig always says, 'Make me pretty.' 'That's impossible,' I reply; and then I do my best. For a well-groomed man Otto Wise is one of the easiest to please. I don't shave any finer gentleman than Dr. Harry Tevis.

"The barber chair is a great leveler. When a man takes off his coat and climbs up he removes considerable of his front. A barber shop is a splendid place to study human nature. Some men tell you their love affairs; some unburden their business worries; some give you tips on the market. If I took all those tips I'd be a rich man today—or I'd be broke. For some men the services of a barber are merely incidental to the attentions of the manicurist. Bald men are more particular than men with normal coverings. Some men won't let you talk to them, and that is cruel and unusual punishment for a barber. The men who read while you are shaving them are pests. But the worst pest is the man who insists on smoking.

"The barber has many opportunities to muse upon the passing of time. Today I am shaving grown men to whom I administered their first haircuts. I remember the day 'Doc' Ackerman brought his little boy into my shop and told me to cut off the curls. Lloyd Ackerman still comes to me. It was the same with Jesse Lilienthal and his son.

"I can't think of anything else to tell you just now, except that barbers are virtuous men. To prove it—I took my Sunday school teacher to the Orpheum last night."

"Your what?"

"My Sunday school teacher," repeated Louis Frick. "I live at the Altoona Hotel, and I met an old lady of eighty in the lobby. She said something or other about Ohio, and I told her I came from there. She asked me what town, and I said Loudonville. She looked at me and said: 'It's Louis Frick who used to be my pupil in Sunday school.' So we went out and celebrated.

"Some other day I'll tell you a lot about toupees," concluded Louis Frick, and I thanked him.

As I went out, he uttered with professional intonation the barber's battle cry:

"Next!"

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Perspective Impressions

What ever became of Bruce Ismay?

David Starr Jordan is trying awfully hard for a Nobel peace prize.

For a very long time we have distrusted all that we read about Japan in the Hearst papers.

Justice Brandeis is praised by Max Nordau. The justice should pray to be delivered from his friend.

When President Wilson speaks about American business he speaks of something concerning which he knows very little, for the reason that he has never allowed American business men to tell him about it.

The President says that the workingman's labor is "cheap at any price." There is only one comment to make on this: it is not true.

"American business men," says Mr. Wilson, "have lifted their eyes to more distant horizons and have seen how the markets of the world were waiting for their service."

At last we understand what Mr. Wilson means by that cant word "service." He means landing the goods and getting the stuff. Yet there was a time when we thought he meant unselfishly serving the welfare of mankind.

So Billy Sunday's coming back to San Francisco. The former visit must have been very profitable.

And why is Billy Sunday coming back? To assist in the great fight to kill California's greatest industry, we suppose. He ought to be given a great welcome, for we are living in a topsy-turvy world, and we have not yet suffered enough for our sins.

But when Billy arrives, mightn't it be well for the Law and Order Committee of the Chamber of Commerce to see to it that he behaves himself?

"Timeo Danaos" is still being said, more especially among Entente diplomats.

Billings' story that he was offered a bribe will probably be corroborated by Mooney.

The anti-vivisectionists will be busy during the next Legislature. These poor creatures don't know that they are as out-of-date as ormulu and anti-macassars.

"Accommodate" is the word President Wilson prefers to "arbitrate." He "accommodated differences." This isn't schoolmasterish English, but in the politics of the day it is good pussy-footing.

Zeppelins

(Englishmen having recovered from their dread of the monster dirigibles are now describing them in terms of admiration. The following vivid description was written by Harry Jermyn, a London journalist.—Editor's note.)

The subject of Zeppelins seems to have received more attention in proportion to the other factors in this war than it strictly deserves, but there are various reasons to account for this. In the first place there is the glamor attaching to an air-vessel of any description, and an airship is certainly the most perfect realization of the popular notion of the conquest of the new element.

Then the Zeppelin in flight is a thing of extreme beauty and grace. Lit up by searchlights on a dark, starry night, it seems the incarnation of one of the fables of the ancients.

Just imagine the effect on beholders if a Zeppelin had hovered over London only twenty years ago! It is a detail nowadays, when the whole world is upside down and wonderful inventions are as sparrows on the housetops. But the imagination of our fathers would have boggled altogether at the Jules Verne-like fantasy of such a tale—which is regarded today as merely topical journalism of weekly or monthly recurrence.

A mighty gas-bag seven hundred and eighty feet long; the shape of a symmetrical cucumber, of graceful and elegant proportions, and carrying suspended below it two or three gondola-like boats, or rather cabins, fitted with glass windows, kitchens, electric lights and heaters, and of course, every kind of instrument for aerial navigation; which can travel through the air at the speed of the fastest train, can rise or descend almost vertically, can make its way against a storm, and ascend, if it desires, to a height of several miles. All this while carrying a load weighing many tons (including powerful engines which can force along the apparently frail fabric at the pace mentioned), and remaining away for a period which is not certainly known, but which most decidedly enables it to reach the centre of these islands and return to its base.

Bombs dropped from the sky on to a defenseless city—out of the black, fathomless vault! It was a great idea, and for the first year of the war it was very nearly practicable.

The English nature is phlegmatic, but the

nation in time objected to and protested firmly against this particular form of nocturnal diversion, and after two or three visitations protests became so audible that the Government began to understand that the show had enjoyed a long enough run and the novelty had worn off; so measures of defense, which are now well known all over the East and Southeast of the country, were gradually adopted.

Almost as marvelous, though lacking the romance and beauty of a Zeppelin, are the guns which can throw a shell four or five miles into the air with a possibility of hitting an object moving at anything up to eighty or ninety miles an hour and illuminated only by narrow beams from the earth.

A mathematician can calculate the difficulties which must be overcome before the possibility of a hit becomes reasonable. Let us envisage the scene in a provincial district of the Eastern Counties, when the moon is over the Antipodes and the sun has long sunk below the horizon, when the countryside is sunk in slumber, and the silence of night covers all creation, save for the muffled rattle of a distant train or the bark of a restless watch dog. Presently the sound of the train stops, and perhaps the barking of dogs increases, till it seems that every cur for miles is on the alert.

Searchlights, long white or yellowish beams which play restlessly over the star-lit vault, begin their nocturnal work of searching for the long cigar-shaped marauders of the sky.

Gradually the listener and watcher, whom sleep has not yet found and who has noticed the significance of the cessation of the train service and the sudden energy of the R.N.A.S., becomes conscious of a far-away throbbing, as of some gigantic insect, which seems to come from no particular quarter but to fill the whole atmosphere with vibrant sound.

Is it—he wonders—is it the Zepps?

It is just the night for them, dark, still, mysterious. The yowling of the dogs continues, grows deeper, more threatening. So does the strange drumming which has attracted his attention.

The shifting beams are now never still, and it is as though the night were being desecrated by some monstrous, inconceivable happening. A faint but definite thud breaks abruptly on the ear with a fresh note. It must be a gun. Then another, and another, and then many others.

The throbbing is now insistent, compelling. Staring up in helpless curiosity, the watcher perchance will see the wandering beam of one searchlight suddenly halt and stay. Quickly the others converge, and, as it were, settle down on their prey like gigantic antennae. There, far, far overhead, sails one of those dream monsters of our ancestors' wildest fancies—an airship, a pirate of the upper regions, a raiding vision of exquisite beauty but devilish intent.

Perhaps fifteen thousand feet up, it is indeed a perfect realization of those old dreamers' visions. It is almost as though a star had detached itself from the firmament and was drifting down to earth.

For the rays of the searchlights reflect on the varnished silk of the fabric of the great gas-bag with a singularly beautiful effect.

Guns are really busy now and shells are bursting all round the floating apparition. It moves with apparent deliberation at that vast height, but in reality it may be passing over at a speed of a mile in a minute. No one who has witnessed a sight such as this can ever forget it. There is a charm and a mystery mingled with the uncertainty of the unknown.

The danger of a bomb dropping on or near one never seems worth considering, though by this time they are dropping in rapid succession, dropping to burst with a flash and a crash which shakes the glass in farmhouses miles distant.

But they terrorize nobody. Possibly they make the more careless understand something of the realities of war and rouse a steady glow of resentment at the impertinence of these Huns in thinking for one moment that they can with impunity interfere with an Englishman's rest and expect to survive—even in return for a sort of gloried fireworks display.

(Continued on Page 16.)

The Spectator

Emery's Ignored Speech

At a meeting of several hundred of the new members of the Chamber of Commerce last Monday Mr. J. A. Emery of the National Manufacturers' Association made a speech that evoked thunders of applause. It was a great speech in laudation of the spirit of San Francisco, in praise of its achievements in the face of disaster and discouragement, and especially in praise of the determination of its leading citizens to remedy evils that have long retarded the city's industrial growth and to put the city in a position to prosecute the great commercial conquest for which it appears to be destined. Not a word of this speech did you read in the big daily from which Mr. Hearst derives enough money to offset his losses in other fields. The Examiner made scant reference to Mr. Emery, for this gentleman is persona non grata to our powerful labor unions, and The Examiner acts on the policy that it pays to please the labor bosses. The Chronicle printed a few lines about the speech, but said nothing of a very interesting topic on which Mr. Emery touched. From the standpoint of the great dailies that have grown rich off the merchants and manufacturers of this city the topic was too objectionable to be mentioned in the public press. Mr. Anton Johansen was the topic. Let us consider this topic and the silence of the press.

Johansen's Straight Testimony

Now Mr. Emery made no attack on organized labor. The keynote of the meeting was one of conciliation. Fred J. Koster sounded the keynote, speaking as he always has spoken, in a tone of forbearance and in terms of kindness regarding unions, which, he said, are organizations that have come to stay. Mr. Emery did not dissent from Koster's sentiments, but in pointing out how important was the awakening of the Chamber of Commerce to the intolerable evils due to a tyrannical unionism he cited the confession of Mr. Johansen before the National Industrial Commission in New York; rather he read the testimony given by Johansen for the enlightenment of the commission. Johansen appeared before the commission as an officer of the Building Trades Council of this State, and he spoke authoritatively as a representative of organized labor. Questioned as to the business of picketing, he explained that it was carried on with as much efficiency as possible and with no respect for the law of the land. By way of illustrating the seriousness of the picketing business he told of a strike in Stockton where it was thought advisable to organize an auxiliary of women strikers. "We told them," he said, "not to call men scabs as that is a vulgar word. We sug-

gested that it was much more effective to punch a man in the jaw." Johansen, it will be observed, is no milk-and-water Pacifist. College professors and the civic patriots among our good clergymen who sympathize with strikers may employ euphemisms in describing the methods of strikers; not so a practical, experienced and conscientious man like Johansen. He was asked when testifying for Uncle Sam how he regarded injunctions. He regards them as "pieces of paper." These are precisely the words he used under oath in New York. He told of injunctions issued to restrain strikers in this State, and as though jubilant at the thought he declared that no attention was paid to them. Moreover he declared that such things were not to be obeyed by union men seeking higher wages and almost in so many words affirmed that in his opinion the law did not matter.

Weinstock to the Rescue

This testimony given by Johansen before a national commission was elicited by that very active politician and general utility man of our great State, Colonel Harris Weinstock. Now the Colonel, though engaged in obtaining information for the Government upon which it might frame legislation on industrial matters for the whole country, was not satisfied with Johansen's testimony. Whether he regarded the candid Scandinavian as more inclined to braggadocio than to truth, or whether he thought it well, in the interests of organized labor, to minimize the brutality of the labor chief's testimony, one may only conjecture. The psychology of Weinstock is a perplexing study. However, in this instance, it seems to have been a case of the Colonel to the rescue. Johansen was on the witness stand two days. The third day Colonel Weinstock recalled him to suggest that as he had given very blunt answers he might like to have the testimony read with a view to modifying it. But the labor boss promptly declared that he was quite well satisfied with the testimony he had given and had no changes to make.

As Viewed in the East

Now Emery unfolded this vivid picture at the Chamber of Commerce not to justify any comments on the ruthlessness of an organization that has won the solicitude of some of our darling ministers. His only purpose was to call attention to conditions in California as visualized by the people of the East when the Industrial Commission was in session. For of course the newspapers of the East were giving full reports of the testimony. The newspapers of the East are not like our dailies, which suppressed even the Johansen testimony in spite of its strong local interest, and which have again refused to make it public. Mr. Emery congratulated our merchants on having revolted against conditions that were doing this city a great injury throughout the country. He said it was inspiring to hear the good news from Mr. Koster that the Chamber of Commerce was behind a movement that was not for a day. Mr. Koster had said in his opening address that our merchants had determined to stick to the open-shop policy, not with the view of coercing anybody or of antagonizing unionism but to maintain respect for fundamental American principles. He assured his hearers that the Chamber of Commerce was not to be

swerved from the course marked out, and that it was as zealous today in the pursuance of its policy as it was the day the Law and Order League was organized. Robert Newton Lynch, the vice-president of the Chamber, in the course of his speech remarked that it was the policy of the Chamber never to start anything that it was not quite certain it was able to finish.

Spreckels' Forgotten Project

Not for a long time has anybody heard of Rudolph Spreckels' activities as a public benefactor on the other side of the bay. It will be remembered that the good millionaire, who has done a lot of inward bleeding for the dear people, butted into the affairs of the People's Water Company of Oakland at a time when its affairs were in a tangle. He conceived a fine plan of disentanglement, which was to be of great benefit to the dear people. Of late people have been wondering what happened; for though Mr. Spreckels got into the mix-up with much noise, he got out pianissimo. No politician pussyfooting past an embarrassing issue ever got by with less noise than Mr. Spreckels made as he let the affairs of the People's Water Company alone. He was soon absorbed in other things, like the Western Pacific reorganization and the new light and power company, which is to do things to Pacific Gas if and if and provided; and of late Mr. Spreckels has taken no interest in water. Why? as M. J. B. might ask.

When Spreckels Quit

The answer was given last week when Railroad Commissioner Edgerton was taking testimony respecting the People's Water situation. President Frank Havens was asked, "How about the campaign launched by Mr. Spreckels and his attorney Mr. Wheeler for the purchase of the properties? Was anything ever done about it?" "Yes," said Havens, "the campaign was launched all right and one meeting was held, but the new craft never really got into the water." "And why was this?" Theodore Roche asked. "Well, so far as I could find out," said Havens, "just about that time a syndicate of bankers bought all of Mr. Spreckels' bonds at par and interest, and after that nothing was done in his campaign for transferring the properties to the transbay district."

The People's Friend

Nothing more was said that shed any light on the subject. Mr. Spreckels "butted in" and started a campaign with his mouth, his attorney lending his presence to the launching. Then he sold his stock at par and got his pound of flesh in interest. Then, like the undemonstrative Arab, he folded his tent, vanished and was

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seen no more. But let it not be supposed that the young millionaire has lost interest in the dear people. Whenever or wherever they may be in trouble they may depend on him. Reorganization is his specialty, and his heart bleeds for consumers.

Homer and Our Edwin

Seven cities vied for Homer's birth with emulation pious: Salamis, Samos, Colophon, Rhodes, Argos, Athens, Chios.

So sang the Greek poet of the Anthology. But Homer is dead, and most of those old cities are no more. Today we are interested in live poets and live towns. Not Homer but Edwin is the subject of our story. Forget Homer; forget his epic art. Turn your attention to "The Man with the Hoe." For there is a Markham controversy. Not the old one which involved a question of plagiarism, but a brand-new one. Where did Edwin write his masterpiece? Where was the Markham habitat when Markham put all those embarrassing questions to Millet's painting? Three cities—and they are no mean cities—dispute the honor. San Francisco, Oakland and San Jose lay claim to the distinction. As Athens of old claimed Homer, so does the Athens of the Pacific point with pride to Markham as her son, and to "The Man with the Hoe" as her offspring. San Francisco, described by an earlier poet than Markham as being "serene, indifferent of fate," makes no collective claim; but Bailey Millard puts her in nomination for the honor. The Garden City has already clinched her claim with a tablet erected—horrors!—by the Chamber of Commerce. Perhaps the San Jose Chamber of Commerce thinks "The Man with the Hoe" is an agricultural poem, like some of those effunded by Dunk McPherson and Fred Emerson Brooks.

Markham Speaks Out

The controversy was referred to the poet by Bailey Millard. Bailey is today an agricultural editor; but in 1899 he was the editor of the Sunday Supplement of The Examiner, and it was in that chamber of horrors that "The Man with the Hoe" was first published. I remember Bailey's prefatory note in which he called Markham "a hierophant." So Bailey takes a special interest in all that pertains to the poem. This is the light which Markham has shed upon the controversy at the instance of Millard:

I came upon a print of Millet's painting "The Man with the Hoe," in El Dorado County in 1885. Filled with pity and indignation, I wrote the first stanza thirteen years afterward in Oakland. I completed the poem and crowned over the lines, making some changes, while in San Jose. Oakland was the chief place of offense.

San Francisco is slighted, you see, and the claims of Oakland and San Jose are nicely balanced. But Bailey Millard drags San Francisco in, writing that Edwin made some alterations in the poem here. So let us not surrender to the lesser towns. Markham's words are a contribution to the curiosities of literature. He saw the print from Millet in 1885, and was filled with pity and indignation. He began the poem in 1898. For thirteen years he remained filled with pity and indignation; then burst into blank verse. I think this is the poetical record for holding a full measure of pity and indignation without spilling it. Obviously the poem was not written at a white heat; unless Markham's brain is a fireless cooker.

The Print and the Painting

The Book Club of San Francisco has just brought out a de luxe edition of "The Man with the Hoe," with a special introduction by our Edwin. It is a beautiful piece of work done by that magical conjuror of handset type, John Henry Nash. In his introduction Markham tells about the birth of the poem:

For an hour I stood before the painting, absorbing the majesty of its despair, the tremendous import of its admonition. I stood there, the power and terror of the thing growing upon my heart, the pity and sorrow of it eating into my soul. It came to me with a strange echo of the world sorrow—came with its pitiless pathos and mournful grandeur.

Here Edwin speaks of the painting, not of the print; but that's a mere detail. The original painting is the property of the Will Crockers, and has been on exhibition in San Francisco, but not in El Dorado County. So doubtless when Edwin writes painting he means print. I see our Edwin standing for an hour before that print in El Dorado County, emotion growing upon his heart and eating into his soul. I imagine him saying to the peasant with the hoe, in the words of Goldsmith:

The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too.

And then I see our Edwin waiting thirteen years for the inspiration to get him. Your divine afflatus is a queer thing. I had not known that it was so dilatory.

Changing a Word

There is a story told of Oscar Wilde that may be a chestnut, but I am going to spring it. In the height of his fame Oscar was the guest of honor at a week-end party in a famous English country house. The first day he kept to his room from morning till night fall. When he came down to dinner he was immediately surrounded by gushing females.

"Oh, Mr. Wilde," exclaimed one of them, "tell us what you have been doing all day."

"I have been at work upon a poem," said Oscar.

"A poem!" cried Miss Gush. "How fascinating! And did you accomplish much?"

"Well, yes, I accomplished a good deal during the morning," was the grave reply. "I took out a comma."

"How perfectly lovely," said Miss Gush. "And what did you do during the afternoon?"

"I put it back again," said Oscar.

I am reminded of this story by a letter published with the new de luxe edition of "The Man with the Hoe." It is a letter addressed to Albert M. Bender of the Book Club by Markham. He writes:

After all these years I am having the hardihood to change a word in my poem, "The Man with the Hoe." In the last line of the second stanza, I am changing 'menace' to 'danger.' This will clarify and energize the line.

In order that my readers may grasp the portentousness of this emendation I must quote the lines as they stand now, clarified and energized by the juggling of synonyms:

Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with danger to the universe.

A Problem in Arithmetic

Thirteen years elapsed between Edwin's first sight of the Millet print and his first attempt to utter himself concerning it. It took him seventeen years to make up his mind to change the word 'menace' to the word 'danger.' With this data at hand I should like some arithmetical genius to figure out what will happen to the poem if Markham lives—as I hope he will—for twenty-five years more. If Markham spent seventeen years changing one word, doubtless he would give a month, not a day, to the proper placing of a comma. Oscar Wilde spoke in jest to rebuff a silly woman. Edwin is in deadly earnest. Which is the greater poet? Think of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" before you answer.

Jimmy Swinnerton Goes to Kindergarten

Jimmy Swinnerton, the comic artist of national renown, has been in town for several weeks, taking a vacation from his hard work which is done down on the San Bernardino desert. And where do you suppose Jimmy Swinnerton has been spending a lot of his time while here? Going to kindergarten! It sounds preposterous, but it's the sober truth. Morning after morning Swinnerton has haunted the kindergarten classes of Mrs. Fay Richards at the St. Francis Hotel. When the celebrated comic supplement artist arrived at the St. Francis one of the first men he met was his friend Alvah Wilson, and Alvah took him one morning to the Rose Room where the kindergarten class was in session. Alvah thought the sight of the pretty kiddies might interest Swinnerton, but he was not prepared for the enthusiastic absorption which the comic artist showed in the sight. He couldn't drag Swinnerton away. Since then Swinnerton has been as regular in attending as the youngsters themselves. The explanation is not difficult. Swinnerton's most popular comic is concerned with the doings of little Jimmy and his friend Pink. Now Jimmy is growing up, and his fond parents are anxious to see him take a little interest in girl friends. They have been trying for some time to induce Jimmy to remember his social obligations, but Jimmy to whom all girls

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are "Janes" is refractory. Swinnerton is stocking his mind with data for the new developments in the "Jimmy" series. "I am steeping myself in the atmosphere of the kindergarten," says Swinnerton. "I am mastering the social angle of childhood. To see these kiddies learning to dance and cultivating other social accomplishments and not enjoying it worth a hang—to watch them being taught to be perfect little ladies and gentlemen when they don't want to be perfect little ladies and gentlemen is the best opportunity I have ever had, and I am making the most of it. I am getting all sorts of good ideas for the 'Jimmy' series, and it may be that I shall hit upon an idea for a new series too. You never can tell. Two-thirds of the artists doing popular work in New York today are former San Francisco men. It is from San Francisco that nearly all the original ideas for this sort of work come. So I am not surprised at this latest opportunity that has come my way; but I am duly appreciative of it. Pardon me, I must go back to my kindergarten class. So long!"

Coffroth in Louisville

Jimmy Coffroth and Harry Monahan, Arcades ambo, have just returned from a tour of the Eastern race courses. They made the tour to study race courses and to induce owners of racing stables to send their strings to Tia Juana for the next racing meet. They visited New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other big cities; but some of their pleasantest memories are of Louisville. There Coffroth was introduced to Colonel Woodward, a typical Southern officer and gentleman. The Colonel is eighty years old, straight as a ramrod and has never had a headache in his life.

"Colonel, there is no need of asking whether you served in the Civil War," said Coffroth.

"There is not, sir," replied the Colonel. "I believe I may say that I fought not without honor, sir."

"I saw the portrait of a great general in the Galt House this morning," continued Coffroth, "and I remarked to my companion Mr. Monahan that I regarded that general as one of the five greatest soldiers the world has ever produced. The other four, in my humble opinion, were Alexander, Hannibal, Julius Caesar and Napoleon."

"And the fifth, sir?" said the Colonel.

"Was Robert E. Lee," said Coffroth.

Colonel Woodward swelled with pride at this tribute.

"That is most remarkable praise, coming from a man from your section, sir," said the Colonel.

"Well," said Coffroth, "my father was from Virginia, and my mother from New Orleans."

"Where is my boy?" cried the Colonel, with quick enthusiasm. "Where is my boy Will? Will! come here."

Will who proved to be a man of fifty or thereabouts, approached his father. He is one of the best known racing men of Kentucky.

"Will," said the Colonel. "I want you to meet Mr. Coffroth. His father was from Virginia, and his mother from New Orleans. He is a man! And, Will, you must send your horses to Tia Juana to race at Mr. Coffroth's track!"

The Most Interesting Sight

"What was the most interesting thing you saw on your trip?" I asked Coffroth, after he had told me this story.

"A bell boy at the old Galt House in Louisville," he answered. "The Galt House is, I believe, one of the oldest hotels in the South. They have a bell boy there who has been answering to the call of 'Front!' for fifty years. As a reward for faithful service he was recently made captain of the bell boys!"

Jack Bermingham's Success

When the European war set all the munition plants and powder factories of the United States working in twenty-four-hour shifts, Jack Bermingham was tempted from Pinole to Bayonne, N. J., by the offer of a salary of \$30,000 a year. Jack Bermingham, formally known as John Bermingham Jr., was regarded by the powder men of the country as one of the greatest experts in the business; so the offer was not a piece of good luck, it was a recognition of solid worth. Before Jack left this city his intimate friends gave him a banquet at the Tavern, and pals of many years like Charlie Belshaw and Fire Chief Tom Murphy predicted his success in the new field, expressing themselves in terms which sounded suspiciously like hyperbole. Well, Jack has made all those predictions seem unduly and coldly conservative. He divides his time between the New York office of the International Steel and Munitions Corporation, and the factory at Bayonne. He has not only attended to the filling of the enormous orders pouring into the plant, but he has also taken special contracts on a commission basis. One of these was a thirty million dollar munitions contract for the Russian Government, and his commission on this order alone, it is said, has made Jack Bermingham independently wealthy. Indeed, he is credited with being a millionaire right now. This has given great satisfaction to his numerous friends in this city who know that it is not in the cards for Jack to be spoiled by prosperity. Mrs. Bermingham is in San Francisco on a visit to her relatives and friends, and is stopping at the St. Francis.

Working for the "L. C. C."

With almost \$10,000 subscribed for tickets to the League of the Cross Cadets benefit entertainment on October 31, and the canvass hardly yet begun, there is no doubt of the event being a great financial success. The money already

pledged suffices to relieve the regiment from its pressing pecuniary obligations, and there is assurance that before the sale is concluded there will be enough surplus to prevent, for years to come, a recurrence of its present embarrassment. Contributory to this agreeable state of affairs are the popularity of the Cadets, the esteem in which their spiritual director Father Richard Collins is held by all classes and creeds, and the intelligent and energetic work of those who have in charge the arrangements for the benefit. Never has a local movement been more perfectly organized and conducted. Beginning with a voluntary effort of a few of Father Collins' personal friends to help him out of debt incurred by maintaining the regiment's efficiency and enlarging its membership roll, it has rapidly developed into a concerted campaign in which at least 2000 of San Francisco's best men and women are engaged, irrespective of race or religion. Almost fifty per cent of the subscribers are non-Catholic, and Protestants and Hebrews are among the most active promoters of the ticket sale. For this splendid organization much credit is due Chairman William H. McCarthy of the general committee. His selection of subcommittees was marked by rare judgment, and his infectious enthusiasm while presiding at the meetings had much to do with opening the hearts and purses of the men and women he addressed. Speaking of women, they are mightily instrumental in bringing in the dollars. Their committee president Mrs. James S. Fennell, and her sister officers are tireless workers. Mrs. E. P. Shortall, Mrs. Samuel McFadden and Mrs. E. D. Donovan are the vice-presidents, Mrs. Andrew J. Gallagher the treasurer, Miss Jessie G. Inglis the secretary and Miss M. E. Connor her assistant. These ladies have enlisted hundreds of others in the cause. Of the entertainment that is promised in return for each fifty-cent ticket—well, it is to be a great show. It embraces a pageant that will include United States soldiers and sailors, San Francisco's finest military organizations and civic society drill teams, a living fashion show contributed by the city's leading modistes, the Olympic Club's most dignified members as clowns, about a hundred Chinese girls in holiday garb escorted by the Chinese band and accompanied by the great Chinese dragon, acrobats, gymnasts, gorgeously-decorated automobiles and floats. Archbishop Hanna will be escorted from his home to the Civic Auditorium by 400 members of the fourth degree, Knights of Columbus—their first public appearance in



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uniform—and after he has reviewed the pageant all the bands, twenty or more, will form enmasse and be directed by Paul Steindorff as they play "The Star Spangled Banner" and the great Portola flag will unfold from the dome and spread to the floor. Then will come a dance that promises to be given fancy dress aspect by the variety of uniforms and costumes in evidence.

To Preserve the Old Mission

The Old Mission Dolores church and cemetery at Sixteenth and Dolores streets are perhaps the only really venerable landmarks whereof San Francisco may boast. They mark the spot from which civilization radiated in this peninsula. They are associated with much interesting tradition, but aside from the sentimental interest that attaches to them, they are of considerable pecuniary value to the public for they are great attractions. Nevertheless these old ruins are passing and hardly anything is done to retard decay. Fortunately the Rev. John W. Sullivan has taken an interest in them and next week he will visit merchants and prominent citizens to solicit contributions to a preservation fund. Subscription lists will be placed in business houses all over the city by volunteer workers. An effort is to be made to raise \$5000. Subscriptions from ten cents up will be acceptable.

Beringer Club in Greek Theatre

The Beringer Musical Club under the direction of Professor and Mme. Joseph Beringer will give a Half Hour of Music Sunday afternoon, October 1, at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley. A programme of noteworthy numbers is promised, to include both instrumental and vocal compositions. The participants will be Miss Louise Cameron, pianist; Miss Irene De Martini, dramatic soprano; Helen McKinlay, pianist; Miss Genevieve Holmberg, contralto; Miss Zdenka Ruben, pianist; and Miss Myrtle Dow, lyric soprano.

At the Cecil

Colonel and Mrs. F. W. Coe of the United States army and their son N. M. Coe are at the Cecil for the winter. Mr. Bernard gave a dinner of eight covers Sunday. Mrs. A. M. Burns was hostess at a delightful dinner Sunday in honor of a friend who has recently come north from Santa Barbara. Misses M. T. Webb and E. T. Webb of New York are guests. They were the inspiration for the bridge tea given Monday by Mrs. Frederick Perkins of the army. Captain and Mrs. Richard O. Crisp who have been making their home at the Cecil for the past year left Monday for Baltimore where the captain will be stationed. Several farewell affairs were given in honor of Mrs. Crisp. Mrs. Henry Boeger gave a large luncheon Saturday as a compliment to this popular matron. Mr. and Mrs. Durnham were hosts at dinner Tuesday in the private dining room. Mrs. M. A. Waterbury is a recent arrival from Honolulu, and will spend the winter. Mrs. J. E. Henry of Stockton is visiting her mother Mrs. James Hough. Dr. and Mrs. Harvey Peck of Baltimore are enjoying their visit. Mrs. Wilma Scodie motored from Bakersfield, and will spend several weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander MacFarland and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fryman were

the guests at dinner of Mrs. William Franklin Morris this week. They are from Los Angeles.

A New Dance at Techau's

One of the most fetching ensemble numbers seen at any of the fashionable downtown cafes this early autumn is the Gavotte Colonial-Dame now being staged in the dining salon at the Techau Tavern. The act is sumptuously staged in costume and setting with two sparkling chorus numbers. The brightest and prettiest artistes in the city are now appearing in the Fashion Revue at the Tavern and in the aerial chorus of the electric swings. Dining in the evening at the Tavern is now one of the sprightliest delights the town affords. Dining, dancing and a smart concert melange constitute a fine combination in themselves, but to top the dinner show at the Tavern is the skating at the Techau Tavern Ice Palace. General skating with exhibitions on the ice by the Mullers and Alfred and Sigrid Naess, world's famous ice artists, is the vogue of the hour.

Crawford—There should be a new law to punish those who revile the Stars and Stripes.

Crabshaw—I guess the old law about using the flag for advertising purposes covers the case.

JAMES MADISON,

General Manager

California Associated

Raisin Co.

Says

Proposition No. 2 Would Injure the Grape Growers

Mr. James Madison, vice president and manager of the California Associated Raisin Company, was selected by Lieutenant-Governor William G. Stephens to write the arguments against the two prohibition amendments, which are to be mailed to every registered voter before the November election.

Mr. Madison has given the matter careful study, particularly as to the effect both measures would have on the raisin grape industry of California. Upon him rests the welfare of thousands of growers and of the great communities that are dependent upon the raisin industry.

The text of his argument upon proposition No. 2, partial prohibition, is as follows:

Not an Anti-Saloon Measure

Offered to California voters as an anti-saloon measure, this amendment is false to the name its supporters have given it, for it would wipe out every established channel or avenue of trade within the State for the sale or distribution of the product of the wine grape vineyard and hop field. It eliminates any branch or agency of a winery or brewery; it prohibits the soliciting

of orders, prevents the handling of wine or beer by the gallon or bottle in grocery or other stores, forbids the serving of wine or beer with meals in restaurants, clubs and hotels, and would make felons of those who followed the custom of serving wine or beer at public functions and banquets. It goes so far as to prevent the sampling or tasting of wine at the place of manufacture, and it forbids the contemplating purchaser from going to a winery or brewery and taking away with him any quantity he may wish to buy.

Handicaps Manufacture

The liberty it gives to the winery and brewery is poor solace. It tells the producers that they may make as much as they please, and then proceeds to place almost every obstacle in the way of allowing them to market what they produce. Its restrictions are such that only the well-to-do can avail themselves of the opportunity to purchase.

The amendment provides that these restrictions shall be in force on and after January 1, 1918, which would bring prohibition two years sooner than provided for in the first amendment.

Disastrous to Vineyards

The effect of this amendment would be as disastrous to the legitimate winery and brewery, to the vineyards and the hop fields as prohibition amendment No. 1. It would place legitimate business in the embarrassing and ludicrous position of appealing for trade outside of the boundaries of the State and of saying to visitors, "If you stay out of California you may have our wines and beers, but if you come to California, they will be denied you."

Hotels Will Suffer

The hotel industry would be given a deadly blow, especially in the case of the great tourist hotels. Instead of coming to California to spend, perhaps to invest their money and often to make their homes, thousands of tourists would go annually to other parts of the country and world where they could enjoy their holidays without being made subject to laws of which they do not approve and threatened with arrest and prosecution for following habits to which they have always been accustomed.

Discriminates Against Poor

A law making such unjust discrimination between residents and visitors, between the rich man who is able to maintain a wine cellar, and the workingman who is not able to do so, will not command public respect, will be incapable of enforcement and will bring all laws into disrepute.

Prohibition, if tried here, will prove the dismal failure it has been in other States. Though at one time or another in force in thirty-four States, it has never decreased crime or insanity, improved industrial conditions nor even accomplished the first of its avowed purposes—a decrease in the consumption of alcoholic beverages.

Vote NO on Amendment No. 2.

JAMES MADISON, Gen'l. Mgr.
California Associated Raisin Co.
(Advertisement)

"The Lord will provide;" and that's about as far as the lazy man's religion ever gets.

Patronize Home Industry



California's Popular Wine

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Daughter of a Martyr

One of the young ladies who matriculated at the State University this session was Miss Lucille Lazear. I wonder if her last name suggests anything in particular to most people who read it? Perhaps not. Does it help when I explain that Lucile Lazear is the only daughter of the late Dr. Jesse W. Lazear? Search your memory. You don't remember the name? Such is fame! It is not too much to say that were it not for Dr. Jesse W. Lazear the Panama Canal could not have been built. And yet Dr. Lazear died in 1900. I shall not puzzle you any longer. Dr. Lazear was the American army surgeon who gave his life to demonstrate that yellow fever was transmitted by the anopheles mosquito. Dr. Lazear is one of the sublime martyrs of medical science. In the nineties Dr. Carlos Finlay originated the mosquito theory of the transmission of the deadly yellow fever. He was laughed at, ridiculed and attacked by the wisecracks of his day. In the year 1900 when the sanitation of Cuba had become a great American problem the Surgeon-General of the United States Army appointed a commission of four army surgeons to study yellow fever. These surgeons were Dr. Jesse W. Lazear, Dr. Walter B. Reed, Dr. James Carroll and Dr. Aristides Agramonte. This was called the Army Yellow Fever Commission. All their studies pointed to the truth of Dr. Finlay's theory; but there was only one way to prove it conclusively. That was to find somebody who would permit himself to be bitten by an anopheles mosquito and observe the result. Dr. Lazear was a married man; he had a daughter three years old and a son just one year old. On the testimony of his associate Dr. Reed he was distinguished by a "manly and fearless devotion to duty such as I have rarely seen equalled." He was a young man of great ability, admirably trained. He was sure of a brilliant future. Yet he offered himself for the deadly experiment. He was

bitten by a mosquito, contracted yellow fever and died of it, a martyr to science. By his death he established the mosquito theory of yellow fever; he conquered the disease. He made it possible for Gorgas to do the work which transformed the deadly swamps of Panama into one of the healthiest regions of the world—a work of sanitation without which Goethals would have been unable to dig the canal. Recently Dr. Lazear's widow went to live in Berkeley in order that her daughter might attend the university. The son is at high school.

Doris Ryer and a Tevis

According to one of the New York bavarades, "young Tevis, one of the sons of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis of San Francisco" is paying particular attention to Doris Ryer, the daughter of Mrs. Fletcher Ryer. Mrs. Ryer and her charming daughter are at the Ritz in New York, following a second brilliant season at Newport. The bavarade says that young Tevis is at the Ritz a great deal, and that he is in many of the parties given for Doris. And the bavarade adds that "Mrs. Ryer nods approval." This is interesting, but which of the Tevis boys does the bavarade refer to? There are three, Will Jr., Lansing and Gordon.

Lou Brown Is Engaged

The news created the utmost excitement in the Concordia Club. It swept through the Beresford Country Club and was the sole topic of conversation for the rest of the day. Even golf scores were forgotten. Lou Brown engaged! Lou Brown, whom all his friends regarded as irrevocably committed to bachelorhood! It was the last piece of news his friends expected. When they recovered their equilibrium the many friends of the popular bachelor showered him with congratulations, and sought out his bride-elect, overwhelming her with good wishes and saying all sorts of nice things about Lou. I suppose I should refer to him as Louis C. Brown. He is going to wed Miss Sophie Dinkelspiel, the daughter of one of our very prominent families. Miss Dinkelspiel is the daughter of Mrs. Carrie Dinkelspiel. Until the death of her father she lived at Bakersfield. Since then she has spent a great deal of her time abroad (she was educated in Paris), and now makes her home with her mother in the Hotel Richelieu in this city. Miss Dinkelspiel is a vocalist of rare ability, a cultivated instrumentalist and possesses a charming personality which has endeared her to a big circle of friends. Her grandfather, the late Jacob Greenebaum, was for years president of the Temple Emanu-El. Louis C. Brown is the vice-president of the Orpheum Theatre and Realty Company. He is a member of the Concordia, the Beresford Country Club, the Elks, is a thirty-second degree Mason and a Shriner. And he is one of the most popular young men in San Francisco. The date of the wedding is still to be announced.

Our Newspaperwomen Discovered

The newspaperwoman has been discovered. This hardest-working of self-supporting women has been lured from her desk in the local room, and has been honored with luncheons and receptions. It seems almost as though the public hadn't known of the newspaperwoman; as though she had been overlooked, or at least

taken for granted. Now she is being cultivated. She is vogue. She is recognized as a personality. She is being invited here and there. And she accepts the invitations. She goes to the affairs arranged in her behalf, is pleased and amused. There was a special luncheon at the Home Industry League the other day, and the female scribes attended en masse. They left their pencils and their pads of yellow paper behind, and gave themselves up to non-professional sociability. The other guests regarded them with considerable curiosity, and were a little surprised to find them perfectly human! It is always thrilling to see one's favorite writer, and all of these newspaperwomen are best-sellers. Their lucubrations have an immense circulation. You can imagine, therefore, how exciting it was for their readers to meet them face to face. The newspaperwomen submitted gracefully to the lionizing experience.

They Were All There

Indeed some newspaperwomen betrayed signs of liking to be lionized and there are newspaperwomen who deserve to be lionized. All are perfectly human, and like ordinary beings they take on the color of their environment. Like

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Dancing Classes Re-open September 19. Ladies Class, Tuesday Morning, 10:45; Children, Tuesday, Little Ones, 2:45; Older Ones, 4:00; Adult, Tuesday Evening, 8:15; High School, Thursday Afternoon, 4:00; Saturday Evening, 8:15. Latest Dances, Corte Fox Trot, One Step, Raglan, Ritz Waltz.

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the dyer's, the penwoman's hand is subdued to what it works in. So your bavarde is to be distinguished from your interviewer. Now, for instance, Pauline Jacobsen is not at all eager to be lionized by a little coterie of near-society folk. She is an interviewer, and a very good one, and she has a keen mind and a nice taste in words. Miss Jacobsen was at the Home Industry League luncheon. So was Annie Wilde, a demure slip of a girl who writes inimitably sly articles on women's clubs and clubwomen. There, also, was Helen Dare, a lady with a cheerful smile. She is the soul of good sense. She is a thorough newspaperwoman, like Annie Laurie. They have much in common: vigor of thought and expression and sound judgment. The bavardes—Grace Doyle, Louise Weick and Wanda Henrici—ladies versed in social values, they were in evidence too. And there were the sob sisters—Bessie Beatty, Rose Lane, Genevieve Parkhurst. Their talents are not to be despised by any means. And there were the women who vie with the best men of the staff in "landing scoops"—Marie Hicks Davidson, Hortense Russell and others. I don't blame you a bit for being deeply interested in all these newspaperwomen. You'd travel a long way before finding their superiors in brains.

The Douglas Cranes and the Blind

The local blind will receive the benefit of the Cubist-Futurist Ball to be given October 17 at the St. Francis Hotel under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Crane. Since last May artists have been doing posters for the prize poster contest in connection with the ball, and preparations for the event have been going on unceasingly. The San Francisco Association for the Blind which has its offices and sales room at 1526 California street, is sponsor as well as beneficiary of the affair. All of the officers and directors are most anxious for the ball's success, as the association is at a critical point in its career where it must either expand or stagnate. While half the receipts of "Cigarette Day" helped the institution to a certain extent, they by no means brought in sufficient money to keep the work going another year, and it has been deemed necessary to make another appeal. Mrs. Crane is herself doing all of the secre-

tarial work in connection with the ball and the ladies of the association are attending to the arrangement and the printing of the programme so that no unnecessary expenditure need deflect money from its proper channels. A very stunning poster announcing the event has been made by Douglas Crane and is exhibited in the lobby of the St. Francis Hotel. Tickets are now on sale at the St. Francis bookstand. A large number of people are preparing to go, and if the city responds to the local charity as it has to foreign appeals, the association will make the ball an annual affair with which to open the social season, just as the season is always closed by the Mardi Gras. The women interested are: Mesdames Andrew S. Rowan, Ralph C. Harrison, Meyer Friedman, J. Russell Selfridge, William Lindow, S. Haskett Derby, Lorenze Avenali, George E. Billings, Thomas Breeze, William F. Breeze, George J. Bucknall, A. M. Burns, Selah Chamberlain, George W. Caswell, Joseph A. Donohoe, Frank Deering, Bowie Detrick, Harry Poett, Mamie McNutt Potter, Henry T. Scott, George W. Towle, Frederick Vaughn, the Misses Emily Carolan, Elizabeth Livermore and Alice Schussler.

"Path of Gold" Festivities

Preparations for "Homecoming Week" and the "Path of Gold" illumination festival are complete and from every indication the city will be crowded as it has not been since the days of the Exposition. First comes the Fashion Show at the Palace Hotel and on Tuesday and Wednesday there will be a free flower and dahlia show at the Exposition Auditorium. Wednesday night at half past eight the new lighting system on Market street will be turned on for the first time and there will be a magnificent parade in honor of the event, the features including a dozen illuminated floats typifying the "Lights of All Ages," designed by W. Dr'Arcy Ryan, the light wizard, another dozen contributed by the electrical industries, floats built by other organizations and bands without number. The paraders will include military, naval, civic and fraternal bodies and many novel features are promised. Thursday night there will be an official "housewarming" of the City Hall which will be brilliantly illuminated, there will be a wonderful display of aerial fireworks at the Civic

Center and then will follow the "Path of Gold" ball at the Exposition Auditorium which will be a notable function.

Mullally in Charge of Ball

The ball will be under the direction of Thornwell Mullally who achieved such success at the memorable "Ball of All Nations," "Fine Arts Ball" and dedication of the Auditorium. He vouches for the success of this feature of the celebration, and that is "enough said." Mullally is our "field marshal of merriment" and has never failed. He promises to outdo his best previous efforts. All of the boxes have been taken by society folk. It will be a fancy dress affair and many picturesque, beautiful and unusual costumes are expected. W. Dr'Arcy Ryan is superintending the illumination of the Auditorium and during the evening two hundred views of the Exposition, taken and colored under his supervision, will be shown publicly for the first time in San Francisco. Those who saw the pictures given at a private exhibition at the Bohemian Club say that they are incomparable in their beauty and worth any price to see.

Troubles of the Players Club

Even society actresses and actors are prone to jealousies and envies, if one can believe all one hears. The Players Club opens its 1916-1917 season in its own playhouse October 16, and as Director Reginald Travers has decreed that there shall be alternating casts throughout the week, what more natural than that the leading ladies and—whisper it sotto voce—the leading men should say to themselves and to their very best friends, that they think they should be cast for the opening night. For of course there must be an opening night, although Director Travers declares most vehemently with his hands above his head that "there'll be no opening night, indeed not"—that "Tuesday and Wednesday nights will be just as important occasions as Monday night"—"that he'll have no stars in the Players Club." They say that Travers always means what he says; here is where he'll be tried out.

Events at Hotel Oakland

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. L. Lombard of Piedmont have taken apartments for the winter. Mr. and

(Continued on Page 16)

Preparedness

"Safe-Tea
First"

For the unexpected Guest
Have your grocer send you
a package of

Ridgways Tea

Awarded Gold Medal—Highest Honor
India-Ceylon Teas—San Francisco, 1915

Paderewski

By Helen M. Bonnet

For Ignace Paderewski there is a very tender spot in the hearts of American music lovers. Pianists, especially, love him. If we are a nation of pianists (big and little) it is largely owing to the impeccable art with which Paderewski made hero worshipers on many American tours. He has been a real influence on the musical life of the country. So it was good to see the Cort Theatre literally filled with devotees of the piano last Sunday when the splendid artist returned to the keyboard, and one felt he must have been warmed by the fervor of the reception given to the priceless gems of tone that he flung to eager hearts. In his generosity, what he gave them seemed to be limited only by their desires. And how joyously they responded to the appeal that they sensed in the first notes of such well known noble friends as Chopin's Fifth Nocturne, the Butterfly Etude and the Valse Brillante (op. 34). The pent-up enthusiasm burst forth in the first bars of the delightful second Rhapsodie Hongroise in which Liszt so well realized

In youth the heart exults and sings,
The pulses beat, the feet have wings.

Liszt composed to reveal the orchestral power

of the piano-forte; Paderewski, be it said, has the magic puissance to strike mighty chords and give them the sonority of a symphony orchestra, leaving no memory of anything but resonant harmony or the indescribable roll of echoing thunder. What other pianist has this power? Yet it is "but a prominent detail in a vast accomplishment."

This great, beloved artist has come back to us with none of his gifts impaired. Have the woes of the fair land of Poland had any effect on this poetic genius? If so it is manifest only in the depth of his emotion. There is no trace of the artist's blight—neuritis. He has lost none of his dexterity. He is still "the unchanged creature with the tortured Burne-Jones face," as he was described years ago, and the web of hair is still poised like a halo. Only the glow has departed from the web, making him seem more like an apparition. The poetic intensity of him has the same effect that one experienced on first seeing "Romeo and Juliet" or hearing "Carmen" for the first time. He has the perennial youth that draws response from youth. As for his technique, he still plays with "that passionate precision to which error must be im-

possible." For all but the hypercritical he remains the virtuoso supreme, the artist from whose playing one gets the delicious sense of genius reacting on genius, or, perhaps I should say, genius inspiring genius, his performance being like a continuation of a magical stream of vital emotion rushing from the composer's soul.

There are critics of this wonderful pianist who, though they acclaim his magnetism and his power, are far from whole-hearted in their enthusiasm for his attainments; themselves striving to attain the perfect legato, the velvety cadenza, the dripping staccati, the accuracy of successive chords, the union of shaded tones—would they deny that if they do as the great Pole does in these they would own the rest to be the gift of God?

For Sunday we are promised a programme of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt and Paderewski. Would that somebody might invoke the aid of Orpheus to induce Paderewski to give us the C sharp minor valse of Chopin—the piece often said to be the mirror of his mood—the A flat Ballade and Paderewski's own lullaby from his opera "Manru."

The Stage

The Joyous, Inimitable Nora

Always take pleasure in your work was the advice of a great Socialist who was also a great poet and a great authority on arts and crafts. Whatever you are making a living at, whatever trade or profession you are engaged in, he said in one of his lectures, success will much depend on the heart you bring to your task. These were not precisely his words, but they express his meaning. I was reminded of him the other day by Nora Bayes who is playing a return engagement at the Orpheum. I don't know whether she is happier on the stage than anywhere else on earth, but if not she has the faculty of creating the illusion that such is the case. If the joy she manifests is real she is very frank in making her state of feeling known. She makes it infectious, too. Maybe this is the secret of her charm: she radiates light-heartedness. In the presence of such exuberant gaiety how is one to be otherwise than satisfied with the world? When Nora Bayes plays then God is in His Heaven—for her, and all's well with the theatre. In her high spirits she seems to be grateful to the audience for being her audience. The situation is reversed for the moment. Instead of your being there to enjoy Nora Bayes, she is there to enjoy you, and she seems to be fearful that you might get away before she has exhausted the potentialities of the occasion. So Nora Bayes has a priceless mood for the theatre. There is a formula of her art. It is the formula that William Morris gave to his followers, the craftsmen of London, to whom he was a great apostle. There are no dull moments at the Orpheum this week except for those whose ear has not been educated up to the sounds that Deiro makes on his piano-accordion. But judging from the "ovation" he gets whenever he appears the uneducated must suspect themselves of an abnormality in certain recesses behind the eyes. One of the big things of the show is a little drama called "The Meanest Man in the World." It is one of the few perfect dramas

in vaudeville. It is played by Allan Dinehart, chiefly by Dinehart, for it is almost a monologue.

—Theodore Bonnet.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore

Sir Rabindranath Tagore will deliver his only lecture in San Francisco this coming Monday night, October 2, in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis. In place of the subject previously announced, Tagore will lecture on "The Cult of Nationalism," which, he writes his managers, is his message to America specially prepared for this tour. Next Thursday afternoon, October 5, at three o'clock, in the Columbia Sir Rabindranath will give an afternoon of readings from his own works. Tickets for the lecture are \$2.00, and for the afternoon of readings \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00 and 50 cents. The box offices are now open at Paul Elder's book store and Sherman Clay. The patrons and patronesses for these events are Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Ray Lyman Wilbur and the Mesdames William H. Crocker, Francis Carolan, J. B. Casserly, M. C. Sloss, Jesse W. Lilienthal, Frank C. Havens and Herbert Fleishacker.

The Mischa Elman Concerts

It will be a greater Mischa Elman that Manager Will L. Greenbaum will present to the music lovers of this community at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoons, October 8 and 15. The "Caruso of the Violin" has, in the past two years, developed by leaps and bounds, as was to be expected of a genius of twenty-two. It is not so much in his musicianship and authoritative powers—the violinistic genius was always there. Elman at twenty-four is acknowledged as a "master musician." It is predicted that his playing this season will prove a revelation to his most ardent admirers. A special stage will be erected in Scottish Rite Auditorium for these concerts. Elman will have the assistance of an exceptionally fine

accompanist, Mr. Phillip Gordon. At the first concert we are promised the "Concerto" in G minor by Vivaldi, the very brilliant and beautiful "Concerto" in F sharp minor by Ernst, "Variations on a Theme by Mozart" by Scolero (first time here), works by Bach-Franko, Wieniawski-Kreisler, Weber-Elman and Michiels-Elman and the always welcome "Gypsy Dances" by Sarasate. An entirely different programme will be given at the farewell concert on Sunday afternoon, October 15. A "Sonata" by Nardini, "Valse Macabre" by Godowsky and the "Poeme" by Chausson will be among the offerings. The sale of seats will open at Sherman Clay next Wednesday, October 4, and mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

The Paderewski Farewell Concerts

This Sunday afternoon at the Cort Paderewski will give his farewell concert, presenting a programme of unusual importance and beauty. He will play his own "Sonata" Op. 21, a work of exceeding beauty and a composition typical of the great man himself. Then there will be Beethoven's "Sonata" Op. III, the "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue" by Bach, a delightful group of four Chopin gems including the "Scherzo" in C sharp minor and the brilliant "Polonaise Militaire" and a group of three Liszt masterpieces one of which will be a Hungarian Rhapsody. Tickets are on sale at Sherman Clay, and the Cort. In Oakland this Saturday afternoon at the Auditorium Opera House, Paderewski, by special request, will give the above programme. So many requests were received to have Paderewski play his own "Sonata" on this occasion that the change was accordingly made. The Oakland concert will commence at 2:30.

The New Griffith Film

D. W. Griffith has completed arrangement to show his new colossal spectacle "Intolerance" or "The Mother and the Law" at the Columbia

beginning Monday night, October 9, with daily matinees thereafter including Sundays. This is the first and only production made by Mr. Griffith since "The Clansman," known in the East as "The Birth of a Nation." Mr. Griffith has been at work on this story which he designates "a sun play of the ages," for over five years. It is an original idea consisting of parallel narratives coming down through four ages in the world's development. The connecting link between the past and present reveals that the same force which has created crises in the world's affairs is at work today. In this production Mr. Griffith has set a new mark and created his most ambitious achievement. Greater backgrounds have been made for his action than ever revealed before. In his principal scenes he has utilized more people than were ever seen in any production. "Intolerance" was presented for the first time in New York Tuesday night, August 22. The consensus of opinion was that it far surpassed "The Birth of a Nation." In the remarkable cast are Mae Marsh, Constance Talmadge, Miriam Cooper, Lillian Gish, Robert Harron, Josephine Crowell, Joseph Henabery, Spottiswoode Aiken, Tully Marshall, Marjorie Wilson, Seena Owen, Bessie Love, Ralph Lewis, George Seigmann, Lloyd Ingraham, Vera Lewis, Sam De Grasse, Olga Grey, Frank Bennett, Elmer Grifton, Alfred Paget, Walter Long, Edward Dillon, Mary Alden, Lillian Langdon and other familiar names.

Percy Grainger, Symphony Soloist

The announcement that Percy Grainger, the famous Australian pianist and composer, has been engaged as soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra is giving great satisfaction and pleasure to music lovers. Grainger will appear with the orchestra early in December. This notable engagement is a suggestion of the type of musical feasts that Director Alfred Hertz has in store for San Francisco during the forthcoming season, which begins October 27, at the Cort. Announcement of other international celebrities who will appear with the orchestra will be shortly made. The guarantors' sale, which is now progressing at the offices of the association in the Phelan building, under Secretary-Manager A. W. Widenham, is exceeding all expectations. From the present outlook the Friday symphonies will be oversubscribed, and prospective subscribers are urged to send in mail orders, accompanied by check, at once. The guarantors' sale will continue until October 6. The season sale for subscribers will begin on October 9 and continue until October 20. On October 23 the sale of single seats will begin at Sherman Clay.

"A World of Pleasure Coming"

To the Cort on Sunday night, October 8, will come "A World of Pleasure," one of the most ambitious offerings ever sent on tour by the justly famous New York Winter Garden. The

huge spectacle, which is really more of an extravaganza than a revue is a sister show to "The Passing Show of 1915" and other great Winter Garden musical plays, which have been offered in San Francisco during the past few years. It has the distinction of bringing to San Francisco its splendid cast and chorus almost intact. The Broadway beauties are a novelty of this show. But they are not the only features worth while, as this latest offering from the Winter Garden presents a cast of superlative Broadway stars of unusual excellence including William Norris, Conroy and Le Claire, the Courtney sisters, Collins and Hart, Margaret Edwards, Wanda Lyon, McMann, Diamond and Chaplow, Franklin Batie and Rosie Quinn. There is a scenic equipment of nine stage settings, rivaling in barbaric splendor an oriental pageant. Then there are twenty-four tunefully pleasing musical numbers and a number of fascinating dances and ballets.

Last Week of Nora Bayes

Nora Bayes will sing during the final week of her engagement which begins next Sunday matinee, those favorite songs in her extensive repertoire which the audiences by vote may exhibit their preference for. Miss Bayes will wear entirely new costumes. Miss Evan-Burrows Fontaine will introduce the most successful pantomimic dancing novelty of the season. An American she has, by force of ability, compelled recognition and taken rank with the most famous of foreign pantomimic dancers. Her production is one of the most complete that has ever been prepared for vaudeville and is given with a reckless disregard of expense. She includes Hawaiian, Egyptian, Greek and East Indian dances. Miss Fontaine is assisted by Kenneth Harlan who will be remembered as one of Gertrude Hoffman's principal associates,



MISS VIOLET DALE

American mimic who comes to the Orpheum next week



MISCHA ELMAN

The wonderful violinist who will appear at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoons, October 8th and 15th

and a number of attractive and clever coryphees. A novel attraction is provided in Tameo Kaji-yama, the ambidexterous Japanese writing marvel. Jacques Pintel, the Russian pianist, winner of the premier prix at the conservatoire of Paris, is making his first American tour. He has been associated with many famous musical stars as solo pianist, including Calve and Kubelik. The Balzer Sisters; William Demarest and Estelle Collette; and Webb and Burns are also included in this bill. A special attraction will be the celebrated American mimic Miss Violet Dale in her impersonations of players.

A Down-to-the-Minute Drama

"Everyman's Castle," an inspiring drama that startled the country with its forceful, convincing exposition of a new menace to every man's home, will receive its first presentation in this city at the Alcazar commencing Monday night, with Eva Lang and John Halliday in the principal roles. This powerful play of today contains a vital question for all men and women and deals with marriage in its past, present and future tense. It was originally produced in Chicago with an all-star cast including Wilton Lackaye, Hilda Spong, Cyril Scott and others and scored during a long, successful run.

"The Strikers" at Pantages

"The Strikers," a tense dramatic sketch dealing broadly with labor problems, will head the bill next week at Pantages. The playlet will deal directly with eight-hour law concession. It will be elaborately staged, special scenery having been designed. The coming week will see sev-

eral old favorites on the bill. Bertee Beaumonte and Jack Arnold in their musical skit "The Doctorette" will be the light comedy feature. Miss Arnold who is a clever dancer, is also a comedienne of no mean ability, and Arnold's quips support her admirably. Leo Perkinoff and Ethel Rose, with their Imperial Ballet, will offer a collection of striking dance creations, and Lucy Lucier, possessed of a charming voice and a broad sense of humor, will add to the laughing end of the present week's programme. The Royal Hawaiians, one of Alexander Pantages' special bookings, will present a scene from the islands, with native music on native instruments. Fred Holmes and Lulu Wells will offer a line of comedy chatter and nonsense, and the Garcinetti brothers, billed as kings of the trampoline, will be the acrobatic feature. "The Crimson Stain" is the film offering.

"Aida" This Saturday Night

When the Austrian Government detained the Bohemian singer Emmy Destinn, on the eve of her departure for America, it looked as if the success of the open-air production of "Aida" on Ewing Field Saturday night was seriously imperilled. But the management secured the services of Johanna Gadske, and the role of "Aida" was again in the hands of an artist of first-class stellar rank. The opera is to be given for the benefit of the Youths' Directory and San Juan Bautista Mission. The stage on Ewing Field is now complete. The scenery is designed and arranged by Arturo Spelta who staged the original open-air production of "Aida" at the Pyramids in 1911, and also staged open-air productions of the same opera in South America and Philadelphia. With Gadske are Julia Claussen, Clarence Whitehill, Leone Zinovieff, Italo Picchi and others. Josiah Zuro is the conductor. His work has already stamped him as a producing and creating artist.

The St. Francis Theatre

San Francisco has a new theatre—the St. Francis at Geary and Powell, which will open Monday evening, October 2nd. It is not only a new theatre—it is the first perfect theatre in the city, perfect in every detail, and by reason of the attractions it will present it will soon be recognized as the premier photo-playhouse of the country. From tile-pavement to projecting-room, from double-roof to basement music library it is complete in scientific detail and in many respects it is unique. Most new edifices built for the same purpose, have simply been adaptations of the old-time theatre idea: that is, an auditorium was built, roughly on "shell" lines, with so many rows of chairs facing an elevated stage. What matter if the chairs were really comfortable or not? What matter if there were many physical and mental differences between viewing and hearing the spoken play, and simply seeing the screen-play? A theatre is a theatre, isn't it? Now the designer of the St. Francis, Mr. N. L. Josey, had views of his own on this subject, and he has given us a masterpiece of the architect's art both from the standpoint of beauty and utilitarianism. He has invented a new type of theatre. For scientific correctness of design; for unique beauty; for highest utility—the Theatre St. Francis is a wonderful edifice. And the policy of the house is hardly less wonderful than its structural beauty. Manager Rosenthal and his co-workers decided, long before the ground was broken, that no so-called sex-dramas or other pathological or harmful photoplays would ever be shown at the St. Francis. It was deemed best to furnish San Francisco with at least one theatre to which persons of any age could come

without being confronted with photoplays which pandered to one's baser instincts. Consequently at the St. Francis the tiniest child or growing youngsters of either sex will see only those photoplays which are clean and wholesome. For the opening week commencing October 2 Pauline Frederick in "Ashes of Embers," a Paramount first-release, will head a very interesting programme. There will be frequent changes of programme; the prices will be moderate; and there will be a section where seats can be reserved by phoning Kearny 36.



MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON

Big Special Feature

"THE STRIKERS"

A Tense Dramatic Sketch Dealing With the Labor Problem

BERTEE BEAUMONTE & JACK ARNOLD

In Their Musical Sketch

"The Doctorette"

"The Crimson Stain" is the Film Offering

8 OTHER BIG PANTAGES ACTS

Cypheum

O'FARRELL BET STOCKTON & POWELL

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon.

Safest and Most Magnificent Theatre in America

Phone Douglas 70

Matinee Every Day

Positively Last Week

NORA BAYES

She Will Sing the Songs You Like Best

YOU CAN VOTE FOR THEM

Also

A SPLENDID NEW BILL

MISS EVAN-BURROWS FONTAINE Assisted by Mr. Kenneth Harlan and Company of Classic Dancers; TAMEO KAJIYAMA, the Ambidexterous Writing Marvel; JACQUES PINTEL, Classic Pianist, Late Soloist with Calve and Kubelik; BALZER SISTERS; WSB & BURNS; WILLIAM DEMAREST & ESTELLE COLLETTE, Special Additional Attraction, MISS VIOLET DALE, America's Mimic, in Her Impressions of Stage Favorites.

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

ONE PERFORMANCE ONLY

For the Benefit of the Youths' Directory and San Juan Bautista Mission

"AIDA"

EWING FIELD

SATURDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 30

ALL STAR CAST

EMMY DESTINN, JULIA CLAUSSSEN, CLARENCE WHITEHILL, LEONE ZINOVIEFF, HENRY WELDON, ITALO PICCHI

JOSHIA ZURO, Conductor

ARTURO SPELTA, Stage Director

Chorus of 500 - Orchestra of 200 - Ballet of 100 Pageant of 1000

Popular Prices, \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50, \$3. Tickets for Sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.; Kohler & Chase; and Room 315 St. Francis Hotel.

ALCAZAR THEATRE

PHONE KEARNY 2

Commencing Monday Night, October 2

A Down-to-the-Minute Drama

"EVERYMAN'S CASTLE"

A Startling Story of Married Life That Has Made Thousands Think

Originally Produced in Chicago with an All-Star Cast Presented by

EVA LANG - JOHN HALLIDAY

Supported by the Alcazar Players

Evenings—25c, 50c and 75c. Matinees—25c and 50c

THEATRE ST. FRANCIS

GEARY AT POWELL STS.

WILL OPEN MONDAY EVE.,

OCTOBER 2nd,

at 8 o'Clock

Phone Kearny 36

PAUL ELDER AND WILL L. GREENBAUM

Present

SIR RABINDRANATH

TAGORE

The Bengali Poet-Philosopher and Seer
Colonial Ball Room, St. Francis

Monday Evening, October 2

LECTURE:

"The Cult of Nationalism"

Tickets, \$2.00; Boxes, \$15 and \$20

COLUMBIA THEATRE

Thursday Afternoon, October 5, at 3

READING:

"Selections from His Own Works"

Tickets, \$2, \$1.50, \$1 and 50c, at Elder's and Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.



MISCHA ELMAN

"The Caruso of the Violin"

Sunday Afternoons, October 8 and 15

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

Tickets, \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.00, ready Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Steinway Piano.

Coming—The CHERNIAVSKYS.

Social

(Continued from Page 12)

Mrs. Jas. B. Bayliss of Detroit have taken apartments. Amongst the prominent arrivals recently are: Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lake of Fresno, Mr. and Mrs. R. Gould Smith of Stockton, Mrs. Emily Adams of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. L. Lombard of Piedmont, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Frisbie of Fresno, Mrs. M. V. Larkey of Santa Cruz, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Forrester of Dillon, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ferguson of San Diego, Mr. and Mrs. C. Grace of Boston, Mr and Mrs. A. Pantages of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Stockdale of Los Angeles, Miss Grace McGee, Miss Genevieve McGee of Mills College, Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Miller Jr. of Modesto, Dr. Walton Hubbard and Mrs. Hubbard of Spokane, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Gillingham of Chicago, Mr Leonard Howard and Mrs. J. Rice of Santa Rosa, Mrs. E. D. Nicely and Mrs. M. A. Sutton of Cleveland, Ohio, and Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Macfarlane of Los Angeles

Zeppelins

(Continued from Page 6)

Meanwhile the particular Zeppelin we have been following has gone from our ken as quickly and mysteriously as it came. Possibly it has disappeared in one of those smoke-clouds which it and its fellows create for themselves when the firing gets too hot for comfort.

It is curious to think that it is manned by ordinary mortals, probably of rather a low moral type!

Mythology would teach us to look for a more God-like race! Gradually the guns stop firing and silence, but now a tense, hard silence, descends on the earth once more.

The Zeppelin has departed—perhaps it will come over again in a few hours on its return journey, perhaps it will have no return journey.

It is announced that the Allies have destroyed thirty-five of these aerial pirates. Do the Huns consider the money and time spent on them have met with an adequate return?

Except for their value as naval scouts, we beg to doubt it, and their value in that respect is—unfortunately for the Huns—badly discounted by the lack of opportunities for practice which Sir John Jellicoe so unkindly insists upon.

On the whole, the Zeps would seem to have been chiefly useful in providing an unflinching topic of conversation.

Mrs. Gramercy—I'm having the greatest difficulty in finding a new cook.

Gramercy—That doesn't surprise me in the least, my dear. You seem to have had about all the cooks there are on the market.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ADOLPHUS S. HUBBARD, deceased.—No. 15071, N. S.; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ADOLPHUS S. HUBBARD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, Room 1003 Phelan Building, 760 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ADOLPHUS S. HUBBARD, deceased.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Administrator of the estate of Adolphus S. Hubbard, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September, 23rd, 1916.

T. W. HUBBARD,

Attorney for Administrator in pro. per.,

1003 Phelan Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

9-23-5

CERTIFICATE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, Ng. T. Quai, Tom Fook Duck, Lee Pon, Lee Ning, Lee Sun Yet, Fung Choy, Lum Jue On, and Chen Foo, are transacting a general manufacturing of paste and noodles business in the State of California, under the name of Canton Noodle Factory; that the principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that they are conducting the said business under the fictitious name of Canton Noodle Factory, and that they are the sole owners of said business, and that their full names are Ng. T. Quai, who resides at 1135 Stockton St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Tom Fook Duck, who resides at 518½ Pacific St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Lee Pon, who resides at 1135 Stockton St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Lee Ning, who resides at Stockton, California, Lee Sun Yet, who resides at 1135 Stockton St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Fung Choy who resides at 1135 Stockton St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Lum Jue On, who resides at Courtland, California, and Chen Foo, who resides at Sacramento, California.

NG. T. QUAI,
LEE PON,
CHEN FOO,
TOM FOOK DUCK,
LEE NING,
LEE SUN YET,
FUNG CHOY,
LUM JUE ON.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco.—ss.

On this 26th day of September, 1916, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn personally appeared NG. T. QUAI, TOM FOOK DUCK, LEE PON, LEE NING, LEE SUN YET, FUNG CHOY, LUM JUE ON, and CHEN FOO, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year last above written.

(Seal)

A. J. NAGLE,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 26, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

L. W. LOVEY,
Attorney-at-Law,

1101 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

9-30-5

CERTIFICATE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, O. Olivi and R. J. Olivi, are transacting a paper business in the State of California, under the name of Fulton Paper Co.; that the principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that they are conducting the said business under the fictitious name of Fulton Paper Co., and that they are the sole owners of said business, and that their full names are O. Olivi, who resides at 1547 Mason St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and R. J. Olivi, who resides at 1339 Greenwich St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

O. OLIVI,
R. J. OLIVI.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco.—ss.

On this 26th day of September, 1916, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared O. OLIVI and R. J. OLIVI, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year last above written.

(Seal)

A. J. NAGLE,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 26, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

L. W. LOVEY,
Attorney-at-Law,

1101 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco

9-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MICHAEL LOFTUS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MICHAEL LOFTUS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of L. W. Lovey, 1105 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MICHAEL LOFTUS, deceased.

EDWARD P. MAHONY,

Administrator of the estate of Michael Loftus, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 23, 1916.

L. W. LOVEY,

Attorney for Administrator,

1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

9-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ERNEST CHAUMELIN, deceased.—No. 21451; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ERNEST CHAUMELIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ERNEST CHAUMELIN, deceased.

ERNEST CHAUMELIN,

Administrator of the estate of Ernest Chaumelin, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 23rd, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administrator,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, California.

9-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE GREENZWEIG, deceased.—No. 21443; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of GEORGE GREENZWEIG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of their attorneys, Heller, Powers & Ehrman, Room 713 Nevada Bank Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE GREENZWEIG, deceased.

EMMA GREENZWEIG,
HENRY G. GREENZWEIG,

Executors of the last will and testament of George Greenzweig, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 23, 1916.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRLMAN,
Attorneys for Executors,
713 Nevada Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

9-23-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 20834; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY A. MEAGHER, also known as MARY MEAGHER, Deceased.

IDA M. MEAGHER, Administratrix of the estate of MARY A. MEAGHER, also called MARY MEAGHER, deceased, having filed herein her petition duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her, as such Administratrix, to mortgage the real property of said deceased therein, and hereinafter described, for the purposes set forth in said petition; and it appearing that it will be to the advantage of the said estate that the mortgage be made.

It is ordered by the Court that all persons interested in the estate of MARY A. MEAGHER, also called MARY MEAGHER, deceased, do appear before this Court, Department No. Ten thereof, on Saturday, October 21st, 1916, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the said day at the Court of said Department, in the City Hall, Civic Center, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real property of said estate, described below, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Seventeen Hundred (\$1,700.00) Dollars, as prayed for in the petition of said IDA M. MEAGHER, Administratrix, this day filed or for such lesser amount as to the Court shall seem meet. Reference is made to said petition for further particulars.

The real property of said estate to be mortgaged is situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Easterly line of Webster Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet six (6) inches Northerly from the Northerly line of Washington Street; running thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Webster Street twenty-five (25) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles Southerly twenty-five (25) feet six (6) inches, and thence at right angles Westerly eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Sixty-eight (268).

It is further ordered that this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks before the day of hearing hereinbefore set out, in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court and dated this 18th day of September, 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge.

BUCKLEY & O'KEEFE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
347-348 Russ Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

9-23-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF RICHARD CORBETT, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664 OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 18,313; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of RICHARD CORBETT, Deceased.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, and each and every and all persons named or not named, having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased:

You, and each of you are hereby notified that Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, the petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this Court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit, the estate of Richard Corbett, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are the heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased disappeared prior to the first day of December, 1907, and that by a judgment duly given and made by said Court on the 5th day of January, 1915, the said deceased was declared dead, and that said deceased died intestate; that the said deceased was then and there a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State, consisting wholly of money, and that said estate now consists of money solely;

That a petition for Letters of Administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 18th day of December, 1914, filed in the above entitled Court by M. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco;

That thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was, by a judgment of said Court, duly given and made, on the 5th day of January, 1915, appointed Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased; that thereafter, to wit, on the said 5th day of January, 1915, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such Administrator, and Letters of Administration were duly issued to him under the seal of said Court, by the Clerk of said Court; that thereafter, and on the 6th day of February, 1915, said M. J. Hynes, Administrator of said estate, died;

That a petition for Letters of Administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 24th day of February, 1915, filed in the above entitled Court, by W. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco;

That thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, that the said W. J. Hynes was, by a judgment of said Court, duly given and made on the 11th day of March, 1915, appointed Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased; and that thereafter, to wit, on the said 11th day of March, 1915, said W. J. Hynes qualified as such Administrator and Letters of Administration were duly issued to him under the seal of said Court by the Clerk of said Court, and that the said W. J. Hynes ever since has been, and now is, the duly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator of the estate of said deceased;

That the said order and decree of the said Court appointing the said W. J. Hynes Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect, and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of Letters of Administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made;

That the said Richard Corbett, deceased, died intestate, leaving him surviving no grand-father or grand-mother, no father or mother, no wife, child or descendants of any child or children, no brothers or sisters, and that said petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the whole of the said estate of said deceased;

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate, and that the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof, so far as known to said petitioners;

And that these petitioners pray the said Court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made; that the Court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the Court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said Court in the matter of the said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of said Court in the matter of said estate and in the Register of Proceedings in Estates of said Court in the matter of said estate, and directing that, in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid, then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said Court for not appearing as aforesaid, and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid, to show cause and exhibit to said Court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, as provided by Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California;

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition, the said Court, on the 22nd day of August, 1916, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate of Richard Corbett, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said Court as hereinafter specified, and that by said order the Court fixed Tuesday, the 5th day of December, 1916, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein.

NOW, THEREFORE, you, and each of you herein above named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have, or claim, any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the Courtroom thereof, in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 5th day of December, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date

fixed by the Court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having, or claiming, an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased;

And that you, and each of you, and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said Court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said Court in the matter of the said estate and in the Register of the Proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said Court, and that each and every, all and singular, the persons who appear as aforesaid, show cause, as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, to the said Court in the matter of the said estate, by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California;

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said Court in the matter of the said estate, and in the Register of Proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said Court for not appearing as aforesaid;

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause, as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, to the said Court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate, as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate to the said Court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California specified;

That the said Court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS, the Honorable George H. Cabaniss, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk of said Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.
EUGENE W. LEVY, Attorney for Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, Room 560 Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California. 8-26-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY ANN MARTIN, deceased.—No. 21489, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of MARY ANN MARTIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the office of his attorneys, Lane, White & Elliott, Room 1003 Nevada Bank Building, 14 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY ANN MARTIN, deceased.

WILLIAM MARTIN,

Executor of the last will and testament of Mary Ann Martin, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 30, 1916.

EDWARD ELLIOTT,

LANE, WHITE & ELLIOTT,

Attorneys for Executor, Room 1003 Nevada Bank Bldg., 14 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-5

NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 21551; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JANE McQUEEN, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a petition for the probate of the will of JANE McQUEEN, deceased, and for the issuance to DAVID W. McQUEEN of letters testamentary has been filed in this Court, and that Wednesday, the 18th day of October, A. D. 1916, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court, at the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated, September 26th, 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 26, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Petitioner, 509-511 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-3

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75045; Dept. No. 3.

BECKIE DROY, Plaintiff, vs. SAM DROY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: SAM DROY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 11th day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD, Attorney for Plaintiff, 1003 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

7-22-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 75,177; Dept. No. 4.

HELENA HORSTMANN, Plaintiff, versus CONRAD HORSTMANN, also known as CHARLES HORSTMANN, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: CONRAD HORSTMANN, also known as CHARLES HORSTMANN, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's habitual intemperance and of Defendant's failure to provide Plaintiff the necessities of life; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

T. W. HUBBARD, Attorney for Plaintiff, 1003 Phelan Bldg., San Francisco.

7-29-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 74925; Dept. No. 4.

HENRY HAINS, Plaintiff, vs. GABRIELLE HAINS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GABRIELLE HAINS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3rd day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ERNEST PAGNUELO, Attorney for Plaintiff, 110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

8-12-10

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The public took the bit in its teeth last week. In face of reactionary talk and reactionary tactics, the market advanced all along the line in the biggest week not only of the year but of the last ten years. The million share mark was crossed every day, including Saturday. There was an enormous amount of realizing of profits during the week, but it was more than offset by the insatiable appetite of the public for stocks. They wanted Steel common, Reading, the marine issues, coppers, Union Pacific, the minor steel issues in particular, but they were ready to buy any and everything on the list. Bears predicted a smash at any time, but the week passed off without realizing their prophecy, although it was admitted that profit taking sales were on the largest scale seen in years. In that respect the market was reminiscent of those of last year, when each day pessimists declared would see the end of the bull market, and yet it continued for months. There was some profit taking toward the end of the week, but there was no indication of weakness. The steel stocks again led the market. Their enormous earnings, and the fact that they did not share in the previous bull movement, are reasons for public confidence in them. The war is likely to continue another year, and the Allies will need enormous quantities of steel. This industry is in for a long period of prosperity it would appear, and earnings should be maintained. Rails were more active under the leadership of Union Pacific and Reading. The same old story about Reading going to cut a melon in the near future was given as the reason for the advance. On the whole, the rails are in a strong position, as their quarterly reports would indicate, and we look for this class of stocks to come to the front. Union Pacific has been acting strong all week, and the talk is an extra dividend at the next meeting. The specialties all came to the front, and some of the automobile shares, like Maxwell, were in good demand at higher prices. On the whole it was a big, broad, full market, and we look for its continuance with the usual setbacks, due to profit taking, from time to time.

Wheat—The news bureaus have always in reserve two mesmeric words which seem never to fail to galvanize a gravitating market, and these are "export demand." Right at a moment when collapse seems imminent and resuscitation impossible, this magical two-worded phrase changes the complexion of a wheat market so quickly as to make it unrecognizable to its best friends. There is always left a good deal to conjecture, such as the party of the first part, time of delivery, destination, etc., but in the first place these are details in which we have no right to be inquisitive, and in which we are not supposed to have an interest. There is at times some evidence of heavy selling which might

possibly be for foreign account, but it would be manifestly reasonable to publish this as an offset for the numerous reports of purchases for the same account. One cause for the seeming skepticism concerning the claims of export demand, made through the seaboard agencies, is the unreasonableness of preferring our wheat to that of Canada, either as to price or to quality, except it is fear of embargo. We cannot exactly understand why a 62 cent advance above the prices ruling last year, should not represent a good share of the mortgage in North America, especially when the new crops of Argentina, India and Australia are but a little way off and a good strong possibility that Russia will contribute more liberally, whether the Dardanelles are open or not. Our expectations rather incline to the theory that wheat will work some lower before the next important advance.

Corn—The cash situation is coming to the front as a factor in making future prices for this grain. No 2 mixed is selling at September prices, and No. 2 white and No. 2 yellow one-half cent over, but as these latter are deliverable at one-half cent premium, it makes them practically at same price as the nearby future. The weekly Government report says that late corn was somewhat damaged by frost, but we can hardly remember a year when it was not injured to a more or less extent. The late-sown grain is usually cut for fodder anyway, and cannot be claimed as a distinct loss. The crop we are now about to gather will go down in history as "fancy." It had the surroundings to make it such in early soil conditions, plenty of moisture and cold weather, which gave it vitality in root growth. The leaves were healthy and covered the ground when the sun was hottest, and this modified the effects of the high temperatures, and in consequence the ears are big and well-filled, and we will be greatly surprised if the next Government report does not raise the estimated results 100,000,000 bushels.

Cotton—The cotton market see-sawed back and forth within a range of about fifty points the past week, and finally closed the week at a small advance over the previous week's close. Sentiment among the pit brokers is bearish at this level, as they say owing to the favorable weather for picking the crop, receipts are bound to be large and hedge selling will have to be taken care of by the bulls, as the price is expected to be attractive enough to warrant a fair run of cotton to market. The ginning figures on October 2nd, which will be issued by the Government, are expected to be the largest on record for this period. Once this ginning report is out of the way, the ginning reports to come are bound to fall off, as the best authorities are only predicting a crop of around twelve million bales. As we have stated in our previous market letters, the time to buy

cotton is when the planter is willing to sell his first bales. Knowing the yield to be short, he is almost certain to hold one-half or two-thirds of his crop, and, when this holding movement begins, higher prices will follow. The census figures published on Thursday showed American consumption on a record scale: 626,500 bales for August, the first month of the new season. Exports also are double those of last season so far. Liverpool advices report their small stock all sold to spinners. They also say conditions are favorable for better trade with India.

BYRNE & McDONNELL

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MISSION BRANCH, S. E. Corner of Mission and
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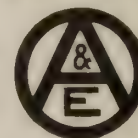
HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, S. W. Corner
Haight and Belvedere

JUNE 30TH, 1916:

Assets	\$63,811,228.81
Deposits	60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
Number of Depositors	68,062

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock
P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and
Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8
o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1916, a
dividend to depositors of 4% per annum was
declared.



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PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 72594; Dept. No. 10.

JEMETT POSTON, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY A. POSTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: HENRY A. POSTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, habitual intemperance, and wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JAS. P. SWEENEY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Nevada Bank Building,
San Francisco, California. 8-19-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of IRENE MORRIN, deceased.—No. 21411, N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of IRENE MORRIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, F. B. Clarke, Room 1033 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of IRENE MORRIN, deceased.

THOMAS MORRIN,
Executor of the last will and testament of Irene Morrin, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 16, 1916.

F. B. CLARKE,
Attorney for Executor,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-16-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 12th day of September, A. D. 1916, in the matter of the Estate of JOHN C. SCHIPPER, also known as JOHN CARL AUGUST SCHIPPER, deceased, the undersigned, the Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of said deceased, will sell at private sale on Monday, the 9th day of October, A. D. 1916, to the highest bidder for cash in Gold Coin of the United States of America and subject to confirmation by the Superior Court, all the right, title, interest and estate of said JOHN C. SCHIPPER, also known as JOHN CARL AUGUST SCHIPPER, deceased, at the time of his death and all the right, title and interest that the said Estate has by operation of law, or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of said JOHN C. SCHIPPER, also known as JOHN CARL AUGUST SCHIPPER, deceased, at the time of his death in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the easterly line of Rhode Island Street, distant thereon one hundred four (104) feet southerly from the southerly line of Eighteenth Street, running thence southerly along said line of Rhode Island Street, twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly one hundred six (106) feet, three (3) inches; thence northeasterly twenty-nine (29) feet and nine and one-fourth (9¼) inches to a point which is distant one hundred twenty-two (122) feet five and one-eighth (5⅛) inches easterly from the easterly line of Rhode Island Street on a line drawn perpendicularly to said easterly line of Rhode Island Street thence westerly one hundred twenty-two (122) feet five and one-eighth (5⅛) inches to the point of commencement.

TOGETHER with all the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE: The above described parcel of land will be sold for cash in Gold Coin of the United States of America, ten per cent of the purchase price to accompany each bid, balance to be paid upon the confirmation of said sale by said Superior Court.

Bid or offers may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale.

All bids or offers must be in writing and may be left at the office of PAUL F. FRATESSA, Room 906 Hearst Building, Market and Third Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned, personally.

Dated, September 23rd, A. D. 1916.

BEN L. BLUMENAU,
Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of John C. Schipper, also known as John Carl August Schipper, deceased. 9-23-3

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10; No. 75525.

ANITA WARREN PATTERSON, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM PATTERSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM PATTERSON, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of August, A. D. 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By F. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
423 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-19-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Superior Court, State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10, Probate; No. 21299.

Estate of MARY D. KUSTER, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of MARY D. KUSTER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of her attorney, Andrew G. Maguire, 281 page Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY D. KUSTER, deceased.

FANNIE KIRBY,
Administratrix of the estate of Mary D. Kuster, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 2, 1916.

ANDREW G. MAGUIRE,
Attorney for Administratrix,
281 Page St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-2-4

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOSEPH NIGLIS, deceased.—Dept. No. 9; No. 21360.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of JOSEPH NIGLIS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JOSEPH NIGLIS, deceased.

EUGENE NIGLIS,
Executor of the last will and testament of Joseph Niglis, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 2nd, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, Cal. 9-2-5

SHERIFF'S SALE

Justice Court.—No. 85581.
G. E. DOLAN, Plaintiff, vs. FRED MACK and MRS. FRED MACK, his wife, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Justice Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 28th day of June, A. D. 1916, in the above entitled action wherein G. E. DOLAN, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against FRED MACK and MRS. FRED MACK, his wife, defendants, on the 5th day of May, A. D. 1916, I am commanded to sell all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Waller Street, distant thereon 106.3 feet easterly from the point of intersection of the easterly line of Steiner Street with the southerly line of Waller Street; running thence easterly along said southerly line of Waller Street 25 feet; thence at right angles southerly 120 feet; thence at right angles westerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles northerly 120 feet to the southerly line of Waller Street and the point of beginning, Being Lot No. 29 in Block 867.

Public Notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 9th day of October, A. D. 1916, at 12 o'clock m., of that day, in front of the Sheriff's Office in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said execution, sell all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money of the United States.

Dated, San Francisco, August 16th, 1916.
THOMAS F. FINN, Sheriff.

WALTER E. DORN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-2

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 35910.

MAY E. BRIDGE, a widow, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MAY E. BRIDGE, a widow, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above-entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL NO. 1.

BEGINNING at a point on the westerly line of Stockton Street, distant thereon eighty (80) feet and two and one-fourth (2¼) inches southerly from the point formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Stockton Street with the southerly line of Sutter Street; and running thence southerly along said line of Stockton Street nineteen (19) feet and nine and three-quarters (9¾) inches; thence at a right angle westerly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle northerly nineteen (19) feet and nine and three-quarters (9¾) inches; and thence at a right angle easterly sixty (60) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 168.

PARCEL NO. 2.

COMMENCING at a point on the westerly line of 29th Avenue distant thereon two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet northerly from the northerly line of Fulton (formerly D) Street, and running thence northerly along the said westerly line of 29th Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle westerly one hundred twenty (120) feet; thence at a right angle southerly fifty (50) feet, and thence at a right angle easterly one hundred twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands, Block No. 409.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the Seal of said Court this 8th day of September, A. D. 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
(Seal) By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 16th day of September, A. D. 1916.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff: Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco, San Francisco, California; Savings Union Bank and Trust Company, San Francisco, California; City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, San Francisco, California.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 9-16-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AMELIA C. POPPENBERG, deceased.—No. 21,447, N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of AMELIA C. POPPENBERG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of August L. Fournier, Esq., 1311 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AMELIA C. POPPENBERG, deceased.

JOHN F. RAU,
Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of Amelia C. Poppenberg, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, September 16th, 1916.

AUGUST L. FOURNIER, ESQ.,
Attorney for the Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of Amelia C. Poppenberg, deceased.
1311 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, California. 9-16-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY HELEN ROSE BROWN, deceased.—No. 2852, N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARY HELEN ROSE BROWN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of James M. Hanley, attorney at law, 505-6 Kohl Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY HELEN ROSE BROWN, deceased.

CHARLES P. BROWN,
Administrator of the estate of Mary Helen Rose Brown, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, September 16th, 1916.

JAMES M. HANLEY,
Attorney for Administrator,
505-6 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-5

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TOWN TALK

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IN THIS ISSUE:

Tagore as a Nationalist

Trapping the Submarine

Blackmail as a Moral Issue

The Episode of the Four Pens

A Campaign Against Tumulty

The Religious Issue Once More

A Pamphlet on Governor Johnson

Dudley Field Malone in "Varied Types"

Read The October Lantern



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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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San Francisco, October 7, 1916

No. 1259

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Blackmail as a Moral Issue

The bosses of the Labor Council have decided to practice blackmail under the guise of morality. It appears to be a case of any expedient to defeat the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce to redeem San Francisco from the tyranny of the arrogant overlords of unionism. So the Supervisors are asked to put an end to the night life of the city. In other words, to extort compliance with the demands of the culinary workers the owners of cafes and restaurants are to be threatened with the "lid." Doubtless the proposition will receive the hearty endorsement of that little coterie of clergymen that applauded the threat of the longshoremen's union to vote for prohibition. Indeed, the proposition will appeal to the virtuous generally, to all the righteous who are temperamentally inclined to a chemically pure city. What an anomalous alliance has come about through the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce to put San Francisco in a position to compete with the world! Thus: the socialist labor bosses with tumid incomes from the unions have embraced religion. But what about the supervisors? These alert politicians have an affection for the union vote, but do they relish the prospect of a combination with the long-hair element? Hitherto Labor has won at the polls whenever its candidates enjoyed the support of the tenderloin; only then and never at any other time. Labor and the element that stands for the night life are a powerful combination. Would the supervisors care to go before the people in a recall election with Labor alone at their back? This is the situation proposed, for of course in a fight over the open shop it would not be possible for the pulpit to keep the virtuous on the side of virtue. Our long-hair friends are militant reformers only till you threaten to hurt business.

—*—

The Episode of the Four Pens

There are signs and portents giving one the impression that it would be well for bulldozing of the labor bosses with a passion for reprisals to go slow for awhile. Does it not seem that since a certain spectacular exhibition with four pens in a white light something of a revulsion of feeling has occurred? The white light was intended for the four pens in the President's fist, but it made nothing so vivid as the general spectacle

of the brutality of the brotherhoods. This was unfortunate for arrogant Unionism. It induced a mood. Some people who thought it fine to avert a strike at any price have changed their mind. They have had time to think it over, and they have heard that the scare was a fraud contrived by the brotherhood chiefs who misrepresented the sentiment and intentions of their followers. To make matters worse the President plunged into his debauch of beautiful language, giving us an equivocal exposition of his master-stroke of statesmanship. The effect was the penetration of the public mind with the fact that, to say the least, the Chief Magistrate of the country was treated very cavalierly. "Then why," people are asking themselves, "did he celebrate the event with four pens?" They are wondering whether he ever heard the story of what befell Chanticleer after a refreshing meal and the moral thereof. It may be all right to resist not evil, but when, as a result of one's helpless condition one's nose has been rubbed in the dirt, it is somewhat less than heroic, or even manly, to affect joyousness over the performance by kissing the offender's hand. Even white-livered philosophers do not justify a show of gratitude in all circumstances. The fact is Mr. Wilson himself put the dear people in an angry mood when he celebrated the humiliation of our Government. Though his conduct encouraged an outbreak of unionism in New York, it also helped to give impetus to a great wave of resentment. So this is really no time for the labor bosses to carry on a campaign of bulldozing. It appears that the men of the rank and file, not the agitators who prosper from the sweat of their chins, are perceiving the folly of rushing into strikes for the greater glory of bosses; for they are not responding with enthusiasm to calls of the junto. Nor are they likely to sympathize with reprisal propositions such as are conceived in our Labor Council. And right here, by the way, where unjustifiable strikes have failed much to the injury of poor men and their families, the labor bosses are hardly inspiring confidence among their followers. Nay, more likely they are losing confidence, for the motives and purposes of the leaders of our Chamber of Commerce are becoming better understood every day. Firm as those leaders are in their determination to curb the evil propensities of the misleaders of organized labor, they are equally firm in their resolution to protect workingmen from the cupidity of employers. This being the attitude of the Chamber it is assured of the support of public opinion, which is quite as important to one side as the other. Even our tallest labor boss cannot afford to bid defiance to public sentiment.

Ingratitude and Revenge

The two to one betting on Hughes in New York is hard to understand in California. Here, in the very centre and capital of the broad zone of Wandering Wits, where we have had pure politics till we can't rest, the big odds in New York against the great exponent of verbal felicity are an indication of lunacy. As was once observed by a shrewd philosopher, insane people easily detect the nonsense of other folk. Aren't we familiar with the lunacy of Eastern reactionaries? What do they know about public sentiment? But it is easy to perceive what guides them in their betting. To be sure, the result in Maine had some influence on them, but other things have happened; for example, the triumph of Senator Martine in New Jersey and the triumph of William F. McCombs in New York. Both cases are significant of hens coming home to roost. Nothing brings such quick action as ruthless ingratitude in politics, and, as we learn from Mr. Villard of the *New York Evening Post*, who, like George Harvey, was once among Mr. Wilson's warmest admirers, this distinguished statesman is more remarkable for his absolute indifference to the debts contracted by his heart than for anything else. Now a reputation for ungratefulness often proves disastrous to high ideals even when most vociferously professed. For men in no wise versed in the Princetonian brand of transcendentalism regard ingratitude as the abridgement of all baseness. It has been said, and some finicky folks believe it, that when we would with utmost detestation "single some monster from the traitor herd," 'tis but to say ingratitude is his crime." Ingratitude is a very anti-social quality, for it breeds vengeance. This is precisely what it did in the case of McCombs and in the case of Martine and in the cases of men too numerous to mention, who, as the *New York Sun* observed the other day, "at various times and in various places started the Wilson motor only to be overcome by the noxious vapors from the exhaust and left unconscious in the road." It was the ambition of McCombs to demonstrate the unpopularity of President Wilson among the Democrats of New York, and his victory over Conway, the choice of the Wilson machine and pet of the President's son-in-law Mr. McAdoo, has been pronounced as distinct a stroke of vengeance as any one man might hope to gain in any one State before November. But on top of this stroke came the triumph of the ineffable Senator Martine, who fairly steam-rolled an Administration pet. Martine's hostility is several years old. If ever a man could be justified in harboring and nourishing a thing so coarse and vulgar as a grudge Martine would be exonerated without a dis-

senting voice. Indeed his case is of a kind to make the average citizen feel like applauding. And so it is that people in New York are betting their bank rolls. A very human city is New York. The people there feel that all the world loves a good hater as much as old Sam Johnson did, and thence they argue that a man once revealed as one who goes through life practicing ingratitude as a fine art cannot hold the affections of the dear pee-pul.

Notwithstanding our President's constitutional aloofness, in despite the judicial bearing of Mr. Hughes, the national campaign appears to be warming up. Nay, even now it is devoid neither of "the pep" nor of "the punch," and God knows what may happen if our polite quadrennial proceedings are disturbed by a robust religious issue. Fancy a religious issue in a contest between two Evangelical ministers' sons! Obviously, in an affair of this kind, marked by a pussyfooting accompaniment on soft pedals, the Pope should be inconspicuous as a mouse. Only the Vatican for him, the palace beyond the Tiber where fortunately he is kept busy keeping out of the war. Yet the Pope may be an issue again, as in the days of Rum, Romanism and Rebellion; not on account of O'Leary, the professional Irishman of the pro-German propaganda, but on account of the P's as they style themselves—the P's of the nonconformist conscience. The P's are united Protestants. The initial they have adopted also stands for Professional, and that is probably what they are—professional Protestants. For of such there are many, just as there are professional Catholics, professional Irishmen and professional Germans, professional reformers and professional prohibitionists; that is to say, just wolves of politics in sheep's clothing with a shibboleth to facilitate the promotion of rancor. After years of non-partisan agitation, party ties having relaxed, conditions have grown propitious for the wolves and in this campaign they are as busy as bird dogs.

From the *New York World* we learn that the P's are employing the Pope as a straw man. In that journal of September 25th they are described as a "secret anti-Catholic order," a convention of which had been called in Cleveland, Ohio, for the purpose of deciding which Presidential candidate was entitled to their five million votes. *The World* quotes the chief of the order, former Congressman Haines of Florida, to the effect that the society, which is five years old, is "pledged to keep the Bible in public schools and to abolish parochial schools." *The World* also quotes the Rev. Dr. William Milton Hess, pastor of Trinity Congregational Church of New York, formerly a Yale teacher and now chief New York organizer of the P's, who says the movement is nation-wide, that it was started to oppose "the political encroachments of the Roman Catholic hierarchy," and that as its initiation fee is only

two dollars a year it is accessible to every patriotic American who realizes the importance of safeguarding the country from a church that would take from the people freedom of the press, freedom of speech and conscience, suppress scientific and historical truth and substitute ignorance and servile submission." Among the characteristic American traits of this society, we learn from *The World*, is the absolute secrecy of its meetings and its determination (presumably in the interest of liberty and with a view of keeping priests from hiding under the bed) to subject all private institutions to inspection. Thus it appears that the chronic terrors of American Nonconformists are once more being worked for all they are worth. What a fine commentary on the intelligence that is cultivated far from the benighted parochial school! Fancy a teacher of Yale in the twentieth century in dread of the machinations of the Scarlet Woman. Here is a man who read Eugene Sue and took him seriously. He doesn't know that mediævalism is no more. Consider the case of a man professing to be zealous for education who, in a country pledged to freedom of religious worship, would abolish certain schools because they teach a religion that he is ignorant of yet prejudiced against. Consider that this less than half-educated person affects a zeal for freedom of conscience. He fears the Roman Catholic Church may deprive people of scientific and historical truth. What good has any kind of truth done him? Today there is historical truth passing before his eyes and he doesn't see it. He has not been educated up to the power of perceiving the significance of things that are happening in Europe today: the tributes that all peoples are paying to the Pope, the patriotic devotion of Catholics irrespective of nationality. There has been a separation of Church and State in France, yet in the first regiment of volunteers, according to an English authority, were five hundred fighting priests eager to crush Catholic Austria. No significance in this for the professional bigot late of Yale. Has he heard of the great controversy in England over the men who had conscientious scruples against enlisting? And would it astonish him to be challenged to find among the thousands of them one man that ever went to a parochial school? As to the denial of scientific and historical truth, one wonders if the man assumes that the learned men—the great scholars and statesmen of Europe—are all graduates of colleges like Yale.

A Campaign Against Tumulty

The *World* says that the leader of the P's nor his associates would say which of the candidates was likely to be endorsed, but "from the denunciation of President Wilson and Secretary Tumulty heard on every side in the order's headquarters in the Hotel Statler it seemed evident that the sentiment among the delegates favored Hughes." This is slightly incredible and

somewhat confusing; and as *The World* is one of Mr. Wilson's most ardent supporters we suspect it of playing a trick in his interest. Maybe it is thought shrewd to conciliate Catholics, some of whom have been disquieting the President's friends by calling attention to the maltreatment of nuns in Mexico as though they thought his whole ridiculous Mexican policy was grounded in anti-Catholicism. There is but one circumstance that gives color to the theory that the P's are against Wilson, and this is their denunciation of Secretary Tumulty. This is a circumstance, moreover, warranting the suspicion that the men behind the movement are not what they profess. The truth is that Tumulty is as objectionable to professional Catholics as to professional Protestants. The enmity of professional Protestants he incurred on account of the friends he has made among anti-prohibitionists. This we have learned from a bulletin received recently from the News and Research Department of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 204 Pennsylvania, S. E., Washington, D. C. This is one of the Nonconformist churches that do not scruple against entering politics, and though it is deeply interested in the public schools and would make Jews study the New Testament, it doesn't mind a little coöperation with the villainous Book Trust or making the science taught in schools ridiculous, as former President Taft once said, when he called attention to the rot that was put into our text-books on the subject of alcohol, which is the word dishonestly employed in the schools of this country and nowhere else under the sun to describe alcoholic beverages. Now in this Methodist bulletin we find an attack on Secretary Tumulty based on his friendship for men in the brewery business in New Jersey. The Methodist editor charges him with having "misused his position to assist in the liquor trade" and calls attention to the fact that in writing to him brewers addressed him as "Dear Joe." The indignant editor indicates how much of tolerance there is behind his religious journal thus: "No man should be Secretary to the President who is known to brewers, brewers' attorneys and beer politicians as Dear Joe." Now is it not likely that the P's are Prohibitionists first and Protestants as second choice, just like some of our local clergymen who have proved themselves captains of the Westerville propaganda first and religious pulpiteers on the side. Labyrinthine are the ramifications of the Cause, as we have had occasion to point out more than once. But let it not be supposed that all the interests of the Westerville machine are subordinate to prohibition. The machine is in politics in nearly every State in the Union, and its interests are primarily political. It has many axes to grind.

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301—DUDLEY FIELD MALONE

By Edward F. O'Day

"During the recent campaign for the mayoralty of New York City, Mr. Mitchel's political opponents startled the town one morning with the grave and serious accusation that he was very young. He is. He is thirty-four years of age, but those who may be fearful of his youth should console themselves with the reflection that he will grow older with every passing day."

These words were written of John Purroy Mitchel by his pal Dudley Field Malone shortly after the last mayoralty campaign in New York. Mitchel was Collector of the Port of New York, the big job in which Malone succeeded him, when he made the mayoralty race against McCall. McCall was the candidate of Tammany Hall; Mitchell was the Fusion candidate, and his backing was non-partisan and anti-Tammany. Mitchel gave McCall an awful beating.

It was a hot campaign, and at its very climax Dudley Field Malone who was then third assistant Secretary of State, made a speech for his chum Mitchel. That speech was a rip-snorter. Every sentence of it was loaded with dynamite, and every stick of that dynamite was exploded under Charles Francis Murphy and his cohorts of Tammany Hall. Tammany and Murphy had been roasted before, but the youthful third assistant to Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan made all previous roasts look like love taps. There is psychology in politics, if you only know where to find it and what to do with it once it's found. After that speech the political psychologists of New York asseverated that Tammany was going to be beaten. And they were right. It was one of the most decisive defeats Tammany ever sustained. For his contribution to the cause Dudley Field Malone was made Collector of the Port of New York just as soon as Mitchel quit that place for the mayor's chair. This collectorship is sometimes referred to as "the best political job in the United States." The salary is ten thousand a year. So ten thousand a year for four years, or forty thousand dollars, was Dudley Field Malone's fee for one campaign speech. If you don't know whether that breaks a record in oratorical fees, ask your favorite spellbinder.

John Purroy Mitchel was not the only man in that mayoralty fight who was charged with being very young. The same "grave and serious accusation" was hurled at Dudley Field Malone. It was true. Malone and Mitchel are of an age, and as Malone was born in 1880 you may figure out for yourself just how young they are. The old proverb insists that youth will be served; in the cases of Mitchel and Malone youth has indeed been served very well.

Out in this neck of the woods we didn't know very much about Dudley Field Malone until a few days ago. Then he breezed into our town—my verb is descriptive not slangy—and we got acquainted without delay. He isn't a bit stand-offish. He has the politician's facility in getting acquainted; but unlike the garden variety

of politician, he impresses you more the closer you get to him. Dudley Field Malone's San Francisco debut was staged in the Palace Hotel on the evening of the citizens' testimonial banquet to Senator Phelan. On that occasion Malone appeared in one of his two most successful roles—that of a post-prandial word-weaver. It was a very interesting gathering, because everybody was there—the Chamber of Commerce rubbed elbows with the City Hall. To please all sorts and conditions of men at one and the same time is not the happy lot of many speakers. It was Malone's that night; he was the big hit of the dinner. A night or two later Malone starred in the other of his pair of big roles—that of a political spellbinder. This time he was not speaking at Senator Phelan, but for him. Men of many political varieties have assured me that this was one of the greatest political speeches they ever heard. In addition to these two public appearances Malone also talked in the semi-demi-privacy of the Bohemian Club. The Bohemians gave him a dinner because the Bohemians of San Francisco call the Lambs of New York their brothers, and Malone is vice-president of the Lambs—the only office in that famous club which is open to a layman. There was so general a desire to hear Malone speak that the Bohemian dinner was of record size. The interest was so keen that it was said that even a number of popular clubmen deserted their arm chairs at the Pacific-Union and taxied down to the red brick building for the occasion. This may be an exaggeration; but there seems to be no exaggeration in the statement that Malone made one of his young life's greatest hits that night. He was immense.

Malone does not talk a great deal at a time, but he talks a great many times, so that the spoofing journalists of New York like to "kid" him on the subject. But they do it in a kindly way, and they make it quite evident that he's an important metropolitan figure. When I asked him how often he talked he offered me a little problem in arithmetic.

"I've talked about twice a week every week for the last twelve years," he said.

I suppose there is a little Celtic exaggeration in the statement, but uttered in Malone's smooth, plushlike brogue it is not offensive or boastful. Yes, Malone has a brogue, although he was born on Manhattan island. I asked him where he got it. He couldn't tell me. I suppose it's simply the blarney in his nature oozing out; it's his smile made audible.

"Which would you rather make, a political or an after-dinner speech?" I asked Malone.

"Neither," he said. "But the after-dinner speech is the more difficult of the two. One must be ex tempore on such small preparation! There are many rules for after-dinner speaking. Joseph Choate's is an excellent one: Say nothing, and say it briefly. I remember the night he expressed that. He was introducing Dr. Eliot of Harvard. Dr. Eliot was brief, but he made a masterly talk. When he sat down he had shown how impossible it was for an American to be other than pro-Ally in this war. Choate's comment on the talk was laconic. 'Dr. Eliot,' he said, 'has disregarded the more important part of my advice. He has said something.' To my mind there are four S's for the after-dinner speaker. They should be uttered,

for the sake of emphasis, with a strong hissing sound. They are Stand, Speak, Shut and Sit. If a speaker can only learn to stand up, speak his thought, shut up and sit down, he will save himself and his hearers a world of trouble. I usually stop quite abruptly—perhaps more abruptly than I should—but I have never overcome my fear of boring the defenseless people who have to listen to me."

"Who is the best after-dinner speaker you have heard?" I asked.

"Patrick Francis Murphy, the president of the Mark Cross Company," was the instant reply. "He has thought, he has wit, he has humor and he has anecdote. But not too much anecdote. The old-fashioned after-dinner speaker of the Chauncey Depew type who considers that an after-dinner speech should consist of a string of correlated anecdotes has passed out of favor."

It was his speaking ability which got Malone into politics. He says so. And he regards his ability as a gift.

"It is what my friend Charles Hanson Towne calls 'Nature's dower,'" he told me with a grin.

But it is not all Nature with this young Irish-American. He has improved his gift, invested his talent. He graduated with honors from St. Francis Xavier College in 1903, and received his L.L.B. from Fordham University two years later. He practiced law in New York for four years, and showed such conspicuous ability that he was appointed City attorney. In 1913 he was made third assistant Secretary of State. In 1908 he married the daughter of Senator O'Gorman of New York. Concerning this marriage I noted an interesting comment in one of the New York papers the other day. It was to the effect that people used to refer to Malone as the son-in-law of Senator O'Gorman, but that now they identified O'Gorman as the father-in-law of Dudley Field Malone.

Malone may go a long way in politics, for he loves the game. And yet you never can tell. He is a radical, and the radicals are due for a long retirement.

"I have always been a radical," he told me. "I was enough of a radical to vote twice for Charles E. Hughes for governor."

"You are not a Hearst Democrat?" I said. "Nor a Hearst Republican," he replied.

Wonderful new device for the deaf

A newly invented instrument for the deaf, the "Multitone Auriphone" has recently been received by the California Optical Company and is the motive for much rejoicing by those who are deaf or slightly hard of hearing. It is a small, inconspicuous, smart appearing little device and the results obtained by its use are said to be really marvelous. This little instrument is being demonstrated daily at their three establishments and there is no obligation to purchase.

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Perspective Impressions

Like the cow belonging to his famous kinswoman, Mr. O'Leary is a vigorous kicker.

Among the shadows on Shadow Lawn is one which looks like an Irishman with a shellelagh.

Adversity is the test that a mysterious Providence applies to our powers of endurance.

"Don't you remember California in September?" says the song. And Lloyds answers ruefully, "We do."

The education of the masses proceeds. A lot of San Franciscans have just discovered that there are three syllables in Aida.

What's the matter? The fashions in women's shoes haven't changed for a whole week.

Wonder if the O'Leary who got the President's goat is any relation to the lady whose cow started the Chicago fire.

The unions will learn some day that violence and retaliation are not the most effective weapons in labor fights.

If the arrival of the Deutschland signaled the birth of a new merchant marine service, what about the non-arrival of the Bremen?

Judging from all the trips that were made from the Atlantic seaboard to meet the incoming Bremen somebody with a stolen code was sending wireless despatches from the wide, wide ocean.

God gives us pain and disappointment to keep us from stagnation and to prevent us from having a too keen edge for the world.

Why do newspapers publish erotic letters offered as testimony in divorce actions? Surely, oh surely they do not wish to pander to prurience!

In all probability Mr. Wilson will be able to make a pretty good President between election day and the 4th of March.

President Loeb of the Chicago Board of Education complains of the growth of effeminacy among the high-school youth of the nation. Why shouldn't our high-school youth be in tune with their country?

Longfellow's grandson, formerly a college professor, is carrying the hod. Which may be the result of his having learned his limitations at college. If so his schooling was not in vain.

"Any partisan use of the votes of women," says President Wilson, "I would consider a disservice to the cause of woman suffrage." What about the partisan use of the votes controlled by Mr. Wilson's bosom friend Gompers? That's a "disservice" to the country, but does Mr. Wilson object?

Trapping the Submarine

England's Vast Organization for Protection Against Germany's Deadliest Sea Weapon

By ROBERT McTAVISH

What has become of the German mercantile submarine Bremen? The Chronicle says her fate is a mystery. It may be a mystery to us and no mystery at all to the British navy. This we all know, but not all of us are aware what the probabilities are. The Bremen may have been lost at sea, and as The Chronicle says the British Government "would naturally try to keep the Germans guessing," but the fact is that no German submarine has much chance of getting across the Atlantic nowadays. Of late, as we have seen, German submarines have been operating in the Arctic and sinking Norwegian ships. The reason is not that the Arctic is preferable to the North Sea, but that submerging in the North Sea is now extremely hazardous. The fact is that England has virtually triumphed over the undersea campaign, and that the trans-Atlantic mercantile service about which there was much shouting recently, has come to an end. Hence the talk now of a Zeppelin service to be started in the months to come, precisely when, nobody knows.

One writer in England has become an authority on submarines and curiously enough he is a poet—Alfred Noyes. He has devoted himself to a study of the measures taken for defense against the undersea craft, and he has been telling the story in a series of articles in the London Times. A great story it is. He says that nothing is more striking in the conduct of the war than the way in which the British method of slow and sure has justified itself. And apparently it has justified itself chiefly in meeting the submarine peril.

Early in the war there were clamors for proof of what England was doing, says Noyes, and England said nothing, but all the while she was making the history of the next thousand years on vast and deeply sunken foundations. Necessarily she was making it in silence. Results and solid results of granite and oak were her aim and the results are now appearing. She worked in silence because silence was one of

her weapons. Submarines went out and never returned. Others went out and became a mystery, like the Bremen. Nothing was said until the destruction of the fiftieth was quietly celebrated in London.

At first people heard stories of wire nets, but little more. Noyes has seen the finished system of defense. It is maintained by a body of 100,000 men who were gradually drilled, disciplined, trained and put into a naval uniform. These men were not chosen as Kitchener's men were chosen. They are tough sea dogs of all ages, inured to all the ways of the sea, but not to discipline. When they were enlisted their fishing boats, trawlers and drifters were gradually taken over by the Government; and fitted out for the hunt. Of these there are more than three thousand. To them were added a fleet of fast motor boats, specially built for scouting purposes.

Night and day in all weathers, section replacing section, these drifters stretch themselves out from coast to coast, while on shore thousands of workers are turning out their own special munitions and equipments—nets, mines and a dozen devices the nature of which is a secret. The trawlers equipped with wireless and a Hotchkiss at bow and stern, are strung out a distance of more than fifty miles at sea.

According to Noyes, within twenty-five minutes any submarine reported anywhere in home waters can be enclosed in a steel trap from which there is no escape. It was thought some time ago that the trap was used only in the English Channel and other narrow waters, but there are traps one hundred miles long, traps that shift their position and change their shape at a signal. And so, though a submarine may enter the North Sea and do some damage, at once her position is known, and if any further damage is suffered it has been done by another submarine. Noyes declares that he has actually seen the course of a German submarine—which thought itself undiscovered—marked from day

to day on the chart at an English base. The clues of all the ramifications of this work are held by a few men at the Admiralty in London where, by telegraph and telephone they are kept in constant touch with every seaport in the kingdom.

England with her auxiliary fleet is thus guiding the traffic of the world through a thousand unknown perils. The hunters are always on watch and they have taken part in much rescue work, as for instance in the case of the Falaba when they saved 116 lives. Sometimes the hunters are caught. Three men taken from a trawler were imprisoned in a submarine 80 hours. One went crazy. Periodically pistols were put to their heads and they were ordered, on pain of death, to tell all they knew of British naval dispositions. When released they reported that the men of the submarine crew were "jumpy" as well as themselves—too jumpy to take a square meal. It is precarious business hunting for ships to torpedo in a sea strewn with traps.

Thrilling are the stories that Noyes tells of the things that are happening to the men of the auxiliary fleet, who, by the way, are not confined to home waters or the spacious sea haunted by submersibles. They go everywhere with their traps. When the submarines were busy off the coast of North Africa, a small flotilla of trawlers and drifters was dispatched there and soon proved its value in the Mediterranean. Doubtless it will soon be heard from in the Arctic. The traps have been in the Adriatic and in the Aegean.

Noyes, by the way, makes it clear that it is not seriously taken for granted in England that President Wilson alone caused Germany to abandon the use of her deadliest sea weapon. He says the submarine had ceased to give England grave anxiety a little before it had let up on its attacks on neutrals.

The Spectator

The Swatting of Charley Wheeler

In all probability Judge Sturtevant's decision in the Healy will contest last week meant the end of the case. The Chronicle says the will contest is still pending, but I doubt that Mr. Charles Stetson Wheeler will prove himself a glutton for punishment by going any further. As he failed in his effort to break the trust deed by which Dr. James Healy conveyed his real estate to the Mercantile Trust Company for the benefit of Mary's Help Hospital there is no longer a prospect inviting him to a display of his energies or his intellect in this particular field of endeavor. The material issues have been disposed of, Mr. Garret McEnerney won the judgment, Mr. Wheeler's client, Bridget Rhead, has had a very unpleasant experience and the bottom has dropped out of her case: So on the whole there isn't anything in sight to justify a revival or elaboration of the contest. True, Judge Sturtevant did not write an opinion; perhaps he thought it was a case of "enuff said;" anyway, in view of the fact that Mr. Wheeler lost the case it is not likely that he regrets the omission of a written opinion, for presumably an opinion would have expressed views in harmony with those set forth by the successful attorney, and Mr. McEnerney's views were very emphatic and not at all complimentary to Bridget Rhead's champion.

Why the Contest was Dramatic

The Healy case was one of tremendous importance; not because of the size of the estate involved, but on account of the size of the attorneys engaged. (I mean intellectually, of course.) In this respect Mr. Wheeler falls considerably short of his brother attorney in the estimation of the learned men of his profession, but unlike the scholarly McEnerney, whose breadth of mind and penetration of vision are his distinguishing qualities, Mr. Charles Stetson Wheeler circulates where facile reputations are made. The undergraduates of the law school think a lot of Mr. Wheeler. They will tell you what a graceful orator he is, for they have heard him preaching ideals in their class-day affairs. Mr. Wheeler likes to make addresses. He is in fact quite an oratorical lawyer. Now the Healy contest developed into a contest between McEnerney and Wheeler. It was not only a contest in behalf of their respective clients. That sort of contest they have had many times, and Mr. McEnerney has enjoyed many victories at Mr. Wheeler's expense. This was a peculiarly personal contest, as I showed some months ago in a review of the briefs in the case. I pointed out that in this case Mr. Wheeler was trying to uphold an oral contract to devise, and I explained that this sort of contract is "regarded with suspicion, like common-law marriages;" so much so that years ago they

were put under the ban of a statute known as the Statute of Frauds.

McEnerney's Theory

It will be readily seen that this was an unpleasant case for Mr. Wheeler to be mixed up in. This was more evident as the trial progressed, as Mr. McEnerney, by reason of his sentimental relations with persons attacked in the interest of Bridget Rhead resented certain implications. He made it quite clear that he believed the whole case had been trumped up, and this he proceeded to demonstrate. Indeed he tried the case on this theory, and the result is a record of intensely dramatic interest showing how one attorney out-manuevered another and by deft management shattered a carefully prepared case supported by an abundance of testimony. Now Judge Sturtevant having failed to write an opinion leaves us in the dark as to his judgment respecting Mr. McEnerney's theory. This is unfortunate, Mr. Wheeler being one of the leaders of the California bar, and, like Mr. McEnerney, a regent of the State University. Judge Sturtevant might have written an opinion giving an entirely different theory of the case, even paying tribute to Mr. Wheeler's professional zeal, but he only gave judgment to McEnerney, thus seeming to agree with the brief that bristles with most plausible and powerful, yet unpleasant deductions from the record. This is almost lamentable in the case of one of our foremost lawyers representing such important interests as, for example, those of Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, the reformer and civic patriot who once thought of straightening out the difficulties of the Peoples Water Company for the benefit of the pee-pul.

A Pamphlet on the Governor

What obstreperous editors there are among the Republicans of California! The other day I reported that Frank Short of Fresno, who, though an attorney by profession is an editor by proxy and a Republican at that, had been questioning the claims of Governor Johnson to the support of his party in his senatorial fight. Now I find that Editor Frank C. Roberts of Long Beach is kicking over the traces. Mr. Roberts is one of the most forceful editors in the State and a dyed-in-the-wool Republican, but he doesn't stand for Johnson. His objection to the Governor is not that our Executive is a Progressive, but that he is not deserving of popular support in this State. And Editor Roberts has such strong convictions on the subject that he has taken the trouble to set them forth in a pamphlet. It has been thought that the days of the political pamphlet had gone by, but here is one with a literary flavor that appeals. It is not to be overlooked. It is good reading. It has a penetrating wit. It breathes a mordant satire of the kind that Swift put into his political tracts, and it gives inside information such as Junius relied on to arrest public attention. This information is of such a character, however, that it may make votes for our Governor. The average citizen after reading Mr. Roberts may say to himself: Wouldn't it be advisable to get this man Johnson as far from the State as possible?

Facts and Figures

Mr. Roberts is very thorough in his recital of facts and figures touching the extravagance of our State Government. Governor Johnson's extravagances have been cloaked, he says, by

what for him was a most happy change in our revenue laws, but no one questions the fact that however taxes are raised it is the people who must foot the bills. Then Mr. Roberts gives us the figures showing that whereas the total taxes raised in Governor Gillett's last year was \$8,376,297.69, now the annual total is \$15,681,943. He goes on as follows:

New York is a State noted for its extravagance. The bonded indebtedness of New York City alone is as great as that of the United States. Yet New York State has an enormous population, which of course tends to reduce the per capita rate of debt. Let us see how Progressive economy in California measures up with the extravagant administrations of wicked New York. Here is the table:

Per Capita Cost of Government for States, Counties and Cities of 2,500 Population and Over, for 1913					
	States	Counties	Cities	Per Capita in Cities	Per Capita by Whole Population
New York	\$6.93	\$4.09	\$39.49	\$50.51	\$40.36
California	7.98	20.67	49.74	78.39	56.73

This table is a part of a complete tabulation found in an address entitled "Our Increasing Public Expenditures" by Thomas E. Lyons of the Wisconsin Tax Commission. It deals with conditions as they existed in 1913—after only three years of Governor Johnson. Present-day conditions are even worse.

Johnson's Railroad "Push"

"Where is all this money spent?" our Long Beach editor asks. His answer is that when Johnson became Governor the State had four thousand employees, and he increased the number to over seven thousand. The largest increase was made on the waterfront. He says:

When Governor Gillett went out of office the water front numbered 285 employees, and its payroll \$31,616.00 a month, or \$379,936.00 a year. For July of this year the number on the payroll

The Slogan of the Day Carries a Great Thought

"Safety First." You see it everywhere. Apply it to your own affairs—be safe. To you with your priceless heirlooms and your valuable papers of many kinds, it means a safe deposit box—beyond reach of burglars, fire, or careless hands.

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was 604, and the payroll \$58,529.00 a month, or \$702,359.00 a year. Governor Johnson has swelled that payroll to nearly twice what it was under any preceding Governor. There are 26 inspectors where Governor Gillett had 4. There is an army of "sweepers" and "watchmen." On the belt-line railroad, controlled by the Harbor Board, with its four miles of track and four locomotive engines, there are seven yardmasters, fifteen firemen, forty-six machinists' helpers, seventeen electricians and fifteen engineers—enough to push every freight car by man power. And at the approach of every election this payroll is padded still further with "extra" men in all departments to help out the cause by contributions and political work. Let it be understood that the figures given are taken from the official records, and Governor Johnson is challenged to deny their truth.

The Executive Appetite

Editor Roberts calls attention to the fact that when Governor Johnson announced his senatorial ambition he made tearful reference to the "spectre of poverty at home." Then he points out that while the Governor's household now consists only of himself and wife the State has been paying him for his own use an average of \$74.74 for every day he has been in office. On this subject he says:

The items constituting the aggregate sum withdrawn and expended by Governor Johnson are as follows: Salary (at \$10,000 per year) for five and a half years, \$55,000.44. Household expenses (unaccounted for by vouchers), \$40,944.00. This merits comment. The State owns and turns over to the free use of the Governor a furnished mansion known as the Executive mansion. The Governor gives an estimate of the annual cost of maintaining this mansion—food, servants, etc. The annual amount thus appropriated is \$8,750. Similar appropriations were made during the incumbency of Governor Gillett, Governor Johnson's predecessor. Every dollar drawn directly or indirectly by Governor Gillett from that fund was accounted for by vouchers filed with the Controller. No dollar of Governor Johnson's withdrawals have been accounted for. Governor Gillett's expenses for four years totaled \$23,600. Governor Johnson's now exceed \$41,000, nearly \$18,000 more than was spent by Governor Gillett. But why are Governor Johnson's withdrawals not supported by vouchers? Because in 1911 he ordered a law passed exempting the Governor from accounting for these moneys. But there are other interesting facts in this connection. Governor Johnson spends as little of his time in Sacramento as possible. Excepting during the session of the Legislature, he is either living

in San Francisco, touring the State in an automobile the driver of which is furnished by the State, or else is in the East on junketing expeditions. (He has been absent from the State more than half a year during his incumbency.) During all these absences the Gubernatorial mansion is closed. Yet during those absences the expense of maintenance—as evidenced by the Governor's drafts on the funds—are heaviest. Let only one example from many be given: In 1912 Governor Johnson with his wife went East to interview Colonel Roosevelt. The interview lasted from January to March. It cost the California taxpayers \$1,158 to pay the expense account of the Executive mansion closed during that time. Indeed, it is shown by the records that whenever the Governor has any politics to do his appetite increases enormously. He must eat for a regiment. Thus, since the launching of his senatorial candidacy, between July 5th and August 7th of this year it has taken \$1,186.10 to stay his appetite.

Sir Rabindranath Tagore

As I approached the ball room of the St. Francis I heard a voice. When I entered and found that the voice was the voice of the Bengal poet I was taken by surprise. It is an odd voice; not the sort of voice one expects from a particular source. Besides the intonation is so curious. Sir Rabindra presents a strange appearance on the platform. He wears a dark gaberdine and a high brimless cylinder of black. From this head covering his gray locks fall down in abundance. His face is of bronze, and his gray beard is cut long and narrow. He looked like a Semitic astrologer, a Simon Magus, or like Isaac of York as we have seen him in "Ivanhoe" pictures. It was a little while before I picked up the thread of Sir Rabindra's lecture, my mind was so entangled in the skeins of a bizarre experience. It is not altogether easy to follow his argument, for he heaps word upon word, phrase upon phrase until his sentences become rhetorical Pelions piled upon Ossas of gorgeous oriental imagery. The attitude of the big audience toward the lecturer distracted me too. The audience was not en rapport—collectively at least. Individuals showed upon their faces that rapt attention which is the highest compliment one highbrow ever thinks of paying to another, and now and then there was a soft patter of refined applause or a thin trickle of laughter; but the most of those present fidgeted their heads, hands and feet, twisted in their straight-backed golden chairs or talked a little facetiously behind their palms. However, I managed to bring my mind into step with Sir Rabindra's tongue about the time he launched

his barkentine of argument into the deep and perilous waters of nationalism.

In Accord with Jordan

Sir Rabindra does not believe in nationalism. Like David Starr Jordan he has a spear to throw at the target of "narrow patriotism." A nation, in the opinion of this poet of India, is all undesirable things; the international idea is to be the salvation of the world. I could not but marvel at the inopportunities of this message delivered by an oriental to the Occident in this year of Our Lord 1916, a year when big nations have consolidated the patriotic sentiment, when smaller nations have risked their life's blood to perpetuate it and when subject nations have glimpsed more clearly than for a century past the dawn of emancipation. It seems to me that we miss the significance of the present world-upheaval unless we interpret its movement in the terms of nationalism and the instinctive, unconquerable patriotic spirit. It seems to me also that Sir Rabindra is a poet who has succumbed to the temptation which has conquered many other poets: the temptation to forget that the poet is a seer of visions, and that a visionary cannot be a philosopher. Poets before and after Shelley have sought to formulate philosophical systems; they have always failed. It is not too rash to say that Sir Rabindra is failing too. In poetry is his element; in philosophy he is a fish out of water, and when he brings an oriental philosophy into the West and asks us to accept it, he is an exotic fish floundering on an alien shore. He is as much a

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fish out of water as Starr Jordan who knows a great deal about fishes in the water, but has never applied to his own case the homely truth that a fish perishes when he gets out of his element. I should have listened less restively to Sir Rabindra had he been reciting his own verses the other night, for in his youth he wrote some exquisite verses; but I must confess an entire lack of sympathy with the philosophic views he enunciated. I wonder whether I was in the minority, feeling so? Perhaps not. Curiosity may have been the busiest usher in the St. Francis ball room Monday night.

Kreisler's Socks

I bought this month's Century to read an article on Rodin, and turning the advertising pages I was shocked, honest-to-goodness shocked by an ad. for a garter that clasps most masculine calves. It is a good garter—no doubt about that—but it seemed a little out of place to find Fritz Kreisler rendering testimony to its worth in the pages of the dignified Century Magazine. Let me quote what appears under a picture of the great fiddler:

"Fritz Kreisler, the master violinist, whose wonderful music has entranced millions of admirers, tones his appearance with the comfortable So-and-so Garters. Thus he is sure that his socks are always in harmony with the neatness of the rest of his dress."

I don't mind ball players and cartoonists lending their names to the puffing of cheap smoking tobacco; and even when Caruso "goes to the bat" for some article of commerce the effect upon me is negligible. But Fritz Kreisler! I am afraid I have Fritz on a pedestal. The next time I hear him play the "Moment Musicale" the thought of his harmoniously gartered socks will intrude to spoil my appreciation of the exquisite music.

How Letitia Changed Hands

George Wingfield had a race horse named Letitia of which he thought a good deal. Charlie Stout, a well known sport of Reno, also had a race horse of which he thought a great deal, Spokane Queen by name. Now Wingfield desired to add Spokane Queen to his string. In this desire he was merely on a par with Charlie Stout who was equally desirous of adding Letitia to his string. The two horsemen met in the Golden Hotel at Reno the other evening, and discussed the matter.

"Let's settle it this way," said Wingfield, taking a half dollar from his pocket. "Call it, Charlie, and Letitia is yours. If you don't call it, Spokane Queen is mine."

"Fair enough," said Stout, and the coin spun in the air.

"Heads," called Stout, and heads it lay; so Wingfield was minus a thousand-dollar thoroughbred.

A Voice from the Audience

J. Frank Hanly, candidate for president, and Dr. Ira Landrith, candidate for vice-president on the Prohibition ticket, had a campaign meeting in Sacramento. Both men lambasted booze in the approved fashion.

"When you go away from home," cried Landrith, "to whom do you entrust your wife and your daughters? To the saloon keeper? To the whiskey drummer? To the proprietor of the dive? No! You place your wife and daughter under the care of the minister."

"Yes, to Slaughter, for instance," came a voice from the audience.

The hall rocked with mirth for two minutes while the Prohibitionist tried vainly to continue his argument.

REGISTER NOW!

To the Men and Women of San Francisco:

Every man and woman in San Francisco who is entitled to vote should REGISTER IMMEDIATELY. Saturday, October 7, is the last day on which you can register in order to vote at the Presidential election on November 7.

If you have not registered since January 1, 1916, you must register before October 7 in order to vote on November 7.

In addition to the Registrar's office at the New City Hall, there are thirteen booths throughout the city where you can register. The facilities of the Registrar's office are so excellent that it will not take you over **three minutes** to register, either at the main office or at any of the branch booths listed below.

The obligation to vote on every measure and every candidate offered for your decision on November 7 rests upon you men and women of San Francisco who are entitled to vote.

Whatever you women of San Francisco may have thought about suffrage, whether you favored or opposed suffrage, suffrage is here. You now have not only the right, but the IMPERATIVE OBLIGATION to vote. In order to vote you must REGISTER.

You have the right to aid in placing on the statute books, or keeping off the statute books, measures of vital concern to your family; matters of vital concern to every man, woman and child in this city. You have the same right regarding officials elected to uphold those laws.

The right to vote gives to every man and woman in San Francisco an equal voice in determining measures of immediate benefit to the individual and of permanent benefit to the city, the State and the country in which we live.

THE COMMITTEE ON CIVIC DUTY, which makes this appeal, does not presume to instruct you how you should vote. Its sole function now is to urge you to register in order that you may vote on November 7. This Committee believes that a majority of American citizens in any community believe in RIGHT, JUSTICE and DECENCY and that when a REAL MAJORITY of citizens in any community go to the polls and VOTE, right, justice and decency are assured.

The man or woman in San Francisco who at this time refuses to register is SHIRKING THE HIGHEST DUTY OF AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

REGISTER NOW!

THE COMMITTEE ON CIVIC DUTY has sent an appeal to every home and business house listed in the telephone directory.

With this appeal have been sent two cards, to be signed and returned to this Committee by all citizens who believe in the principles set forth by this Committee.

Sign and return these cards WHETHER YOU HAVE REGISTERED OR WHETHER YOU HAVE NOT REGISTERED, so that you may be kept on the mailing list of this Committee. No names will be made public for any purpose whatsoever without the consent of the person signing the card.

In Registering today, and in voting on November 7, on ALL measures and for ALL candidates, you will have exercised your highest obligation of citizenship.

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Remember, that if you have not registered since January 1, this year, you must register now in order to vote November 7.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

She Will Have No Bridesmaid

Marian Newhall has been a bridesmaid more frequently than any other girl in the inner circle of society. Her girl friends, it would seem, could not be married properly unless Marian was in the nuptial entourage. And her girl friends have been girls like Jennie Crocker and Helene Irwin, so it goes without saying that all of Marian's experience of weddings has been won at the great weddings that made social history in our town. She has seen all the luxury, all the gaiety, all the display of the biggest weddings; and she is to be married simply. The "most frequent bridesmaid" will have no bridal attendants. I gather from this that beautiful Marian Newhall has developed decided ideas about weddings as a result of her experience. She has had unequalled opportunities to study the subject; and the result of her studies is that she will marry Fentress Hill with no display of any kind—just a quiet home wedding, with the family present. I have noted before that our most popular girls who have taken part in big weddings show a disinclination for wedding ostentation when their own turn comes. Marian Newhall, however, is the most striking instance of all. No girl could have a more elaborate wedding if her heart desired it. There is no girl whom so many of our distinguished people would so eagerly honor. But she doesn't want it. I think she is showing her sound good sense.

The Bravery of Mrs. Crane

When Mrs. Douglas Crane undertakes something big she may be depended on to carry it through without the assistance of Lloyds. Mrs. Crane and her artist-husband recently undertook the direction of the Cubist-Futurist ball which is to be a sort of Quat'z Arts affair. In the midst of the elaborate preparations Mrs. Crane went to St. Luke's Hospital to receive the beautiful crown of motherhood. Was the

ball postponed? Was Lloyds called up on the long-distance cable? Not a bit of it! The ball will take place at the St. Francis on Tuesday evening, October 17, as originally planned—and Mrs. Douglas Crane will be there. She is returning home today with her week-old son Douglas Walworth Crane Jr. Both mother and son are doing so remarkably well that Mrs. Crane's physician, Dr. W. S. Johnson, induced St. Luke's to break its rule and permit her to leave the hospital before the customary ten days. And Mrs. Crane announces that positively she will attend the ball.

A Sort of Quat'z Arts

Mrs. Crane is to assume the role of "The Orchid" in the phantasmie which has been written by Mrs. Arthur Judd Ryan, formerly Miss Beatrice Bromfield of San Mateo. The long-legged "Red Flamingo" is to be represented by Danny Walker who will do an original dance in his inimitable burlesque fashion. The ball is to be patterned after the Quat'z Art in Paris where everyone is supposed to appear in some bizarre, fantastic costume. Fun is to have full sway—but first the stamp of art is to be put on the ball by the presentation of the playlet and the decorations by Albert Farr which will be a suitable setting for the most modern of balls, and will transform the original ball room into a "neo-archaic" dwelling place. A number of popular beaux have consented to act on the floor committee and help to make everybody happy. They are the Messrs. Edward M. Greenway, Robert Eyre, William Lange, Frank Maroney, Roy Ryone, James Kelleher and Thornwell Mullally. They will be dressed in cubist and futurist garments, and will carry cymbals which they will beat before making announcements. Some of those who have bought boxes are Mesdames Henry T. Scott, Helen Hecht, William Clough, Henry Clarence Breeden, Gordon Bromfield, William T. Sesnon, George McGowan and Morris Meyerfeldt. The patronesses are the box holders and others, amongst them members of the San Francisco Association for the Blind which is to derive the benefit from the ball.

An Early Morning Marriage

Edward F. O'Day of Town Talk who is also the associate editor of The Lantern, a journalist of national reputation, was married to Miss Mazie Cook, the charming and talented daughter of Mrs. Mary E. Cook of 1540 McAllister street last Wednesday. The marriage was performed after a nuptial mass celebrated by the Rev. John McGinty of Holy Cross Church at 6:30 in the morning. Miss Nell O'Day, the sister of the groom, was the bridesmaid, and Thomas O'Connor the best man. The couple departed immediately after the ceremony for Del Monte and Coronado, where they will honeymoon for three weeks. Upon their return they will make their residence in an attractive apartment at 61 Devisadero street, and will be at home after November 1st.

Singer Returns from Italy

Madame Loisa Patterson (Wessitsh) has just returned from Italy where, after a period of study, she achieved a notable success in many operas and concerts given in Milan, Florence, Rome and other Italian cities. The singer studied with Lombardi and Leopold Mugnone

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in Florence. After a short visit at her home in Palo Alto, Mme. Patterson left for New York to fill opera and concert engagements. Prior to her departure for Italy she studied with Mme. Joseph Beringer in this city for three years.

The Landfield Lectures

Jerome B. Landfield, formerly of the history department of the University of California, traveler and writer on international relations, has announced the continuation of his weekly lectures on Current Events, dealing with topics of interest at home and abroad. The lectures will be given every Wednesday morning, as heretofore, at 10:45 at Sorosis Hall, 536 Sutter street. Mr. Landfield's aim is to keep busy people informed on happenings of the day in the United States and foreign countries, and to comment on events and affairs of public interest.

Another Thé Dansant for Charity

Society is keenly interested in the Thé Dansant to be given in the sun court of the Palace Hotel next Saturday afternoon, October 14, in aid of the San Francisco Chapter of the American National Red Cross. So great is the demand for tables that one of the large dining rooms adjacent to the sun court has also been engaged by the committee in charge. The hours are from four to seven o'clock and at five there will be a Russian ballet, produced under the direction of Mme. Elvira Morosine with Gilbert Littlejohn and his sister Lily as principals. Music will be furnished by the band from the naval station at Yerba Buena Island. Tickets and tables may be obtained at the Red Cross headquarters, 502 California street, at the Woman's Exchange, 70 Post street, and the principal hotels.

Charles Keeler to Recite

An affair of unusual interest is that being arranged by several of Charles Keeler's friends. The well known poet will appear in a recital of his poems on next Thursday evening in the ball room of the Hotel Shattuck in Berkeley. Mr. Keeler will be assisted by Miss Zhay Clark, a gifted young harpist, and a large number of prominent men and women will act as patrons. As Mr. Keeler is leaving Berkeley on October 8, this will be his farewell appearance. His many friends and admirers will have an opportunity to bid him good-bye at the reception which will follow the recital.

At the Cecil

Mrs. Frederick Von Schrader, wife of the late Colonel Von Schrader of the United States army, gave a children's party yesterday afternoon at the Cecil Hotel in honor of her granddaughter's third birthday. Mrs. Von Schrader is making her home at the Cecil, and Miss Arabella Von Schrader is staying with her while her father and mother, Captain and Mrs.

Alley Von Schrader, U. S. A., are stationed in Panama. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Catton of Honolulu were hosts at a luncheon Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Mead who stopped at the Cecil during the Exposition year, have returned to town, and are guests at the hotel. Howard Turner came down from Alaska this week, and



THE THREE CHERNIAVSKY BROTHERS
Eminent virtuosi who will appear in joint concerts on Sunday afternoon, October 22, and Thursday night, October 26, at Scottish Rite Auditorium

has joined his wife at the Cecil. Captain and Mrs. Walter Harshman of the United States navy are stopping at the hotel. Mrs. W. L. Clapp entertained informally at luncheon Sunday.

Tavern and Ice Palace

The coming of October finds the old town gay in humor and spirit. A glimpse into the real buoyancy of "San Francisco the Happy" was had Thursday night at the salon concert and dinner at Techau Tavern—the "Path of Gold Dinner." Here amidst fetching environment—flowers, excellent music, beautiful women and handsome men—one dined and danced in perfect satisfaction. It was one of the sprightliest functions of the sort seen downtown in a good long while. George and Elsbeth Muller, the wonderful skaters, left the Techau Tavern Ice Palace for Boston last Monday. Carl Waltenberg and Hala Kosloff from Riga, Russia, are now appearing in wonderful dance and figure numbers, along with Alfred and Sigrid Naess. On next Tuesday night the Polo Club and the Indoor Yacht Club play a championship game of hockey.

The lecturer had been describing some of the sights he had seen abroad.

"There are some spectacles," he said, "that one never forgets."

"I wish you would tell me where I can get a pair," exclaimed an old lady in the audience. "I am always forgetting mine."

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ERNEST CHAUMELIN, deceased.—No. 21451; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ERNEST CHAUMELIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ERNEST CHAUMELIN, deceased.

ERNEST CHAUMELIN,

Administrator of the estate of Ernest Chaumelin, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 23rd, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administrator,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, California.

9-23-5

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The Stage

Our New Theatre

The St. Francis Theatre that was opened Monday night is a de luxe motion-picture house. There is nothing like it in the city. It is the dernier cri in temples of the screen drama. More than this, it is an inspiration to architects with problems to solve, problems of fitting buildings to lots and getting the utmost of utility and beauty out of limited space. The St. Francis has a seating capacity of nearly 1200, and it is possible to empty the house in about three minutes. One of its virtues is the roominess of its seats. They are upholstered in leather. Another of its virtues is the privilege of smoking—not downstairs, but in the top gallery which appears to be on a line with the screen. In the gallery are loge boxes, and as the seats here are as the best in the house they are also of the top price. The St. Francis, in short, is a motion-picture house in a class by itself, and it would make an ideal concert hall, which is one reason, perhaps, why the management has decided to appeal to lovers of music. Good music is one of the features of the theatre, and at the head of the orchestra of twenty pieces is Bernat Jaulus, who had the best orchestra in the city after the earthquake, and who is one of our prominent symphony players. Sydney Pollak is also one of the musical directors of the St. Francis. The new theatre is therefore a place of many attractions and considering its location—the centre of the hotel and apartment

house district—it will continue as it opened—with a crush at the doors. The opening attraction was Pauline Frederick in "Ashes of Embers," Ralph Herz in his latest comedy, "The Lady Killer," a Burton Holmes Travelogue of Old Ireland and a film weekly. On the first night, by the way, the house was packed and the management received floral pieces galore. One of them was from the Affiliated Trades to Mr. N. L. Josey, the man to whose inventive genius we are indebted for the cosiest theatre in the city.

—The First Nighter.

The New Griffith Film

D. W. Griffith's master production "Intolerance" or "The Mother and the Law" will be the opening attraction at the Columbia. On Monday night, October 9, will begin the limited engagement of this colossal spectacle. After the premier performance there will be two performances daily including Sundays. This is the first and only production that Mr. Griffith has made since "The Clansman." It will never be presented in any but the highest class theatres and at the prices charged for first class attractions. Griffith's new offering carries four parallel stories of different ages of history. Some of the greatest characters in the world's development are pictured at war with the irresistible currents of thought which dominated their times. Thousands upon thousands of people, set

against tremendous backgrounds, are handled with an unequalled precision and a perfection of detail nowhere outdone and permeating all is the touch of nature. Griffith has rebuilt and re-peopled Babylon. He has re-created Judea in the days of the Nazarene. He has reconstructed Paris during the Middle Ages. In its entirety "Intolerance" is stupendous.

The Brothers Cherniavsky

Manager Greenbaum has presented many varied musical offerings in this city but never before has he offered a combination of three great virtuosi in a combination programme, for there are but one or two such organizations in the world. The three young Russian artists, Jan, Leo and Mischel Cherniavsky, respectively pianist, violinist and violoncellist, are solo artists of the first rank, but at each concert they join forces in some trio work which is said to be on a par with the quartet work of the Kneisels or the Flonzaleys. Those who have heard the young men abroad say that their ensemble work is sensationally beautiful. Their solo work is such that any of the three would meet with success alone, but they have journeyed together since they were children of six, eight and nine and the result is a quality of musical work that only three artists who are held together by the greatest bonds of sympathy could possibly hope to obtain. The Cherniavskys will give but two concerts, the dates being Sunday



ONE OF THE MANY SPECTACULAR SCENES IN D. W. GRIFFITH'S CLOSSAL SPECTACLE "INTOLERANCE" OR "THE MOTHER AND THE LAW" AT THE COLUMBIA THEATRE BEGINNING MONDAY, OCTOBER 9

afternoon, October 22, and Thursday night, October 26, in the Scottish Rite Auditorium. At each concert the violinist will play one of the great concertos, the pianist a group of important Chopin numbers and the cellist either a Concerto or a group of smaller solos. At the first concert they will unite in the brilliant Trio by Arensky and at the second in one of the delightful Mendelssohn Trios. The tickets may now be ordered by mail from Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman Clay where the box office will open Wednesday, October 18. Following the Cherniavskys, Mr. Greenbaum will present that marvelous pianist Leopold Godowsky.

Mischa Elman's Concerts

All lovers of the "instrument with a soul" will be delighted with the programmes to be played for us by Mischa Elman, the greatest genius of the violin living, an artist who makes his instrument sing into the hearts of all who hear him. The first Elman concert will be given this Sunday afternoon in Scottish Rite Auditorium on a special stage constructed for the Greenbaum concerts. The manager claims that the acoustics of the hall are the finest of any room in San Francisco. On this occasion the Russian master will play the old classic Concerto in G minor by Vivaldi, the very brilliant one in F sharp minor by Ernst, "Variations on a Mozart Theme" by Scolero, Fritz Kreisler's arrangement of a Wieniawski "Caprice," two of his own transcriptions and other splendid numbers. Tickets are on sale at Sherman Clay, and the box office will be open at the hall after ten o'clock Sunday. The second concert will be given Sunday afternoon, October 15, when works by Nardini-David, Ernst, Paganini, the famous pianist Godowsky and half a dozen others will be given, and the Concerto will be the rarely played one in D minor by Spohr. In Oakland Elman plays Friday night, October 13,

in the Auditorium Opera House under the auspices of the Music Section of the Oakland Teachers' Association.

At the Orpheum

Frederick V. Bowers, famous as a musical comedy star and song writer, will appear with his company in a big scenic song revue at the Orpheum next week. Seven of his own songs, presented with special stage settings, are included in the revue. Mr. Bowers, while he heads all the numbers himself, has with him a quartette of excellent vocalists, and an effective combination of singing, dancing, scenery and lights affords an entertainment distinctive among vaudeville offerings. "Honor Thy Children," a brilliant satire written by Samuel Chapman and Clara Lipman, divides the headline honors with the Bowers act. It is based on the advanced ideas of the American youth, but goes a trifle further than reality and takes it for granted that the actual heads of a twentieth century household are the children and not the parents. The skit is presented by an excellent company headed by William Lawrence. Walter Brown, the jolly jester, conceded to be one of the most entertaining monologists in vaudeville, the Lunette Sisters, presenting an aerial novelty in which they do a ballet dance while suspended in the air by their teeth from an apparatus that revolves with great velocity, Helene Davis, who for the past two years has been Youth in "Everywoman," in an unique conception by A. Seymour Brown and Dan Dody called "Past and Present," and the Morin Sisters in a variety of novel and original dances, make up the new numbers on the bill. Next week will be the last of Kajiyama, the ambidexterous writing marvel, and Miss Evan-Burows Fontaine, assisted by Kenneth Harlan and her company of classical dancers.

"A World of Pleasure" at the Cort

"A World of Pleasure," the latest and greatest of the New York Winter Garden girl shows, opens at the Cort on Sunday next. The company contains over 125 people, rides in a special train of eleven cars, presents two glittering acts in nine scenes, and possesses almost the magnitude of a three-ring circus. No expense has been spared by the producers in making "A World of Pleasure" the very last word in musical comedy perfection. A galaxy of stars, a bevy of beautiful girls, and numberless settings remarkable for the variety of their coloring and effects, combine to rouse the risibles of the tired business man and wake him from his lethargy. As examples of the stellar fabric of the production the following names are submitted: William Norris, the comedian who has been laughed at by patrons of musical comedy for years; Conroy and Le Maire, past-masters of black-face comedy; the Courtenay Sisters, clever singing comedienness; Collins and Hart, whose burlesques are a never-failing source of delight; Margaret Edwards, a Berkeley girl sixteen years old who has been accredited with the most perfect physical form in the world; McMahon, Diamond and Chaplow, Wanda Lyon, Rosie Quinn, and the well known Franklin Batie. These superlatively excellent fun-makers and entertainers and the forty odd musical numbers make up the complete offering of "A World of Pleasure." "Pretty Baby," that catchy bit of ragtime stuff that has been jingling in the ears of San Franciscans, is featured among the singing numbers. A special orchestra from the Winter Garden, under the direction of Mr. Samuel Lehman, accompanies the production.

At the Theatre St. Francis

Theodore Roberts and Anita King, in "Anton the Terrible," an intensely dramatic photodrama of Russian intrigue and the secret ser-



HELENE DAVIS
Next week at the Orpheum

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GEARY STREET AT POWELL

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MISS PAULINE FREDERICK in
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Double Orchestra under the direction of
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Continuous Show, 11 to 11 daily. Matinees, entire house, 15c;
evening, entire house, 20c; Loges, 30c. Phone Kearny 36.

vice, will be the headline attraction at the newly opened Theatre St. Francis next week. The film is a Paramount production and this will be its first run in San Francisco. Max Figman, one-time star of "The Man on the Box," who has for sometime been appearing in short motion picture comedies, is also on the bill in a new pleantry, as are two other minor features. This week Pauline Frederick in the Paramount picture "Ashes of Embers," Ralph Herz in "The Lady Killer," and a Burton Holmes Travelogue, "In Old Ireland," are drawing capacity houses. The Theatre St. Francis shows continuously from 11 to 11 daily at popular prices.

The World Series at the Pantages

With the "Star Baseball Player" showing the world series, play by play, over a leased wire in the mornings, and the regular vaudeville show in the afternoon, the Pantages will do double duty next week. The "Star Baseball Player" is a modern invention in score boards and will play every game of the series. The vaudeville bill is headed by "The Society Buds," a bevy of pretty girls of considerable dancing and singing ability, and the comic feature will be supplied by Welch, Mealy and Montrose, old-time San Francisco favorites who return with a new line of comedy patter and acrobatic dances. Johnson's Creole Band, playing "Futuristic" rag music, will be another comic feature of the week's bill. Claudia Coleman, singer and impersonator; Kartelli, the juggler; Bert Devore in his new sketch "The Wife;" and "The Crimson Stain," a film serial, will be the other features.

San Francisco Symphony

On Monday, October 9, the subscribers' season ticket sale for the forthcoming season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Alfred Hertz, will begin at the offices of the Musical Association of San Francisco in the Phelan building, and continue until October 20. The season ticket sale for guarantors has just been concluded most satisfactorily, according to Secretary-Manager A. W. Widenham, who announces that it exceeded all expectations, and who urges prospective subscribers to secure their tickets as soon as possible, as there is great likelihood of oversubscription of the Friday symphonies. The sale of single seats will open on October 23, at Sherman, Clay and Co's. The present sale is

for the the Friday symphonies only, of which there will be twelve this season, as against ten last year. They will be given on October 27; November 10, 24; December 8, 22; January 5, 19; February 2, 16; March 2, 16, 30. Rehearsals will begin on October 9, under the authoritative baton of Alfred Hertz, who is delighted with the new conditions under which he will work. The instrumentalists will devote their entire time to symphonic music. Lengthy daily rehearsals are now possible, and in every way a most admirable condition of affairs has been brought about. The Musical Association quite naturally looks forward to the most brilliant of its seasons.

"Everyman's Castle" is to have a second week "Everyman's Castle" is to have a second week at the Alcazar. This powerful play, dealing effectively and artistically with the race-suicide problem, and played well and strongly by the



MISCHA ELMAN

The "Caruso of the Violin" who will appear in wonderful programmes at Scottish Rite Auditorium tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon, and a week from tomorrow

Eva Lang, John Halliday stock company, has found such great favor with the patrons of the O'Farrell street playhouse as to make necessary its continuance there until October 8th. The two stars, who hitherto have not been seen locally in drama of this virile sort, have more than justified their Eastern reputations, and Evelyn Duncan, the new ingenue, has made a decidedly favorable impression on Alcazar audiences.

Mighty few people make the excuse of being hoarse when asked to sing their own praise.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION OF THE THRIFT COUPON COMPANY OF AMERICA, A CORPORATION, FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 76954; Dept. No. 12.

IN THE MATTER OF THE APPLICATION OF THRIFT COUPON COMPANY OF AMERICA, A CORPORATION, TO BE DISSOLVED.

Notice is hereby given that the application of the Thrift Coupon Company of America, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for a decree dissolving said corporation, has been filed in this Court, and said Court has ordered the Clerk thereof to give notice of the same for thirty (30) days by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the said City and County, and all persons are hereby directed to file their objections to said application, if any they have, as provided by law, before the expiration of the time of publication.

Dated, October 3, 1913.

(Seal)

H. L. MULGREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

GILLOGLEY, CROFTON & PAYNE,
Attorneys for Applicant,
57 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.

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"INTOLERANCE"

OR

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A Sun Play of the Ages

Note—Notwithstanding assertions to the contrary, this is the only production made by Mr. Griffith since "The Clansman"

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WELCH, MEALY & MONTROSE, Makers of Laughter; KARTELLI, the Juggler on the Slack Wire; CLAUDIA COLEMAN, in Songs and Imitations; BERT DEVORE, in "The Wife;" and "THE CRIMSON STAIN."

EXTRA! THE STAR BALL PLAYER, Playing the World's Series! Every Morning! Smoking Permitted!

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FREDERICK V. BOWERS & Co. in His Big New Scenic Song Revue; "HONOR THY CHILDREN," a Satirical Comedy by Samuel Chipman and Clara Lipman with William Lawrence and Company; WALTER BROWER, the Jolly Jester; LUNETTE SISTERS, the Whirling Geisha Girls; HELENE DAVIS in "Past and Present;" MORIN SISTERS in a Variety of Dances; TAMEO KAJIYAMA, the Ambidexterous Writing Marvel; Last Week MISS EVAN-BURROWS FONTAINE assisted by Kenneth Harlan and Company of Classic Dancers.

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

ALCAZAR THEATRE

PHONE KEARNY 2

Second Week

COMMENCING MONDAY NIGHT, OCTOBER 9

A Down-to-the-Minute Drama

"EVERYMAN'S CASTLE"

A Startling Story of Married Life That Has Made
Thousands Think

Originally Produced in Chicago with an All-Star Cast
Presented by

EVA LANG - JOHN HALLIDAY

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MISCHA ELMAN

"The Caruso of the Violin"

This Sunday Afternoon (Oct. 8) at 2:30

and Sunday Afternoon, October 15th

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

Tickets, \$2, \$1.50, \$1, on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s
and at Hall Sunday.

Steinway Piano

CLEO - JAN - MISCHEL CHERNIAVSKY

Violin - Piano - 'Cello

Three Virtuosi in Joint Concerts

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

Sun. Aft., Oct. 22, and Thurs. Eve., Oct. 26

Tickets, \$2, \$1.50, \$1. MAIL ORDERS to W. L. GREENBAUM, care Sherman, Clay & Co.

COMING—GODOWSKY—Master Pianist

NOTICE UPON FILING OF PETITION TO ASCERTAIN RIGHTS AS HEIRS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 16068, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALFRED E. OVEREND, deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: William J. Hynes, the Administrator of the Estate of Alfred E. Overend, deceased, and to Harry S. Overend, Edward Overend, Jennie N. Gilbert, Elizabeth C. Hart, the Administrator or Executor of the estate of Robert A. Overend, deceased, E. M. Leonard, as Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of Ida Overend Mann, deceased, Walter S. Overend, Jane Couture, Sister Matilda Overend, Elizabeth Fleming, Oscar Overend, Jennetta C. Brosse, Elizabeth C. Hall, Nettie C. Treller, William Guthrie, Margaret Guthrie Johnston, Maria Guthrie Hawley, Daniel Guthrie, Samuel Guthrie, Peter Guthrie, Alice Guthrie Simpson, Ellen Clark, John Guthrie, Hannah Guthrie, William Guthrie, George Edward Jack, Elizabeth J. Unwin, Ida A. Hadley, Mandora Hunter, Effie C. Hickey, William E. Guthrie, Anna M. Thompson, Mrs. Isabelle Barnes, Mrs. Lillian Belle Overend Pitt, John F. Overend, Miss E. O. Morris, Sophie Overend, and Patrick Guthrie and Madge Overend.

You and each of you are hereby notified:

That on the 28th day of September, 1916, Robert M. Overend, one of the heirs at law of Alfred E. Overend, deceased, filed his petition in this court praying that the rights of all persons interested in the estate of said Alfred E. Overend, deceased, be ascertained and declared by this court, and that it be determined to whom distribution should be made;

That, so far as known, the following is a description of the real estate whereof said deceased died seized or possessed, to-wit:

Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the Northernly line of Seventeenth Street with the Easternly line of Ord Street (formerly Clara Avenue); thence Easternly along the Northernly line of Seventeenth Street Forty-five (45) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly One Hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at a right angle Westernly Forty-five (45) feet to the Easternly line of Ord Street (formerly Clara Avenue); thence Southernly along said last named line One Hundred and Ten (110) feet to the point of beginning; being part of Horner's Addition Block Number 202.

Beginning at a point on the Easternly line of Calhoun Street distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Northernly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easternly line of Calhoun Street with the Northernly line of Green Street; thence Northernly along said Easternly line of Calhoun Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; thence at a right angle Easternly Ninety-one (91) feet and Eight (8) inches; thence at a right angle Southernly Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; and thence at a right angle Westernly Ninety-one (91) feet and Eight (8) inches to the Easternly line of Calhoun Street and the point of beginning; being part of 50 Vara Lot Number 187.

Beginning at a point on the Easternly line of Franklin Street, distant thereon One Hundred (100) feet Northernly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easternly line of Franklin Street with the Northernly line of Page Street; thence Northernly along said Easternly line of Franklin Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Easternly Seventy-five (75) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Southernly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Westernly Seventy-five (75) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Easternly line of Franklin Street and the point of beginning; being part of Western Addition Block Number 71.

Beginning at a point on the Easternly line of Mimosa Path, distant thereon Thirty-eight (38) feet and Eight (8) inches Southernly from the Southernly line of Rose Hill Nock; thence Northernly along said Easternly line of Mimosa Path Thirteen (13) feet; thence Easternly Sixteen (16) feet and Six (6) inches; thence Southernly Fourteen (14) feet and Five (5) inches; thence Westernly Sixteen (16) feet and Six (6) inches to the point of beginning; being situated in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

Beginning at a point on the Easternly line of Jones Street, distant thereon Sixty (60) feet Southernly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easternly line of Jones Street with the Southernly line of Washington Street; thence Southernly along said Easternly line of Jones Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Easternly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Northernly Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Westernly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Easternly line of Jones Street and the point of beginning; being part of 50 Vara Lot Number 832.

Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the Easternly line of Church Street with the Southernly line of Twenty-seventh Street; thence Southernly along said Easternly line of Church Street Fifty-one (51) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Easternly Eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly Fifty-one (51) feet and Six (6) inches to the Southernly line of Twenty-seventh Street; thence Westernly along said line of Twenty-seventh Street Eighty (80) feet to the point of beginning; being part of Horner's Addition Block Number 57.

Commencing at the point of intersection of the Easternly line of St. Charles Street with the Northernly line of Central Avenue, running thence Easternly along said Northernly line of Central Avenue, One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet; thence at a right angle Westernly One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet to St. Charles Street; thence at a right angle along the Easternly line of St. Charles Street One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet to the point of commencement.

The first six parcels of real property hereinabove described are situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; while the seventh parcel hereinabove described is situated in the City of Alameda, County of Alameda, State of California.

That the said Harry S. Overend, Guy R. Overend, Charles P. Overend, Frederick M. A. Overend, Edward Overend, Jennie N. Gilbert, Robert A. Overend, now deceased, Elizabeth C. Hart, Ida Overend Mann, now deceased, Walter S. Overend, Jane Couture, Sister Matilda Overend, Elizabeth Fleming, Oscar Overend, Jennetta C. Brosse, Elizabeth C. Hall, Nettie C. Treller, William Guthrie, Margaret Guthrie Johnston, Maria Guthrie Hawley, Daniel Guthrie, Samuel Guthrie, Peter Guthrie, Alice Guthrie Simpson, Ellen Clark, John Guthrie,

John Guthrie, Hannah Guthrie, William Guthrie, George Edward Jack, Elizabeth J. Unwin, Ida A. Hadley, Mandora Hunter, Effie C. Hickey, William E. Guthrie, Sophie Overend, as assignee of Robert M. Overend, and Madge Overend, as assignee of Walter S. Overend, are the only persons who appeared and claimed any interest in said estate, in the course of the administration of the same, up to the time of the making of said order;

That you, and all other persons not named, who have or claim an interest in said estate, are cited to appear before this court, at the courtroom thereof, located in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of December, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and exhibit, in the manner provided by law, your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in said estate, and show cause why such petition should not be granted.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 4th day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California.)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk of the Superior Court.

By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

JEREMIAH V. COFFEY & EDWARD I. COFFEY,

E. M. LEONARD,

Attorneys for Robert M. Overend.

569 Mills Building,

San Francisco, California. 10-7-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE GREENZWEIG, deceased.—No. 21443; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of GEORGE GREENZWEIG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of their attorneys, Heller, Powers & Ehrman, Room 713 Nevada Bank Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE GREENZWEIG, deceased.

EMMA GREENZWEIG,

HENRY G. GREENZWEIG,

Executors of the last will and testament of

George Greenzweig, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 23, 1916.

HELLER, POWERS & EHRLMAN,

Attorneys for Executors,

713 Nevada Bank Bldg.,

San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AMELIA C. POPPENBERG, deceased.—No. 21447, N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of AMELIA C. POPPENBERG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of August L. Fournier, Esq., 1311 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AMELIA C. POPPENBERG, deceased.

JOHN F. RAU,

Administrator with the Will annexed of the

estate of Amelia C. Poppenberg, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 16th, 1916.

AUGUST L. FOURNIER, ESQ.,

Attorney for the Administrator with the Will annexed

of the Estate of Amelia C. Poppenberg, deceased.

1311 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,

San Francisco, California. 9-16-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 74925; Dept. No. 4.

HENRY HAINS, Plaintiff, vs. GABRIELLE HAINS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:

GABRIELLE HAINS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an

action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff

in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and

for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer

the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive

of the day of service) after the service on you of this

summons, if served within this City and County; or if

served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and

decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony

now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the

ground of Defendant's willful desertion; also for general

relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file,

to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear

and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take

judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the

Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to

the Court for any other relief demanded in the Com-

plaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior

Court of the State of California, in and for the City

and County of San Francisco, this 3rd day of July,

A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ERNEST PAGNUELO,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 8-12-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION TO MORTGAGE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 21572. In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of WILLIAM JAMES NICHOLS, JOSEPH EDWARD NICHOLS, and ELLA MAY NICHOLS, Minors.

SAMUEL T. NICHOLS, Guardian of the persons and estates of the above-named minors, having filed herein his petition, duly verified by affidavit, and praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing him, as such Guardian, to mortgage the real property of said minors hereinafter described for the purposes set forth in said petition;

And it appearing that it will be of advantage to said property that said mortgage be made,

It is Ordered by the Court that all persons interested in the said estate of said minors do appear before this Court on the 8th day of November, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real-property described below should not be mortgaged for the sum of TWO THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED (\$2200.00) DOLLARS, as set forth in said petition of said Guardian aforesaid, filed this day herein, and why said Guardian should not be allowed to mortgage the interest of the said minors in said property for their prorate of the said sum of TWO THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED (\$2200.00) DOLLARS. (Reference is made to said petition for further particulars.)

The said real estate and property to be mortgaged is situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Oak Street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said southerly line of Oak Street with the westerly line of Laguna Street; and running thence westerly along said southerly line of Oak Street twenty-seven (27) feet, six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the northerly line of Lily Avenue; thence at right angles easterly along said line of Lily Avenue twenty-seven (27) feet, six (6) inches; and thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement, being part of WESTERN ADDITION BLOCK Number 219.

It is further ordered that this Order to Show Cause be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks before the hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, this 2nd day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Signed) THOMAS F. GRAHAM,

Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 3, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,

By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk.

L. T. JACKS,

Attorney for Guardian,

Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 20834; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY A. MEAGHER, also known as MARY MEAGHER, Deceased.

IDA M. MEAGHER, Administratrix of the estate of MARY A. MEAGHER, also called MARY MEAGHER, deceased, having filed herein her petition duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her, as such Administratrix, to mortgage the real property of said deceased therein, and hereinafter described, for the purposes set forth in said petition; and it appearing that it will be to the advantage of the said estate that the mortgage be made,

It is ordered by the Court that all persons interested in the estate of MARY A. MEAGHER, also called MARY MEAGHER, deceased, do appear before this Court, Department No. Ten thereof, on Saturday, October 21st, 1916, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the said day at the Court of said Department, in the City Hall, Civic Center, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real property of said estate, described below, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Seventeen Hundred (\$1,700.00) Dollars, as prayed for in the petition of said IDA M. MEAGHER, Administratrix, this day filed or for such lesser amount as to the Court shall seem meet. Reference is made to said petition for further particulars.

The real property of said estate to be mortgaged is situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Easternly line of Webster Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet six (6) inches Northernly from the Northernly line of Washington Street; running thence Northernly along said Easternly line of Webster Street twenty-five (25) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easternly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles Southernly twenty-five (25) feet six (6) inches, and thence at right angles Westernly eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Sixty-eight (268).

It is further ordered that this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks before the day of hearing hereinbefore set out, in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court and dated this 18th day of September, 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,

Judge.

BUCKLEY & O'KEEFE,

Attorneys for Administratrix,

347-348 Russ Building,

San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF RICHARD CORBETT, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664 OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 18,313; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of RICHARD CORBETT, Deceased.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, and each and every and all persons named or not named, having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased:

You, and each of you are hereby notified that Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, the petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this Court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit, the estate of Richard Corbett, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are the heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased disappeared prior to the first day of December, 1907, and that by a judgment duly given and made by said Court on the 5th day of January, 1915, the said deceased was declared dead, and that said deceased died intestate; that the said deceased was then and there a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State, consisting wholly of money, and that said estate now consists of money solely;

That a petition for Letters of Administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 18th day of December, 1914, filed in the above entitled Court by M. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco;

That thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was, by a judgment of said Court, duly given and made, on the 5th day of January, 1915, appointed Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased; that thereafter, to wit, on the said 5th day of January, 1915, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such Administrator, and Letters of Administration were duly issued to him under the seal of said Court, by the Clerk of said Court; that thereafter, and on the 6th day of February, 1915, said M. J. Hynes, Administrator of said estate, died;

That a petition for Letters of Administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 24th day of February, 1915, filed in the above entitled Court, by W. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco;

That thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, that the said W. J. Hynes was, by a judgment of said Court, duly given and made on the 11th day of March, 1915, appointed Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased; and that thereafter, to wit, on the said 11th day of March, 1915, said W. J. Hynes qualified as such Administrator and Letters of Administration were duly issued to him under the seal of said Court by the Clerk of said Court, and that the said W. J. Hynes ever since has been, and now is, the duly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator of the estate of said deceased;

That the said order and decree of the said Court appointing the said W. J. Hynes Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect, and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of Letters of Administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made;

That the said Richard Corbett, deceased, died intestate, leaving him surviving no grand-father or grand-mother, no father or mother, no wife, child or descendants of any child or children, no brothers or sisters, and that said petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the whole of the said estate of said deceased;

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate, and that the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof, so far as known to said petitioners;

And that these petitioners pray the said Court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made; that the Court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the Court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said Court in the matter of the said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of said Court in the matter of said estate and in the Register of Proceedings in Estates of said Court in the matter of said estate; and directing that, in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid, then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said Court for not appearing as aforesaid, and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid, to show cause and exhibit to said Court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, as provided by Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California;

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition, the said Court, on the 22nd day of August, 1916, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate of Richard Corbett, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said Court as hereinafter specified, and that by said order the Court fixed Tuesday, the 5th day of December, 1916, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein;

NOW, THEREFORE, you, and each of you herein above named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have, or claim, any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the Courtroom thereof, in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 5th day of December, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date

fixed by the Court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having, or claiming, an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased;

And that you, and each of you, and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said Court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said Court in the matter of the said estate and in the Register of the Proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said Court, and that each and every, all and singular, the persons who appear as aforesaid, show cause, as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, to the said Court in the matter of the said estate, by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required, and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California;

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said Court in the matter of the said estate, and in the Register of Proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said Court for not appearing as aforesaid;

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause, as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, to the said Court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate to the said Court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California specified;

That the said Court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS, the Honorable George H. Cabaniss, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk of said Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.
EUGENE W. LEVY, Attorney for Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, Room 560 Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California. 8-26-10

NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 21551; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JANE McQUEEN, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a petition for the probate of the will of JANE McQUEEN, deceased, and for the issuance to DAVID W. McQUEEN of letters testamentary has been filed in this Court, and that Wednesday, the 18th day of October, A. D. 1916, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court, at the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated, September 26th, 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 26, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,

By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

T. J. CROWLEY,

Attorney for Petitioner,

509-511 Chronicle Bldg.,

San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY ANN MARTIN, deceased.—No. 21489, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of MARY ANN MARTIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the office of his attorneys, Lane, White & Elliott, Room 1003 Nevada Bank Building, 14 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY ANN MARTIN, deceased.

WILLIAM MARTIN, Executor of the last will and testament of Mary Ann Martin, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 30, 1916.

EDWARD ELLIOTT,

LANE, WHITE & ELLIOTT,

Attorneys for Executor,

Room 1003 Nevada Bank Bldg.,

14 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-5

CERTIFICATE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, Ng. T. Quai, Tom Fook Duck, Lee Pon, Lee Ning, Lee Sun Yet, Fung Choy, Lum Jue On, and Chen Foo, are transacting a general manufacturing of paste and noodles business in the State of California, under the name of Canton Noodle Factory; that the principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that they are conducting the said business under the fictitious name of Canton Noodle Factory, and that they are the sole owners of said business, and that their full names are Ng. T. Quai, who resides at 1135 Stockton St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Tom Fook Duck, who resides at 518½ Pacific St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Lee Pon, who resides at 1135 Stockton St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Lee Ning, who resides at Stockton, California, Lee Sun Yet, who resides at 1135 Stockton St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Fung Choy, who resides at 1135 Stockton St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Lum Jue On, who resides at Courtland, California, and Chen Foo, who resides at Sacramento, California.

NG. T. QUAI,
LEE PON,
CHEN FOO,
TOM FOOK DUCK,
LEE NING,
LEE SUN YET,
FONG CHOY,
LUM JUE ON.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 26th day of September, 1916, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared NG. T. QUAI, TOM FOOK DUCK, LEE PON, LEE NING, LEE SUN YET, FUNG CHOY, LUM JUE ON, and CHEN FOO, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) A. J. NAGLE,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 26, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

L. W. LOVEY, Attorney-at-Law,
1101 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-5

CERTIFICATE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, O. Olivi and R. J. Olivi, are transacting a paper business in the State of California, under the name of Fulton Paper Co.; that the principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that they are conducting the said business under the fictitious name of Fulton Paper Co., and that they are the sole owners of said business, and that their full names are O. Olivi, who resides at 1547 Mason St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and R. J. Olivi, who resides at 1339 Greenwich St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

O. OLIVI,
R. J. OLIVI.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 26th day of September, 1916, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared O. OLIVI and R. J. OLIVI, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) A. J. NAGLE,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 26, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

L. W. LOVEY, Attorney-at-Law,
1101 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco 9-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MICHAEL LOFTUS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MICHAEL LOFTUS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of L. W. Lovey, 1105 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MICHAEL LOFTUS, deceased.

EDWARD P. MAHONY,
Administrator of the estate of Michael Loftus, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 23, 1916.

L. W. LOVEY, Attorney for Administrator,
1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market started the week strong, and finished a little reactionary, due to some heavy profit taking by the more fortunate holders. Steel common was the leader early in the week, and sold well above the 120 mark. This started a general wave of buying throughout the list that carried prices for all stocks to the highest point of the year. Toward the end of the week, a reaction set in, and a sharp break was the result. Investors should not be alarmed at a reaction that carries prices off 5 points, as reaction is always due in a market like this, and it makes the technical position that much stronger. Copper shares were very strong on reports of foreign contracts, and options that will absorb three months' production if the metal is taken. Railroad shares boomed early in the afternoon but this movement was checked by heavy liquidation in the last hour, which caused a general reaction that caught many speculators on the bull side but left the market in a stronger technical position. One of the bull arguments was the compilation of President Loree of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad showing that foreigners have sold nearly half of the railroad securities held by them at the outbreak of the war, which shows that foreign liquidation is no longer to be feared. It is probable that foreigners who wish to sell their American securities have cleaned up on this advance, and that those who still have any intend to hold them. Wide swings of the pendulum in the past week have accustomed traders to sharp changes in prices. The public is buying and the professional operators have taken profits on the long side. Those who sold short have been hard hit, but the bears are still numerous and the noisiest of them are the sold-out bulls who hope for a sharp decline on which to buy. On a basis of earnings many stocks are still cheap. The United States Steel Corporation is earning more than 50 per cent on its common stock and should do still better if the price of steel products holds. Copper shares are not too high with the metal selling well into next year at 27 cents a pound. One of the features of the past few days has been the advance in International Nickel, which shows signs of being closely held. Canadians have been buying it freely for several weeks. Speculators must be prepared for violent fluctuations in the stock market. The election campaign will contribute to the excitement in Wall Street.

Wheat—It must be expected that profit taking will be the rule on bulges, which range from 8 cents to 10 cents per week, no matter what the character of the news, or the surroundings of the market. Prices are over 58 cents higher than a year ago, and there are some factors in the European situation which might develop quickly and unfavorably for holders, and the conservative element prefers profitable to unprofitable

liquidation. If the Bulgarians were hard pushed and the road to Constantinople more definitely assured to the Ententes within a reasonable time there would not be very much doubt of lowered quotations and there are many who believe that the Dardanelles will not remain long in the control of Turkey. It is the adherents of the last theory who from time to time secure their profits, and cause the depressions, but the emergencies of this year are too palpable to encourage long-continued selling by individuals or syndicates, which in our opinion makes the long side the most satisfactory and profitable to the average operator. It looks to us that as the crop year grows older, the cash wheat premiums will widen, because of the scarcity, and the futures advance to higher levels irregularly. A continued drought either in Argentina or this country would, however, cause another wave of buying which might carry the quotations above last year's high, so sensitive is the trade to any influences which suggest a further contraction of supply.

Corn—We think the theory so popular at the present time, that prices for this cereal will continue to advance, should wheat further appreciate, and that the prices paid for live hogs will justify a much higher quotation for corn, is hardly dependable. Precedent has proved that consumption stops at certain levels, and substitutes replace the use of the raw material. The present phenomenal prices paid at the hog centers are accounted for in the actual shortage of these animals and not because of any unusual demand. There are plenty of substitutes for lard, and when it is considered how small a proportion of corn is used in the manufacture of alcohol, that demand is inconsequential in the making of prices; any easiness of the car situation would soon dissipate any logical reason for higher prices.

Cotton—The cotton market continues to show an undercurrent of strength that brought about reactions whenever the price was depressed by the local New York element, who have been inclined to take the selling side on the theory that the high prices for cotton, at a time when the bulk of the crop was ready for market, would cause a decline. While this argument, as a rule, holds good at this season of the year, when the crop is a normal one, the movement this year will not be a bearish factor. The crop this year is going to be a very small one; how small no one can tell, but the present outlook is for a crop below twelve million bales, and if we should get an early frost, it might fall below eleven million bales. When we take into consideration the consumption last year was 14,800,000 bales, and there is every reason to believe that the consumption this year will be as large as last year, how high will cotton sell, war or no war? The farmer this year is prosperous; in fact it seems that prosperity is

general throughout the East, and with the price of all commodities on a higher plane, there is no reason to believe that cotton consumption will be curtailed unless the price gets well above the 20 cent level. We are very bullish on cotton, and barring temporary reactions from time to time, we look for extremely high prices for cotton before another crop is harvested, and believe cotton can be bought at this level from an investment standpoint.

BYRNE & McDONNELL

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Chicago Board of Trade
San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange

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HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, S. W. Corner
Haight and Belvedere

JUNE 30TH, 1916:

Assets	\$63,811,228.81
Deposits	60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
Number of Depositors	68,062

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock
P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and
Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8
o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1916, a
dividend to depositors of 4% per annum was
declared.



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SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 72594; Dept. No. 10.
JEMETT POSTON, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY A. POSTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: HENRY A. POSTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, habitual intemperance, and wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JAS. P. SWEENEY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Nevada Bank Building,
San Francisco, California. 8-19-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of IRENE MORRIN, deceased.—No. 21411, N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of IRENE MORRIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, F. B. CLARKE, Room 1033 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of IRENE MORRIN, deceased.

THOMAS MORRIN,
Executor of the last will and testament of Irene Morrin, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 16, 1916.

F. B. CLARKE,
Attorney for Executor,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-16-5

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court, of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, made on the 12th day of September, A. D. 1916, in the matter of the Estate of JOHN C. SCHIPPER, also known as JOHN CARL AUGUST SCHIPPER, deceased, the undersigned, the Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of said deceased, will sell at private sale on Monday, the 9th day of October, A. D. 1916, to the highest bidder for cash in Gold Coin of the United States of America and subject to confirmation by the Superior Court, all the right, title, interest and estate of said JOHN C. SCHIPPER, also known as JOHN CARL AUGUST SCHIPPER, deceased, at the time of his death and all the right, title and interest that the said Estate has by operation of law, or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of said JOHN C. SCHIPPER, also known as JOHN CARL AUGUST SCHIPPER, deceased, at the time of his death in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the easterly line of Rhode Island Street, distant thereon one hundred four (104) feet southerly from the southerly line of Eighteenth Street, running thence southerly along said line of Rhode Island Street, twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly one hundred six (106) feet, three (3) inches; thence northeasterly twenty-nine (29) feet and nine and one-fourth (9¼) inches to a point which is distant one hundred twenty-two (122) feet five and one-eighth (5⅛) inches easterly from the easterly line of Rhode Island Street on a line drawn perpendicularly to said easterly line of Rhode Island Street thence westerly one hundred twenty-two (122) feet five and one-eighth (5⅛) inches to the point of commencement.

TOGETHER with all the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS OF SALE: The above described parcel of land will be sold for cash in Gold Coin of the United States of America, ten per cent of the purchase price to accompany each bid, balance to be paid upon the confirmation of said sale by said Superior Court.

Bid or offers may be made at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale.

All bids or offers must be in writing and may be left at the office of PAUL F. FRATESSA, Room 906 Hearst Building, Market and Third Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, or delivered to the undersigned, personally.

Dated, September 23rd, A. D. 1916.

BEN L. BLUMENAU,

Administrator with the Will annexed of the Estate of John C. Schipper, also known as John Carl August Schipper, deceased. 9-23-3

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10; No. 75525.

ANITA WARREN PATTERSON, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM PATTERSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM PATTERSON, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of August, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By F. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
423 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-19-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 20121; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANN FOLEY, deceased. JAMES FOLEY, Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of ANN FOLEY, deceased, having filed his petition with the Clerk of the above entitled Court, praying for an order of the above entitled Court authorizing him to mortgage the property hereinafter described for the purposes set forth in the said petition;

NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the 8th day of November, A. D. 1916, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at the Court Room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the City Hall, No. 400 Van Ness Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, be and the same is hereby fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to be and appear before the above entitled Court at said time and place, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the property hereinafter described, should not be mortgaged for the sum of One Thousand (\$1,000.00) Dollars, or for such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet; reference is hereby made to the petition on file for further particulars.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED that notice of the time and place herein fixed be given by publishing this order once a week for four successive weeks in a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

The real property hereinabove referred to is all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Southerly line of Irving Street, distant thereon ninety-five (95) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Fifth Avenue; running thence easterly along said Southerly line of Irving Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Irving Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Land Block Number Six Hundred and Seventy-six (676).

Dated this 3rd day of October, A. D. 1916.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

TOBIN & TOBIN,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Hibernia Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, California. 10-7-5

SHERIFF'S SALE

Justice Court.—No. 85581.
G. E. DOLAN, Plaintiff, vs. FRED MACK and MRS. FRED MACK, his wife, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Justice Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 28th day of June, A. D. 1916, in the above entitled action wherein G. E. DOLAN, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against FRED MACK and MRS. FRED MACK, his wife, defendants, on the 5th day of May, A. D. 1916, I am commanded to sell all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Waller Street distant thereon 106.3 feet easterly from the point of intersection of the easterly line of Steiner Street with the southerly line of Waller Street; running thence easterly along said southerly line of Waller Street 25 feet; thence at right angles southerly 120 feet; thence at right angles westerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles northerly 120 feet to the southerly line of Waller Street and the point of beginning. Being Lot No. 29 in Block 867.

Public Notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 9th day of October, A. D. 1916, at 12 o'clock m., of that day, in front of the Sheriff's Office in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said execution, sell all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money of the United States.

Dated, San Francisco, August 16th, 1916.
THOMAS F. FINN, Sheriff.

WALTER E. DORN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-2

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 35910.

MAY E. BRIDGE, a widow, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

T. W. HUBBARD, 1003 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MAY E. BRIDGE, a widow, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above-entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL NO. 1.

BEGINNING at a point on the westerly line of Stockton Street, distant thereon eighty (80) feet and two and one-fourth (2¼) inches southerly from the point formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Stockton Street with the southerly line of Sutter Street; and running thence southerly along said line of Stockton Street nineteen (19) feet and nine and three-quarters (9¾) inches; thence at a right angle westerly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle northerly nineteen (19) feet and nine and three-quarters (9¾) inches; and thence at a right angle easterly sixty (60) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 168.

PARCEL NO. 2.

COMMENCING at a point on the westerly line of 29th Avenue distant thereon two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet northerly from the northerly line of Fulton (formerly D) Street, and running thence northerly along the said westerly line of 29th Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle westerly one hundred twenty (120) feet; thence at a right angle southerly fifty (50) feet, and thence at a right angle easterly one hundred twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands, Block No. 409.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the Seal of said Court this 8th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 16th day of September, A. D. 1916.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco, San Francisco, California; Savings Union Bank and Trust Company, San Francisco, California; City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, San Francisco, California.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 9-16-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ADOLPHUS S. HUBBARD, deceased.—No. 15071, N. S.; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ADOLPHUS S. HUBBARD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, Room 1003 Phelan Building, 760 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ADOLPHUS S. HUBBARD, deceased.

T. W. HUBBARD,

Administrator of the estate of Adolphus S. Hubbard, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September, 23rd, 1916.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Administrator in pro. per.,
1003 Phelan Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY HELEN ROSE BROWN, deceased.—No. 2852, N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARY HELEN ROSE BROWN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of James M. Hanley, attorney at law, 505-6 Kohl Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY HELEN ROSE BROWN, deceased.

CHARLES P. BROWN,

Administrator of the estate of Mary Helen Rose Brown, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 16th, 1916.

JAMES M. HANLEY,
Attorney for Administrator,
505-6 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-5

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVIII. No. 1260

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TOWN TALK

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The President's Perfumed Word

According to President Wilson he undertook to "accommodate" the differences between the brotherhoods and the railroads because the thought of arbitration made him sad, arbitration being "an alternative of war." Accommodation is a good word as employed by our scholarly President, a much better word for him now that the thought of arbitration is repugnant to organized labor. It was "a very fashionable word in Shakespeare's time," as Halliwell tells us, and Mr. Wilson may make it fashionable again. Ben Jonson called it one of the "perfumed terms of the time." President Wilson being an artist in words, is the very man to revive its fragrance. And being a lover of the subtleties of language and skilled in the use of equivocal phrases "accommodate" is just the word for him. It may be remembered that Bardolph used it when asked if he had a wife, though vainly he attempted to define it. "Accommodated," said Bardolph; "that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby 'a may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing." Presumably the country was thought to be accommodated when President Wilson accommodated certain differences for the accommodation of the brotherhoods.

Hypocrisy in the Movies

Motion-picture managers had our sympathy when they were protesting against a narrow and puritanical censorship, but now that they are asking us to come to their shows with clean minds we are hoping that somebody will call a halt. In the dailies we find a screen drama advertisement wherein are drawings of naked women in indecent postures, and beneath them are the words: "Is your mind pure? are you fit to be a father? Then see it." This sort of thing impresses one as a capital achievement in unblushing cant, a case of scraping the bottom of abysmal hypocrisy. If nudity pays it is not for us to protest against the symbolical drama when employed as a device for "putting it over." Symbolism covers a multitude of ideas, and there is

nothing like it for soothing the conscience of the Pharisee. But the meanness of the sham of sniveling about purity while piquing prurience with indelicate pictures is an impudent reflection on the intelligence of the community. We get enough of that sort of thing from the propagandists who pretend they are for promoting temperance while stimulating the blind-pig industry and the business of manufacturing quack nostrums containing more alcohol than any of the frankly alcoholic beverages. Let us leave hypocrisy and cant to the Evangelical pulpit and its handmaiden, yellow journalism, where it may some day become intolerable, but for God's sake and in despite the invasion of Hearst let us do our best to discourage intellectual dishonesty in our places of amusement.

Labor Behind the Dynamiters

At least suggestive, if neither significant nor startling, was the news from Eureka that the State Labor Council had pledged its support to Billings, the convicted dynamiter. As our daily press had nothing to say on the subject it is to be inferred that our great molders of public opinion regarded the action taken by the higherups of our labor trust as not at all startling or significant. In their philosophy it was not even worthy of comment. Yet it admits of but one interpretation—that Organized Labor in California is in sympathy with a man of the character of Billings. Now Billings is a dynamiter. The red shirt was fitted to him long before the bomb explosion of the Preparedness parade. It didn't require the verdict of a jury in San Francisco to establish his character. Then why should his cause be espoused by the union men of California? Now as a matter of fact union men are not in sympathy with this murderous rascal, and it is an offense against them to make it appear to the contrary. The offense, committed by their bosses, the higherups of the unions, calls for reflection; for it is very significant. Among other things it is significant of the importance of redeeming the unions from the lawless machine that has provoked widespread indignation against organized labor in this State. Also it may be significant of somewhat intimate relations between the gang of dynamiters and some of the labor bosses, and one naturally asks whether Mooney has been tightening the screws on his friends, for the action of the Labor Council was taken in the interest of Mooney rather than in the interest of Billings. The case of Billings is hopeless, and when he realizes this the case of Mooney may become hopeless too. Consequently it is very important that Billings' hopes should not be shattered; important to Mooney and equally

important perhaps to higherups who have not yet been involved. A long road is yet to be traveled, and Labor's official pledge may prove highly beneficial to the higherups. It will at least serve as a notice to public officials that it will please the union bosses to be lenient to dynamiters.

Vituperation in Oratory

Personal abuse is a form, not of communicating truth, but of self-indulgence, and it is most grateful to men engaged in political contests. Besides it is grateful to the people, though they pretend in their hypocrisy to abhor it. "Why does he abuse his opponent?" is a question we have heard repeated many times in this campaign? If vituperation were really distasteful to men candidates for office would not dare to speak ill of their opponents. Instead of vilification they would use nothing but suavity and soft-soap. The fact is that the most popular orators in campaign years are the most abusive. The people like the orator with a "punch." The orator who would cozen his hearers as Orpheus cozened the trees must have fluency in the vocabulary of personal abuse. The Hon. Francis J. Heney packs the hall, not because he is inspired with wisdom and rectitude or is able to clothe his thoughts with fine rhetoric or rock an audience with mirth or touch it to pathos; no, Mr. Heney is no classic orator with the power of inflaming an audience with beautiful figures of speech. Like Governor Johnson, a very popular orator, Mr. Heney scorns to ornament his public discourses with the graces of rhetoric or to overwhelm an audience with the power of reasoning. He has faith in the drawing power of personal abuse, and so has our Governor whose tongue has a "terrible lightning," as Plutarch said, speaking of Pericles' tongue, adding: "And terribly it shattered the prosperity of Athens." The practice of vituperation is of course to be deplored. It is half-sister to calumny. It is meant to wound and defile, but the politician is expected to give the public what the public wants, and many eminent men have condescended to this vulgarity; Cicero, for instance, who received as good as he sent before the end, and Daniel O'Connell, who, it has been said, undertook one day to out-Billingsgate a fishwife. On that occasion the great O'Connell limited his vocabulary to words that could be found in mathematical text-books. The coarse-tongued woman hurled a terrible epithet at him. He retorted that she was a scalene triangle. She flung another epithet at him and he called her a rhomboid. Again she attacked the great orator, and he routed her by denouncing her as a parallelopipedon. It is related that she

quit in disgust at the vileness of her opponent's language. Would not the interest of the truth, if not of the mob, be as well served if our campaign orators shaped their course in accordance with the suggestion of the O'Connell fable?

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Whenever you wish to clinch an argument in support of a proposition in American politics quote an early patriot. Such is the favorite formula of our foremost demagogues, all of whom are supplied with a primer of platitudes compounded of the pithy sayings of Jefferson and Jackson. Like all "friends of the people" Jefferson and Jackson were always on the alert to vindicate their eternal affection for the masses, and so both were enemies of George Washington, who was not their kind of patriot. They were guilty of conduct toward him that should cause them to be remembered today less for the purpose of quotation than for reprehension. But among all "friends of the pee-pul" Jefferson and Jackson are revered as genuine apostles of American democracy and held up to us as the most exemplary of early American statesmen. Now there is this to be said of Jefferson and Jackson: that they may have been true patriots, sincere in their political convictions and confident of the soundness of their political principles. But it is somewhat misleading to quote them to us today in support of the tendencies of twentieth century democracy. It is true they were radicals in their day, but we know it was the habit of some radicals to become conservative before they were sent to the guillotine. Jefferson was a radical because he had not prevision of the dangers pointed out by Hamilton, who had more than a foreboding of the things that have come to pass, things the shortsighted Jefferson had no conception of. Of course Jefferson believed in popular government and in the greatest good of the greatest number and in other palatable propositions out of which Hearst and other half-baked philosophers of the yellow journal school extract the essence of their popular patter. Doubtless (if he had thought of it) he also would have believed in a government "of the people, by the people and for the people," but it is hardly fair to his memory to assume that he would ever be in favor of governing ninety odd millions of people scattered over a continent, on the principles that were suitable for six thousand people in the little city of Athens. Jefferson may have been a crazy democrat, but he was not that crazy. He was a firm believer in popular government, but it was in the American brand of popular government he believed in. In other words, Jefferson was a believer in institutional popular government, which was the kind of government that prevailed in his day. He never heard of the Wisconsin idea. Doubtless he believed, as Lincoln did, in the "greatest good of the greatest number," but he was not so radical as to assume that it would ever be for the

greatest good of the greatest number to vest the majority with the power of gratifying their self-interests at the expense of the minority. He was under no delusion regarding the importance of institutional government. This we know from one of his sayings, one that you never see quoted by Hearst or any other congenitally mischievous demagogue, the saying that the people "need protection chiefly from themselves."

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The Inferiority of Culture

"Without culture," says a very cultured editor with a passion for the humanities, "there can be no true civilization." Which reminds us that somebody once remarked that "culture" is not so much what we need in this country as "civilization." It was evident that what he meant by civilization was not a certain freedom from the well known characteristics of vulgarity. His idea was that civilization means human improvement in general; something very much more than that we should eat with forks instead of knives. The fact is that the word culture as commonly employed has a very narrow signification. It suggests the cultivation of the intellectuals. But people may be civilized without being distinguished for intellectual achievements. Indeed, among very imperfectly civilized folks may be found men whose minds have received a great deal of cultivation. Think of all the intolerant people in this country who have been schooled in universities. Many of our so-called leaders of thought who quarrel with us for not doing as they demand, who insist on regulating our habits according to their standards, are versed in the classics. They are long on culture and short on civilization. Now whereas culture is of benefit chiefly to the individual, providing him, as it does, with resources by which he may make his own life better worth living, civilization is of benefit to the masses since it makes the individual better worth living with and more worthy of being alive. In other words, civilization makes life more agreeable for all by improving not the mind alone but the heart as well. Books may warn us against those improprieties of conduct that offend the onlooker, and we may learn from them the niceties of social intercourse, but when one is civilized one is instinctively considerate of the feelings of others. Many cultured men have imperfect sympathies, and though polite at table they are boorish in their social relations. They lack the distinguishing quality of civilization, which the French call urbanity, and which marks the man who never makes life disagreeable. Hard, rude, unsociable and fanatic minds are not only devoid, they are excluded from, urbanity.

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The Triumph of Time

Discussing the present situation in the Balkans and in the Far East the *London Saturday Review* has taken occasion to eulogize Disraeli for his foresight and enterprise in acquiring Cyprus and to refer ironically to the

coalition Government for having offered Cyprus to Greece some months ago. "How fortunate," says the editor of *The Saturday Review*, "that Beaconsfield did not see through eyes of Grey." Thus we see that the habit of contemporary criticism still persists, the habit of contrasting the living patriot on whom the white light is beating with the glorified dead whose memory is reflected through the mists of legend. English editors have not profited from the lesson taught by the case of Lord Kitchen-er. It will be remembered that in the course of a few months the proprietor of the Thunderer attempted first to make and then to unmake Lord Kitchen-er's reputation. Seldom has there been a great soldier or a great statesman who did not have to pass through a mudbath of criticism and attack. Disraeli himself, like Marlborough, was lampooned in savage irony by the newspaper prints of his time. Pitt, who combined a reign of terror at home with corruption and incompetence abroad, was probably the worst War Minister England has ever seen, yet he is honored today as the "pilot who weathered the storm," and "O for an hour of Pitt!" was but recently the cry in England. As a matter of fact reputation is largely a matter of history as Carlyle demonstrated when he collected the fragments of Cromwell's reputation. It has been argued that the high reputations enjoyed by Pym and Hampden are due to the fact that the greater part of English history was written by the Whigs. Now as to Disraeli he was certainly a genius and a shrewd statesman, but even the shrewdest statesman cannot see ahead through the mists of nearly half a century. How much better would it be for England now if the great Disraeli could have enjoyed the prevision which might have been afforded had he been supplied with the eyes through which the present Foreign Secretary has been surveying the war. Disraeli never seemed greater to his countrymen than when he was proving to them that Turkish atrocities were merely a myth and that the chief end of man was to keep Russia out of the Dardanelles. Disraeli was a great friend of the Turks, and his hostility to Russia was so bitter that there were critics who charged that he was animated by racial prejudice. This was in the time of atrocities not in Armenia but in Bulgaria. A British consul reported that 25,000 Christians had been slaughtered. In his opinion the Porte authorized wholesale massacres "so as to reduce the population of the unbelieving." Disraeli characterized the report as coffee-house babble, and he held up the independence of the Ottoman Empire as the leading principle upon which the foreign policy of his Government should be founded. It was the morning after he made this speech that he was raised to the peerage. Thus we see that in spite of his great genius he had a somewhat imperfect conception of the Eastern situation in the late seventies of the nineteenth century.

Varied Types

302—PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

By Theodore Bonnet

A man with the courage and ability to realize himself in despite adverse conditions, who is confident that he knows the right path through this mystical panorama of illusions we call the world and sticks to it patiently and unerringly—this is the sort of individual that commands the admiration of discriminating critics of life. It is easy enough to float about on air bubbles and wait for the stroke of destiny. All you need is patience. But to enter joyously the struggle for existence and assimilate the customary hard knocks of the daily grind while making slow progress toward the goal and occasionally having to explore the rocky, treacherous road of a new acclivity—this requires supreme courage. In a world of anxieties where there is much that is troublesome and heartbreaking the man is a hero who undertakes the conquest of a fortress that his soul may enter. And so I hail my friend Peter Clark Macfarlane on his arrival in the robes of his art within the gates of the stronghold that he won with his own hands and where he now abides in great content.

Sitting with Peter Clark Macfarlane at luncheon in the Olympic Club, where the author conserves his energies, I had a pleasant chat of other days, during which I penetrated a shield of modesty, making a small aperture through which I was able to draw a few of the interesting facts of a career of manifold vicissitudes. In this I was favored by the circumstance that I have known Macfarlane for years. Shortly after the earthquake I formed the acquaintance of Peter Clark Macfarlane in Alameda, where he occupied the pulpit in a small and obscure church. He was not wholly a stranger to me, for I had known him across the footlights back in the middle nineties when he was the heavy villain of the old Grove Street Theatre stock company of which E. J. Holden was manager and general utility man. The mummer transformed into a suburban pastor was not of the familiar type of clergyman emerged from the theatre. As a minister Peter Clark Macfarlane took his duties very seriously; for the pulpit was suitable to his temperament. To him life is most purposeful, and nothing is more to his taste than the business of instructing and edifying. That evidently was why he started life with the determination to become a novelist. To him the novel is but a form of parable, a means of teaching. Fiction is the vehicle of his message. But let it not be supposed that he is merely the preacher in fiction. He is essentially a story-teller as you may learn from his novel "Held to Answer," which has had a tremendous sale. His earliest ambition was to be a story-teller and to make his living out of literature. He wrote a novel before he ever went on the stage. He wrote some of it when he was a shipping clerk and some of it when he was a shorthand reporter. He proved thus to his own satisfaction that he really could write a novel, and this brain-child he cherishes dearly. He has it yet; so he told me the other day. In his affection for his infant he keeps it carefully guarded from the blinding light of day. The fact is the novel was never published. In this first undertaking in authorship Macfarlane learned something of great importance; he learned that to become a genuine novelist a man has to know something more than the first of the three R's—in other words, something of life. In the intervening

years this is what he has been studying, and in these years he has been attending the three best accessible schools—the theatre, the pulpit and journalism. Only the other day he was one of the leading magazine writers of the country. He was probably the foremost magazine reporter.

Before returning to the art of novel-writing Macfarlane formed the acquaintance of human nature in all its phases. The pastor from Alameda who was a reformer across the bay, trying to discourage gamblers and make men better even against their will, has ceased to be moved too deeply by the conflicting moods and ambitions of the hour. He knows men are a compound of courage, stupidity and complacency and he sympathizes with them without over-valuing the raptures and thrills of life. But what an education he had!

But I am forgetting the story of his later life. While he was still a minister in Alameda he tried his hand at story-writing and won access to the pages of Collier's by writing the Sergeant McCarthy stories that had a great vogue. Sergeant McCarthy was none other than our old friend Joe Conboy of unfortunate experience. "I first met Conboy," said Macfarlane in gratifying the curiosity I expressed, "when I was acting at the old Grove. One night when I was playing a Spanish officer I threw the heroine into a ravine. After the show I got into a mix-up with a gang of young toughs, who had no use for a villain of the stage. Conboy came to the rescue and we became fast friends. He told me most of the McCarthy stories."

Back in 1911 Macfarlane thought it would pay to break into the magazine business on a solid foundation. He went to New York by way of Panama and had the good fortune to meet Colonel Goethals. Ever since, he has been meeting big men of the national stage and revealing them to magazine readers. Goethals walked with him through the Culebra Cut. He was the first man that ever made the trip on foot with the Colonel. They became warm friends. The result was a "story" that he was able to sell to the American Magazine. At that time the Panama Canal was a chestnut in magazine circles. "The editor who bought it," said Macfarlane, "introduced me to Jack Cosgrave of Collier's, saying, 'he sold me a Panama Canal story, so perhaps he may do Niagara Falls for you.' But to do anything for anybody Macfarlane found that he had to think of things that editors might want. He thought it would be worth while to write a series of articles on American preachers. He did so. The first article was on Monsignor Russell of Washington. It made a hit and others followed.

"When did you start writing up politicians?" I asked, recalling as I did that it was Macfarlane who first revealed the mysterious Colonel House to us.

"When I wrote up Governor Johnson and Governor Hadley for the Metropolitan," said Macfarlane. "One day in 1912 I told the editor of Collier's that Johnson and Hadley would be the two most conspicuous men in the Republican convention. He didn't think so. Not at all discouraged I asked Mr. Whigham, the editor of the Metropolitan, to let me write them up. He did so, and didn't regret it, for my prophecy came true."

Remembering that Macfarlane was the author

of an article entitled "Understanding Woodrow Wilson" that appeared in Collier's several months before the Wilson inauguration, an article remarkable for the insight displayed as evidenced by subsequent developments, I lured him on to the subject of the President, but found that he did not enthuse on the subject. About all he would say was that the President was a very self-conscious man. I wondered whether he was thinking of the story of the mole. This is a story that Washington correspondents love to tell.

It is a story of Macfarlane's triumph as a skin doctor. When he interviewed Wilson after the President had been in office several months he took notice of a little brown mole on his brow near where the hair was parted. It was an inconspicuous blemish. The magazine reporter mentioned it in his article but clearly from no unkind motive. He wrote that the object of the writer was to appreciate the President's traits—not only those that were admirable but even those of slight importance. As the article was a study the little mole was but a feature to be mentioned in passing. Presently the President appeared in public with a red scar where the brown mole used to be. I have heard that when a Washington correspondent told the story to Colonel Roosevelt he roared with laughter and exclaimed: "And Cromwell said when posing for his portrait, 'Paint even the wart.'"

In that article Macfarlane, who had sized up Mr. Wilson before his election as an ardent partisan and not at all like the man Colonel Harvey used to celebrate, analyzed him as a statesman. According to his analysis Wilson is like the mariner who would chart any old course and throw everything off the deck to get his own little craft through the canal.

At present Macfarlane likes to talk, not about Wilson but about Colonel House who, he says, is a sincere patriot. "While he has lived the life of a scholar and recluse in Texas," says the former national reporter, "he has done many big things in politics and in business, and I have heard it said that the President would be better off had he availed himself oftener of Colonel House's advice."

During his brief experience as a national reporter the former minister and erstwhile mummer and freight clerk has been in close contact with politicians of all types from Roger Sullivan to Colonel Roosevelt, a man whom he greatly admires. He has also met and studied the captains of industry—some of the steel trust magnates and nearly all the men whose genius was

(Continued on Page 19.)

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Perspective Impressions

Is it really necessary to close up the old town in order to close up the saloons?

It is easy to understand the other man's point of view; the great difficulty is to understand how it can be held.

Does anybody believe in the intellectual honesty of the men who are advocating the so-called partial-prohibition amendment and representing it as an anti-saloon measure?

Some men have lived long enough to be ashamed that they ever voted for Bryan, but their brains have grown only from 16 to 1 to the New Freedom.

We have seen that the New Freedom has given us more government, but the world has to see, also to learn, how the expansion of government can expand freedom.

Wasn't something to be done for the peons of Mexico?

To be genuinely amused with life one must have a well-balanced nature and faith in the life to come.

From year to year the fool-killer in his mercy grants exemption to the man who takes straw votes seriously.

"When the Jingoists shouted 'War' Woodrow Wilson kept his head," reads car card. What became of it when the brotherhoods shouted "Strike?"

At times Mr. Wilson gives a very good imitation of a man with horse sense; as, for instance, when he decided to pay no attention to Roosevelt's Battle Creek speech.

Election day is approaching but our great dailies have not had time to advise us on the prohibition issue.

Are the Germans blockading our ports or merely carrying Wilsonian philosophy to a logical conclusion from a kindly desire to make stupendous asininity obvious to the benighted?

According to our wise President's logical mind it is lawless for a submarine to drown women and children by sinking a passenger steamer but it is all right to imperil their lives by compelling them to take to small boats in the wide ocean.

"I have noticed," says President Wilson, "that the great movements of history occur when the shackles of the past are shaken off." As, for instance: the war and the movements in this country that Roosevelt started and Woodrow is finishing.

The Iron Ring

Reason of the Stubborn Fighting in the Dobrudja

By ROBERT McTAVISH

"In November," says H. G. Wells, "the Germans will begin to squeal and in seven months the war will end."

Mr. Wells is a pretty good novelist, but as a prophet he has a reputation to achieve. The Germans and the Allies too have been squealing in this war, but every time they squeal it appears to be by way of introducing a new wrinkle. Shortly after the war opened the world was given the tip that terrible things would happen before Germany would cry "Quits," and this prediction has been coming true right along. At present we have the submarine in American water. And it was only the other day that Alfred Noyes started his serial story on the triumph of the trawler and the traps!

However, the Central Powers are being squeezed very hard these days, and the Allies are becoming very optimistic. Here is General Brusiloff, the man who virtually annihilated an Austrian army of 450,000, saying: "The game is already won." He admits, however, that "the future is in the hands of God," adding that his guess is that the end will come in 1917.

According to English authorities the Allies reached the most critical stage of this year's fighting four weeks ago and within another week or so will be decided what lines will be occupied for the winter. Both in London and Paris opinion has come round to the view that there will be severe and eventful campaigning in 1917 and that in the end it will appear that Kitchener had the war accurately sized up when he said at the start that it would last three years. The great task before the Allies is to

close the line of investment by linking up all the Allies on the Danube. The present object is to establish a single continuous front drawn round the Central Empires. This is the object of simultaneous movements at present. It is simple in concept, but vast in magnitude, this scheme of linking up all armies from the North Sea round by the Adriatic to the Baltic, and at the same time to open the straits and the Black Sea in a way which would decide the fate of the Turk as well as that of Bulgaria. The Allies are now fighting to close the circle, the Germans are straining every nerve to keep it open. The most immediate desirable prize from the Allies' standpoint is the reopening of communications to South Russia and Rumania from the warm waters of the Mediterranean. If it were achieved before winter, even in the form of an overland connection across Bulgaria, it would do more to shorten the war than anything in sight. But now that the Rumanians have abandoned the Hungarian plains the Allies have received a great setback. If the Russians and Rumanians obtained a secure foothold on the Hungarian plain, with the mountains at their backs, the date at which the Allies could resume their eastern pressure in the spring would be advanced by some weeks. However, there remains much to be achieved in the Dobrudja—an open, undulating parallelogram of land about 100 miles by 200 which lies south of the delta of the Danube, and is contained between that river and the Black Sea. Here some of the most important fighting has been done of late; this for the reason that the Danube is a particularly formidable obstacle in these its lower reaches, and that this obstacle is turned at one point and at one point only—the great railway bridge of Cernavoda. All the way from the railway bridge at Belgrade, passing the Iron Gates, all along the 250 miles and more that separate Bulgaria from Rumania, there is no bridge of any kind across the Danube, let alone any railway bridge, until one comes to that great

avenue of communications which is called the bridge of Cernavoda.

The lower Danube is an obstacle formidable for four reasons. First, its depth, secondly its width, thirdly its rapidity, and fourthly, the fact that, save at rare intervals, it is flanked, especially upon the northern bank, by great belts of marsh. Had bridges been established across it at various places in the past the Allies would have seen the beginning of the campaign on the Bulgarian side directed at once to the seizing of a bridge-head if it were possible, just as we have seen the Rumanians seizing the passes across the Carpathians. But there are no such bridges, as I have said, between the great bridge of Belgrade and the great bridge of Cernavoda. With that bridge in their possession the Allies would have held the great key of the great situation in the Balkans. It would enable them to link up great lines and shut out the Turk.

Old fashioned hearing instruments must go

The old style, cumbersome instruments for the deaf while serving their purpose when first introduced, must now make way for the recently invented "Multitone Auriphone." This wonderful little instrument by eliminating practically all unnecessary noises insures a condition almost as satisfactory as a cure. Demonstrations without obligations to purchase are being given daily at the three establishments of the California Optical Company.

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Why the War is Slow

The Effect of Wire Entanglements as Described by Herbert Vivian, Who Has Been Near the Italian Front Ever Since Italy Entered the War

The more I contemplate military operations, the more convinced I am that this war is not so much a war of trenches as most people imagine, but one of wire entanglements.

It is all a question of evolution. Disraeli summed up the Darwinian theory with the proposition that "we were fishes; we may be crows." Similarly our armies have been moles and may become doves (Tauben) or albatrosses, but are now in the intermediary stage of fluttering like flies in spiders' webs.

Trenches were a great advance on forts, which stood forth, isolated and proud, to be shot at. Trenches are in constant touch with their bases; they can be made anywhere in an hour, they can resist after a day, they are very strong at the end of a week. Their chief weakness is that they are solid, and cannons eventually destroy all solid things, just as dripping water does. They can also be rushed when lives are held cheap.

But wires can never be rushed, and they are not solid enough to afford fair game for artillery. After hours of bombardments, they stand up as gaunt and defiant as ever; or else shells have uprooted them, tornadoes of molten metal have whirled them about, and they form a fresh labyrinth more impenetrable than ever.

They are now the chief characteristic of campaigns. They have given their imprint to the war, reducing the most impetuous to immobility. They stemmed the flood which threatened Paris. As a French officer said, fondly caressing a bit of barbed wire, "C'est ce cher Monsieur Barbelet qui a sauvé la France." Unfortunately, they also saved Austria from the first inroad of Italian arms.

At the battle of the Marne they were merely strong connecting lines of wooden posts—the sort of fencing with which vulpicide farmers irritate the successors of Mr. Jorrocks. There the posts became solid iron, screwed, driven, cemented into the ground; the wires were thickened and barbed and made square or triangular so as to baffle pincers; they were reinforced by "Frisian horses." These have the advantage of mobility. You throw them out in front of your trenches and spread them forward at night-time with sticks or pokers; by a new refinement, you also drench their woodwork with petroleum and set fire to it, whereupon the wires are twisted by the heat and wriggle about in the most impenetrable formations. These are not so defiant of artillery and can be thrown back, for the process is like blowing away thistle-down; after describing capricious parabolas, they are apt to return to the least expected places.

There is something peculiarly hostile about the sight of a forest of wire entanglements. Skeleton shrubberies wave their thin, grey arms toward the sky for miles, linked and huddled together, whispering in ghostly conspiracy; and, when the wind comes, it does not prattle or sing or even sob with the healthy music of living trees, but makes strong men shiver by the harsh cynicism of a metallic laughter. And sometimes, when the moonlight steals across the snow, you espy shapeless bundles among the low branches hanging like over-ripe forgotten fruits; or there in a fold of the soil are wind-falls of clustered corpses, jerking themselves convulsively, peering out hopelessly for some way of escape, human scare-crows, gallows' fruit, a Dante dream. And you feel uncomfort-

ably that the scarecrows can no longer scare. Clouds of grim, sable birds have been floating lazily through the air, skimming over the fields, settling heavily on the branches of withered trees. They sit and wait.

Now for an attack on the wires. An Arctic silence and a sense of great desolation. Faint movements begin in the trench. Someone is putting on a steel helmet; another is looking to his shield; they might be ancient Romans preparing to sally forth with pikes. Grave, stern faces are scrutinizing the bleak territory outside. A corporal and three soldiers emerge wriggling from a little passage; they crawl forth to scout in front of the trench, sheltering themselves in hollows of the ground or in holes laboriously dug out.

Presently the Austrians begin to be restless. Long cones of light flash up to the skies and descend slowly to earth, tortuously interrogating the shadows. Some bombs are thrown, some volleys are fired at random. It is time to start. Then men who are to blow up the enemy's wires begin their advance.

Each of them has an iron tube filled with gelatine cartridges; it is several feet long and a few inches in diameter. At one end is a rope with a noose, through which the man thrusts his head, dragging the tube after him; at the other end is a fuse whereby the gelatine will be exploded, destroying some four or five yards of wire entanglement.

Once out of the trench, the destroyers fall flat on their faces and wriggle forward, holding their shields before them, with the tubes trailing behind. The first business is to pass through their own wire entanglements, threading troublesome passages, which they have carefully studied for many days. They pause every few inches and their progress seems very slow to those who keep the trench and watch.

A man described to me what he felt when he was engaged upon one of these enterprises for the first time. The night seemed to have a thousand eyes, which saw everything and were proclaiming what they saw. Or else the absolute isolation made him fancy himself the centre of universal life with all nature besetting him and every form of death converging against him.

Indeed, the enemy soon become mysteriously aware that something is afoot, and it rarely happens that destroyers proceed very far without being fired upon. Bullets whistle and reverberate among the rocks and slither along the ground. Every stone must be seized as cover, and one must lie perfectly doggo, pretending not to be there. Hence the heart-breaking slowness of the advance, with frequent apparently endless periods of waiting. Hence the ample opportunities for reflecting that perhaps this desperate enterprise will prove all in vain and, even if one does come back, it may be to report that nothing could be done. Often, however, patience is rewarded, the enemy is deceived by the long pauses and believes the attack has been abandoned; but it has probably taken three or four hours to cover seventy or eighty yards.

On reaching the enemy's entanglements, the destroyers begin the most difficult part of their enterprise. Cautiously, imperceptibly they slide forward the tube of gelatin as far as possible under the wires. Now comes the crucial moment. The fuse must be lighted, and the first glimmer of a match will attract a frightful

fusillade from the vigilant watchers in the Austrian trenches. Machine-guns mow the ground relentlessly; there is a rain of hand grenades; sharpshooters are very sharp. Out of five comrades who have reached the goal, two are already incapacitated, but all five must be utilized. Often the wind or driving rain makes success impossible. You may light match after match, each invoking reiterated bombardment, but you cannot light the fuse. Then, apart from the enemy's attentions, you must be very quick to crawl away before your tube explodes.

Still, what a joy when you do return, all drenched and muddled and exhausted; what congratulations, what friendly envy for all you have done and dared!

Now for the narrative of a Venetian named Broston, who set out to wreck wires accompanied by his friend Bazzocca: "Having made sure that my cigar was well alight, I took up the end of a long iron tube, followed by my faithful companion holding the other end. It was pitch dark with a cloudy sky; the wind blew violently and the ground was a thick black poultice of mud. When we approached the enemy's wires, I strained my eyes towards the left, hoping to make out a heap of white stones where two gelatine tubes were exploded last night, for we were to pass through the gap there to the last entanglement in front of the enemy's trenches. I gave a shake to the tube, this being an agreed signal to tell Bazzocca to stop and lie down, for a very white ray was appearing on the Austrian fort on our right; it flashed across the plain, ran along the wires and trenches, lit up the enemy's little fort in front, then suddenly went out. Ta-ra-ta-ta, ta, ta . . . , ta . . . ta . . . A machine-gun was at work over there on the left. Puntun! Now the Mausers had begun on the other side. Forward! Here are the stones. A little further forward and we can pass on the left. No, we can't; there's a wire. Where are the pincers? By Jove, it's tough! . . . Zac! . . . Stop. Keep quiet. Another tug at the tube, meaning lie down. The very white ray is on the prowl again. It disappears and we can breathe again. We wallow forward through the mud, tearing our clothes and skins with stray bits of wire. Here we are at our goal. I whisper to Bazzocca to be off home and I remain alone, flat on my face in front of the entanglement. Slowly, very slowly I draw the tube along my body, and peer into the wires, looking for a good place for the explosion. I can just make out something of the enemy's trench—unpleasantly close it is with its innumerable loopholes, serried, regular, square and black. I am still sucking nervously at my cigar but only now realize that it has gone out. That is a nuisance, for the tube is well placed, the fuse is ready, but how am I to light it in this wind? I fumble in my pocket and bring out a box of matches—precious few matches, hang it all! The wind blows them out one after the other. I can

(Continued on Page 19.)

FOR MEN

**Herbert's Bachelor Hotel
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The Spectator

A Chemically Pure State

What a great thing it would be for modern democracy were we to empower ourselves to hold men hostages to public opinion! They did something of that sort in ancient Greece, thus abating the itch for law-making. Men would not be so sure about the reforms they propose were they certain of being pelted with dead cats in the event of their handiwork proving injurious. Taxes wouldn't be so high if public officials always had before them the prospect of falling into the eager hands of an outraged citizenry. If we could put our prohibition agitators under bond until the expiration of one year of experience in a State made "chemically pure" how many of them would neglect to jump their jobs while the going was good? A chemically pure State, by the way, is precisely what we are threatened with. We are not only threatened with it, we are in grave danger of rushing into it with our eyes closed, for the thrifty captains of the prohibition industry are playing a shrewd trick on us. They have put two propositions on the ballot; one a frankly prohibition proposition making the State as dry as a bone, the other a clever piece of deception ostensibly intended to kill the saloon business, but as a matter of fact designed to kill California industries. Read the second proposition carefully and you will see that it is a fraud. The Prohibitionists have no hope of carrying the main proposition, but they are confident of winning what they call "partial prohibition" by fooling the people, confusing the issue and making it appear that partial prohibition is merely an anti-saloon measure.

The Alarm Sounding

The dishonesty of them is obvious enough. If they desired to drive the saloons out of business and nothing more they would have a good chance of success. But they have put saloons in the same class with cafes, restaurants, hotels and clubs, and they hope thus to accomplish indirectly what they know is not to be effected by the main prohibition proposition. Now considering the dense ignorance prevalent on the subject, it seems quite likely that we may wake up on the morning after election and find that all California has become precisely what Los Angeles was a few years ago—chemically pure and nauseatingly hypocritical. I am not an alarmist. I am merely expressing the fears of our leading bankers and intelligent citizens generally who know what will happen to property valuations if so-called partial prohibition goes through. They have heard the news from Washington and Oregon, where,

according to the unscrupulous propagandists from Westerville prosperity has increased since the States went dry. The war has kept the soup-kitchen out of many States, but if you want to know what has happened in the North and you have a friend who owns property in either Washington or Oregon write and inquire and satisfy yourself. Inquire whether the big Multnomah Hotel that Portland was so proud of, had to go out of business on account of prosperity; whether one bank in Spokane that foreclosed thirty-five mortgages had to buy in all the property because the property had increased in value; whether the owner of the big store occupied by the Mose Gunst Company in the business centre of Seattle is now glad to get \$250 a month for property that formerly paid \$500 a month—all on account of prosperity.

A Versatile Propaganda

The Prohibition propagandists are experienced politicians versed in all the tricks of a game they have been playing with enormous financial success many years. They have been playing it all over the Union, not always as prohibitionists. In Westerville, Ohio, the centre of their activities, they have many irons in their fire which they feed with fuel from many sources. The Westerville sanhedrin has jurisdiction over many matters—religious, commercial and political, and it responds to the calls of its friends everywhere. It has its agents close to the Administration in nearly every State in the Union. When it gets a man like Lieutenant-Governor Stephens in office he is not expected merely to help the Prohibition cause. In some States it is the Book Trust that needs assistance; elsewhere it is a Carnegie hobby. In Kansas it requires one thing, in Texas another, but everywhere religious bigotry is stimulated, and hence it is that the clockwinder has come to be amused by the Paulist Fathers of San Francisco, one of whom is on the stump tickling the Non-conformist conscience.

The Clockwinder Unfolds a Prospect

"I'm glad I never got stuck on the tango," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. He was oiling the wheels that were going round in the Pendulum-room, and his observation was somewhat in the nature of a soliloquy. "I'm glad I quit dancing in the days of the Virginia Reel. But after all I agree with old Sam Johnson."

"Any relation to the Governor?"

The clockwinder looked at his friend Senator Hartman compassionately. "No, indeed!" he said. "Sam Johnson was no Progressive. He

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said the only benefit to get out of dancing was to learn to sit still, but I don't see that it has done my friend Rolph any good."

"What have you got against the tango?" the Senator asked.

"Nothing at all," said the clockwinder. "But I was thinking how tough it will be on all the folk who are crazy about dancing if we get partial prohibition, for then there'll be no money in the cafe business and we'll all have to go to bed with the chickens. Come to think of it, what's going to become of our night life anyway? No more Path-of-Gold celebrations or Portola celebrations; no more shouting about our unique atmosphere. Can you see anybody coming from New York or Chicago to get a touch of the rare life after we turn little old San Francisco into a New England village?"

"I never thought of that," said the little statesman.

"Of course you didn't. You've got a lazy mind, Gus; you lawyers think only when you get a fee. Think? Why hardly anybody thinks nowadays. Can you imagine anybody that thinks talking about voting for Wilson. Here is the biggest joke that was ever sprung on a sad world—the very joke that Lincoln was thinking about when he said you could fool all the people only some of the time—and it isn't getting a big laugh at all. Think? Do you suppose that the people who raised money to put new lights in Market street did any thinking about what might happen. Think of lighting up a graveyard and then I'll know your brain is working again."

Inspired by the Paulists

Senator Hartman appeared to be agitated; that is to say, he got up and looked out of a window. Suddenly he received an inspiration, and as though somewhat excited he pointed in a westerly direction and tried to say something but only foamed at the mouth. Alarmed, the clockwinder demanded to know what he was pointing at, and asked him if he was about to throw a fit.

"Wha—wha—what do you think about those people?" the Senator asked as though suddenly inflamed.

"What people?" the clockwinder asked.

"That people up in that church?"

"Oh, you mean the Paulists." Taking the Senator gently by the shoulders and turning him around the clockwinder admonished him thus: "Senator, that's not a synagogue. It's a Catholic church. You can kick all you want about the Jews, but this is my put this time."

"But," exclaimed the little statesman who appeared to be in a rage, "they're prohibitionists."

"Never mind about that; they're not doing any harm."

"How do you make that out?"

"Listen. Catholics don't take them very seriously except in the performance of their clerical duties. They're all right. They're good men, and after their fashion they mean well and do a lot of good. Their principle business is making converts. Among them are many ex-ministers who can handle what Hilaire Belloc calls the nonconformist mind very well."

A bewildered expression spread over Senator Hartman's face. "I don't get you, Steve."

"Ah, I suppose not. I forgot you're a Jew. But, listen: you know, Gus, there are minds that think along lines that never run parallel. The difference is ingrained. For instance, some men were born reformers, some were born non-reformers; there are Jews that think like Christians, but you never meet them in Scotland or in some places in New England. Did you ever meet a Jew prohibitionist?"

"Yes," said Hartman, "but he was a eunuch in Constantinople."

"Well, now I think you've got me," said the clockwinder.

What the Church Stands For

"No, I haven't got you," said Hartman. "You talk as though there was a row in your church."

"Not at all, my dear man. I'm only trying to remove your impression that the good Paulist Fathers are doing any harm. What I was about to say is this, that they are only emphasizing the fact that the Catholic Church is not in favor of prohibition. You were pointing to old St. Mary's—why? Because it's the only one of all the Catholic churches in California where you may hear a priest urge us to put ourselves on a level with the American Indian who goes crazy when he drinks fire water. Now Catholics know what Cardinal Gibbons and all the great leaders of their church think about a man who would imprison all men because some of his neighbors are liable to the evils of a particular practice. The Catholic Church through one of the greatest teachers in all its history tells us it is dangerous to represent to man how near he is to the level of beasts without showing him at the same time his greatness. The Paulists believe with the Baptists and the Methodists—not with a Baptist like Beecher who said you couldn't come to the fullness of manhood without overcoming temptations, but with Nonconformists of the Aked type."

More Light for the Senator

Still wearing a look of bewilderment on his face Senator Hartman complained that he could not make out what the clockwinder was driving at. "I don't know anything about Baptists and Methodists," he said, "but I know the Paulists represent a big Catholic religious order."

"Wrong, my boy. You see, it isn't wise to discuss a church you know nothing about, like an A. P. A. The Paulists are what we call a congregation, just a little voluntary association, which is quite different from one of those big cultural orders of the church, like the Dominicans and the Jesuits, for which men are educated and trained through a long course of years. In them you meet the intellectual giants of the church, and you never find any of them putting water on the Westerville wheel. For that matter you'll not find our secular priests talking prohibition, but you'll hear them preaching temperance which is something very different. In fact, Gus, the best proof of what the Catholic Church stands for is the League of the Cross Cadets, which is a temperance society that was organized by the Archbishop of the diocese. The principle of that society is personal freedom when the age of majority is reached. If you want to know what a wise Catholic priest thinks of prohibition ask a man like Father Collins, who, as the representative of the Archbishop, is chaplain and director of the Cadets. A Paulist priest is not the best of authorities. The first one of them, the man who founded the congregation, wrote a book that he had to recant because he didn't know just what he was driving at."

"It strikes me," said Senator Hartman, "that you Catholics are taking chances converting ministers and letting them—"

"Tut! tut! my boy—run along, I've got to wind the clock."

Lockwood's Alibi

The Billings case reminds me of an anecdote of Sir Francis Lockwood, the great criminal lawyer who distinguished himself in the Oscar Wilde case. Complimented by a judge one

Don't Misunderstand Proposition No. 2 to be Voted on at the November Election

Read the Text of the SECOND PROHIBITION AMENDMENT AND YOU WILL FIND THAT

PROPOSITION No. 2 is NOT purely an anti-saloon measure.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would wipe out practically every legitimate avenue of distribution of California wines.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would make it impossible for visitors or tourists to get a glass of wine anywhere in California because they would have no place of permanent residence here.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would prevent a Californian from securing a glass of wine with his meals the moment he left his permanent residence, or went to another city or town.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would prohibit the serving of wine with meals in hotels or restaurants.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would banish all wines from clubs or fraternal organizations.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would make felons of those who served wine at a banquet in any hotel or place of public resort.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would make it impossible for any one enjoying a vacation at a summer resort to secure a glass of wine with meals.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would stop any hotel or restaurant chef from using wine in preparing gravies, sauces or special dishes.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would prevent any bakery from using brandy in mince pies or plum puddings.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would make it a crime to offer a wine punch at a public reception.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would prevent the sale of wine by the gallon or bottle in grocery or other stores.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would eliminate every branch or agency of a winery in California.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would prohibit the soliciting of orders away from the place of manufacture and would eliminate traveling salesmen.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would prevent the sampling or tasting of wine at the winery.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would forbid the contemplating purchaser from going to a winery and taking away with him any quantity he might wish to buy.

PROPOSITION No. 2 would discourage the manufacture of the finest grades of wine, because they are aged in bottle and sold principally in the hotels, restaurants and clubs of California.

Vote "NO" on Both Prohibition Amendments Propositions No. 1 and No. 2

CALIFORNIA GRAPE PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

day on the ingenuity he had shown in a case in which he had won a verdict of acquittal, the eminent attorney observed that he himself felt that he was really deserving of praise. "The fact is," he said, "there were three alibis submitted for my consideration, any one of which I might have chosen, but I picked the one that set my client free." One at all familiar with the career of Billings is inclined to the suspicion that he would never go to jail for lack of an alibi.

A Job for Denman

From Washington comes the report that William Denman of San Francisco may be appointed a member of the new Shipping Board. From this one infers that the fine Italian hand of Congressman William Kent has not been idle since the philanthropist of Muir Woods ingratiated himself with the idealist of Princeton. Mr. Denman being an idealist himself will make an admirable member of Mr. Wilson's official family. Having had some little practice at law in the admiralty court, presumably he knows all about the shipping business. Like our Secretary of the Navy he knows the parts of a ship by reputation and as much about the shipping business as the Secretary of War knows about military affairs. His would therefore be a consistent appointment. I fancy that the report from Washington has amused Mr. R. P. Schwerin who was at the head of the Pacific Mail when the Administration gave the Japanese a monopoly of the shipping business on the Pacific. No danger, by the way, of a man like Schwerin being summoned to Washington to become a shipping commissioner. Here is a graduate of Annapolis, an expert in his business, the ablest and best informed shipping man in the country, the kind of man that would appeal to any Government that valued efficiency, but as an idealist he has no standing in Washington.

The Plea of "Honest John"

"Honest John" McDougald, our city and county treasurer, is asking the voters to raise his salary from four to eight thousand a year. In a typewritten letter to the "Path of Gold" committee "Honest John" told of the original contribution which his office would make to the celebration—the exhibition of a million dollars in gold coin—and then he postscripted as follows:

Charles M. Schwab, when manager of the largest steel manufacturing plants of the world, is said to be the only man in the world who receives a salary of one million dollars a year.

I being the custodian of all the City and County's money, handling over forty million dollars a year, only receive a salary of four thousand dollars annually.

I do not quote this to call attention to the bad grammar of our treasurer. I quote it so that voters and tax-payers may get a line on the mental processes of the official who thinks he is paid only half of what he deserves. It is an unique plea for a raise. "Honest John" thinks, doubtless, that it is an argument. So that its full force might be exerted upon the electorate he sent carbon copies of his letter to all the papers. One is before me now. I thank "Honest John" for calling the matter to my attention, because I wish to go on record. I'm opposed to giving "Honest John" a raise. I'll go further. I'm in favor of supplanting him with a treasurer who will be content with four thousand a year.

What Does He Mean?

"Honest John" points out that he handles forty millions a year and gets only four thousand for his pains. I wonder what the implication is. Surely "Honest John" doesn't mean that honesty is difficult on four thousand a year. Surely he doesn't wish to imply that his present salary is so small that it makes the preservation of his nickname of "Honest John" a doubtful matter. Perhaps he wishes us to put him in the same class with Schwab, to bracket him with the leaders of American business, to concede that the man who handles forty millions a year must be a giant of finance, no matter what the circumstances in which he handles



THE FAMOUS CHERNIAVSKY BROTHERS

At the age they left their native Russia, five, seven and nine years old. Grown to manhood now the artists will play at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, October 22, and Thursday evening, October 29.

them. The argument—if this is "Honest John's" argument—is defective. The same queer process of reasoning would prove a paying teller in a metropolitan bank to be entitled to ten times the salary usually paid to paying tellers. "Honest John" may handle forty millions a year, but he handles them with less responsibility than the stamp clerk in the post office handles Uncle Sam's postage. All this money passes through "Honest John's" office, but he has about as much to do with it as the cop who keeps a camera eye on the vault.

He's Doing Nicely

I remember when "Honest John" used to hold a salaried job in the Building Trades Council. Originally a stonecutter he had long since gotten rid of the finger callouses. It was a good job for a man with no special gifts. It brought him into politics, and politics conferred "Honest John" upon the city treasury. He's been drawing a municipal salary a long time now, and I don't think he'll suit to offer his services to Schwab or any other captain of finance, even if his honorarium remains what

it is. There was a time when "Honest John" contemplated other means of getting a bigger salary. That was when he announced himself as a candidate for Mayor. His candidacy seemed to be proceeding smoothly when all of a sudden it hit a bad spot and skidded. The Examiner published the fac-simile of a letter of his, and there was so much bad grammar in it, so much misspelling and the hand was such an awful scrawl that "Honest John's" ambition was ruined. People decided that they wouldn't consider a candidate for Mayor who wrote that sort of letter. I remember that Al Murphy, in alluding to the bad spelling, called "Honest John" the spell-bound candidate for Mayor. When "Honest John" has correspondence now he gets it typewritten.

Beerbohm Tree's Impressions

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree has written his impressions of America for the London Times. The distinguished actor is a wit, as might be expected of a half-brother of Max Beerbohm. His comments on our land are so delightful that I regret more than ever that he did not come to San Francisco at the time he was expected for the Bohemian Grove drama. However, we have his impressions of a movie colony at Los Angeles. What impressed him most in New York was the architecture and the luxury. "Geographical necessity was the mother of the sky-scraper," he writes. "By day these giant towers convey an impression of garish splendour; at night they are spectrally imposing." The luxurious gaiety of New York he found "normal and indigenous; it seems to be the natural outcome of the restless energy of the climate and the people." And he speaks thus of ragtime: "Let no one assert that there is no national American music. This new art of sound is, to the new-comer, more nerve-shattering and bewildering than that of Strauss or of the music-futurists. After the first shock the orchestral monstrosities of rag-time become haunting in their fascination. It is as though you were drawn into the depths of chaos by a maelstrom of sound. Yet in this riot of sound and movement there is always something 'respectable.' It has the Latin exuberance of high spirits rather than the Saxon rowdiness of the flesh."

The Indians of New Mexico

"We pass through New Mexico's vast desolation of uncultivated landscape, fringed with snow-capped mountains," Sir Herbert continues. "We arrive at a street railway station, where tame Indians are selling toys and painted pottery. The surrounding country is dotted with camps of Indians; picturesque women on horseback are riding to and fro. The life in their little villages appears to be happy, and they still disdain the less picturesque civilization offered them in exchange for their freedom. The livelihood they earn suffices for their needs. Their social amenities are elemental. They have more wives than the more recent inhabitants of America; but I am given to understand that they divorce them less frequently."

The Infant Phenomenon

"At last we are in California," he goes on. "There is the welcome green of the trees, the orange groves are aglow, and I smell for the first time, away from a wedding, the scent of

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the orange blossoms. At Los Angeles the Mayor welcomes me. I undergo the inevitable vivisection at the hands of the representatives of the press. The interviewing, which is more a cross-examination than an examination-in-chief, being overcome in an hour and a half, my next objective is the Fine Art Studio, situated at Hollywood, a suburb about seven miles out. My first step is to hire a motor-car. Life at Los Angeles would be impossible without these 'perambulators.' Everybody in the city seems to be possessed of a car—there are 200,000 of them in California. At the Studio, as our car stops, we are surrounded by a motley crowd, all painted and costumed, among whom are Red Indians, cavaliers, moderns, gorgeous Babylonians, and cowboys. Suddenly there is a terrific explosion as a dozen cowboys fire their pistols in the air. This is a welcome! Recovering from the shock, and finding myself, happily, unwounded, I raise my hat to the cheering crowd. My instinct tells me that I am in the midst of a democratic society. A fair-haired little boy of five years old approached. He is, I afterwards discovered, one of the most popular film actors. The infant phenomenon wore a long garment, on which was sewn in large

letters the word 'Welcome,' and coming towards me with extended hand, at once put me at my ease by saying: 'Pleased to meet you, Sir Tree.' By way of making conversation I ventured: 'And how has the world been using you these last few years?' With a world-weary shrug of the shoulders, it replied: 'Well, I guess this world's good enough for me!' It is a land of many babies, but few children."

Kind Words for Sterling

The poetry editor of Current Literature has been comparing George Sterling's latest book with Carl Sandburg's, and the comparison is all to the advantage of our favorite singer. Sandburg is a disciple of the new cult in poetry; he abhors rhyme, eschews metre, makes faces at beauty and sprinkles his lines with capitals and exclamation points. The comparison between Sterling's "Caged Eagle" and Sandburg's "Chicago Poems" is an excellent summary of the difference between genuine poetry and freakish writing which claims to be poetry but isn't. "The one poet is looking for beauty and harmony and reacts to them melodiously," says the poetry editor. "The other is looking for the dissonances of life and he reacts to them in

unmelodious not to say riotous language. The difference between the music of the two is the difference between a Stradivarius and a horse-fiddle made with a dry-goods box and a resined fence-rail. . . . There are many poems in Sterling's book one wishes to commit to memory and carry with him down the years. Sandburg's pictures are apt to abide in the mind, but we cannot conceive of any one's committing his productions to memory." The writer makes particular mention of Sterling's "remarkable skill" in sonnet writing.

At the Hotel Oakland

Mr. and Mrs. E. Paulsen of Guadalajara, Mexico, and Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Christy of Alameda have taken apartments at the Hotel Oakland. Mrs. W. B. Philip, Mrs. Le Roy Wagner, Mrs. Chester Darling and Mrs. W. B. Pope were hostesses at cards at the hotel recently. Miss Adeline Smith was hostess at a luncheon recently with Miss Violet Makie, Miss Alice Macfarlane, Miss Edna McDuffie, Mr. F. A. Wagner, Mr. Sonnie Macfarlane, Mr. Ralph Coxhead and Mr. Cornell Lagerstrom as guests. Miss Gertrude House presented a number of her pianoforte pupils in a recital at the Hotel Oakland Saturday, October 7th, in the south room. A delightful programme was rendered and some of the youthful participants deserving of special mention are Master Howard Tretzel who played Heller's "Goblin Frolic."

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Mrs. Tiff—Because it is just like mine.



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LAW AND ORDER!

To the Citizens of San Francisco:

THERE HAS SUDDENLY ARISEN A SITUATION IN THIS CITY DEMANDING THE ATTENTION OF EVERY THOUGHTFUL, LOYAL AND PATRIOTIC SAN FRANCISCAN.

The Building Trades Council of San Francisco has declared a boycott upon seven structural steel firms, which at this time are exercising the right granted to every American citizen of liberty of action by employing workmen without dictation from any source whatsoever as to whom they should employ.

The announcement of the boycott against these firms was made in a circular letter sent by the Building Trades Council to the architects of San Francisco.

This letter is signed by O. A. Tveitmoe, Secretary of the Building Trades Council of San Francisco. The letter includes a list of firms classed as "fair" and a list classed as "unfair."

The Law and Order Committee of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce does not publish these names here because this Committee will not be a party to the circulation of a boycott. This letter is as follows:

"BUILDING TRADES COUNCIL OF SAN FRANCISCO

"BUILDING TRADES TEMPLE

"San Francisco, Cal., September 28, 1916.

"Please be advised that the following ornamental iron and structural steel firms are employing union mechanics and helpers, and operating their shops on the basis of an eight-hour workday:

"In order that honest and fair dealings may obtain, we beg to inform you that the following seven unfair firms employ non-union workers, and operate their shops on the basis of a nine-hour workday:

"Union men affiliated with the Building Trades Council of San Francisco and the State Building Trades Council of California will refuse to handle or place any material fabricated by any of the seven unfair firms hereinbefore mentioned, and they will not work on jobs where said non-union, nine-hour manufactured material is used. Very respectfully,

(Signed) "O. A. TVEITMOE,

"Secretary Building Trades Council of San Francisco."

This plainly means that the Building Trades Unions of this city and State intend, by threat of strike and boycott, to prevent seven business houses of this city from having business intercourse with their fellow citizens until they agree to conduct their business in accordance with the demands of a powerful combination in the community.

These seven structural steel firms fabricate 90% or more of the structural steel fabricated in San Francisco.

This boycott is directed solely against these San Francisco firms, whereas structural steel fabricated in any other part of the United States, regardless of the conditions under which it is fabricated, under longer hours, lower wages, and non-union conditions, is accepted here with no restrictions whatever

The Law and Order Committee of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce will not now (nor has it at any time in the past) enter into any question of hours and wages between employer and employee. The Law and Order Committee stands exactly where it stood when it was organized on July 10, 1916. This Committee was formed to

execute the permanent policy of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. That policy demands:

1. The integrity of contractual relations.
2. The maintenance of Law and Order.
3. The policy of the Open Shop, insisting upon the right to employ union or non-union workers, in whole or part, as the parties involved may elect.

This Committee takes the position that the boycott is un-American. This Committee concurs thoroughly with the decision of the Federal Anthracite Coal Strike Commission, which, in its report to President Theodore Roosevelt, on the anthracite coal strike, said:

"It (the boycott) is an attempt of many, by concerted action, to work their will upon another who has exercised his legal right to differ with them in opinion and in conduct. It is tyranny, pure and simple, and as such is hateful, no matter whether attempted by few or by many, by operators or by workmen, and no society that tolerates or condones it can justly call itself free."

This Committee indorses this further expression in the report of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission:

"The right thus to work cannot be made to depend upon the approval or disapproval of the personal character and conduct of those who claim to exercise this right. If this were otherwise, then those who remain at work might, if they were in the majority, have both the right and power to prevent others, who choose to cease to work, from so doing.

"This all seems too plain for argument. Common sense and common law alike denounce the conduct of those who interfere with this fundamental right of the citizen. The assertion of the right seems trite and commonplace, but that land is blessed where the maxims of liberty are commonplace."

In connection with the RIGHT TO WORK, this Committee further indorses the judgment rendered by the Honorable Joseph Fitch of New York, who, on September 21 of this year, in sentencing a defendant arrested during the car strike cases, said:

"The laws of this country are very severe against capitalists who combine to raise the price of products or anything of that kind. The laboring man can still combine, if he wants, with his fellows, to strike or quit work. That is a necessary instrument for his protection in his hands. But if there are a thousand car conductors in Queens County, and nine hundred and ninety-nine of them decide to go on a strike, and there is one man of them that wants to work, and who declines to go on strike with the nine hundred and ninety-nine, I hold, and if I were Mayor of New York I should hold, if it brought down the City Hall upon my head, that the whole force of the police of the entire City of New York, if it were necessary, should protect that one man against the nine hundred and ninety-nine, and he should drive a car if he were the only man in Queens that wanted to do it and his Company were willing to employ him. Now, that would be my attitude, because that is the old American idea of freedom, and we are getting pretty far away from it now in many respects."

But, in face of these expressions of broad Americanism from sources of integrity and soundness, the community of San Francisco is confronted with this boycott.

MR. ARCHITECT, what are YOU going to do about this boycott?

MR. OWNER, what are YOU going to do about this boycott?

MR. CITIZEN, what are YOU going to do about this boycott?

THE LAW AND ORDER COMMITTEE

Of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Remarkable Mrs. Darling

Congratulations continue to be poured upon Mrs. Clara L. Darling on account of the precious new arrival in her family. Indeed she seems to be more felicitated than the little one's parents or grand parents. Why not?—so few infants are blessed with a great grandmother. And of these few, where is there one with a great grandmother like Mrs. Darling?—a woman with a womanly heart and at the same time with the brain of a man, and one who though seeing her third generation budding is all the while broadening her mind and evincing a profound sympathy with the aspirations and pleasures of the youngest of her juniors. Long may she live to see little Laura Louise La Montagne flourish in love and happiness! Mrs. Darling is spending the winter in Monterey. In her home there she has a charming study where undisturbed she is at work upon her memoirs. More than twenty years of her life have been spent in Europe where as in this country she mingled with men and women of distinction. As the daughter of a former Chief Justice and the wife of two army officers her social position has always been such that she was never out of touch with the great pageants of men and things. And Mrs. Darling is still looking forward. She is eager for the war to end that she may visit Europe once more. She intends to go there with her only grandson, Joe Catherwood, whom she will leave in the care of her daughter, wife of the Spanish consul-general in Paris.

The Annals of the Rich

Too seldom I consult the chronicles of our queens, and regretfully I realize how much I miss by neglecting the literary effusions of those sprightly writers whom we call bavardes rather than gossips. I become sensible of the penalty of my negligence when occasionally I find times (as I did the other day) to read a thrilling social column. "Mrs. George T. Marye," I read in an account of an important tea at the Palace, "was stunning in a dark satin gown with sable furs, brought from Russia this summer, and a white brimmed white satin hat." How the whiteness of this hat must

have contrasted with the darkness of the gown and the blackness of the sable furs! This is the sort of thing that promotes meditation. Besides it piques curiosity. One wonders why, after having the important information of paramount importance disclosed to us—the information as to the country whence the furs were imported—we were not taken into the secret of the hat. However, the writer bubbles over with information worth while. She tells us that Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor wore a velvet gown trimmed with fur, without which, it would seem, no gown is complete. Now I have been under the impression that it is incompleteness that counts in many a gown. Further, I learn that "no winter in San Francisco ever started with such a vogue for furs." This gives me pause. It causes me to wonder whether it was written in the business office; for it is from there one gets the subtle touch that stimulates the advertising end of the game. Are the ladies of society to be employed unconsciously to stimulate the fur trade? Ye gods forfend!

Mrs. Carolan in Recitation

From Newport comes the news that the poem on King Albert has become a great favorite among recitationists of the smart set. From this I infer that somebody is stealing Mrs. Frank Carolan's thunder. The King Albert poem is Mrs. Carolan's favorite drawing-room vehicle. She will recite it to her friend's on the slightest provocation, or, should I say, invitation? She has identified herself with the poem as closely as her friend Mrs. Pat Campbell identified herself with one of Pinero's earliest successes. I shouldn't be surprised to learn that she is responsible for its vogue in the East; for I know that her fame as a recitationist preceded her to Washington, D. C., where the genial Senator Newlands, who has the happy faculty of showing off talented ladies, paid tribute to her genius by urging her one evening at a fashionable gathering to recite the stirring poem—which she did most graciously. It was in Washington, by the way, that Mrs. James Brown Potter induced the call to the stage many years ago by reciting "Ostler Joe."

No, Thank You, Joe

"Come with me," said a club lady, "to hear Joseph Scott of Los Angeles lecture on 'The Duties of Citizenship'—he's a forceful speaker." "Excuse me!" said the lady addressed. "One evening two years ago I journeyed to Oakland to hear Mr. Scott address some young college graduates at their commencement exercises, and as my husband says—Never again! Then, as now, they didn't run owl boats. After finishing what he had to say about young men graduating, Mr. Scott told his life's story and a good deal about his ten children. He took us up and down the Pacific Slope, and we accompanied him upon excursions into his boyhood days. We walked the floor with him nights with some if not all of his progeny. He paid tribute to his own wife's nobility and devotion as a wife and mother. He told the students to be thankful for the ideals and high moral standards to which they had been trained. He said, 'When your wife, the wife of your youth, grows to be fifty, wrinkled, grizzled, and not at all attractive, she will still be the sweetest girl in the world to you!' All the fifty-year-olds and those of us

who expect to be some day if we are spared to our children boiled with indignation. It is no effort at all to think of numerous San Francisco women of fifty and even more who are not wrinkled or grizzled but physically attractive. In every large metropolis they abound. Indeed, they are dangerous old girls still. And orators, when looking for possible votes from women, avoid the rock upon which Joseph Scott struck upon that occasion. The audience sat with polite fortitude through all he had to say until finally he arrived upon the Atlantic Coast. Then with visions of the sun rising o'er the Alameda hills, there was a stir of restlessness in which even Archbishop Hanna, the honored guest of the occasion, almost imperceptibly joined. I believe that Joseph flourishes in high esteem in Los Angeles but the rival attractions at the theatres are a lure to me tonight, else I might stay home breathing invigorating San Francisco air and read Ovid's Secrets of Beauty and The Court of Love lest some ambitious but not perfectly beautiful middle-aged gentleman might give me the overlook when I reach fifty on the ground that I'm not at all attractive. I believe in preparedness, so thanks after all for reminding me of Joseph. If you happen to know him suggest to him to stay in town awhile and learn one of the popular songs, 'There's a Chicken in the Road and I Can't Get Home.'

Tagore and the Elite

It was to be expected as a matter of course that when Sir Rabindranath Tagore visited San Francisco he would be complimented by the presence of numberless society folk at his evening in the pink ballroom of the St. Francis. Our social set is always willing to place the seal of its approval on anyone so celebrated as the Nobel prize winner of 1913. This willingness is not, as the cynical might remark, the outcome of a desire to be "in" on everything high-browish, but springs from a genuine liking for things literary and artistic. Down the peninsula are some really cultured folk, and, truth to tell, even the culturine of some of our club ladies in touch with the summer school is more than

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skin deep. Since the Exposition, which literally brought the best of the world's artistic work to San Francisco, a fondness for esthetics has been noticeable among the belles and beaux of our four hundred. Did not Miss Elva de Pue recently win a prize in a purely literary contest conducted by one of the local dailies? Is it not estimated that Paul Elder will soon be forced to enlarge his lecture hall in which Paul Jordan Smith has been delivering his unusually brilliant talks on the great books of the world? However, as is to be expected even from the most sagacious critics, the elite occasionally make mistakes, get into the wrong gear, as it were, and lend their patronage to someone hardly worthy of it. And this, I regret to say, is just what they have done in the case of Sir Rabindranath Tagore.

The Tagore Myth

Sir Rabindranath came to us out of the Far East with a halo of saintliness glowing round his venerable head, a philosophy that was said to be the prettiest answer to the riddle of life yet offered mankind, and a reputation as a prophet, poet, dramatist, essayist and mystic. He has been the greatest living writer. A great myth, somewhat akin to the George Bernard Shaw myth, and equally as unfounded and silly, has been built about the personality of this unquestionably versatile man. Books upon books have been written about his habits of life and personal traits. He has been compared to St. Francis of Assisi, William Blake and even Joan of Arc. We have been told that he arises every morning at five o'clock (almost as early as a Christian Brother) and sits in silent communion with the infinite until seven. And yet, what is the truth in these matters? Is Tagore really the greatest writer living? Is he really a great poet, a great dramatist, a great mystic, a great saint? Does he merit the serious consideration of any true lover of literature? To one who honestly investigates Tagore and his accomplishments the answer to all these questions must be an emphatic No! Sir Rabindranath, with or without his Nobel prize, is hardly the greatest writer living. He is not, for example, so clever a lyricist as Clinton Scollard nor so clever a dramatist as Galsworthy. His prose poetry does not favorably compare with the work of Lord Dunsany. He

is perhaps the most versatile writer living, but he is not so versatile as was the late Andrew Lang. And his philosophy is not at all new—it is the same fatalistic rot that has been coming to us from India for centuries. Tagore is an ardent apostle of the obvious. He tells us that all we need do to be happy in this life is love everybody, be good and let our souls expand and expand until they quietly slip off into Infinity. This of course reminds one of the preposterous Newi New. And as for calling Tagore a saint and a mystic—well, as an Eastern critic has put it, "Mystics don't commune with the Infinite and then sell their communings to a magazine. Mystics don't have their photographs taken for frontispieces of their biographies. Mystics don't get fifteen per cent royalty on their meditations." In this respect Tagore, doctor of letters, bears a close resemblance to Mr. Sunday, doctor of divinity. Perhaps it would be near the truth to say that Tagore is more mysterious than mystical. He puts on an astrologic tunic and a brimless stovepipe hat, makes delicate, ethereal gestures, exhausts the thesaurus and wrinkles the high-brows. And like Billy Sunday he garners a harvest of cold silver for his time and pains.

The Perennial Leader

A Ned Greenway may succumb to gout or become blasé or weary of the merry social whirl and become a wall flower, but a Sanford Lewald, like the Tennysonian brooks, dimples on forever. Was it before or after Troy that Mr. Lewald made the *Entre Nous* Cotillon a permanent feature of social life in San Francisco? Like Homer I nod and forget, but seeing that the *Entre Nous* has announced an assembly and dance for the Palace on November 10 under the leadership of Sanford Lewald, I am reminded of days long gone and of folks grown old whom Mr. Lewald introduced to our social life as debutantes in the days when Joe Irwin edited the Tuesday social page of the *Morning Call*. And I reflect how interesting it would be to go through the files of the defunct *Call* and read the lists of "those present" at the old *Entre Nous* parties. In those days Mr. Greenway was the arbiter elegantiarum of the 400 (or was it a baker's dozen?) and Mr. Lewald was developing recruits for the twentieth century aristocracy. Many a debutante celebrated by

the bavardes in recent years might have been born to blush in obscurity had it not been for the social life promoted by Mr. Lewald going on to half a century ago. I wonder if he'll ever write his memoirs.

The New Winter Garden Rink

That ice skating, a relatively new pastime in this section of the West, has permanently established itself in the hearts of San Franciscans was clearly shown Tuesday evening at the opening of the new Winter Garden rink which is a triumph of "Jack" Tait's enterprise. Before ten o'clock fully a thousand devotees of this fascinating sport were whirling over the smooth gray surface of the big ice pond, and more than double that number were watching them. When our first ice rink was completed there were those who expressed the belief that any venture of the sort in San Francisco would be bound to fail. Our intense love for outdoor games, our devotion to the dance, and the failure of the roller skating-rinks were all cited in support of the contention that ice skating would not take hold. But we hear no more of that sort of talk, and the premier of the Winter Garden should silence it completely. Miss Gladys Lamb, "the Pavlova of the Ice," danced the rink's dedication on her flashing blades, and with Norval Baptie, a speed king, climaxed the evening with an exhibition whirl to the soft strains of the "Blue Danube." Miss Lamb and Mr. Baptie were both in costume and the dance, as a consequence, was most effective. Society turned out en masse to welcome the Winter Garden. Among those who had boxes were Mr. and Mrs. Ralph McLaren, Mayor and Mrs. James Rolph Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Graves, Mr. and Mrs. Jungblut, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Etienne and numerous others. The Winter Garden rink, which occupies the entire frontage on the block on Pierce street from Sutter to Post, is the largest of its kind in the West, having a pond 210 by 90 feet. It is exceptionally well lighted and most comfortably arranged for the accommodation of its patrons. Dunbar Poole, former manager of the Sydney Glaciarium, is managing it.

Our Petronius

The glorious success of the Path of Gold celebration and especially the success of the

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Path of Gold ball at the Exposition Auditorium, besides giving further proof that San Francisco is the most fun-loving city in the world, marked another triumph for the executive genius of Thornwell Mullally. The glittering mammoth ball was under his personal supervision as was also the electrical pageant. It is due to Mullally more than to any other individual that celebrations of this sort are as successful as they are. He likes the work connected with them and takes a personal pride in their grandeur. He always has displayed an amazing genius for the handling of big crowds. It was Mullally who directed the parades of the Portola celebrations, it was Mullally who handled the big Exposition ball, it was Mullally who supervised the direction of the Preparedness Parade. And it was Mullally who many years before brought order out of chaos when he untangled the twisted rails of the city's traction system and put it on its feet again after the fire. Recently he has turned his attention towards things military, and some months ago organized an amateur cavalry company, the

object of which was to learn the rudiments of army life so that in the event of war it might offer its services to the government. And now he has accepted an offer from the Government to join General Pershing's command in Northern Mexico as military observer. He will leave for the front soon, and, as the Pershing command is at present in the hottest part of the southern country, where border uprisings are continuous, it is quite possible that Mullally will see and experience some real "service."

A Los Angeles Matron

Mrs. Arthur E. Banks of Los Angeles has been visiting her brother Charles F. Hanlon for about six weeks and enjoying herself renewing former friendships. She is a distinguished looking woman of beauty and vivacity and as attractive by reason of her many accomplishments and delightful manner as when she and her sister Josie reigned as belles in our distinguished Southern set twenty odd years ago. On Saturday she was hostess to a party of friends at the dansant for "The Boys Outing

Farm" at the Palace. Mrs. Banks is keenly alive to the interests of growing boys as she is the proud mother of three superb looking sons approaching manhood.

At the Cecil

Miss Eleanor B. Stevens of Boston has joined her sister and niece Mrs. Frederick Danforth and Miss Eleanor Danforth at the Cecil. Mrs. John S. Parke and Miss Pauline Parke of Portland, Ore., are recent arrivals in San Francisco. They will spend the winter at the hotel. Mrs. Dora Ahborn of Honolulu gave a dinner Thursday evening in the private dining room. Covers were set for ten. Dr. and Mrs. George B. Orr arrived this week from Honolulu, and are registered. One of the most entertaining events of the week was the reading, at the Cecil Hotel by Miss Eleanor Barnard Danforth Tuesday evening. It was given in the lounge of the hotel, and over one hundred guests were present.

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of the Maccabees

The Largest, Strongest and Most Progressive Fraternal Benefit Society for Women in the World

Offers more opportunities to women than any other fraternal insurance society. Non-political and non-sectarian. Established in 55 states and provinces. Organized October 1, 1892.

A splendid opportunity for broad-minded and sympathetic women to join this great fraternal chain of one hundred and eighty-eight thousand women banded together for the betterment of their own sex. This organization has a national reputation for this great work in the interest of women, and has already paid into homes of deceased and distressed members over thirteen million dollars,

every dollar going into some home in time of want and distress. We cannot begin to record the deeds of loving kindness and sympathy that have gone hand in hand with these disbursements.

The Woman's Benefit Association of the Maccabees has risen to a high position in Fraternal Insurance through the hearty co-operation of its members and has built up by the management of its affairs a substantial reserve fund of over nine million dollars.

Benefits paid since organization.....	\$13,863,295.70
Reserve fund	9,478,870.02
1916 interest earnings	450,000.00
Total Membership	188,008

Its gilt-edge investments net annually in interest, four hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

There is more fraternal work done by the members of this society than the world will ever know, as no estimate can be placed on the amount of hospital work done or the care which is given every needy cause among the membership.

The Woman's Benefit Association of the Maccabees is now erecting a Home Office in Port Huron, Michigan, the home of the Order, without extra expense to its members, at a cost of \$250,000.00, which when completed will be the only building of its kind in the world.

First Woman's Order on adequate rates. Has conservative management by women, for women, appeals to the insurable woman through its fair dealings and its high ideals.



MISS BINA M. WEST,

Supreme Commander,
Woman's Benefit Association of the
Maccabees.



MISS FRANCES D. PARTRIDGE,

Supreme Record Keeper,
Woman's Benefit Association of
Maccabees.

For more complete information pertaining to the many advantages women derive from membership in this Society exclusively for women, ask the Record Keeper of any Review, or inquire of Mrs. Minnie W. Aydelotte, Great Commander, 302 Pantages Building, Oakland, California.

THE WOMAN'S BENEFIT ASSOCIATION OF THE MACCABEES

Miss Bina M. West,
Supreme Commander.

Miss Frances D. Partridge,
Supreme Record Keeper.

HOME OFFICE BUILDING, PORT HURON, MICHIGAN.

Not connected in any way with the Ladies of the Maccabees.

skin deep. Since the Exposition, which literally brought the best of the world's artistic work to San Francisco, a fondness for esthetics has been noticeable among the belles and beaux of our four hundred. Did not Miss Elva de Pue recently win a prize in a purely literary contest conducted by one of the local dailies? Is it not estimated that Paul Elder will soon be forced to enlarge his lecture hall in which Paul Jordan Smith has been delivering his unusually brilliant talks on the great books of the world? However, as is to be expected even from the most sagacious critics, the elite occasionally make mistakes, get into the wrong gear, as it were, and lend their patronage to someone hardly worthy of it. And this, I regret to say, is just what they have done in the case of Sir Rabindranath Tagore.

The Tagore Myth

Sir Rabindranath came to us out of the Far East with a halo of saintliness glowing round his venerable head, a philosophy that was said to be the prettiest answer to the riddle of life yet offered mankind, and a reputation as a prophet, poet, dramatist, essayist and mystic. He has been the greatest living writer. A great myth, somewhat akin to the George Bernard Shaw myth, and equally as unfounded and silly, has been built about the personality of this unquestionably versatile man. Books upon books have been written about his habits of life and personal traits. He has been compared to St. Francis of Assisi, William Blake and even Joan of Arc. We have been told that he arises every morning at five o'clock (almost as early as a Christian Brother) and sits in silent communion with the infinite until seven. And yet, what is the truth in these matters? Is Tagore really the greatest writer living? Is he really a great poet, a great dramatist, a great mystic, a great saint? Does he merit the serious consideration of any true lover of literature? To one who honestly investigates Tagore and his accomplishments the answer to all these questions must be an emphatic No! Sir Rabindranath, with or without his Nobel prize, is hardly the greatest writer living. He is not, for example, so clever a lyricist as Clinton Scollard nor so clever a dramatist as Galsworthy. His prose poetry does not favorably compare with the work of Lord Dunsany. He

is perhaps the most versatile writer living, but he is not so versatile as was the late Andrew Lang. And his philosophy is not at all new—it is the same fatalistic rot that has been coming to us from India for centuries. Tagore is an ardent apostle of the obvious. He tells us that all we need do to be happy in this life is love everybody, be good and let our souls expand and expand until they quietly slip off into Infinity. This of course reminds one of the preposterous Newer New. And as for calling Tagore a saint and a mystic—well, as an Eastern critic has put it, "Mystics don't commune with the Infinite and then sell their communings to a magazine. Mystics don't have their photographs taken for frontispieces of their biographies. Mystics don't get fifteen per cent royalty on their meditations." In this respect Tagore, doctor of letters, bears a close resemblance to Mr. Sunday, doctor of divinity. Perhaps it would be near the truth to say that Tagore is more mysterious than mystical. He puts on an astrologic tunic and a brimless stovepipe hat, makes delicate, ethereal gestures, exhausts the thesaurus and wrinkles the high-brows. And like Billy Sunday he garners a harvest of cold silver for his time and pains.

The Perennial Leader

A Ned Greenway may succumb to gout or become blasé or weary of the merry social whirl and become a wall flower, but a Sanford Lewald, like the Tennysonian brooks, dimples on forever. Was it before or after Troy that Mr. Lewald made the Entre Nous Cotillon a permanent feature of social life in San Francisco? Like Homer I nod and forget, but seeing that the Entre Nous has announced an assembly and dance for the Palace on November 10 under the leadership of Sanford Lewald, I am reminded of days long gone and of folks grown old whom Mr. Lewald introduced to our social life as debutantes in the days when Joe Irwin edited the Tuesday social page of the Morning Call. And I reflect how interesting it would be to go through the files of the defunct Call and read the lists of "those present" at the old Entre Nous parties. In those days Mr. Greenway was the arbiter elegantiarum of the 400 (or was it a baker's dozen?) and Mr. Lewald was developing recruits for the twentieth century aristocracy. Many a debutante celebrated by

the bavardes in recent years might have been born to blush in obscurity had it not been for the social life piloted by Mr. Lewald going on to half a century ago. I wonder if he'll ever write his memoirs.

The New Winter Garden Rink

That ice skating, a relatively new pastime in this section of the West, has permanently established itself in the hearts of San Franciscans was clearly shown Tuesday evening at the opening of the new Winter Garden rink which is a triumph of "Jack" Tait's enterprise. Before ten o'clock fully a thousand devotees of this fascinating sport were whirling over the smooth gray space of the big ice pond, and more than double that number were watching them. When the first ice rink was completed there were those who expressed the belief that any venture of the sort in San Francisco would be bound to fail. Our intense love for outdoor games, our devotion to the dance, and the failure of the roller skating rinks were all cited in support of the contention that ice skating would not take hold. But we hear no more of that sort of talk, and the premier of the Winter Garden should silence it completely. Miss Gladys Lamb, "the Pavlova of the Ice," danced the rink's dedication on her flashing blades, and with Norval B tie, a speed king, climaxed the evening with an exhibition whirl to the soft strains of the Blue Danube." Miss Lamb and Mr. Baptie were both in costume and the dance, as a consequence, was most effective. Society turned out en masse to welcome the Winter Garden. Among those who had boxes were Mr. and Mrs. Ralph McLaren, Mayor and Mrs. James Ralph J. Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Graves, Mr. and Mrs. Jungblut, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Etienne and numerous others. The Winter Garden rink, which occupies the entire frontage on the block between Pierce street from Sutter to Post, is the largest of its kind in the West, having a pond 10 by 90 feet. It is exceptionally well lighted and most comfortably arranged for the accommodation of its patrons. Dunbar Poole, former manager of the Sydney Glaciarium is managing it.

Our Petronius

The glorious success of the Path of Gold celebration and especially the success of the

Preparedness

For your next afternoon tea-party. Refreshment and cheer assured when you serve

Ridgways Tea

Every accommodating grocer sells it



THE WOMAN

15

object of which was to learn the rudiments of army life so that in the event of war it might offer its services to the government. And now he has accepted an offer from the Government to join General Pershing's command in Northern Mexico as military observer. He will leave for the front soon, and, as the Pershing command is at present in the hottest part of the southern country, where border uprisings are continuous, it is quite possible that Mullally will see and experience some real "service."

Farm" at the Palace. Mrs. Banks is keenly alive to the interests of growing boys as she is the proud mother of three superb looking sons approaching manhood.

Miss Eleanor B. Stevens of Boston has joined her sister and niece Mrs. Frederick Danforth and Miss Eleanor Danforth at the Cecil. Mrs. John S. Parke and Miss Pauline Parke of Portland, Ore., are recent arrivals in San Francisco. They will spend the winter at the hotel. Mrs. Dora Ahborn of Honolulu gave a dinner Thursday evening in the private dining room. Covers were set for ten. Dr. and Mrs. George B. Orr arrived this week from Honolulu, and are registered. One of the most entertaining events of the week was the reading at the Cecil Hotel by Miss Eleanor Barnard Danforth Tuesday evening. It was given in the lounge of the hotel, and over one hundred guests were present.

Los Angeles Matron
Mrs. Arthur E. Banks of Los Angeles has been visiting her brother Charles F. Hanlon for about six weeks and enjoying herself renewing former friendships. She is a distinguished looking woman of beauty and vivacity and as attractive by reason of her many accomplishments and delightful manner as when she and her sister Josie reigned as belles in our distinguished Southern set twenty odd years ago. On Saturday she was hostess to a party of friends at the dansant for "The Boys Outing

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MISS FRANCES D. PARTRIDGE.
Supreme Record Keeper.
Woman's Benefit Association of
Maccabees.

from membership in this Society exclusively
Melotte, Great Commander, 302 Pantages

Miss Frances D. Partridge,
Supreme Record Keeper.

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The Evolution of a New Art

By Theodore Bonnet

Being an incorrigible Pagan I am well satisfied with the Winter Garden conception of "A World of Pleasure" as expounded for us at the Cort Theatre. Speaking of myself as a Pagan I mean that I am one in the sense that I am a rabid anti-Puritan. There is nothing like Puritanism to convert men and things to Paganism. At least it is certain to produce revolt and reaction. Now if we have not been Puritanical, at least there has been much toleration of intolerance and interference with the pleasures and business of our neighbors. If we have not been back to the manners of the days before the Restoration and Wycherly, at any rate we were given the Mann Law and all sorts of commissions to restrict business. And so we have sought freedom.

In the beginning Bernard Shaw gave us "Mrs. Warren's Profession," and people were shocked and the play was barred. Then came Brieux and the White Slave dramas of hypocrisy, and we were found in a receptive mood. These unpleasant plays that revived the old debate about the relation of art to morals marked a period of transition. Presently esthetics triumphed, and art, released from fetters, was born again to freedom and delight. Then we took to dancing and welcomed the Russian Ballet.

Here was the legitimate descendant of the old Greek Pantomime, revealing to us the truth

that the spoken word is no essential part of the drama. What a hit it has made, this airy drama that tells us with flashing feet and exquisite poises of the body the passions and emotions of souls! In these days when the outlines of the human body are no longer a naughty mystery this art is received with enthusiasm, and its development in the American theatre is not to be ignored. The development is rapid; and there is much material for reflection in the study of its potentialities. For first aid to this study go to the Orpheum this week and get a prelibation of "The World of Pleasure" at the Cort.

Thus you will perceive that the artists of the theatre in New York, the men who are designing novelties for us, are doing much creative work as the result of the inspiration from Russia. There is a good bill at the Orpheum appealing to taste for amusement in its variety, but the keynote of it is Beauty considered at once as a fleshly and an esthetic luxury. For the hedonist who demands life replete with certain sensations this is an ideal bill at the Orpheum. As to the Cort, here there is Beauty more abundant, but of a kind to make the Puritan gasp. To the Puritan, you know, music, dancing, the theatre, all these things, are evil because they turn men's thoughts to love and Beauty. Inconceivable for him to concur in Goethe's dictum that Beauty is more than good

because it includes the good. The Puritan's idea of dancing is that it is merely a material, fleshly and sensual thing. He could never see it as a spiritual form of amusement.

A performer wearing very little clothes is not necessarily indecent, but the Puritan being of a contrary opinion will be shocked at the Cort where there is a show that appeals to the man who prefers the natural to the artificial and believes in the acceptance of nature with all her modesties. Hence the show does not shock me, a Pagan, so broad as never to have found fault with mixed bathing, Greek statues, Ibsen plays or corset parades. But let it not be supposed that this is merely a show of fleshly beauty. While it is a show chiefly for the delectation of the eye it has many fine moments devoid of nudity. Scenically it surpasses anything of the kind that ever came to town. It has rhythm, it has march, it has glitter and it has a continuous parade of talent. In William Norris it has one of the cleverest comedians ever seen here in musical comedy, and though he is almost a stranger he is one of the innumerable San Franciscans who have risen to fame on Broadway. After seeing "A World of Pleasure" one marvels at the presumption of a Morosco in threatening to invade New York with a tawdry musical comedy from Los Angeles.

The Stage

A Great Violinist

Mischa Elman being an artist for whom there is pleasure in his own artistic performance, he is as generous as Paderewski in pouring his golden store into the hearts of his admirers. He is an artist who, in his intense individuality, is in harmony with his art and indifferent of the world. He is in genuine sympathy with his music, which soothes the senses like the fragrance of a flower. Last Sunday this gifted Russian of the far-famed siren tone gave us music at Scottish Rite Hall that surprised and charmed. The first number was a concerto (G minor) by Vivaldi. In technical execution it was a performance that must have given to the numerous violinists present the delight a luscious Savarin dish gives to a bon vivant. The souls of all were touched by an unforgettable incense. The recital comprised a concerto of Ernst, a Scolero variation on a Mozart theme, a Bach air, a Wieniawski caprice (Kreisler arrangement), two Elman arrangements of Michiels and Weber morceaux and the great Zigeunerweisen of Sarasate with which the young master transported his hearers to a serener sphere. At the programme's close, finding his audience unwilling to descend to earth he kept on playing.

—H. M. B.

"Everyman's Castle"

From a technical viewpoint "Everyman's Castle," now in its second week at the Alcazar, is well-nigh perfection. The action, involving but three really important characters, takes place in a single room in a single night. But mere technical perfection, however pronounced it may be, can rarely overcome essential weaknesses, and the "dramatic companion-piece to 'Where Are My Children?'" is noticeably supplied with

these. In the first place "Everyman's Castle" is built about one of those domestic-sociological problems that are old to the world but new to the stage, and is so boldly written as to border at times on the farcical; and in the second place the comedy relief element, admirably done by Jane Darwell, is generally so strong as to overshadow the more serious side of the play. But the superbly restrained acting of Eva Lang and John Halliday, co-stars of the present Alcazar season, and the splendid poise of Henry Hall, combine to impart to the play the color of plausibility. Miss Lang and Mr. Halliday are undoubtedly the most versatile pair of stars the Alcazar has had for quite a long while; and Henry Hall, well known to the consistent patrons of the O'Farrell street playhouse, long ago proved his ability to play any sort of a heavy part that might bob up. These three handle the indelicate situations of "Everyman's Castle" so delicately as to prevent even the most literal-minded in the audience from tittering. They even manage to make the usual happy ending seem real; and that, in a problem play of this sort, is a notable achievement.

—T. L. L.

A Sun Play of the Ages

It is futile to look for words with which to describe the might and majesty of David W. Griffith's photodramatic spectacle "Intolerance," now playing at the Columbia Theatre. It is too vital and too full of eternal truth to be put into words. Its lesson—that the history of the world is the history of intolerance, and that only when the world becomes intolerant of intolerance will contentment enter the souls of men—is a lesson that the screen alone can teach. It is not a new lesson—but Griffith has

given it an entirely new treatment, and, incidentally, proved himself a genius of the silent drama. In his other two great pictures—great, of course, from a photoplay viewpoint—Griffith showed himself years ahead of his fellow producers; but neither "The Escape" nor "The Birth of a Nation" revealed the touch of a master hand. In his Sun Play of the Ages, however, Griffith has reached the fulness of his powers, and those powers may without exaggeration be called colossal. "Intolerance" is the first screen play not modeled on the lines of legitimate drama. Its story is told in a manner intended to defy all the known rules of narration, and because of this, it is doubly effective. Griffith, obviously, is the first motion picture producer to realize that the films are doomed to failure unless they stop imitating the forms of the drama and evolve a technique of their own. The basic idea of "Intolerance" follows four plot threads which, though chronologically unrelated, are essentially the same. It traces the devastation wrought by intolerance from the beginnings of the world down to the present day; and does this in a manner that is not calculated to please prohibitionists. Withal, the film is coldly impartial. Griffith has merely presented his facts, leaving the conclusions to his audience. Not to see this photoplay, if only for its photography, is to miss the greatest spectacle yet produced, and a picture that undoubtedly marks the beginning of a new epoch in the photodramatic world.

—T. L. L.

Eva Tanguay Coming to Cort

The cyclonic Eva Tanguay, whose fame is international, but who has never appeared in San Francisco, will make her first appearance here

at the Cort on Sunday, October 22. Miss Tanguay comes at the head of a remarkable vaudeville organization under the direction of William Morris. Eva Tanguay is said to be the highest salaried vaudeville performer in the world.

A New Comedy at the Alcazar

"Widow-by-Proxy," a clever comedy which served May Irwin as a starring vehicle, has been secured by Belasco and Mayer for exclusive presentation at the Alcazar, where it will be produced for the first time at popular prices beginning next Monday night. Eva Lang and John Halliday will assume the leads, supported by the Alcazar players.

Second Week of "A World of Pleasure"

"A World of Pleasure" which begins its second and final week in San Francisco at the Cort next Sunday night abounds in first-class entertainers. Such noted entertainers are to be found in the cast as William Norris, the star of two score musical comedy successes; Conroy and Le Maire, kings of blackface comedy; Collins and Hart, burlesque strong men; the Courtney sisters, cleverest of comedienues; Margaret Edwards, a youthful marvel of dancing skill and physical perfection; Wanda Lyon, a captivating young prima donna; McMahon, Diamond and Chaplow, vaudeville headliners; Rosie Quinn, a beautiful and delightful singer and dancer; and Franklin Batie, an agile young man who can sing and dance some himself.

Edna Goodrich Coming to the St. Francis

The Theatre St. Francis having proved quite interesting from a structural standpoint, is now seeking to uphold its reputation from the stand-

point of wonderful pictures. "Anton the Terrible," this week's feature, is a heavy drama having to do with Russian intrigue at the opening of the great war. For next week, commencing Sunday, the Theatre St. Francis will offer the charming Edna Goodrich in a society drama called "The House of Lies." The plot of this photoplay is strong and complex and the settings and costumes are some of its biggest features. A new comedy, a new travelogue and a new weekly round out the programme. The especially good interpretative music of the St. Francis Theatre orchestra under Bernat Jaulus and Sidney Polak has won a deal of praise. Particularly has the evening concert been commended. And the special interpretative music leaves nothing to be desired.

The Cherniavskys

Sunday afternoon, October 22, at Scottish Rite Auditorium Manager Will L. Greenbaum will introduce to this city the three brothers Cherniavsky, a most unusual attraction. The oldest brother, Leo, is a brilliant violin virtuoso, the second brother, Jan, is a pianist of exceptional gifts, and the youngest, Mischel, is said to be a really phenomenal violincellist. In addition to their work as soloists the brothers play trios in a manner that entitles them to rank with the Flonzaleys or the Kneisels as a chamber music organization. At their first concert they will play the beautiful Trio by Arensky and three smaller works for violin, piano and 'cello. Mischel will play a "Cantabile" by Caesar Cui and the beautiful and extremely difficult "Souvenir de Spa" by the great 'cellist Servais. Jan will offer a group of important Chopin compositions for the piano and Leo will play the "Concerto" for

violin No. 4 by Vieuxtemps. Mr. Alex Czerny will be the accompanist. The second and last concert will be an evening event on Thursday, October 26, at 8:30. A Mendelssohn Trio, the beautiful Variations from the Tchaikowsky Trio and groups of solos by each of the brothers will be the offering. The sale of seats will open next Wednesday at Sherman, Clay and Company's where mail orders may now be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

The Mischa Elman Farewell

Next Sunday afternoon in Scottish Rite Auditorium Mischa Elman will give his second and last concert. Last Sunday's crowds were unable to secure even standing room to hear the virtuoso and as this week's offering is even more beautiful than last week's another crowded house is expected. The programme includes the classic "Sonata" by Nardini, the rarely heard "Concerto" in D minor by Spohr, a "Poeme" by the modern French composer Chausson, an "Etude" by Wieniewski transcribed by Kreisler, the exquisitely beautiful "Elegie" by Ernst, a work by Rode-Elman, Sarasate's "Caprice Basque" and a "Valse Macabre" composed especially for Mischa Elman by Godowsky. Tickets on sale at Sherman, Clay and Company's and on Sunday the box office at Scottish Rite Hall will be open after ten o'clock.

Godowsky Coming

The next of the piano virtuosos to appear here under the Greenbaum management is an artist considered in many respects the most wonderful pianist living, Leopold Godowsky. Godowsky is the head of the "Master School for Piano Virtuosi of the Vienna Conservatory" and de Pachmann has publicly stated that he considers him a greater pianist than even Liszt. Josef Hofmann frankly says, "No one can listen to Godowsky without learning from him. I know I have gained much from hearing him play." Godowsky's technique is without equal. He makes the piano sound as though he were



SAM CHIP AND MARY MARBLE
In "The Clock Shop" next week at the Orpheum



EDNA GOODRICH
In "The House of Lies" at the Theatre St. Francis
Commencing Sunday

playing it with a dozen hands. And no other pianist has such a varied and beautiful repertoire. Godowsky will play at Scottish Rite Auditorium on Sunday afternoon, October 29, Thursday night, November 2, and Sunday afternoon, November 5. Season tickets for the three Godowsky events will be sold at a reduced figure to accommodate the many teachers and students who have expressed a desire to hear him.

McCormack to Sing Twice Here

John McCormack will sing but four times in California this season and two of the concerts will be given in San Francisco at the Exposition Auditorium. The date of the McCormack events are the Sunday afternoons of November 12 and 19. Hitherto thousands have been unable to hear him on account of the limited number of seats but the size of the Auditorium is ample assurance that even the largest possible crowd will be well taken care of.

A Big Demand for Symphony Concerts

So enormous has been the sale of season seats for the Friday symphony concerts of the forthcoming season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Hertz, there is now no doubt of the oversubscription of these Friday symphonies. While this condition is gratifying, it means that many music lovers will be prevented from attending these concerts. It has therefore been decided to repeat each Friday programme on the Sunday immediately following, and to issue season tickets for the series of Sunday symphony concerts. This sale will begin on Monday, October 16, and continue all week, at the offices of the Musical Association of San Francisco in the Phelan building. The sale of single seats for both Friday and Sunday symphonies will be put on at Sherman, Clay and Company's on October 23. Prices for

the season of Sunday symphonies follow: Orchestra, \$11; balcony, first three rows, \$11; balcony, next thirteen rows, \$8; gallery, first row, \$8; gallery, next fourteen rows, \$5.

Sam Chip and Mary Marble at the Orpheum

The headline attraction at the Orpheum next week will be Sam Chip and Mary Marble, well known to all vaudeville fans, who are to appear in a musical fantasy called "The Clock Shop." The skit is the work of John L. Golden and originally was produced at the Lamb's Club in New York. Searl Allen and Ed Howard in a song, dance and dialogue skit called "A Real Pal," Alexander MacFayden, an American pianist and composer, with Leonora Jackson, formerly of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Mabel Sherman and Arthur Uttry in selections from musical comedy, and Nederveld's trained baboons will complete the new numbers on the bill. Frederick V. Bowers and his company in his scenic song revue and Walter Brower, the jolly jester, are the holdovers. Frank Orth and Will J. Dooley in a comedy skit "The Fool Detective" are a special attraction.

The Philharmonic Orchestra

The People's Philharmonic Orchestra is no longer under the direction of Nikolai Sokoloff. The Board of Directors by which the orchestra is maintained will announce the plans for the ten popular symphony concerts of this, the fourth season, as soon as they are able to select a suitable hall, one that will accommodate at least five thousand people. Either Max Bendix or Adolph Rosenbecker, conductors of great experience, will be the regular conductor, and there will be occasional appearances of guest conductors. Those who have been patrons of the concerts of the People's Philharmonic Orchestra since the first one under the baton of the dearly beloved Hermann Perlet, and all others who believe in the People's Philharmonic Orchestra and its great purpose of providing music of the world's greatest composers at the extremely low price of twenty-five and fifty cents, will rejoice if the artistic end of the enterprise be placed in able and sympathetic hands.

Columbia Theatre

The stupendousness of D. W. Griffith's spectacle "Intolerance" or "The Mother and the Law" has fairly dazed San Francisco. Not within the memory of the present generation has there been so sensational a success housed in any of the theatres of this city. Because of the exigencies of booking arrangements the present engagement is necessarily very limited in length and because of this the management feels impelled to endeavor to impress upon the public the importance of seeing the great spectacle as early in the engagement as possible. The last two weeks, which must soon be announced, will test the utmost capacity of the theatre and thousands are sure to be disappointed.

Theatre St. Francis

GEARY STREET AT POWELL

Phone Kearny 36

OCT. 8 TO OCT. 14

"ANTON, THE TERRIBLE," a Heavy Drama of Russian Intrigue and Personal Revenge. THEODORE ROBERTS in His Finest Role, Supported by Anita King MAX FIGMAN in a Delicious Comedy, "PAPA BY PROXY"

New Travelogue New Weekly
Double Orchestra under Jaulus and Polak

WEEK COMMENCING OCT. 15

That Sensational Actress EDNA GOODRICH in a Society Drama, "THE HOUSE OF LIES."

New Comedy—New Travelogue—New Weekly
And That Incomparable Orchestra

Matinee, 15c Night, 20c

Good Bill at Pantages

"The Junior Follies of 1916," a pretentious offering staged and acted by juvenile comedians and singers, and Romaine Fielding, erstwhile photoplay star, in his new sketch vehicle "The Heart of a Man," are the headline attractions for the coming week at Pantages. "The Junior Follies" is a lively offering featuring Bobby Stewart, Mabel Waltzer and other youthful stars. Will and Kemp offer acrobatic oddities to open the bill, and Mike Bernard and his partner Claudia Tracy indulge in song and banter, while Browning and Dean offer a series of comic impersonations and a little music. The appearance of Romaine Fielding is made in an act specially designed for the Pantages circuit. The former photoplay star appears with Mary Caruthers and an adequate cast. The sketch was staged under the direction of J. J. Cluxton. The "Junior Review" comprises a series of impersonations and vaudeville bits that follow in rapid succession.

CORT

LEADING THEATRE

Ellis and Market

Phone Sutter 2460

2nd and Last Week Starts Sunday, Oct. 15

The Most Stupendous of All
New York Winter Garden Shows

A WORLD OF PLEASURE

125 People—Mostly Girls

WM. NORRIS CONROY & LeMAIRE
Courtney Sisters—Collins & Hart—Margaret Edwards

Nights, 50c to \$2; Saturday Matinee, 25c to \$1.50

WED. AND FRI. MATS., BEST SEATS, \$1

October 22—EVA TANGUAY

PANTAGES
VAUDEVILLE

MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON

Melody and Mirth A Cure for Gloom
"THE JUNIOR FOLLIES OF 1916"

A Musical Review by Boyle Woolfolk

First Recent Appearance in Real Life of
ROMAINE FIELDING
Celebrated Photoplay Star in
"THE HEART OF A MAN"

WILL & KEMP, Acrobatic Oddities; MIKE BERNARD & CLAUDIA TREACY in Ragtime Comedy; BROWNING & DEAN, "the Minstrel Man and the Wise Guy;" and "THE CRIMSON STAIN."

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Second Week Begins Sunday, October 15th

TWICE DAILY—MATS. AT 2:15; EVENINGS AT 8:15

Mr. D. W. Griffith Brings to San Francisco for a Brief Engagement the Most Stupendous Creation the Theatre Has Ever Known

"INTOLERANCE"

or

"THE MOTHER AND THE LAW"

A Sun Play of the Ages

Symphony Orchestra of 40

Prices—Nights 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1; Box Seats, \$2. Matinees 25c, 50c, 75c; Box Seats \$1.50

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Safest and Most
Magnificent
Theatre in
America

J. FARRELL GET STOCKTON & POWELL
Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day

A WONDERFUL NEW BILL

SAM CHIP & MARY MARBLE in the Musical Fantasy "The Clock Shop;" SEARL ALLEN & ED HOWARD Presenting "A Real Pal;" ALEXANDER MACFAYDEN, the Distinguished American Pianist and Composer, NEDERVALD'S BABOONS in a Laughable Exhibition of Motorcycle and Bicycle Riding; MABEL SHERMAN ARTHUR UTTRY in Dainty Bits of Musical Comedy; FREDERICK V. BOWERS & CO. in His Big Scenic Song Revue; WALTER BROWER, the Jolly Jester; FRANK ORTH & WILLIAM J. DOOLEY in a Comedy Skit Pronounced "The Fool Detective"

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c
Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c



MISCHA ELMAN

FAREWELL CONCERT

This Sunday Afternoon at 2:30

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

Tickets \$2, \$1.50, \$1

Steinway Piano

THREE GREAT SOLOISTS

Comprising a

WONDERFUL TRIO

CLEO - JAN - MISCHEL

CHERNIAVSKY

Violin - Piano - 'Cello

Sun. Aft., Oct. 22, and Thurs. Eve., Oct. 26

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

Tickets, \$2, \$1.50, \$1, ready Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co. Mail orders to WILL L. GREENBAUM.

LEOPOLD

GODOWSKY

PIANIST



Three Exceptional Programs

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 29

THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 2

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 5

PRICES: Three Concerts \$5, \$3.50, \$2.25
Each Concert \$2, \$1.50, \$1.00

MAIL ORDERS NOW TO WILL L. GREENBAUM at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Box office for course tickets opens Wednesday.

Knabe Piano

COMING—JOHN MCCORMACK

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5.)

applied to the business of perfecting parts of the automobile. He knew all the pioneers in that field, from Duryea and Olds to Winton and Ford. He was the first man to tell people about Lewis Allyn, the pure food expert of Westfield, whom he met when that great enthusiast was a teacher in chemistry in a normal school. He was also the first man to enable the people of Chicago to get an accurate conception of James Kewley, the most wonderful of news editors, the man who, at the time of the Iroquois Theatre fire, sent The Tribune to press without a scare head on the front page. He grasped in a flash the big question of the hour, and The Tribune came out with a list of the dead on the front page.

As a national reporter Macfarlane has done a good deal more than interview and study and analyze big and curious minds. He has taken part in many stirring events. He was one of the first newspapermen at the scene of the Dayton flood. He was in the Calumet strike and through the industrial war in Denver, and now he feels that he is somewhat better versed in the philosophy of existence than he was when I knew him as a reformer in Alameda. He was a pretty zealous reformer, and I found it pretty hard to agree with him, but though I never liked reformers I could generally stand for Macfarlane. I like to feel now that he has reformed himself as does the average sincere individual who begins life with notions and approaches middle age with ideas.

Why the War is Slow

(Continued from Page 7)

hardly believe in my bad luck and remain there, fingering the end of the fuse impatiently. Suddenly there comes a voice from somewhere quite close, a soft, almost apologetic voice, asking in the purest Venetian, 'Cossa fetu?' ('What are you doing?') 'Don't you see that I can't light the confounded thing?' I replied serenely. 'Have you got any matches?' But the voice, still polite and conciliatory, replies: 'Go away, I've got a gun.' Then I understand that the voice

comes from the enemy's trenches. What am I to do? I am alone and unarmed. If the Austrians come out or shoot, I am done. I am just beginning to think of my last prayers when the voice begins again, more apologetic than ever, almost imploring: 'Go away or I shall have to give you up. Go away. I am a father with a family...' So I make up my mind to be off, dragging the tube after me as I have no means of discharging it. I just run as fast as I can, without troubling to stoop or crawl, and when I am safe back in my trench, I give way to fits of nervous laughter."

Seeing how the least light shown by the destroyers may attract the enemy's machine-guns. I imagine Italians must be the most impenitent smokers in the world. A story was told by some prisoners how they watched a party advance with glowing cigars to blow up a wire entanglement. There they were, crawl, crawl, crawling like glow-worms. At last they were quite close and quite motionless. A volley was delivered without the least effect. The cigars still glowed. A more devastating fire was resumed, all in vain. Then, all of a sudden, much further down, a party of Italians came tumbling into the trench. They had impaled their cigars on the wires and left them to bear the brunt of the bombardment while they crept away in the darkness and blew up the entanglement in another place.

A military authority writes: "The wire entanglement is one of the most important elements of modern war. Whoever succeeds in destroying by some material means the material obstacle which it offers will have relieved war of one of its hardest chains." Why not electrify our own wires and drench the enemy's with some corrosive acid?

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ERNEST CHAUMELIN, deceased.—No. 21451; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ERNEST CHAUMELIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ERNEST CHAUMELIN, deceased.

Administrator of the estate of Ernest Chaumelin, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, September 23rd, A. D. 1916.
A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administrator,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, California. 9-23-5

NOTICE OF APPLICATION OF THE THRIFT COUPON COMPANY OF AMERICA, A CORPORATION, FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 76954; Dept. No. 12.

IN THE MATTER OF THE APPLICATION OF THRIFT COUPON COMPANY OF AMERICA, A CORPORATION, TO BE DISSOLVED.

Notice is hereby given that the application of the Thrift Coupon Company of America, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for a decree dissolving said corporation, has been filed in this Court, and said Court has ordered the Clerk thereof to give notice of the same for thirty (30) days by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the said City and County, and all persons are hereby directed to file their objections to said application, if any they have, as provided by law, before the expiration of the time of publication.

Dated, October 3, 1913.
(Seal) H. L. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.
GILLOGLEY, CROFTON & PAYNE,
Attorneys for Applicant,
57 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 4978; Dept. 10. In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM DUNPHY, Deceased.

Upon considering the petition of JENNIE C. DUNPHY MEYER, Executrix of the Estate of WILLIAM DUNPHY, deceased, this day filed, it is ordered that all

persons interested in the Estate are required to appear before the Court on the thirteenth (13th) day of November, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the morning at the Court room of the Court in Department 10 in the City Hall Building in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why the realty hereinafter described or some part thereof should not be mortgaged for the sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars or such lesser amount as to the Court shall seem meet, and the said petition on file is referred to for further particulars. The following is a description of the said realty.

FIRST—That certain parcel of land situate, lying and being in the County of Monterey, State of California, being the southeasterly half of the Rancho Posa de los Ositos as sub-divided by E. J. Cahill, civil engineer, and described as follows: Commencing at a point at the junction of the Salinas River with the Arroyo de los Pinos from which a cottonwood tree marked C.E.S.F.C.W. bears north 45 degrees west 1 chain distant, which point is Station No. 1, according to the plat of the Rancho Posa de los Ositos finally confirmed to Carlos Espinosa, surveyed under instructions from the U. S. Surveyor-General, by J. J. Cloud, Deputy Surveyor, February, 1858; thence meandering up the center of the Arroyo de los Pinos by the following courses and distances. (Variations 15 degrees east.) South 34 degrees west 3.00 chains; thence south 3 degrees 45' west 6.00 chains; thence south 38 degrees 30' west 15.00 chains; thence south 10 degrees west 12.75 chains; thence south 19 degrees 15' west 8.00 chains; thence east 3.00 chains; thence south 12.20 chains; thence south 51 degrees 15' east 4.00 chains; thence south 43 degrees 15' west 6.00 chains; thence south 21 degrees east 5.00 chains; thence south 59 degrees 15' west 12.00 chains; thence south 39 degrees 30' west 10.00 chains; thence south 7 degrees east 7.00 chains; thence north 70 degrees west 5.00 chains; thence north 44 degrees 45' west 4.64 chains; thence south 78 degrees west 5.70 chains to an oak tree marked C.E.S.W.C., being the southwest corner of the Ranch; thence north 1 degree 30' east 33.93 chains; thence north 40 degrees west 29.00 chains; thence north 40 degrees west 52.00 chains; thence north 0 degrees 45' west 25.60 chains; thence north 31 degrees west 37.00 chains; thence north 30 degrees 22' west 53.00 chains; thence north 47 degrees 05' west 431.40 chains more or less to Redwood Post marked S.V. & P.R.; thence along the line dividing above mentioned Ranch in two equal parts. North 54 degrees 45' east 327.80 chains to a point in the easterly line of the Rancho Posa de los Ositos, distant south 6 1/2 degrees west 33.00 chains from Station No. 32 as shown upon the plat of said Rancho; thence south 6 degrees 30' west 68.00 chains; thence south 37 degrees 30' east 45.50 chains; thence south 35 degrees 30' east 20.00 chains; thence south 1 degree west 17.00 chains; thence south 10 degrees 15' west 63.00 chains; thence south 6 degrees east 28.50 chains; thence south 23 degrees east 75.00 chains; thence south 17 degrees east 33.00 chains; thence south 7 degrees east 28.00 chains; thence south 2 degrees 30' west 19.00 chains; thence south 14 degrees 30' west 18.00 chains; thence south 39 degrees west 12.00 chains; thence south 5 degrees 30' east 10.00 chains; thence south 20 degrees 45' east 23.00 chains; thence south 52 degrees 30' east 43.00 chains; thence south 18 degrees 30' east 5.50 chains; thence south 34 degrees east 15.00 chains; thence south 57 degrees 30' east 10.00 chains; thence south 28 degrees east 40.00 chains; thence south 16 degrees east 41.00 chains; thence south 26 degrees 30' east 8.00 chains; thence south 33 degrees 45' east 11.00 chains; thence south 44 degrees 45' east 11.50 chains; thence south 58 degrees 30' east 32.00 chains to the point of commencement, containing 8.387 acres, more or less. Reference being made to the Map or Plat of the Rancho Posa de los Ositos made by U. S. Surveyor-General, February, 1858, and now on file in the U. S. Surveyor-General's office; also to a plat of the same Rancho made by E. J. Cahill in July, 1878, both of which are made of this description above set forth.

SECONDLY—All those certain pieces or parcels of land situated, lying and being in the County of Monterey, State of California, bounded and described as follows: Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and southwest 1/4 of NW. 1/4 of Section 28, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 157.98 acres. Lots 1 and 2, the southwest 1/4 of Northwest and N. 1/2 of SW. 1/4 of Section 20, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160.65 acres. Lots 4, 5, the NW. 1/4 of SE. 1/4 and N. 1/2 of SW. 1/4 of Section 34, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160.53 acres. The SW. 1/4 of Section 2, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160 acres. Lots 3, 4, and S. 1/2 of NW. 1/4 of Section 2, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 155.69 acres. The SW. 1/4 of SW. 1/4 of Section 16, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 40 acres. The NW. 1/4 of NW. 1/4 of Section 16, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 40 acres. The SW. 1/4 of SW. 1/4 of Section 29, SE. 1/4 of SE. 1/4 of Section 30, Blocks 1 and 8 of Section 31, all in Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160.22 acres. The NE. 1/4 of Section 29, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160 acres. The NW. 1/4 of SE. 1/4, the E. 1/2 of SW. 1/4 and NW. 1/4 of SW. 1/4 of Section 29, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160 acres. Lots 3, 4, and SW. 1/4 of Fractional SE. 1/4 of Section 20, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 102.41 acres. The NW. 1/4 of NW. 1/4 of Section 32, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 40 acres. The S. 1/2 of SE. 1/4 and NW. 1/4 of SE. 1/4 of NE. 1/4 of SW. 1/4 of Section 1, Township 20 S., R. 6 E., M.D.M., containing 160 acres. Lots 6, 7, E. 1/2 of SW. 1/4 and SW. 1/4 of SE. 1/4 of Section 28, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 167.44 acres. Lots 1, 2, and S. 1/2 of NE. 1/4 of Section 3, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 169.92 acres. Lot 1 of Section 27, Lots 1, 2, and 3, and SW. 1/4 of NW. 1/4 of Section 34, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 147.96 acres. Lots 2 and 3, and SW. 1/4 of NE. 1/4 and NE. 1/4 of NW. 1/4 of Section 6, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., Lots 2, 3, 4 and NE. 1/4 of NE. 1/4 of Section 30, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160.60 acres. Said lands being known as the Dunphy Ranch.

Done in open Court the 5th of October, 1916.
(Filed October 5, 1916.) THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

"Tess! What do you suppose? A strange man tried to kiss me!" Jess cried excitedly.

"How interesting! He must have been a very strange man dear," Tess sweetly replied.

PUBLIC NOTICE TO TAX PAYERS

1. The taxes on all personal property secured by real property, and one-half the taxes on all real property, will be due and payable on the 3d Monday in October, and will be delinquent on the first Monday in December next thereafter at 6 o'clock P. M.; and that unless paid prior thereto, fifteen per cent will be added to the amount thereof; and if said one-half be not paid before the last Monday in April next at 6 o'clock P. M., an additional five per cent will be added thereto. That the remaining one-half of the taxes on all real property will be payable on and after the first Monday in January next, and will be delinquent on the last Monday in April next thereafter, at 6 o'clock P. M., and that unless paid prior thereto, five per cent will be added to the amount thereof.

2. That all taxes may be paid at the time the first installment, as herein provided, is due and payable, at the Tax Collector's Office, City Hall.

EDWARD F. BRYANT,

Tax Collector.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market was irregular the past week, fluctuations being very erratic; while one group of stocks was going up another was going down. The bond market was active, and the floating supply of many leading bonds is running short. Bond prices are necessarily regulated by the condition of the money market, and at present large issues of foreign Government bonds stand in the way of a substantial advance. The absorption of high-class bonds has been so good that specialists believe another large issue of foreign bonds could be floated without depressing prices. The Allies seem to be winning, but not fast enough to insure early peace; this suits Wall Street. Election news seems satisfactory, but the public is singularly apathetic, and much depends on the labor vote, an uncertain quantity. Steel common was very active, and the market for the issue looked as if it had absorbed all the stock thrown on the market around the 120 level. Railroad reports very favorable, especially the Atchison report. The rail list came to the front early in the week, and Union Pacific got above the 150 mark. This stimulated buying in the others, and New York Central and Norfolk became the leaders. The latter showed an advance to 145 and the former advanced to 114. Reports of submarine activities caused general heavy selling throughout the list; toward the end the final prices were the lowest of the week. The break in prices was more of a shake out than any real liquidation of long stocks. The market has been advancing for six weeks, and while the underlying conditions are still very bullish, and warrant higher prices, the technical condition of the market is weak. The break which will probably continue the first part of next week, will clear the atmosphere, and stocks on any decline, through fears of the submarine activities, will ultimately show handsome profits.

Wheat—Everybody is so demonstratively bullish that the market is at any time liable to run into overbought conditions, and it would be contrary to precedent if it did not. The lack of precipitation in South America has given an impetus to the upward tendency of prices, which threatens to obscure the consequences of rain at any time within three weeks in the provinces of Cordoba and Santa Fe. There probably does not exist the trader that has not had more or less unpleasant experience with drought conditions, which were relieved in time to save any disastrous consequences, and few that have ever seen the expectation of damage realized. It has been shown that allowing for the shrinkage claimed, there is a surplus which might, under certain conditions, be more than ample to meet any demands upon this country, and these are liable to materialize before Europe consumes what is available in her own provinces. All this must be taken into consideration to avoid speculative disappointments, and it should be kept in mind that it is much easier to accumulate

than liquidate profitably, especially in a pyramided market. This is to be a year of high prices in grains, and we trust that our friends will participate in the financial results, but we could not advise them to initiate operations where there is the least suspicion of inflation. Be sure to wait for breaks of a substantial character.

Corn—There was considerable strength shown in this market, reports of heavy export business exercising a firming effect. Outside markets are strong, shelling not being general as yet. There is no change in the car situation, which remains tight, but is said to promise relief in the near future. The export sales for this week are reported as high as 2,300,000 bushels, but leading houses sold liberally on the advance, and commission houses were on both sides. The news from the interior is all one way, except in a few instances where the frost caught the late planted corn in low places. The ownership of the cash corn is said to be concentrated, and this may hold prices for a while, but with the transportation facilities promised, and the certainty of an enlarged movement in the near future, we cannot see a reasonable argument for higher prices.

Cotton—The lid flew off the cotton market last week, when the Government announced the condition of the growing crop at 56.3. This is the smallest estimate in years, and forecasts a crop of cotton below twelve million bales. The trade were expecting a report of around sixty, and when the Government figures were announced, the market began to boil, and prices went to the highest point in years. As usual after a bullish report, there was heavy profit taking by the longs, but this cotton was well taken care of by the mills, who are said to be short cotton against sales of cotton goods. The mills have been holding off, waiting for the actual cotton, but so far this season receipts of cotton have been very small and the competition for the actual has brought about a strong spot situation. There were reactions from time to time from the extreme high figures, but on every break, to around the seventeen-cent level, cotton was well taken care of. The most remarkable factor this year is the absence of hedge selling by the South; this more than anything else has helped the market. It may be due to the short crop or to the cheapness of money and the ability of the farmer to hold his cotton. General business in this country is good, and cotton is going into consumption this year as fast as last year; at any rate the mill's seem to want the actual cotton and sentiment is for higher prices. We may get setbacks from time to time, but cotton will not decline very far from the seventeen-cent level. We believe advantage should be taken of all setbacks to buy the distant futures for an investment.

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HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, S. W. Corner
Haight and Belvedere

JUNE 30TH, 1916:

Assets	\$63,811,228.81
Deposits	60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
Number of Depositors	68,062

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock
P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock P. M. and
Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8
o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1916, a
dividend to depositors of 4% per annum was
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NOTICE UPON FILING OF PETITION TO ASCERTAIN RIGHTS AS HEIRS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 16068, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALFRED E. OVEREND, deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: William J. Hynes, the Administrator of the Estate of Alfred E. Overend, deceased, and to Harry S. Overend, Edward Overend, Jennie N. Gilbert, Elizabeth C. Hart, the Administrator or Executor of the estate of Robert A. Overend, deceased, E. M. Leonard, as Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of Ida Overend Mann, deceased, Walter S. Overend, Jane Couture, Sister Matilda Overend, Elizabeth Fleming, Oscar Overend, Jennetta C. Brosse, Elizabeth C. Hall, Nettie C. Trell, William Guthrie, Margaret Guthrie Johnston, Maria Guthrie Hawley, Daniel Guthrie, Samuel Guthrie, Peter Guthrie, Alice Guthrie Simpson, Ellen Clark, John Guthrie, Hannah Guthrie, William Guthrie, George Edward Jack, Elizabeth J. Unwin, Ida A. Hadley, Mandora Hunter, Effie C. Hickey, William E. Guthrie, Anna M. Thompson, Mrs. Isabelle Barnes, Mrs. Lillian Belle Overend Pitt, John F. Overend, Miss E. O. Morris, Sophie Overend, and Patrick Guthrie and Madge Overend.

You and each of you are hereby notified:

That on the 28th day of September, 1916, Robert M. Overend, one of the heirs at law of Alfred E. Overend, deceased, filed his petition in this court praying that the rights of all persons interested in the estate of said Alfred E. Overend, deceased, be ascertained and declared by this court, and that it be determined to whom distribution should be made;

That, so far as known, the following is a description of the real estate whereof said deceased died seized or possessed, to-wit:

Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the Northernly line of Seventeenth Street with the Easterly line of Ord Street (formerly Clara Avenue); thence Easterly along the Northernly line of Seventeenth Street Forty-five (45) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly One Hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Forty-five (45) feet to the Easterly line of Ord Street (formerly Clara Avenue); thence Southerly along said last named line One Hundred and Ten (110) feet to the point of beginning; being part of Horner's Addition Block Number 202.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Calhoun Street distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Northernly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Calhoun Street with the Northernly line of Green Street; thence Northernly along said Easterly line of Calhoun Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; thence at a right angle Easterly Ninety-one (91) feet and Eight (8) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; and thence at a right angle Westerly Ninety-one (91) feet and Eight (8) inches to the Easterly line of Calhoun Street and the point of beginning; being part of 50 Vara Lot Number 187.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Franklin Street, distant thereon One Hundred (100) feet Northernly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Franklin Street with the Northernly line of Page Street; thence Northernly along said Easterly line of Franklin Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Seventy-five (75) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Easterly line of Franklin Street and the point of beginning; being part of Western Addition Block Number 71.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Mimosa Path, distant thereon Thirty-eight (38) feet and Eight (8) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Rose Hill Noek; thence Northernly along said Easterly line of Mimosa Path Thirteen (13) feet; thence Easterly Sixteen (16) feet and Six (6) inches; thence Southerly Fourteen (14) feet and Five (5) inches; thence Westerly Sixteen (16) feet and Six (6) inches to the point of beginning; being situated in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Jones Street, distant thereon Sixty (60) feet Southerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Jones Street with the Southerly line of Washington Street; thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Jones Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Northernly Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Easterly line of Jones Street and the point of beginning; being part of 50 Vara Lot Number 832.

Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the Easterly line of Church Street with the Southerly line of Twenty-seventh Street; thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Church Street Fifty-one (51) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Easterly Eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly Fifty-one (51) feet and Six (6) inches to the Southerly line of Twenty-seventh Street; thence Westerly along said line of Twenty-seventh Street Eighty (80) feet to the point of beginning; being part of Horner's Addition Block Number 57.

Commencing at the point of intersection of the Easterly line of St. Charles Street with the Northernly line of Central Avenue, running thence Easterly along said Northernly line of Central Avenue, One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet to St. Charles Street; thence at a right angle along the Easterly line of St. Charles Street One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet to the point of commencement.

The first six parcels of real property hereinabove described are situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; while the seventh parcel hereinabove described is situated in the City of Alameda, County of Alameda, State of California.

That the said Harry S. Overend, Guy R. Overend, Charles P. Overend, Frederick M. A. Overend, Edward Overend, Jennie N. Gilbert, Robert A. Overend, now deceased, Elizabeth C. Hart, Ida Overend Mann, now deceased, Walter S. Overend, Jane Couture, Sister Matilda Overend, Elizabeth Fleming, Oscar Overend, Jennetta C. Brosse, Elizabeth C. Hall, Nettie C. Trell, William Guthrie, Margaret Guthrie Johnston, Maria Guthrie Hawley, Daniel Guthrie, Samuel Guthrie, Peter Guthrie, Alice Guthrie Simpson, Ellen Clark, John Guthrie,

John Guthrie, Hannah Guthrie, William Guthrie, George Edward Jack, Elizabeth J. Unwin, Ida A. Hadley, Mandora Hunter, Effie C. Hickey, William E. Guthrie, Sophie Overend, as assignee of Robert M. Overend, and Madge Overend, as assignee of Walter S. Overend, are the only persons who appeared and claimed any interest in said estate, in the course of the administration of the same, up to the time of the making of said order;

That you, and all other persons not named, who have or claim an interest in said estate, are cited to appear before this court, at the courtroom thereof, located in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of December, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and exhibit, in the manner provided by law, your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in said estate, and show cause why such petition should not be granted.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 4th day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California.)
H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of the Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk,
JEREMIAH V. COFFEY & EDWARD I. COFFEY,
E. M. LEONARD,
Attorneys for Robert M. Overend.
569 Mills Building,
San Francisco, California. 10-7-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE GREENZWEIG, deceased.—No. 21443; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of GEORGE GREENZWEIG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of their attorneys, Heller, Powers & Ehrman, Room 713 Nevada Bank Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE GREENZWEIG, deceased.

EMMA GREENZWEIG,
HENRY G. GREENZWEIG,
Executors of the last will and testament of
George Greenzweig, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, September 23, 1916.
HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN,
Attorneys for Executors,
713 Nevada Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AMELIA C. POPPENBERG, deceased.—No. 21447, N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the Will annexed of the estate of AMELIA C. POPPENBERG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with the Will annexed at the office of August L. Fournier, Esq., 1311 Humboldt Bank Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AMELIA C. POPPENBERG, deceased.

JOHN F. RAU,
Administrator with the Will annexed of the
estate of Amelia C. Poppenberg, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, September 16th, 1916.
AUGUST L. FOURNIER, ESQ.,
Attorney for the Administrator with the Will annexed
of the Estate of Amelia C. Poppenberg, deceased.
1311 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, California. 9-16-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 74925; Dept. No. 4.

HENRY HAINS, Plaintiff, vs. GABRIELLE HAINS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GABRIELLE HAINS, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 3rd day of July, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
ERNEST PAGNUELO,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 8-12-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION TO MORTGAGE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 21572. In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of WILLIAM JAMES NICHOLS, JOSEPH EDWARD NICHOLS, and ELLA MAY NICHOLS, Minors.

SAMUEL T. NICHOLS, Guardian of the persons and estates of the above-named minors, having filed herein his petition, duly verified by affidavit, and praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing him, as such Guardian, to mortgage the real property of said minors hereinafter described for the purposes set forth in said petition;

And it appearing that it will be of advantage to said property that said mortgage be made,

It is Ordered by the Court that all persons interested in the said estate of said minors do appear before this Court on the 8th day of November, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real-property described below should not be mortgaged for the sum of TWO THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED (\$2200.00) DOLLARS, as set forth in said petition of said Guardian aforesaid, filed this day herein, and why said Guardian should not be allowed to mortgage the interest of the said minors in said property for their prorata of the said sum of TWO THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED (\$2200.00) DOLLARS. (Reference is made to said petition for further particulars.)

The said real estate and property to be mortgaged is situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Oak Street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said southerly line of Oak Street with the westerly line of Laguna Street; and running thence westerly along said southerly line of Oak Street twenty-seven (27) feet, six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the northerly line of Lily Avenue; thence at right angles easterly along said line of Lily Avenue twenty-seven (27) feet, six (6) inches; and thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement, being part of WESTERN ADDITION BLOCK Number 219.

It is further ordered that this Order to Show Cause be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks before the hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, this 2nd day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Signed) THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 3, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk.
L. T. JACKS,
Attorney for Guardian,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 20834; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY A. MEAGHER, also known as MARY MEAGHER, Deceased.

IDA M. MEAGHER, Administratrix of the estate of MARY A. MEAGHER, also called MARY MEAGHER, deceased, having filed herein her petition duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her, as such Administratrix, to mortgage the real property of said deceased therein, and hereinafter described, for the purposes set forth in said petition; and it appearing that it will be to the advantage of the said estate that the mortgage be made,

It is ordered by the Court that all persons interested in the estate of MARY A. MEAGHER, also called MARY MEAGHER, deceased, do appear before this Court, Department No. Ten thereof, on Saturday, October 21st, 1916, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the said day at the Court of said Department, in the City Hall, Civic Center, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real property of said estate, described below, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Seventeen Hundred (\$1,700.00) Dollars, as prayed for in the petition of said IDA M. MEAGHER, Administratrix, this day filed or for such lesser amount as to the Court shall seem meet. Reference is made to said petition for further particulars.

The real property of said estate to be mortgaged is situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Easterly line of Webster Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet, six (6) inches Northernly from the Northernly line of Washington Street; running thence Northernly along said Easterly line of Webster Street twenty-five (25) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles Southerly twenty-five (25) feet six (6) inches, and thence at right angles Westerly eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Sixty-eight (268).

It is further ordered that this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks before the day of hearing hereinbefore set out, in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court and dated this 18th day of September, 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge.

BUCKLEY & O'KEEFE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
347-348 Russ Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF RICHARD CORBETT, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664 OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 18,313; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of RICHARD CORBETT, Deceased.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, and each and every and all persons named or not named, having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased:

You, and each of you are hereby notified that Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, the petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this Court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit, the estate of Richard Corbett, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are the heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased disappeared prior to the first day of December, 1907, and that by a judgment duly given and made by said Court on the 5th day of January, 1915, the said deceased was declared dead, and that said deceased died intestate; that the said deceased was then and there a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State, consisting wholly of money, and that said estate now consists of money solely;

That a petition for Letters of Administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 18th day of December, 1914, filed in the above entitled Court by M. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco;

That thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was, by a judgment of said Court, duly given and made, on the 5th day of January, 1915, appointed Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased; that thereafter, to wit, on the said 5th day of January, 1915, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such Administrator, and Letters of Administration were duly issued to him under the seal of said Court, by the Clerk of said Court; that thereafter, and on the 6th day of February, 1915, said M. J. Hynes, Administrator of said estate, died;

That a petition for Letters of Administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 24th day of February, 1915, filed in the above entitled Court, by W. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco;

That thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, that the said W. J. Hynes was, by a judgment of said Court, duly given and made on the 11th day of March, 1915, appointed Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased; and that thereafter, to wit, on the said 11th day of March, 1915, said W. J. Hynes qualified as such Administrator and Letters of Administration were duly issued to him under the seal of said Court by the Clerk of said Court, and that the said W. J. Hynes ever since has been, and now is, the duly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator of the estate of said deceased;

That the said order and decree of the said Court appointing the said W. J. Hynes Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect, and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of Letters of Administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made;

That the said Richard Corbett, deceased, died intestate, leaving him surviving no grand-father or grand-mother, no father or mother, no wife, child or descendants of any child or children, no brothers or sisters, and that said petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the whole of the said estate of said deceased;

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate, and that the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof, so far as known to said petitioners;

And that these petitioners pray the said Court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made; that the Court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the Court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said Court in the matter of the said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of said Court in the matter of said estate and in the Register of Proceedings in Estates of said Court in the matter of said estate, and directing that, in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid, then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said Court for not appearing as aforesaid, and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid, to show cause and exhibit to said Court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, as provided by Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California;

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition, the said Court, on the 22nd day of August, 1916, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate of Richard Corbett, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said Court as hereinafter specified, and that by said order the Court fixed Tuesday, the 5th day of December, 1916, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein.

NOW, THEREFORE, you, and each of you herein above named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have, or claim, any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the Courtroom thereof, in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 5th day of December, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date

fixed by the Court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having, or claiming, an interest in or to the whole or any part of the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased;

And that you, and each of you, and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said Court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said Court in the matter of the said estate and in the Register of the Proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said Court, and that each and every, all and singular, the persons who appear as aforesaid, show cause, as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, to the said Court in the matter of the said estate, by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California;

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said Court in the matter of the said estate, and in the Register of Proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said Court for not appearing as aforesaid;

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause, as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, to the said Court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate, as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate to the said Court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California specified;

That the said Court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS, the Honorable George H. Cabaniss, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk of said Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

EUGENE W. LEVY, Attorney for Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, Room 560 Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California. 8-26-10

NOTICE OF TIME SET FOR PROVING WILL, ETC., AND APPLICATION FOR LETTERS TESTAMENTARY

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 21551; Dept. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of JANE McQUEEN, deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a petition for the probate of the will of JANE McQUEEN, deceased, and for the issuance to DAVID W. McQUEEN of letters testamentary has been filed in this Court, and that Wednesday, the 18th day of October, A. D. 1916, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day at the Courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Court, at the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, has been set for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same, and show cause if any they have why said petition should not be granted.

Dated, September 26th, 1916.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.
Endorsed: Filed Sept. 26, 1916.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

T. J. CROWLEY, Attorney for Petitioner, 509-511 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY ANN MARTIN, deceased.—No. 21489, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of MARY ANN MARTIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the office of his attorneys, Lane, White & Elliott, Room 1003 Nevada Bank Building, 14 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY ANN MARTIN, deceased.

WILLIAM MARTIN, Executor of the last will and testament of Mary Ann Martin, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, September 30, 1916.

EDWARD ELLIOTT, LANE, WHITE & ELLIOTT, Attorneys for Executor, Room 1003 Nevada Bank Bldg., 14 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-5

CERTIFICATE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, Ng. T. Quai, Tom Fook Duck, Lee Pon, Lee Ning, Lee Sun Yet, Fung Choy, Lum Jue On, and Chen Foo, are transacting a general manufacturing of paste and noodles business in the State of California, under the name of Canton Noodle Factory; that the principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that they are conducting the said business under the fictitious name of Canton Noodle Factory, and that they are the sole owners of said business, and that their full names are Ng. T. Quai, who resides at 1135 Stockton St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Tom Fook Duck, who resides at 518 1/2 Pacific St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Lee Pon, who resides at 1135 Stockton St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Lee Ning, who resides at 1135 Stockton St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Fung Choy, who resides at 1135 Stockton St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Lum Jue On, who resides at Courtland, California, and Chen Foo, who resides at Sacramento, California.

NG. T. QUAI,
LEE PON,
CHEN FOO,
TOM FOOK DUCK,
LEE NING,
LEE SUN YET,
FONG CHOY,
LUM JUE ON.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 26th day of September, 1916, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared NG. T. QUAI, TOM FOOK DUCK, LEE PON, LEE NING, LEE SUN YET, FUNG CHOY, LUM JUE ON, and CHEN FOO, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) A. J. NAGLE, Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 26, 1916.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

L. W. LOVEY, Attorney-at-Law, 1101 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-5

CERTIFICATE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, O. Olivi and R. J. Olivi, are transacting a paper business in the State of California, under the name of Fulton Paper Co.; that the principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that they are conducting the said business under the fictitious name of Fulton Paper Co., and that they are the sole owners of said business, and that their full names are O. Olivi, who resides at 1547 Mason St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and R. J. Olivi, who resides at 1339 Greenwich St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

O. OLIVI,
R. J. OLIVI.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 26th day of September, 1916, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared O. OLIVI and R. J. OLIVI, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) A. J. NAGLE, Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 26, 1916.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

L. W. LOVEY, Attorney-at-Law, 1101 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco 9-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MICHAEL LOFTUS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MICHAEL LOFTUS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of L. W. Lovey, 1105 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MICHAEL LOFTUS, deceased.

EDWARD P. MAHONY, Administrator of the estate of Michael Loftus, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 23, 1916.

L. W. LOVEY, Attorney for Administrator, 1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 72594; Dept. No. 10.

JEMETT POSTON, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY A. POSTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: HENRY A. POSTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, habitual intemperance, and wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JAS. P. SWEENEY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Nevada Bank Building,
San Francisco, California. 8-19-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of IRENE MORRIN, deceased.—No. 21411, N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of IRENE MORRIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of his attorney, F. B. Clarke, Room 1033 Mills Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of IRENE MORRIN, deceased.

THOMAS MORRIN,
Executor of the last will and testament of Irene Morrin, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 16, 1916.

F. B. CLARKE,
Attorney for Executor,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-16-5

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, California, for October 1, 1916.

State of California
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared John J. Dwyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Town Talk, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and business manager are: Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; managing editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; business manager, John J. Dwyer, 88 First street, San Francisco.

2. That the owners are: Owner, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; stockholders, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; Alphonse Sutter, 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco; H. M. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

JOHN J. DWYER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30 day of September, 1916.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN,
(My commission expires May 29th, 1917.)

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10; No. 75525.

ANITA WARREN PATTERSON, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM PATTERSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM PATTERSON, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of August, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By F. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
423 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-19-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 20121; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANN FOLEY, deceased. JAMES FOLEY, Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of ANN FOLEY, deceased, having filed his petition with the Clerk of the above entitled Court, praying for an order of the above entitled Court authorizing him to mortgage the property hereinafter described for the purposes set forth in the said petition;

NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, that the 8th day of November, A. D. 1916, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at the Court Room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the City Hall, No. 400 Van Ness Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, be and the same is hereby fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to be and appear before the above entitled Court at said time and place, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the property hereinafter described, should not be mortgaged for the sum of One Thousand (\$1,000.00) Dollars, or for such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet; reference is hereby made to the petition on file for further particulars.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED that notice of the time and place herein fixed be given by publishing this order once a week for four successive weeks in a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

The real property hereinabove referred to is all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Southerly line of Irving Street, distant thereon ninety-five (95) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Fifth Avenue; running thence easterly along said Southerly line of Irving Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Irving Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Land Block Number Six Hundred and Seventy-six (676).

Dated this 3rd day of October, A. D. 1916.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

TOBIN & TOBIN,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Hibernia Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, California. 10-7-5

SHERIFF'S SALE

Justice Court.—No. 85581.
G. E. DOLAN, Plaintiff, vs. FRED MACK and MRS. FRED MACK, his wife, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Justice Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 28th day of June, A. D. 1916, in the above entitled action wherein G. E. DOLAN, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against FRED MACK and MRS. FRED MACK, his wife, defendants, on the 5th day of May, A. D. 1916, I am commanded to sell all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Waller Street distant thereon 106.3 feet easterly from the point of intersection of the easterly line of Steiner Street with the southerly line of Waller Street; running thence easterly along said southerly line of Waller Street 25 feet; thence at right angles southerly 120 feet; thence at right angles westerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles northerly 120 feet to the southerly line of Waller Street and the point of beginning. Being Lot No. 29 in Block 867.

Public Notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 30th day of October, A. D. 1916, at 12 o'clock M., of that day, in front of the Sheriff's Office in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said execution, sell all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money of the United States.

Dated, San Francisco, August 16th, 1916.
THOMAS F. FINN, Sheriff.

WALTER E. DORN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-28-

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 35910.

MAY E. BRIDGE, a widow, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

T. W. HUBBARD, 1003 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MAY E. BRIDGE, a widow, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above-entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL NO. 1.

BEGINNING at a point on the westerly line of Stockton Street, distant thereon eighty (80) feet and two and one-fourth (2¼) inches southerly from the point formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Stockton Street with the southerly line of Sutter Street; and running thence southerly along said line of Stockton Street nineteen (19) feet and nine and three-quarters (9¾) inches; thence at a right angle westerly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle northerly nineteen (19) feet and nine and three-quarters (9¾) inches; and thence at a right angle easterly sixty (60) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 168.

PARCEL NO. 2.

COMMENCING at a point on the westerly line of 29th Avenue distant thereon two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet northerly from the northerly line of Fulton (formerly D) Street, and running thence northerly along the said westerly line of 29th Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle westerly one hundred twenty (120) feet; thence at a right angle southerly fifty (50) feet, and thence at a right angle easterly one hundred twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands, Block No. 409.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the Seal of said Court this 8th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 16th day of September, A. D. 1916.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco, San Francisco, California; Savings Union Bank and Trust Company, San Francisco, California; City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, San Francisco, California.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 9-16-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ADOLPHUS S. HUBBARD, deceased.—No. 15071, N. S.; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ADOLPHUS S. HUBBARD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, Room 1003 Phelan Building, 760 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ADOLPHUS S. HUBBARD, deceased.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Administrator of the estate of Adolphus S. Hubbard, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September, 23rd, 1916.
T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Administrator in pro. per.,
1003 Phelan Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY HELEN ROSE BROWN, deceased.—No. 2852, N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARY HELEN ROSE BROWN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of James M. Hanley, attorney at law, 505-6 Kohl Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY HELEN ROSE BROWN, deceased.

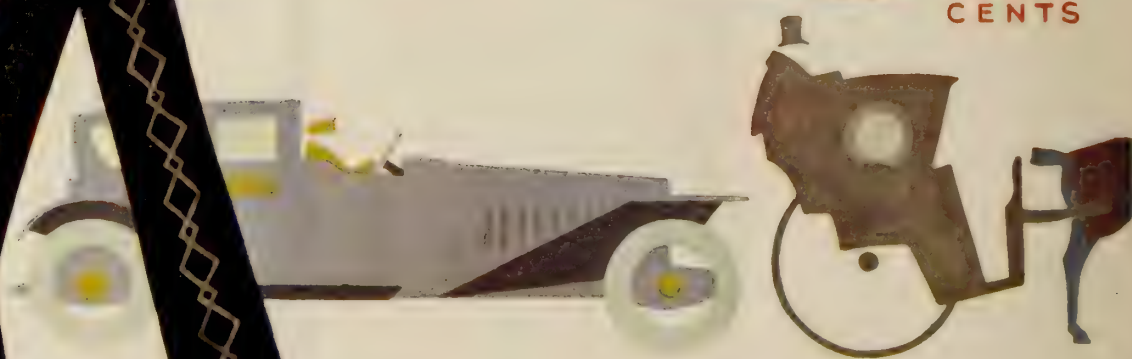
CHARLES P. BROWN,
Administrator of the estate of Mary Helen Rose Brown, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 16th, 1916.
JAMES M. HANLEY,
Attorney for Administrator,
505-6 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-5

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVIII. No. 1261

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 21, 1916

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE:

Bacchus the Civilizer

The Situation in Greece

California's Political Goat

Talks With the Clockwinder

Hearst and His News Service

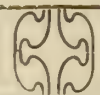
The Unveiling of President Wilson

Frank Harris's Biography of Oscar Wilde

The Prosecutor of Billings in "Varied Types"

Britisher's Felicitating Themselves on Their Tanks

Read The October Lantern



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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVIII

San Francisco, October 21, 1916

No. 1261

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John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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FOR THE OLD FREEDOM

FOR PRESIDENT:

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

What horrendous noises the ineffable Hearst is making as he ululates his grievance at the British censor! Of course he is terribly injured, the victim of British frightfulness, so to speak; and he weeps at the injustice inflicted on him as an American for rendering great service to the American people. His execrations on England make good and pleasant reading for persons who have sympathized with his partisan journalism from the beginning of the war. He has been giving them the kind of stuff they liked, and it did not matter that they knew his sinister aim. One sometimes hears it said of a man by callous persons far from fastidious in their choice of friends, "I know he is a downright rascal, but he's my rascal." This is the attitude of men toward our shameless and ineffable native son. All intelligent men are sensible of his ruthlessness as the great charlatan of journalism, and they are not to be deceived by his explanation of why the International News Service has been barred from England. The International News Service is a Hearst service, and nothing that bears the Hearst taint is tolerable anywhere under the sun except in the country where Hearst flourishes as a mountebank, giving his name to a type of journalism that symbolizes unscrupulousness. Long before the war Hearst tried in vain to get a foothold as a publisher in England. He was received like a disease. When his news service was barred the other day it was after his manager had twice apologized for the publication of false news in this country under a London date line. After the third offense it was decided that apologies were no longer acceptable. The Government was not to be used in the service of the persons for whom Hearst has been glad to play the part of a Benedict Arnold in the United States. Here apparently he may go as far as he likes. It was only a little while ago that he was caught deliberately faking and lying in Mexico in pursuance of his policy of compelling the President to end negotiations.

The Situation in Greece

Apparently Greece has received pretty rough treatment from the Allies, but the truth may be otherwise than it seems. In all probability we shall not get the truth until after the war; perhaps not until long years after the war when writers of history shall have been given access to official documents and the correspondence of diplomats. But meanwhile we are not to be deceived by having the invasion of Greece compared to the invasion of Belgium. The cases are not at all similar. The chief thing to remember about Greece is that her independence was guaranteed by the Treaty of 1863 under which constitutional government was secured. Now the complaint against the Government is not that it was unneutral but that it was unconstitutional. We are not justifying the Allies in acting on this complaint, but the fact is that when they entered the country it was far from certain that the king was standing for constitutional government as guaranteed by the nations of the *entente*. Nor was it clear that they had no authority to enter. There were domestic dissensions at that time and King Constantine was not very firm. We know furthermore that the Venizelos party triumphed at the polls but was not permitted to rule. Since then the country has been ruled by a clique and Venizelos has done a lot of sulking. Of course he has been frankly in sympathy with the Allies from the beginning, insisting that as the Allies pledged themselves in 1863 to support the right of the people to constitutional government under a monarch, their action in entering the country was a "reassertion" of their pledges to the people. What the present sentiment of the people is regarding recent happenings nobody knows, and doubtless the Allies don't care. At any rate they have refused to offer the country an inducement to enter the war. One thing is clear—that they are ignoring the king, whose popularity, by the way, is immense. He is admired as a soldier who has proved his mettle in the field. He is admired also as the son of his father, a wise monarch who won point after point for his country by patient diplomacy. The fact is that both Constantine and Venizelos are strong men; each has his followers; both have played a notable part in the Hellenic *risorgimento*, which was one of the outstanding events in the lustrum before the war. Also, both have wielded great influence in virtue of their positions and both—the king no less than the statesman—have strengthened the prestige of their positions by their personal qualities. How are we to account for their disagreement in a great crisis that called for their co-operation. The question has been answered by reference to personal motives. The

Queen of Greece, 'tis said, is the German Emperor's sister: *cherchez la femme*. Or again, Venizelos was formerly a brigand whom the victories of the Greek armies had raised to prominence. It is quite plausible to infer personal ambition in the case of a man who has gained much from two wars and who advises a third. Besides, how readily some critics assume that the most responsible men are actuated by the most vulgar motives. Now it might easily be shown that it was the part of wisdom for Greece to occupy a neutral position. But the difficulty was in convincing the Allies that even though inclined to preserve a strict neutrality she would be permitted to do so. The policy of neutrality had the drawback of depending not on what Greece might do for herself but on what other Powers might find it convenient to their interests to do for her.

Nowadays when a goat is mentioned in conversation we know that somebody's temper has been ruffled or that something has been done by which somebody has been irritated. Curiously enough the goat has been associated in men's minds with unpleasantness ever since the days of Edward Walpole. But originally a goat was the symbol of what we have come to know as a weinstock. This bit of symbolism had its origin in the amusing story of a Mr. Page's visit to Mr. Walpole. When Mr. Page got out of his coach a vagrant goat followed him without his knowledge. Walpole's servant, thinking the goat had come out of the coach, led the two visitors into Walpole's presence. Walpole thought it odd that Mr. Page should bring so unsavory a companion and Mr. Page thought it strange that Walpole should have such a pet; but civility, a great disguiser of sentiment, retrained them from declaring their opinions; and the goat, no respecter of persons or furniture, began to rub himself against the frame of a gilt chair beautifully carved. Walpole thought Page very indulgent of his beast, and wondering, he took no notice of the damage, but remarked that he fancied that tame goats did a good deal of harm, to which Mr. Page said he believed so too. Presently after much misbehavior on the part of the goat to the detriment of the furniture, the host and his guest came to an explanation, and the goat was turned out. This story got into print, and in the course of time the goat came to personify unpleasant experience, especially intrusiveness. Men reflected that even with no horn or hoof in sight they often became conscious of a malign presence. First, worst and goatliest of goats is the one that joins the company when the raconteur

comes in to tell pointless stories, or stories that Noah barred from the Ark. The goat was formerly denounced as a spoil-talk, a very pestilent, pertinacious fellow who spoiled many a pleasant tête-à-tête. Doubtless it was from this symbol that we derived the expression "butting in." Hence these reflections, it having occurred to us that our very active market director, Colonel Weinstock, formerly of Sacramento, has many of the characteristics of the goat. As a politician he has butted in to several lines of business and diffused much gloom.

—*—

The From the experience of recent
Colonel years we have learned that it is
as a but a step from progressive
Trust government to paternal govern-
Booster ment; and now Colonel Wein-
stock is taking us another step
along the road of evolution and
development. We have arrived at the
motherly form of government, which is
something new, something never dreamt
of, not even in the philosophy of Plato nor
in the philosophy of Aristotle; but Schleier-
macher probably saw it coming, for he tells
us somewhere that political transformations
are influenced by environment and are
determined largely by the spread of po-
litical self-consciousness. As a result of
the spread of political self-consciousness
we have a State abounding in weinstocks,
and having banished the distaff and sub-
stituted "votes for women" what more
natural than with Ochlocracy we should
have a touch of the muliebris form of gov-
ernment. In the massive, elastic brain of
the former general goods' merchant of Sac-
ramento has been evolved the idea of gov-
ernment first-aid to the housewife. For
all we know Colonel Weinstock is a public
benefactor as well as a goat. Obviously
if the spirit of the age, contrary to the
wisdom of all past ages, is for more gov-
ernment, then we should be grateful to
Colonel Weinstock for inventing new func-
tions of government. What a simple thing
government was when its activities were
limited to the primitive police functions of

maintaining the peace, order and security
of society and the protection of private
rights! Indeed now that we are progress-
ing, how simple seems paternal government
which endeavors merely to promote the
social well-being by performing essential
services in quasi-public matters! We find
Colonel Weinstock in the capacity of mar-
ket director butting goatlike into all sorts
of business, not merely to promote the
social well-being but to promote the busi-
ness well-being of private interests. He
has taken the prune raiser under an ample,
maternal apron where he would point the
way to bigger sales. The fish merchant
he had made his pet, and to reduce the
troubles of the housewife he has put her in
touch with the market through the medium
of the newspapers whose gratitude he has
earned by leading non-advertisers by the
ear to the business office. Great is Colonel
Weinstock, author of Muliebris govern-
ment! Great especially for the reason that
while trust-busting is a national pastime
he takes to the firing line to compel prune
men and seafood merchants to form trusts
under his guidance. Here we are complain-
ing of the high cost of living while Colonel
Weinstock holds forth at the public crib
as a functionary for the promotion of
profits. What inspiration there is here for
anybody with a sense of humor! At
present Colonel Weinstock is suing the
fish trust to compel it to advertise. Of
course the price of the ad. will be added
to the cost of fish, but Mr. Hearst and
Mr. De Young and the other great pub-
lishers need the money. Surely they ap-
preciate the Colonel. Where can we find
more utilitarian original genius than under
the Colonel's hat?

—*—

As a result of much scholarly
Bacchus research one of the old gods of
the the Greeks and Romans has
Civilizer emerged from the thick literary
haze of romantic poetry. We
mean the son of the unfortunate Semele,
sometimes known as Bacchus and some-
times known as Dionysus, the god of
wine. This god has been under a cloud

many centuries. Usually he is regarded
as German students regard Gambrinus
when they blink at his bloated limbs
through a haze of tobacco smoke. Gen-
erally speaking he is the god of convival-
ity, nothing more; but he was taken
seriously by the early Greeks and Romans
as the god beloved of primitive hus-
bandmen. They thought of him in con-
nection with the threshing floor and the
winepress, and he was worshiped among
them as a promoter of civilization. It was
in the days of the Renaissance that he
was conceived as the rubicund decoration
of the banquet-room. It was then he came
to be honored only in men's cups and visual-
ized as Titian painted him in *Bacchus and*
Ariadne, a radiant and effeminate figure.
Thanks to modern scholarship we now know
that Bacchus must be identified with the more
ancient god Suva of India. There was a
suva plant, a rare creeper found only
in the loftiest mountains: from its tender
stem, by crushing and tearing, was ex-
tracted a juice which yielded a heartening
and inspiriting drink. Suva was the god
of the enthusiasm born of this juice, but
he was the god not only of intoxication,
but of vegetation and fertility. The an-
cients realized the importance of enthusi-
asm. They knew that without enthusiasm
no great work was to be achieved, and
so they worshiped Suva, and it was his
cult that went with the conquering Aryans
in their migrations. It turns out that the
legend of the triumph of Bacchus and his
conquest of India is really the story of
the Aryan migrations. They went forth
civilizing after their fashion, (or proselytiz-
ing which is much the same thing) with
the sword in one hand and the suva plant
in the other, singing the ritual songs of
their Bacchic worship. Thus it was that
empires were established in ancient times
as they are established today by Christian
peoples, with the Bible in one hand, a
flask in the other and a gunboat round
the bend in the river. The fact is that
Bacchus was one of the early missionaries.
In his day the flag followed the winepress.

Perspective Impressions

"Market street for everybody" is the jitney
slogan. Which means for everybody who
doesn't care what happens to him.

As a matter of fact the statesman who re-
gards himself as an exponent of the loftiest
altruism is in the last stage of an expanding
egoism.

It would be very easy to improve things if
the removal of ancient abuses did not serve to
make room wherein new abuses spring up and
flower.

It is a wise man who leaves ill alone and
is ever mindful of the fact that as he didn't
make the universe he is not responsible for its
defects. For, behold, the day is passing swiftly
over and the night cometh wherein no man
can play.

According to our noble President, the Ger-
mans while raiding the Atlantic seaboard are
to be held to a "strict fulfillment" of their
promise. Observe that even the solemnest of
statesmen has enough sense of humor to avoid
the pitfall of ridiculous repetition.

The Hearst news service has been impaired,
but not the Hearst hide or the Hearst feeling;
they are impenetrable.

What has become of the Peerless One?
Even Chautauqua appears to have no more use
for him.

The wise bachelor is a man who is fond of
women but whom no power on earth could
induce to barter the actual for a wild chase
after an uncertain ideal.

When you hear a man say that Mr. Wilson
kept us out of war you know at once that his
outlook is the outlook of a highly-educated
grocer.

When Wilson and Daniels and McAdoo sit
down together to talk it over the character-
istics of the wit uncorked are not imagination
or profundity of thought.

Hearst isn't wobbling. He's only trying to
determine which is the more legitimate object
of his hatred—Hughes or Wilson.

Mr. Hearst enjoys this preëminent distinction
—that he is the one man in the first rank of
any honorable profession who can be publicly
branded as a liar without turning a hair or
losing an iota of his reputation.

Varied Types

303—JAMES F. BRENNAN

By Theodore Bonnet

Unfortunately nothing much is to be done for the mental improvement of anarchists or for any of the half-baked philosophers who were nurtured on wood pulp and printers' ink. "Jim" Brennan as an object lesson would therefore be wasted on them. Yet this big, virile young attorney who convinced a jury of the guilt of Warren K. Billings supplies in his own person, in his own life and in his own career a complete answer to much of their shallow philosophy. Each attaches a great deal of importance to his own individuality, forgetting that he fosters his own individuality upon the thoughts of others. No originality is to be found among them. Their sentiments are but echoes of familiar phrases. Their minds have been fed on leaflets and extracts from the superficial utterances of facile and popular thinkers, and they are all victims of the half-knowledge which is far more disastrous than ignorance.

It was a happy thought that occurred to District Attorney Fickert, when, looking over the assistants in his office, he hit upon his old schoolmate "Jim" Brennan to assist him in the prosecution of Billings. For Billings is an individualist by philosophy; that is to say, a theoretical individualist, and Brennan is a genuine individualist who has had the courage to practice what our philosophic anarchists preach. Our anarchists demand opportunity, but their idea of opportunity is not freedom to develop the best that is in them but freedom to follow the bent of their whims, and they are so constituted that it is their whim to direct all the malice and envy in human nature against the despised victims of prosperity and success. These apostles of destruction would claim the fruits of toil without the toil they disdain, and for them the shortest cut out of their difficulties is indiscriminate slaughter.

As an individualist "Jim" Brennan found himself at an early age possessed of that helpful thing, ambition, and his circumstances were far from favorable to its realization. He was living on a farm where he was born thirty-six years ago. The typical farmer's boy, he got a little schooling between seasons at a country school until he was seventeen. Then he went to the nearest high school though, as he says, he wasn't qualified for a third grade grammar school. But he had something better than mere knowledge to qualify for the high school. He had brawn, which is a thing very much needed for football, and Brennan became a star of the gridiron. Indeed he became something of a hero of the football field, and it was his skill in the technique of the game that enabled him to reach many a goal in his academic career, for he got his education in broad jumps across the country. His pursuit of an education was almost a transcontinental affair, as I have learned

from Stanford men who knew him at the Palo Alto university where he arrived looking like a hobo at the end of his journey. Yes when the individualist from the Middle West reached Stanford, any of the old Stanford men will tell you, he really looked like a hobo, and he wasn't very far from one at that. But the attorney will admit the soft impeachment himself. He will admit, as he did when telling me his story that when he arrived at Stanford hungry for an education, he not only had no money to appease his hunger, he had no money for anything else. Before going to college he had to go to the Palo Alto Water Works for a job. By this time he was a proficient job-hunter, and he had acquired great versatility in the struggle for bread. After getting through the high school in Iowa he got a job as a teacher in the little country school where he had picked up the rudiments of an education. After a few months' experience he became the principal of a grammar school at Whittemore. This position he owed to his virtuosity as a football player. He had played football with the superintendent of schools and it was this athlete who appointed him. At the end of a year, with Palo Alto as his goal he came west as far as Colorado Springs and there entered the Colorado College. He had no money but he earned some working for a laundry. While going to college he washed laundry wagons, took care of the horses and slept in a barn. Of course he played football for the college. One day he was badly injured in a game, and had to go to a hospital. When he recovered he left for Rawlins, Wyoming, where he went to work building a railroad with a pick and shovel. From Rawlins he journeyed to Salt Lake on a comfortable brakebeam, and arrived in the Mormon capital on Christmas Eve with fifty cents in his pocket.

"I felt very cold and lonely," said Brennan telling the story, "but I met a fellow with whom I had worked in the railroad gang. I met him in a lodging house where I had engaged a bed for 25 cents. He took me to a show, and I saw Henry Miller in 'The Little Outcast,' which intensified my sense of loneliness. That was in 1902. I spent a joyless Christmas, but the friend I met bought me a good dinner, and the next day I shipped to Silver City, where I got a job driving a dump wagon. There was snow on the ground. When you take a job of that kind you are supposed to have blankets. I didn't have any, and I had to sleep in a tent. I wrapped my feet in sacks. The next day while driving the dump-wagon down a steep grade the wagon got away from me. The boss, who was sitting on the load, shouted to me to put on the brake. I pulled the wrong lever, the one that dumped the wagon, and I almost buried the boss. Presently I was looking for another job. I started to tramp to Lehigh Junction with another man and nearly froze to death."

A romantic career was Brennan's and a tough one, but he was never at all discouraged. He played his part as it has been played by thousands of others who grew up in the fields of this country and snatched their learning with both hands where they could find it. Through years of a desperate struggle he was sustained by a serene confidence in himself, and never once did he change his outlook. When he was a student

at Stanford he worked at the water works from 11:30 at night until 4 o'clock in the morning. He also worked for a time in the Mayfield Brewery. And while he was pursuing his studies he was also devoting much time to football. Nevertheless he won a place in the Intercollegiate Debating Team, became first president of his class, a director of Encina Hall and manager of the Stanford Quad. During the summer he spent his vacation waiting on table.

So the man who prosecuted Billings under the direction of District Attorney Fickert, it is clear, is a typical American individualist. Experience was his first teacher, and he was full-baked in the philosophy of life before going to the forcing-plant of osophies and isms. Unlike Billings he never wasted time writing doggerel and confounding it with poetry. It is the theoretical philosopher whose capacity cannot keep pace with his aspiration. "Big Jim" Brennan, the former football star with a hand like a ham and the imprint of rugged nature on every feature, hasn't even a fine taste in poetry, as you may know from the fact that he recites "Dangerous Dan McGrew," recites it early and often wherever Olympians or Elks are "fanning the flame of conviviality with the wing of friendship."

The Billings case has proved a good thing for Brennan. It has brought him to public notice as a jury lawyer of ability. Men are saying that he won the case by his shrewdness in urging the jury not to hang the prisoner but to fix the penalty at life imprisonment.

"Not so," says Mr. Fickert's assistant. "The jury was ready to hang him, but that was something I didn't know. I learned when the case was over that some of the jurors were indignant that I should have saved Billings' neck."

The truth is that our wonderful newspapers and the judge saved Billings' neck. They created an atmosphere very favorable to the defendant. Curiously enough, though Judge Dunne usually supplies an attorney for a defendant with many "exceptions," in this case it was the prosecuting attorney who was generally disappointed by the court's rulings; so much so that, according to Brennan, there are no exceptions on which to consider seriously a motion for a new trial. But Brennan has no criticism to offer. He does not even attempt to account for the attitude of the press; not even the attitude of The Bulletin, though of course he cannot be unaware of the fact that when Mooney was arrested at Monte Rio he immediately communicated by wire with that sympathetic editor, Mr. Fremont Older.

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The Unveiling of President Wilson

By Theodore F. Bonnet

I have been reading William Inglis and Stockton Axson, and as a result I have come to the conclusion that I have a legendary contemporary in the person of Mr. Woodrow Wilson. He is like some shining but elusive personality we read of in memoirs; one whose portrait we gaze on with a wistful curiosity. Of some personalities we know little more than their effect on their contemporaries. Legend has raised to them for monument a perpetual mirage. So it is in the case of this great enigma of our time—the Hon. Woodrow Wilson. The President is a multiple personality. Read Inglis and your conception of Mr. Wilson will be that of an insulated passionless personality as immune to emotion as a shark. Read Brother-in-law Axson and your impression will be that Woodrow is a great man with a heart bubbling over with love and sympathy.

We are tolerably well informed and misinformed about the President these days. It is the best evidence of his elusiveness and of the vagueness of the outlines of his personality that though his public career extends over a period of six years we are now getting a flood of light on him for the first time. Now as light produces shadow naturally the President is seen both in light and shadow. Here he is a shining personality; there he is a dim, repellent figure. He is at once perfectly human and most imperfectly human. In one magazine we find him artfully suggested to us as a man of very positive weaknesses. Assuredly there is a personal duality about President Wilson which renders his life a source of much mystification and futile criticism. In their intercourse with him his most intimate friends are at first enchanted, then mystified, then disappointed. This was the experience of such men as Colonel Harvey and Mr. Villard, to mention the most prominent of his former eulogists. Colonel Harvey was the first man to think of Woodrow Wilson in connection with the Presidency. He thought of it before Wilson himself. He made public his thought ten years ago, and preposterous though the project seemed, he deliberately set about the task of converting the president of Princeton into the President of the United States.

This is one of the most romantic stories of American history, but it is all very true. All men in touch with public affairs know, in a general way, that Harvey "discovered" Wilson. They know that for years he made it his business to groom Wilson for the Presidency and incidentally to cultivate a sentiment for Wilson not only in the public but in men of power and influence. They know also that for a preliminary step to the White House Harvey put Wilson into the fight for Governor of New Jersey. In

a general way, I say, it is known by thousands of men that the triumph of Mr. Wilson's career was, judged as drama, of but secondary importance to the triumph of Harvey. Long have we known the outlines of this incredible, implausible drama; now we are learning all the intimate details of it; William Inglis is telling us the whole story and making us sensible of all its thrills. He is letting us see the wonderful drama in the making, and in the pages of Collier's he is taking us in front and behind the scenes.

William Inglis was Colonel Harvey's associate on an editorial staff through the years when Woodrow Wilson was mounting step by step on Harvey's shoulders from Princeton to the White House. He figured in all the episodes he describes, and the story he tells is of absorbing interest. It is told in simple fashion without any coloring and in a double sense it is a moving picture of the Chief Magistrate of the nation.

The picture is not at all like the one that Stockton Axson gives us in the New York Times. I fancy that the Axson picture was furnished chiefly on account of the impressions one receives from Inglis and others respecting the President's characteristics of mind and heart. Axson is the brother of Mr. Wilson's first wife. He makes it clear that he warmly approved the President's speed in taking unto himself a second wife, for he pays the present Mrs. Wilson a beautiful tribute thus:

"We who love him feel that God Himself must have directed the circumstances which brought Mrs. Galt into the White House circle. But for her we can only surmise what might have happened, for not even the strongest man in the world could bear up indefinitely under that dumb grief. Sunlight and grace radiate from Mrs. Galt. Her nature is big and generous and health-giving, and in that presence the President found new life, found that love without which he cannot live. Their love for each other is perfect, and we all love her, both for what she has done for him and for herself, for to know her is to love her.

"She has entered this great career as simply, as unaffectedly, as unselfishly as Ellen Axson entered into the obscure career of the young lawyer who was abandoning law for a new and untried life of scholarship and teaching. To neither woman has condition, high or low, meant anything; to both Woodrow Wilson meant all."

Mr. Axson, who used to be a college professor, by the way, and who was associated with the President at Princeton, has written a very tender story. It reminds one of the handiwork of one of the sob Sisters of the daily press. In this story we learn all about the young manhood of the President which was spent in a very pure and holy atmosphere. He was the model young man of the village, and he was held up as an exemplar to Mr. Axson by Axson Sr., who, it appears, was a minister, like Mr. Wilson's father. It was indeed a religious circle from which the American people derived the Presidential family. It was a circle of sweetness and light. The President was not unsentimental in that circle, nor was he as cold as a fish. He was so kindhearted that once upon a time when he was a young professor he blacked Uncle Tom's boots. Uncle Tom was Mrs. Wilson's uncle. This is the story:

"What are you laughing at?" I asked.

He replied: "To think how I blacked Uncle Tom's boots this morning. Passing his bedroom door, I saw that he had put his boots outside, naturally assuming that all self-respecting people keep a man. I knew Bridget wouldn't, and Annie couldn't, so there was nothing to do but tackle the job myself."

The speaker was our great President. What a charming picture of kindly condescension and warm-heartedness! The biographer continues:

"It occurs to me, as I write down this true episode, that he might very well have sent me to do it, seeing that I was only a college student, while he was a professor, and, besides, it was my Uncle Tom, anyway. But Woodrow Wilson would not do that simply because he was too considerate—the most considerate man I ever knew—as well as the most generous and the tenderest. So there is a Presidential picture to go along with Lincoln splitting rails, and Garfield on a canalboat, and Grant driving a drag—Wilson blacking Uncle Tom's boots—Uncle Tom by marriage."

How inspiring! And what a fine contribution to American history, viewed as the President's relative views it; that is, as a picture of humble, Jeffersonian simplicity, the picture of a boot-black as a companion piece to the picture of the rail-splitter—a picture to offset the tragic one in which Colonel Harvey figures, wherein the statesman on the way to his goal turns to his benefactor to say "Keep to the background, Colonel, lest the people suspect me of being in touch with the 'interests.'"

Mr. Axson takes us down through the years to the period of the first Mrs. Wilson's death. He was then at the White House a great deal, and he knows it is "no exaggerated use of words to say that he (Wilson) was the loneliest man in all the world." He adds:

"I can see the lonely figure of the President now, walking down the long hallway, the hair so much whitened in the few months. His intimate friends often expressed to me the wish that the President could marry again, as he was utterly desolate."

"I have lifted the veil from some pretty sacred things," says Mr. Axson. And one has no difficulty in agreeing with him.



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The Spectator

Gus and the Clockwinder

"Yes," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, "I'm for Wilson."

Senator Gus Hartman looked at the watertrout philosopher in amazement. "You don't mean it," he gasped.

"Indeed I do," said the clockwinder.

"When did you switch?"

"Last week, after reading any old schoolmaster of Harvard—Eliot emeritus."

"Eliot who?" Hartman asked.

"Old five-foot bookshelf Eliot. You know I have great respect for his judgment, Gus. We used to belong to the same faculty. When I was at Harvard he—"

"When you were at Harvard?"

"Yes, when I was Head Janitor there, he was Head Professor. He used to read the books and I used to dust them. That was how I got my feeling for books."

"But," the Senator asked with some show of impatience, "what's that got to do with Wilson?"

"Everything," said the clockwinder. "Eliot is one of the few men that understand Wilson. You see, they are both professors. Eliot, Wilson, Jordan, old Miss Neverwed of Brindle Murr—all the wise professors—they understand one another, and all the wisdom in the country today came originally from them. That's why we are all so wise, and why we are all thinking along the same lines. If we keep on, in time this country will be one vast seminary of learning like Brindle Murr. As I have said, Eliot and Wilson understand each other. Eliot is for Wilson because, as he says, 'Wilson has two policies that are peculiarly the fruit of his genius: one is no war with Mexico, the other is no fighting for American adventurers who get into trouble in foreign countries while building up business.'"

"Is that what Eliot says?"

"Yes."

"I think he's kidding." And the Senator strolled leisurely to the sideboard in the southwest corner of the pendulum room.

The Village Pump Plan

The clockwinder smiled derisively. "You poor boob!" he exclaimed. "College professors never do any kidding. They are always serious and very solemn. President Wilson, his brother-in-law, Mr. Stockton Axson, says, in a biographical sketch I have been reading, was a great pun-maker. All pun-makers are in deadly earnest—even when they are making puns. No, Eliot wasn't kidding. He was interpreting the President."

"Well, anyway it's funny," Senator Hartman remarked, smacking his lips after the sideboard jolt. When President Wilson was swelling himself in one of his speeches the other day he said this nation was no longer parochial, that it had become international. He was talking about commercial matters and pointing out that business was extending to the ends of the earth. Yet Eliot says we aren't going to do any fighting for Americans abroad."

"Yes. He says that has been England's policy

and that it used to be Rome's policy, but that Wilson is the author of a great new American policy."

"Well, I can't see," said Hartman, "how we can expect our business men to expand our trade if we are going to sit idly by when other people take it away from them and kick them for entering their country. That seems to me to be internationalism on the village pump plan."

Gus Becomes Prophetic

"That's because you don't understand, Gus," the clockwinder observed. "What Eliot means is that Wilson has determined that this country shall never go to war again."

The cynical statesman indulged in a loud guffaw. "We don't need Wilson to keep us out of war," he said. "Wilson said we were too proud to fight. The fact is we are too craven to fight. Go to war?—I should say not. And give up the cafe and the dance and the movies with naked women and the Fords and the whole world of pleasure? Nixie! Nothin' doin'. The world and the flesh and the devil forever, is our motto. No ideals for us, except ideals in business like Gus Spreckels's—twenty-five thou from the selling agent and no bothering the directors about it!"

"What are you talking about?" the bewildered clockwinder asked.

"About war," Hartman replied. "How ridiculous!—this talk of keeping us out of war. You don't have to put a leash on the poodle to keep him from tackling the bulldog, do you? I should say not. This is a country of minister's sons, my boy. What an amusing paradox when you think of it."

"What do you mean?" the clockwinder asked.

"Listen. What we are today we owe to the great anti-mollycoddle Roosevelt. He certainly raised hell on his watch—kicked the Supreme Court in the ribs, roasted the Constitution, tore the old Lincoln party wide open and started the Onward Christian Soldiers hymn. Now we are all mollycoddles, we have two psalm-singers running for President and I think it's time to substitute I Didn't Raise my Precious Son to Be a Soldier for the national anthem. We are certainly not to be driven into war, but if we keep on just a little longer preparing on wind old Mars will catch us by the slack of the pants and give us real Progressive government."

"You're talking nonsense," said the clockwinder.

"That's what they said about the man who wrote the play called 'An Englishman's Home.'"

Oscar Wilde by Frank Harris

Several biographies of Oscar Wilde and scores of biographical sketches have been published since the death of that great literary artist, and now comes what Robert Ross, Wilde's literary executor, predicted would be the "classic"—a biography by Frank Harris. Only a few copies have thus far reached this city, but demands for it are coming in like the proverbial clamor for hot cakes. Frank Harris is one of the best known of the contemporary literary men of England. He is a veteran editor, now in his sixtieth year. He has published several excellent books on Shakespeare and several fine volumes of short stories. He was once editor of the Fortnightly Review (being next but one in occupancy of the editorial chair with John Morley) and he was editor of the Satur-

day Review in the heyday of that journal, when Bernard Shaw and Max Beerbohm were members of its brilliant staff. To him Wilde dedicated his play "A Woman of No Importance."

A Convincing Portrait

If the object of biography is to satisfy the commemorative instinct Frank Harris has achieved something more than the purpose of a rare and difficult art. He has supplied us with an abundance of the material of vulgar gossip. But after all biography is largely a matter of gossip. Boswell was one of the greatest gossips that ever lived. He was almost as bad as Pepys. To gossip at all about Oscar Wilde is necessarily to deal in matter that is coarse and vulgar, for such was one of the phases of the life of the peerless esthete and poet, but Harris has more than justified his theme, for he has treated it reverently withal and revealed to us with clarity one of the most lovable and tragic figures in all the history of literature. It is evident that his one indivisible purpose was to achieve for us the portrait of a great man and in this he has succeeded just as Xenophon succeeded in his sketch of Socrates. The portrait is at times revolting, but so was Wilde. Yet on the whole it is fascinating as a study of a great, big-hearted genius who never said an unkind word about anybody in his life, who was generous when generosity was great injustice to himself and to whom life itself was merely material for art.

The Hypnotism of Lord Douglas

In reading this work of Frank Harris's one's emotions of sorrow and pity are deeply stirred. It is as touching as De Profundis itself, and one feels that it was very unfortunate that Harris had not been able to take a deeper interest in Wilde's affairs before he got too deeply involved with the ineffable Lord Alfred Douglas. Harris saw the clouds gathering and tried

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to effect a separation, but it was too late. Just before the poet's downfall, before public disgrace overtook him Harris tried to prevail on Wilde to leave London, but in vain. When the poet saw the storm breaking he became bewildered. George Bernard Shaw was called in to advise him, and he did so, but without effect. In Harris's opinion Wilde had become a slave to the influence of Douglas. To make matters worse, according to Harris, Wilde had many enemies. He was hated by all the envious of the literary world. Among the bitterest and meanest of them, according to Harris, was Charles Brookfield who afterwards became Censor of Plays, though he had once written a very indecent play. When Wilde was arrested Brookfield constituted himself private prosecutor and raked Piccadilly to find witnesses. In this connection Harris gives us some of the gossip of literary London. He tells us, for example, that Lord Salisbury as Prime Minister made a journalist Poet Laureate "simply because he had puffed him for years in the columns of The Standard. Austin, says Harris, "had never written a line that could live."

The Flight in Terror

Harris tells a startling story in connection with the arrest of Wilde after he had lost his libel case against Lord Queensberry.

"The mere news that Oscar Wilde had been arrested and taken to Holloway jail startled London and gave the signal for a strange exodus. Every train to Dover was crowded; every steamer to Calais thronged with members of the aristocratic and leisured classes, who seemed to prefer Paris, or even Nice out of the season, to a city like London, where the police might act with such unexpected energy. The truth was that the cultured esthetes had been thunderstruck by the facts which the Queensbury trial had laid bare. For the first time they learned that such houses as Taylor's (the resort of men addicted to an unnatural vice) were under police supervision, and that creatures like Wood and Parker (Wilde's accomplices) were classified and watched. They had imagined that in 'the home of liberty' such practices passed unnoticed. It came as a shock to their preconceived ideas that the police in London knew a great many things which they were not supposed to concern themselves with, and this unwelcome glare of light drove the vicious forth in wild haste. Never was Paris so crowded with members of the English governing classes; here was to be seen a famous ex-Minister; there the fine face of the president of a royal society; at one table in the Cafe de la Paix, a millionaire recently ennobled, and celebrated for his exquisite taste in art; opposite to him a famous general. It was even said that a celebrated English actor took a return ticket for three or four days to Paris, just to be in the fashion. The mummer returned quickly,

but the majority of the migrants stayed abroad for some time. The wind of terror which had swept them across the channel opposed their return, and they scattered over the Continent from Naples to Monte Carlo and from Palermo to Seville under all sorts of pretexts."

The Persecution of Wilde

Harris, it should be remembered, is no longer on good terms with his native country. He was recently described in a London paper as "a fugitive from England" and a little while ago he published a book entitled "England or Germany" wherein he advocates German civilization. In his work on Oscar Wilde he frequently gives expression to his hatred of England and of the governing class. He is especially vehement in his chapters on the Wilde trials where he discusses the cant and hypocrisy of the judges and lawyers and the Philistinism of Englishmen generally. It is not to be gainsaid that Wilde was treated with great cruelty and injustice. From the day of his arrest to the day of his conviction he was the object of a most inhuman persecution. As Harris points out instead of recognizing the fact that his offense was pathological rather than criminal the authorities treated him not only as a great menace to society but as one whom society might be in danger of emulating, and who should be punished rather than cured or pitied. He had been urged to leave England before his arrest but would not do so. Yet he was refused bail. After the jury disagreed he was again refused bail, but his friends after a hard struggle succeeded in getting him out. Harris made another effort to get him to leave England and like the first it proved futile.

"England's New Weapon"

"England learnt with amused delight of her new weapon," says a writer in the London Saturday Review which quotes Sir Douglas Haig's "modest statement" that the new weapon has proved of "considerable utility." The new weapon so modestly spoken of is one of the many things in the great war that had their origin in this country. The weapon is the "tank" of which so much has been said in the despatches and with which we have been familiar for some years, only we knew it by another name. To be sure, as a weapon it was invented in England, but the principle of it we have known ever since the Holt Company of Stockton began turning out the "caterpillar," as the big machine is known wherever it has been used for agricultural purposes. It is as much of an American invention as the submarine and the aeroplane and the machine gun and the other instruments of war that were patented at Washington years before the assassins of a Grand Duke supplied a pretext for universal slaughter.

Proud Britishers

Considering the origin of the "tanks" it is amusing to observe the self-felicitations of English writers on this evidence of their inventive genius. They are very proud of their lumbering "lolloping machines" as Tommy calls them, their serpentine monsters as the correspondents call them. "We may note," says the Saturday Review writer, "that the success of our invention is a further antidote to our persistent vice of self-depreciation." He continues as follows:

This habit does little harm at home, but it has been turned to practical use by the Germans in many neutral countries. Early in the war a series of articles in a German-owned Greek paper harped on the theme that England acknowledged her inferiority to Germany in trade, in music, science, philosophy, above all in organization and equipment for war. This favourite German thesis was held to be proved by quotations of characteristic English groans and murmurs, and was followed by a number of dogmatic statements, based on the infallible knowledge of the superior nation, as to what it would be "impossible" for England to do. We know those German impossibilities. It was impossible for England to raise even one million men, impossible to train an army, impossible for a hastily-formed English mob to stand against the trained veterans of Germany, impossible, above all, for England to organize her "individualist and chaotic" manufacturing system for really national ends. Sane Germans to-day may still reasonably argue that Germany is unbeaten; but no sane German would deny that England has actually accomplished the tasks which the leading German military authorities declared to be impossible.

Like Antediluvian Brutes

One writer holds, apropos Holts' caterpillars, "that England has, except in the case of large airships, overcome all the special German inventions by devices of her own." The "tanks" have inspired writers on every paper in England. One correspondent describes a whole herd of them resting in a hollow field like vast ante-

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diluvian brutes, which nature had made and forgotten—"hybrids between Behemoth and the Chimera, toad-salamanders, echnidna-dragons." He tells of their performing new antics at which one could only sit down and laugh. When they fell into single file and advanced to the front, they looked like a great string of mammoths. Later on, he again compares them with Behemoth, ambling about, trampling down woods, climbing over barricades, contemptuous of machine guns and rifle fire, shaking off the bullets, while only struck sparks from their awful sides. All the phrases used by the correspondents to describe the machines from Stockton are phrases meant for living things. As, for example, they are spoken of as "leading gallantly into action," "inspiring confidence," "strolling down the high street," "ambling," "trampling," "climbing." We are told that the soldiers endowed the tanks with personality and "idolize" them as though mankind had "created a new kind of god." Nowhere, however, does the name "Holt" appear.

The Jitney Hogs

The jitney men are very much dissatisfied with the ordinance regulating traffic on Market street. It doesn't allow them enough time for killing and maiming. They don't make enough money now that they are not allowed to keep pedestrians off Market street from sunrise to sunset. So they are making a fight for an amendment to the charter by which they would wipe out all ordinances and regulations applying to jitneys. This is one of the many good things to vote "No" on in November. Indeed it would be a good thing to improve conditions in our public streets by wholly abating the jitney nuisance, but it would be too much of a tax on the public mind to propose more than one amendment at a time. We must be satisfied with little favors in this era of the initiative and referendum. And if we show by swatting the jitney hogs good and hard that public sentiment is strongly in favor of preventing them from striking terror through the main artery of the city in the middle of the day, we may make it clear to public officials that it would be advisable for them to attend strictly to the business of enforcing regulations for the protection of the public.

The Clockwinder Visits a Judge

The clockwinder visited the chambers of the Supreme Court the other day, and with the assistance of Bailiff Meredith gained access to Justice Lawlor, much to that distinguished jurist's annoyance, for he was in an deep brown study at the waste paper basket, which was choked with opinions he had vainly essayed to write. "I'm very busy," said the little jurist. "So I understand," said the clockwinder; "that's what I've come to see you about. I think you're too busy, and, you know, I'm your friend."

Perceiving a merry twinkle in the clockwinder's eye Justice Lawlor frowned. The clockwinder continued:

"I'm told that you've been acting as legal adviser for the Colonel T. P. Robinson League of Improvement Clubs; that you wrote for them the proposition to bar the police judges from running for office while on the bench and to provide for their appointment instead of their election. Is that so?"

Justice Lawlor grunted, but was inarticulate. The clockwinder resumed: "Now, judge, take my tip. You need all your time to write opinions. You'll never catch up unless your associates all drop dead. Besides it's hard enough for you to interpret the law and tell us about it without trying to make more laws.

Anyhow, why should you interfere with the legitimate ambitions of men who hope to be promoted by the people?—you of all men. Where would you be if you hadn't run for the job here while you were sitting on the bench below? Where would you be if it hadn't been for the direct primary? You're one of the fellows that tell us about their confidence in the wisdom of the dear people. Surely they ought



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to be wise enough to make satisfactory police magistrates. They—"

"You don't understand," said Justice Lawlor. "You—"

"Yes, I do understand," said the clockwinder. "There are some things the dear people understand. They understand that the police court is the place for men with human sympathy, for men with a knowledge of the human heart rather

than with a knowledge of law. There are some things they don't understand—for instance, that we ought to elect to the Supreme Court men with a knowledge of law, men who can at least write opinions. Not understanding that they elected—"

"Look here," said Justice Lawlor, "I'm very busy. You must excuse me."

At this moment the clockwinder saw a picture of former Chief Justice Beatty on the wall. Looking from Beatty to Lawlor he was seized with a fit of laughter, and went out in a hurry.

A Cruel Prosecution

We all agree that it is very important to keep motorists mindful of the fact that fast driving is hazardous business—for themselves as well as for pedestrians. Reckless driving should be discouraged. But it is equally important that we should discourage record-making prosecuting attorneys. After all is said and done justice is more important than anything else, and accidental manslaughter is less revolting than the consequences of that excess of zeal in which prosecuting attorneys deprive a man of a fair trial. We grew accustomed to this sort of thing when the rascals who were conducting the Graft Prosecution were vindicating their spurt of civic patriotism by trying to railroad rogues to the penitentiary. We have never quite recovered from the fever of those days, and now though it is easier than formerly to convict criminals it is also much more difficult to protect the innocent. We are too indifferent to the conduct of attorneys of the calibre of Arthur M. Free who prosecuted Tony Fodera in San Jose. This man was given a very tough deal. I know nothing of the facts on which he was indicted, but I know that an absolutely innocent man might have been convicted if prosecuted by a public official having so little sense of the proprieties as was exhibited by Arthur M. Free. I was prejudiced against Fodera before his trial, but I would consider it an outrage to deny him a new trial.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

The Inevitable Eleo

That wonderfully versatile and vivacious young woman, Eleo Sears, has been figuring once more in a blaze of light; this time it's a blaze of electric light. Her car caught on fire and was badly damaged. True, it was in the garage at the home of her grandfather, the Hon. T. Jefferson Coolidge, and Eleo wasn't damaged a bit, but the light reflected her personality nevertheless. Eleo gets into print with the same facility that marks a duck's entrance to his element. This year she wasn't a conspicuous figure at the Brocton Fair, either in the ring or among the prominent spectators, but even her absence got her into print. The newspapers deemed it important to mention that she was not among those present.

Maybe Only a Coincidence

The news of the engagement of Doris Ryer that came from New York the other day plunged me into reflection on the mystery of psychic forces, for I had been thinking of Doris Ryer; not only that, I had been writing about her, writing about her too in connection with an engagement. I had written this paragraph for this issue:

Miss Doris Kilgarif will be one of the hostesses who will entertain for Marie Hathaway and her fiancé, Douglas Short. In daintiness and flower-like grace there is something about Miss Kilgarif very like that other dainty Doris, the daughter of Mrs. Fletcher Ryer. Besides having the same name the girls are of the same age. It is a coincidence that these mothers (Elizabeth Parks and Blanche Hubbard, both of whom married very young) were students of the same class in the Girls' High School but I've never heard that their social activities brought them together afterwards. Mrs. Ryer's chosen field of social activity lies in New York and Newport while Mrs. John Kilgarif confines her social activities to California.

Not much of a paragraph to be sure, but in the light of the engagement in New York, it seems a little odd that it should have been written just when it was. Mr. Stanhope Nixon, the young man who is to become the husband of Miss Ryer, is the son of Lewis Nixon, the millionaire shipbuilder.

The Unblissful Blisses

At the last Mardi Gras ball, after all the prizes had been bestowed and the gaiety was at its height, a lovely little spring blossom, a larkspur, I believe, or some other dainty fragrant flower, suddenly bloomed among the dancers. All the little boys at once wanted to seize it and run away with it; many of them did and floated like thistle down with it in the gay field of dancers, all the little girls looking on admiringly and many longing to change places with that sweet flower. That lovely little flower was Mrs. Philip Bliss (Janet Painter). Now, everyone is sorry to hear that Mrs. Bliss, who is as lovely outside the ballroom as within, was somewhat unfortunate in her experience in the garden of love, for it was not warmed by the rays of the matrimonial sun. And so that enthusiastic and busy gardener or botanist or whatever you call him—Dr. Divorce—is doing some transplanting. Mrs. Bliss has been for some weeks staying in San Jose with her sister Mrs. Doughterty who, as Pauline Painter, was admired as much as Janet. Both are the daughters of the Edgar Painters of Alameda. They are adorable girls who were reared in an atmosphere of love and harmony. By right of inheritance they come by their beauty, grace and artistic tastes, for their mother was Pauline Russell, a San Francisco belle and beauty of twenty-five years ago.

Anna Lichter's Romance

Interesting news comes from New York of Anna Lichter, who was for several seasons prima donna at the old Tivoli. She was then the devoted wife of William Shuster, basso in the company. A more domesticated pair it would have been hard to find the whole length and breadth of stagedom. Anna lived only for the joys of music and domesticity. But after leaving San Francisco clouds appeared upon their horizon. Anna obtained a divorce. Later she made a successful vaudeville tour, visiting San Francisco, once at the Orpheum. At its conclusion she returned to her parents' home in New York City where she found her aged father too ill to attend to his business. He kept a small fur store in upper New York, and Anna with the thrift for which she was notable while singing and playing the hausfrau in a modest flat in San Francisco, went down to the store and assumed its management during her father's absence. She was a business woman but a few weeks when, enter a handsome, wealthy wholesale furrier on business bent. Seeking Mr. Lichter he discovered Anna and it was a case of love at first sight on the part of the wealthy wholesale furrier. His sympathy for the absent father is so intense that he needs must call upon him that very evening. Scene second: the Lichter home where next is discovered Anna's superior intelligence, her admirable womanly qualities. The merchant hears her sing "Ah fors è lui" and "Je veux vivre" and "Caro nome." Next scene (a few weeks later) a wedding party; leading man, wealthy furrier, leading lady, Anna Lichter, and I hear that the present scene is a luxurious home in New York City, a loving, devoted wife and a proud and appreciative husband—and furs still worth their weight in gold.

Art Colony Acquisitions

A portrait I saw the other day aroused my

curiosity. It was the portrait of a woman by a woman. I was curious as to the artist: The subject I knew—Mrs. James O'Leary of Presidio avenue. The portrait was in the home of her daughter, Mrs. Victor Caglieri, who was indulging in a rhapsody of delight over the beautiful counterfeit presentment of her mother. It is a portrait of the head, in oils, one of those rare portraits that reveal both mind and heart. The artist has brought out the intelligence of a cultivated mind, the kindness of a pure lovable heart—all the qualities of an ideal mother. It is the handsome face of a woman of temperament whom the snow of years has lightly touched. The artist, I learned, is Constance Macky, wife of E. Spencer Macky and the mother of two baby boys. During the Panama-Pacific Exposition we were told that it would not only deepen our interest in art but attract artists and lovers of art and expand the reputation of the city for things that are favorable to the making of an art-centre.



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Well, the Mackys are among those who have enlarged our art colony. They have a home on the top of Buena Vista Hill and a studio in the new Studio Building in Sacramento street near Montgomery. There Mrs. Macky does her painting and nurses the baby just like a mother steeped in domesticity and, like the genuine artist not at all inclined to evince the eccentricities of the "artistic temperament." She is a native of Melbourne where she studied painting. In her youth she entered two pictures in a competitive exhibition to secure a European scholarship. Her "Friendly Critics" won the scholarship and her other picture took second prize. In Europe she studied for three years—in Paris, Holland and Italy. She married in America, and the Exposition brought her and her husband, who is also a clever artist, to this city. Her portrait of her husband attracted much attention in the Summer Exhibition at the Palace of Fine Arts. Another of her works, a study of a Swedish peasant woman, will be in the November exhibition at the Fine Arts. Mrs. Macky is now engaged on a painting of those two remarkably

handsome and accomplished young women, Mrs. Victor Caglieri and her sister Mrs. Alysse Maguire which she also expects to enter in the November exhibition.

Anecdotes of Laura Fowler

By the death of the veteran educator Laura M. Fowler I was reminded of many anecdotes that have been embalmed in the tradition of our public schools. Laura Fowler was a woman notable for her geniality and her sympathy with youth. I remember an occasion when as inspectress on a tour of the schools she visited the Emerson school on Pine and Scott streets. A little girl, raising her hand, complained in big blue-eyed indignation: "Teacher, that little boy slapped me." "Well, slap him back," merrily advised the beautiful brown-eyed young lady who was "teacher." "That's right, Miss Bates," said the inspectress, "girls can't be taught too young that they have equal rights with the men." Afterwards, the young teacher said she was scared to death and felt almost as humiliated as one day when she was about eleven when the same Miss Fowler on a tour of in-

spection visited the John Swett grammar school and called upon her to describe "The Surrender of Detroit." She glibly recited, ending thus: "The commander caused a flag of truce to be raised!" Then she sat down. "Little girl, stand up," said Miss Fowler. "I want to get a good look at you. I've heard about the surrender of Detroit in every school in San Francisco and you are the first pupil that omitted to say that the flag of truce was a white table-cloth. I believe you will be a remarkable woman." As the little girl of that day, the beautiful teacher of later on, was Blanche Bates, now a celebrated actress, Miss Fowler was right.

At the Palace

John G. Kirchen of Tonopah, the Nevada mining representative for C. M. Schwab, and Paul Shoup, electric railroad expert for the Southern Pacific, are Palace Hotel guests, as are D. W. Carmichael, Sacramento realty expert, and Mrs. William E. Borah of Boise, the wife of United States Senator Borah of Idaho. J. Hampton Baumgartner of Baltimore, publicity manager of the Baltimore Railroad, is

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registered. F. O. McGavie of McCloud, attorney for the McCloud River Lumber Company; D. S. Ewing, an attorney of Fresno; and Carroll Allen, a Los Angeles lawyer, are among the recent guests. Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Foote have resumed their permanent residence at the hotel after a tour of the United States. S. Hill, known up and down the Pacific Coast as "Good Roads" Hill, also as "Colossus of Roads," is at the Palace. He has just returned from a world-tour of five months which took him to Vladivostok and through Siberia to Petrograd, the Russian Government having retained him to supervise the building of military roads to expedite the moving of great quantities of war munitions. He also spent some time with King Albert of Belgium. Mr. Hill says his mission here is in the interest of building a Pacific Coast military road from the Mexican to the Canadian border. Among other recent guests are: J. W. Wilson, examiner of the Los Angeles Clearing House; W. L. Turner, mining man of Cedarville; G. C. Stephen, stockbroker of San Diego; Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Blackburn of Los Angeles; Attorney James Lawler of Los Angeles; and J. V. A. Graelot, The Hague, Holland.

At the Cecil

Colonel and Mrs. Lloyd McCormick have returned to their apartments at the Cecil. They have been East for the past six weeks, and have spent most of their time in Boston. Dr. and Mrs. Berger were hosts at dinner Sunday. The dinner was given in the private dining room, and was in honor of Eastern friends. Mrs. John Charles Doyle of Los Angeles gave a luncheon and bridge Monday. The decorations were green and gold. Mrs. Conway Evans of Florence, Italy, was the guest of Miss Blanche Harcourt at tea Friday. The enjoyable affair was given in the Pompeian room at the Cecil. Those who were invited to meet the charming guest were Mrs. Vard Hulen, Mrs. B. H. Rowley, Mrs. M. A. Mills, Mrs. John E. Bennett, Mrs. L. H. Mills, Miss Mary Very and Miss Helen Hitchcock. About forty of the guests at the Cecil participated in a bridge party Monday evening and later enjoyed a chafing dish supper.

At the Winter Garden

Things are humming at the new Winter Garden at Sutter, Pierce and Post streets. Each of the three sessions every day (from 8 to 12 in the mornin, 2 to 5 in the afternoon and 8 to 11 at night) finds large and enthusiastic throngs of merry skaters whirling around the surface of the big ice rink. It is now clearly demonstrated that when the promoters of the Winter Garden built an ice field 210 feet long by 90 feet wide they knew what they were doing. Hundreds of skaters have taken lockers at the rink where they leave their steel carriers in perfect safety from one visit to another. Many avail themselves of the shower baths on the south side of the building, a luxury that is most refreshing after a spin on the ice. The dance floor on the east side of the rink immediately adjoining the ice, is thronged every night with fox trotters and waltzers and the music of an excellent string orchestra alternates with that of Cassara's military band. Preparations for hockey are now being made at the Winter Garden and the beginning of November will mark the first of a series of weekly games between five crack clubs that are now being organized.

To Preserve the Old Mission

While people in all parts of San Francisco are coming forward with offers of aid in the restoration of old Mission Dolores at Sixteenth and Dolores streets, the people of the Mission are preparing to do their part in the work of rehabilitation by staging an entertainment at Valencia Theatre on Wednesday evening, October 25. Theatrical managers have offered to supply the talent as their share towards the preservation of the Mission, and despite the high character of entertainment that is thereby assured the tickets will be sold at fifty cents. Tickets are on sale in all parts of the city and reservations may be made at the Mission Dolores parochial residence.

At the Hotel Oakland

Amongst the prominent arrivals at the Hotel Oakland recently are: Mrs. A. F. Ayers and children of Denver, Colo., Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Warren of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. Reider

Zullman of Seattle, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dale and Miss M. E. Dale of Corning, Cal., Mr. and Mrs. Geo. T. Compton of Roseberg, Ore., Miss Adele Blood, Miss Claudia Rogers of Great Neck, N. Y., Mrs. F. E. Blood, Oakland, Mrs. Gerritt P. Wilder of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Rathbone of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Buckingham of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Churchill Humphrey of Louisville, Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Thomas of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Bliss of Lake Tahoe and Miss Bliss of Lake Tahoe, Mrs. Adolph Uhl, Miss Eleanor Uhl and Miss Constance Uhl of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hardie of New York, Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Wilson of Reno, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Besselman of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Babbett of New York.

Ice Hockey Next Week

Society will have another hockey treat on next Tuesday night at the Techau Tavern Ice Palace when the Canadian Club's team meets the Olympics in a Bay Counties' Amateur Hockey Association championship series game. There will be the usual merry parties at dinner at the Tavern before the game. By the way, the supreme novelty of the downtown fashionable cafes just now is the "jazz" music of George Gould's unique dance orchestra which will soon be the rage in New York.

Bendix for the Philharmonic

Mr. Max Bendix, the great conductor of the Exposition Symphony Orchestra, has been engaged to be the regular conductor of the People's Philharmonic Orchestra. Such is the announcement of the directors of the society. Mr. Bendix first came into prominence in 1885 as a violin virtuoso and concert-master of the famous Van de Stucken Orchestra. When Anton Seidl, one of the foremost modern composers and friend of Richard Wagner, toured the United States with his famous German Opera Company it was Max Bendix whom he engaged as concert-master. Later he was engaged as concert-master by Theodore Thomas, conductor of the largest symphony orchestra in the United States in his day.

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The Stage

In Defense of Vaudeville

William Archer, the distinguished London critic, known to fame as the first translator of Ibsen, has been taking a kick at vaudeville for which, as one of the Orpheum's steady-goers, I cannot stand. Mr. Archer regards the influence of the music-hall as baneful, and he says that nothing good has come out of the music-hall; that it has contributed nothing to art, even its songs being inferior to the folk-songs that were written of old. Of these things I was reminded Sunday afternoon while listening to Alexander MacFadyen, pianist and composer. As a virtuoso of America's favorite instrument Mr. MacFadyen is in no immediate danger of being snatched from vaudeville to make a Greenbaum concert, but as a music-hall musician his is no baneful influence. On the contrary it is a very wholesome influence, for Mr. MacFadyen is a good musician and he has an insinuating way with him, a way by which he insinuates to the champions of rag-time that there is other and better music for them. He gives some of it to them with one hand, which is a thing in itself that spells virtuosity to the gallery. Mr. MacFadyen distributed to his audience one of his compositions, a song entitled "America, Oh America." Now I will not say that this is a lyric that disproves what Mr. Archer has said, but I am quite sure that music of considerable merit has come out of our music-halls. What is the matter with "A Hot Time in the Old Town?" It may not be as good as "Dixie" but it served a very good purpose in its day. It was the inspiring march-tune of the Spanish war. Vaudeville has not yet done much for the drama, but it has made it worth the while of J. M. Barrie to write some beautiful one-act fantasies, and this week out of vaudeville comes a very charming fantasy in the form of an operetta called "The Clock Shop," which is presented most delight-

fully by Mary Marble and an excellent company. Indeed, for much that is good we are indebted to the eclecticism of vaudeville. In vaudeville, as nowhere else, by the way, one gets in touch with the sentiment of the plain people, and it is refreshing to find there that pacifism is not quite so strong as our pussy-footing statesmen would have us believe.

—Theodore Bonnet.

The Great Symphony Season

At three o'clock on Friday afternoon, October 27, at the Cort, the upraised baton of Conductor Alfred Hertz will signal the opening of what must unquestionably prove the most brilliant season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. Those that have been privileged to be present at the rehearsals are enthusiastic over the results that Conductor Hertz has obtained. Hertz himself is delighted with his admirable body of eighty instrumentalists. The best of last year's musicians have been re-engaged and in every case where a change has been made it has resulted in improvement. The indications are that under the brilliant leadership of Hertz, the San Francisco Symphony will soon become to the West what the Boston Symphony is to the East. Brahms' First Symphony will appropriately be the first number of the first programme, for Hertz is above all things distinguished as an interpreter of Brahms. Chausson's symphonic poem "Viviane" will

follow, and the overture to Smetana's "The Bartered Bride" will complete the concert. The same programme will be given at the first Sunday symphony concert on October 29. The Friday concerts will begin at 3 o'clock precisely and the Sunday concerts at 2:30 o'clock. All of the symphony concerts of the season will be an hour and a half in duration and no longer. The true symphony student knows that lengthy programmes militate against complete enjoyment of a symphony concert, for only a certain amount of good music may be properly "absorbed" at a sitting. The season ticket sale, which is just coming to a close, has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the officers of the San Francisco Musical Association. Secretary-Manager A. W. Widenham announces that the sale of seats for single concerts will open at Sherman, Clay and Company's on Monday, October 23. The prices for the Friday symphonies will be 75 cents, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2, while for the Sunday symphonies, when the programmes will be identical, the prices will be but 30 cents, 75 cents and \$1. Surely, here are musical feasts of the first water at prices that are truly "popular."

Third Week of "Intolerance"

The very stupendousness of the production of D. W. Griffith's "Intolerance" or "The Mother and the Law" which has been presented at the Columbia during the past two weeks has thrilled



LEOPOLD GODOWSKY

The "masterpianist" who will play three wonderful programmes at Scottish Rite Hall on Sunday afternoons, October 29 and November 5, and Thursday night, November 2



PAUL MORTON AND NAOMI GLASS

Artists who will head the bill at the Orpheum next week

SCOTTISH RITE HALL
Sutter and Van Ness Direction Will L. Greenbaum
CLEO - JAN - MISCHÉL
CHERNIAVSKY

Violin - Piano - 'Cello
EACH A GREAT SOLOIST
TOGETHER A RARE TRIO

Two Concerts

This Sunday Aft., Oct. 22, at 2:30
Next Thursday Eve., Oct. 26, at 8:15

Tickets, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and
Kettner & Chase's

Steinway Piano



GODOWSKY

PIANIST EXTRAORDINARY

Three Colossal Programs

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, OCTOBER 29

THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 2

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, NOVEMBER 5

Three Concerts—\$2.25, \$3.50, \$5.00
Each Concert—\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00

Tickets NOW ON SALE at above Box Offices
Knabe Piano

EXPOSITION AUDITORIUM CIVIC CENTER

JOHN

McCORMACK

TENOR

Sunday Afternoon, November 12

and

Sunday Afternoon, November 19

PRICES: Lower Floor, \$2, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c. Bal-
cony, \$1.50, \$1.00, and 3000 Seats at 75c

MAIL ORDERS NOW

Address WILL L. GREENBAUM, care Sherman, Clay &
Co., corner Kearny and Sutter, San Francisco, Cal.,
enclosing check or money order.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO OUT OF TOWN ORDERS
Box Offices Open Monday, November 6, at Sherman,
Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

Steinway Piano Used

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CORT

LEADING THEATRE

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Last Time Saturday Night—"A WORLD OF PLEASURE"

Commencing Sunday Matinee, October 22

MATINEE EVERY DAY

First Appearance On the Pacific Coast

William Morris Presents

Cyclonic

EVA TANGUAY

The World's Greatest Eccentric Comedienne
And a Company of International Stars

NIGHTS 50c to \$1.50; DAILY MATINEES 25c to \$1.00

WINTER GARDEN

America's Largest and Finest

ICE RINK OPEN NOW

Mornings, 8 to 12

ADMISSION, INCLUDING SKATES, 25c

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GENERAL ADMISSION 25c

Box Seats 50c

Skating 25c

Children, Afternoons, Including Skates, 25c

DANCING TONIGHT

And Every Night - - No Extra Charge

SPECIAL ORCHESTRA

Box Office Now Open

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the huge audiences that have been in attendance twice daily. The theatregoing public and the local press have bowed in homage to the producer, and have declared the picture to be the supreme achievement of the master hand in the world of film productions. So well has he wrought his four parallel stories into one intensely interesting, powerful and enthralling drama that one may safely predict a long successful career for Griffith's latest and undoubtedly greatest work. With the same careful attention to the smallest detail as well as to the big pivotal scenes, which characterized "The Clansman" the production stands out far and ahead of anything that has been projected here of either European or American invention. The third week of the engagement is announced to begin Sunday matinee.

The Indefinable Eva

The "cyclonic" Eva Tanguay, most sensational woman on the American stage and one of its most remarkable artists, is to appear at the Cort for two weeks, beginning Sunday matinee, October 22, under the direction of William Morris, the man who made the Harry Lauder tours world famous. This will be Miss Tanguay's first appearance on the Pacific Coast. Critics the country over have tried to define the wonderful power which this woman exerts over her auditors. She has been called cyclonic, vibrant, hypnotic, and many other epithets have been applied to her. It is said that she imbues you with the same nervous sensitiveness which is characteristic of her personality. We have never seen her here because she never had to come. She played in the vaudeville theatres within the confines of three boroughs for three consecutive years. Mr. Morris has given Miss Tanguay topnotch support. In the company is Charles J. Ross, a great travesty actor. He and Miss Tanguay will present in addition to a play called "Just Like a Woman," a travesty on "Salome" which is described as one of the biggest sensations that the stage has seen in years. Miss Tanguay will present all her famous specialties and exhibit her wonderful gowns.

Edna Goodrich in Film

The bill this week at the St. Francis presents charming Edna Goodrich in "The House of Lies," a society drama of rare power; also the first reel of the beautiful and official moving pictures of the P. P. I. E., never before shown locally; also a refined but intensely funny comedy, a travelogue and a weekly. And of course (for music lovers) the concert and interpretative music by the St. Francis orchestra of fourteen pieces. For next week cute, mischievous and beautiful Vivian Martin, in "Her Father's Son," is the headliner. This play is a story of the old South, and charming Vivian takes the part of a very interesting boy. She has many hairbreadth escapes—for the story is laid in wartime—and finally gets

by Hermann Rosse, the Hollander who decorated the Palace of Peace at The Hague. into a tangle that makes a very interesting and delightfully surprising climax.

By the way, if you haven't been to the St. Francis yet, a visit will be worth while if only to enthuse over the interior of this unique theatre with its wonderful interior decorations

Theatre St. Francis

GEARY STREET AT POWELL

Phone Kearny 36

WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY, OCTOBER 22

Cute and Charming

VIVIAN MARTIN

In a Romantic Wartime Drama of the Sunny South

"HER FATHER'S SON"

Also the Second Installment of the Beautiful and Official
Moving Pictures of the P. P. I. E.

Also a Delightful Comedy, a New Travelogue and the
Latest News Weekly

The Wonderful Orchestra Under Jaulus and Polak

Matinee 15c

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SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ - - - - CONDUCTOR

FIRST PAIR SYMPHONY CONCERTS

CORT THEATRE

Friday, October 27, at 3 P. M.

Sunday, October 29, at 2:30 P. M.

PROGRAMME

BRAHMS...Symphony No. 1, C Minor, Op. 68

CHAUSSON...Symphonic Poem, "Viviane," Op. 5

SMETANA...Overture, "The Bartered Bride"

Prices—Friday, 75c, \$1, \$1.50, \$2. Sunday, 50c, 75c, \$1;

Box and Loge Seats, \$1.50.

Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s commencing Monday,

October 25; at Cort Theatre on concert days only.

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse

Phone Franklin 150

Geary and Mason

THIRD WEEK OF THRONGS

Begins Sunday Matinee, October 22nd

There Is an Enormous Advance Sale of Seats and It

Is Advisable to Make Early Reservations for

D. W. GRIFFITH'S COLOSSAL SPECTACLE

"INTOLERANCE"

OR

"THE MOTHER AND THE LAW"

Love's Struggle Throughout the Ages

Large Symphony Orchestra

PRICES:

Evenings \$1, 75c, 50c, 25c; Box Seats \$2.

Matinees Daily 75c, 50c, 25c; Box Seats \$1.50

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Safest and Most
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J. FARRELL at STOCKTON & POWELL

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day

A GREAT NEW LAUGHING SHOW

PAUL MORTON & NAOMI GLASS Presenting a

Musical Satire "1916-1950;" LAURA NELSON HALL

& CO. in "The Cat and the Kitten," by Frances Nord-

strom; MARSHALL MONTGOMERY, the Extraordinary

Ventriloquist, Assisted by Edna Courmay; HERBERT

WILLIAMS & HILDA WOLFUS in "Hark! Hark!

Hark!"; JACK WYATT & HIS SCOTCH LADS &

LAUNTES in "Kits and Tartans; BRITT WOOD, the

Juvenile Jester; SEARL ALLEN & ED HOWARD in

"A Real Pal;" Last Week SAM CHIP & MARY MARBLE

in "The Clock Shop."

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

ALCAZAR THEATRE

PHONE KEARNY 2

Commencing Monday Night, October 23

"PASSERS-BY"

A Scintillant Satire Saturated with Sentiment

The Vogue of London and the Rage of New York

One of the Cleverest Plays Belasco and Mayer Have

Secured for Stock This Season

The Alcazar's Splendid Stars

EVA LANG - JOHN HALLIDAY

Supported by the Alcazar Players

Evenings—25c, 50c and 75c. Matinees—25c and 50c

PANTAGES

VAUDEVILLE

MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON

Harry Slatko Presents His Comic Masterpiece
"THE MIDNIGHT ROLLICKERS"

Engagement Extraordinary

HENRIETTE DE SERRIS

And Her Posing Models, in Reproductions of the World's
Greatest Statuary

PHIL LA TOSCA, the Comic Juggler; TOM KELLY,

Fashion Plate Baritone; BEN & HAZEL MANN in

Comicalities; "THE VALUE OF A DOLAR," Melville

Brown's New Dramatic Sketch; TING SNYDER, Who

Sings; and "THE CRIMSON STAIN."

The Unique Cherniavsky Concerts

This Sunday afternoon, October 22, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, Manager Will L. Greenbaum will present a very unusual aggregation of artists in a varied and interesting programme. The three brothers Cherniavsky, young Russian virtuosi of the violin, piano and violoncello, will on this occasion make their debut in this city. They recently arrived in this country from India and Australia where they created a furore and they are en route to New York where they are announced, to appear at Carnegie Hall. Each brother, a virtuoso, plays important solo numbers on the programmes, and they unite in playing chamber music in a style that can only be accomplished by real virtuosi working together with soul and sympathy. The young men have played together practically every day for fifteen years, and the result shows in their beautiful and finished performances. Tomorrow's programme will include the beautiful Russian "Trio" by Arensky, some little trio gems by Widor, Brahms and Schubert arranged by Leo Cherniavsky and the following solo works: Violin Concerto in F sharp minor, Ernst; violoncello solos (a) "Cantabile,"; (b) "Souvenir de Spa," Servais; piano solos (a) nocturne d Flat; (b) etude F major; (c) scherzo in B flat minor, Chopin. The second and final Cherniavsky concerts will be given next Thursday night, October 26, at the same hall. The beautiful and extremely difficult Variations from the Tchaikowsky "Trio" and the entrie "Trio" Op. 49 by Mendelssohn, will be the chamber music offerings. Jan Cherniavsky will play another group of Chopin works, Leo will offer the "Concerto" No. 4 by Vieuxtemps for violin, and the 'cellist will play the exquisite "Concerto" by Saint-Saens. Tickets for both events are on sale at Sherman, Clay and Company's and Kohler and Chase's and the box office at the hall will be open tomorrow after 10 a. m.

The Supreme Godowsky

In the opinion of such artists as Hofmann, Bauer, Ganz, Paderewski, Gabilowitsch and others of the highest ranks, Leopold Godowsky is today the greatest living master of the piano. Josef Hofmann always classes him with his idol Anton Rubinstein, while De Pachmann invariably says, "List and Godowsky; Which shall I say is greater where both have surpassed all others." It is an undisputed fact that Godowsky has done more to develop the possibilities of pianoforte technic than any other pianist, and that his work and studies along those lines has revolutionized the art of piano playing. Again quoting Josef Hofmann, "No one can listen to oGodowsky play without learning much from it. I know I have." Godowsky will give three concerts at Scottish Rite Hall on the afternoons of Sunday, October 29, and Sunday, November 5, and on the intervening Thursday night, November 2. The three Godowsky concerts will be worth a dozen lessons to any student of music, not to mention any teacher. Season tickets may be secured for as low as \$2.25, the highest priced seats being but \$5.00 for the course; single tickets at the usual concert rates. Box offices are now open at Sherman, Clay and Company's and Kohler and Chase's.

Our Chamber Music Society

The Chamber Music Society of San Francisco is undoubtedly the finest ensemble organization this city has yet known. Its members are Louis Persinger, first concertmaster and assistant conductor; Louis W. Ford, a first violinist; Nathan Firestone, principal viola player; and Horace Britt, solo violoncellist of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra; Elias M.

Hecht, flutist; and Gyula Ormay, pianist. They will give the first concert of the season of six at the St. Francis under Will Greenbaum's management on Tuesday night, October 31, on which occasion Leopold Godowsky will be the special guest of the society. There will be three afternoon and three evening events and season tickets may be secured for either set or both. Each programme will be entirely different.

John McCormack Coming

Every lover of beautiful song will rejoice to learn from Will L. Greenbaum that he has engaged John McCormack, the most beloved of living male singers, for two special programmes in this city. The dates are Sunday afternoons, November 12 and 19. The concerts will be given in the Exposition Auditorium. The box offices will be open Monday, November 6, at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's

At the Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for next week a great new laughing show to which several of the most popular comedy headliners in vaudeville will contribute. Paul Morton and Naomi Glass will present a musical satire entitled "1916-1950." The association of Mr. Morton of the Four Mortons) and Miss Glass has resulted in one of the most irresistible of vaudeville acts. Laura Nelson Hall, too well known in San Francisco to need eulogy, will appear in a new sketch called "The Cat and the Kittie." Miss Hall will be supported by Lusette Gordon and Hollister Pratt. Marshall Montgomery, the world premier ventriloquist, will present an act with the assistance of Edna oCurtney. Herbert Williams and Hilda Wolfus are credited with having a comedy classic in their act "Hark! Hark! Hark!" one that sparkles with delightful humor. From the land o' the heather and the Highlands of Scotland come Jack Wyatt and his Scotch lads and lassies arrayed in their kilts and tartans. They sound the pipes, tap the drums, dance and sing as 'tis done to this day in bonnie Dundee. The company consists of six men and five women.

At the Alcazar

"Passers-By," a play in four acts by C. Haddon Chambers, which might best be described as a satire with sentiment, a play that pleased London theatregoers for a year and then scored a tremendous success in New York with Richard Bennett as the star, will be presented for the first time in this city at the Alcazar beginning next Monday night. It will afford Eva Lang and John Halliday splendid chances to add to the laurels they already have won. As this play has only just been released for stock it is a tribute to the enterprise of Belasco and Mayer that they were the first to secure it for presentation in San Francisco. Passers-by, from which the play takes its title, are the human flotsom and jetsam that drift into the life of Peter Waverton, a rich young bachelor.

New Bill at Pantages

Henriette de Serris and her famous posing models, Harry Slatko's "Midnight Rollickers," Phil La Tosca, the comic juggler, and a variety of other features are on the bill for the coming week at Pantages. The "Rollickers" appear in a sprightly musical act richly mounted. Tom Kelly returns with new songs and stories. La Tosca who has juggled round the world, has returned to juggle more at Pantages. "The Value of a Dollar," a new dramatic sketch, is another feature; also Ting Snyder, the singer, and Hazel Mann. "The Crimson Stain" is the film feature.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 4978; Dept. 10. In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM DUNPHY, Deceased.

Upon considering the petition of JENNIE C. DUNPHY MEYER, Executrix of the Estate of WILLIAM DUNPHY, deceased, this day filed, it is ordered that all persons interested in the Estate are required to appear before the Court on the thirteenth (13th) day of November, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the morning at the Court room of the Court in Department 10 in the City Hall Building in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why the realty hereinafter described or some part thereof should not be mortgaged for the sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars or such lesser amount as to the Court shall seem meet, and the said petition on file is referred to for further particulars. The following is a description of the said realty.

FIRST—That certain parcel of land situate, lying and being in the County of Monterey, State of California, being the southeasterly half of the Rancho Posa de los Ositos as sub-divided by E. J. Cahill, civil engineer, and described as follows: Commencing at a point at the junction of the Salinas River with the Arroyo de los Pinos from which a cottonwood tree marked C.E.S.F.C.W. bears north 45 degrees west 1 chain distant, which point is Station No. 1, according to the plat of the Rancho Posa de los Ositos finally confirmed to Carlos Espinosa, surveyed under instructions from the U. S. Surveyor-General, by J. J. Cloud, Deputy Surveyor, February, 1858; thence meandering up the center of the Arroyo de los Pinos by the following courses and distances. (Variations 15 degrees east.) South 34 degrees west 3.00 chains; thence south 3 degrees 45' west 6.00 chains; thence south 38 degrees 30' west 15.00 chains; thence south 10 degrees west 12.75 chains; thence south 19 degrees 15' west 8.00 chains; thence east 3.00 chains; thence south 12.20 chains; thence south 51 degrees 15' east 4.00 chains; thence south 43 degrees 15' west 6.00 chains; thence south 21 degrees east 5.00 chains; thence south 59 degrees 15' west 12.00 chains; thence south 39 degrees 30' west 10.00 chains; thence south 7 degrees east 7.00 chains; thence north 70 degrees west 5.00 chains; thence north 44 degrees 45' west 4.64 chains; thence south 78 degrees west 5.70 chains to an oak tree marked C.E.S.W.C., being the southwest corner of the Ranch; thence north 1 degree 30' east 33.93 chains; thence north 40 degrees west 29.00 chains; thence north 40 degrees west 32.00 chains; thence north 0 degrees 45' west 25.60 chains; thence north 31 degrees west 37.00 chains; thence north 30 degrees 22' west 53.00 chains; thence north 47 degrees 05' west 431.40 chains more or less to Redwood Post marked S.V. & P.R., thence along the line dividing above mentioned Ranch in two equal parts. North 54 degrees 45' east 327.80 chains to a point in the easterly line of the Rancho Posa de los Ositos, distant south 6 1/2 degrees west 33.00 chains from Station No. 32 as shown upon the plat of said Rancho; thence south 6 degrees 30' west 68.00 chains; thence south 37 degrees 30' east 45.50 chains; thence south 35 degrees 30' east 20.00 chains; thence south 1 degree west 17.00 chains; thence south 10 degrees 15' west 63.00 chains; thence south 6 degrees east 28.50 chains; thence south 23 degrees east 75.00 chains; thence south 17 degrees east 33.00 chains; thence south 7 degrees east 28.00 chains; thence south 2 degrees 30' west 19.00 chains; thence south 14 degrees 30' west 18.00 chains; thence south 39 degrees west 12.00 chains; thence south 5 degrees 30' east 10.00 chains; thence south 20 degrees 45' east 23.00 chains; thence south 52 degrees 30' east 43.00 chains; thence south 18 degrees 30' east 5.50 chains; thence south 34 degrees east 15.00 chains; thence south 57 degrees 30' east 10.00 chains; thence south 28 degrees east 40.00 chains; thence south 16 degrees east 41.00 chains; thence south 26 degrees 30' east 8.00 chains; thence south 33 degrees 45' east 11.00 chains; thence south 44 degrees 45' east 11.50 chains; thence south 58 degrees 30' east 32.00 chains to the point of commencement, containing 8.387 acres, more or less. Reference being made to the Map or Plat of the Rancho Posa de los Ositos made by U. S. Surveyor-General, February, 1858, and now on file in the U. S. Surveyor-General's office; also to a plat of the same Rancho made by E. J. Cahill in July, 1878, both of which are made of this description above set forth.

SECONDLY—All those certain pieces or parcels of land situated, lying and being in the County of Monterey, State of California, bounded and described as follows: Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and southwest 1/4 of NW 1/4 of Section 28, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 157.98 acres. Lots 1 and 2, the southwest 1/4 of Section 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160.65 acres. Lots 4, 5, the NW 1/4 of SE 1/4 and N 1/2 of SW 1/4 of Section 34, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160.53 acres. The SW 1/4 of Section 2, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160 acres. Lots 3, 4, and S 1/2 of NW 1/4 of Section 2, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 155.69 acres. The SW 1/4 of SW 1/4 of Section 16, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 40 acres. The NW 1/4 of NW 1/4 of Section 16, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 40 acres. The SW 1/4 of SW 1/4 of Section 29, SE 1/4 of SE 1/4 of Section 30, Blocks 1 and 8 of Section 31, all in Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160.22 acres. The NE 1/4 of Section 29, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160 acres. The NW 1/4 of SE 1/4 of SE 1/4 of Section 20, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 102.41 acres. The NW 1/4 of NW 1/4 of Section 32, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 40 acres. The S 1/2 of SE 1/4 and NW 1/4 of SE 1/4 of NE 1/4 of SW 1/4 of Section 1, Township 20 S., R. 6 E., M.D.M., containing 160 acres. Lots 6, 7, E 1/2 of SW 1/4 and SW 1/4 of SE 1/4 of Section 28, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 167.44 acres. Lots 1, 2, and S 1/2 of NE 1/4 of Section 3, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 169.92 acres. Lot 1 of Section 27, Lots 1, 2, and 3, and SW 1/4 of NW 1/4 of Section 34, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 147.96 acres. Lots 2 and 3, and SW 1/4 of NE 1/4 and NE 1/4 of NW 1/4 of Section 6, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160 acres. Said lands being known as the Dunphy Ranch.

Done in open Court the 5th of October, 1916.

(Filed October 5, 1916.) THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Another week of liquidation and short selling; the street has not been so bearish in a good many months. The near approach of the election, the fear of Wilson's winning, a renewal of the submarine trouble, the peace talk, have turned many former bulls into bears. Liquidation has been on a large scale and conditions are sound. Steel looks high to what it used to sell at but it doesn't look high if it earns \$95,000,000 for the quarter as it is expected to do. Norfolk & Western continues the strong feature in the railroad although there seems to be few rails for sale at these prices. As we have repeatedly said, this market was not made by a political party and it will not be unmade by a political party. As long as present conditions continue—while we are the market of the world for commodities and securities—prices will hold in many cases and advance in others. Smart people can call reactions but the people who play for reactions do not make big money. The man who sold his Norfolk & Western at 137 saw an 11-point decline, but how many bought it back? The man who held it saw a 9-point new high price made, and it is only free from that now. Chesapeake & Ohio is coming into public notice on its earnings, its financial conditions and its future. So is Western Union. This market may go lower temporarily as sentiment at the moment is quite bearish, but we believe stocks can be bought around present prices for a good upturn.

Wheat—Renewal of the claims that Argentina is suffering from drought and devastated by locusts, and a denial of the reports of submarine activity, strengthened prices with the shorts covering freely the past week. If the commandeering of wheat becomes general as is indicated by some of the grain journals, its effect will be to stagnate our export business and lower the selling prices materially. With the reserves and this year's harvestings, Canada would very nearly supply the needs of the United Kingdom; there would not be any question about it if there was any help at all from India, Australia and Argentina. If Congress could be inoculated with the necessity of doing likewise we would be on a domestic basis sure enough, and without competition the price to the American farmer would be very low, for there would be nothing but the milling inquiry to sustain it. Should the contention of the master bakers prevail, viz: that wheat scarcity compels a higher bread price, and their petition be favorably acted upon to restrict the exporting of bread stuffs, there would be a compulsory liquidation which would cut prices in two, if it did not do more. Add the possibility of Turkish abdication and its consequent relinquishment of Russian supplies and we have something to think about when tempted to follow the present advance about \$1.50. Rather than pay present prices for wheat, Great Britain could afford to send ships to Australia, and India and Canada.

Corn—This market has advanced somewhat but not with lightning rapidity. During the week prices have been stimulated by the advance in wheat caused by the reports of drought in Argentina, prices advancing $2\frac{1}{2}$ c and $2\frac{3}{4}$ c and the buying persistent. As they are they are the holders of practically all the cash corn, a reason can be found for the support extended which must answer in the absence of any other. It is, at any rate, just what any one similarly situated would do, and looks plausible. Prices today are 20c higher for December and May than a year with prospects far ahead as to quantity and quality. Last season's crop was almost destroyed commercially by a premature frost. The Government estimated that large quantities were too soft to ship and fit only for feed. This year the weather has been perfect for curing and heavy yields are being reported from territory which did not produce a bushel last year, and which is about to move.

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The month of September has passed without the usual equinoctial conditions; in consequence of which we have had ideal picking weather, of which the farmers have taken full advantage. This, together with the prevailing good prices, has been an incentive to gather the cotton

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BYRNE & McDONNELL

MEMBERS:

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German Savings and Loan Society

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Savings Deposits Incorporated 1868 Commercial
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HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, S. W. Corner
Haight and Belvedere

JUNE 30TH, 1916:

Assets	\$63,811,228.81
Deposits	60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
Number of Depositors	68,062

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock
P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and
Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8
o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1916, a
dividend to depositors of 4% per annum was
declared.



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Fast comfortable service through some of
the prettiest spots in Central California.

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Traffic Manager

Oakland, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JENNIE MARION DOWNER, deceased. No.
21584, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix
of the last will and testament of JENNIE MARION
DOWNER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons
having claims against the said decedent, to file them
with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after
the first publication of this notice, in the office of the
Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in
and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to
exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four
(4) months after the first publication of this notice to the
said Executrix, at the office of her attorneys, Asher,
Meyerstein & McNutt, 110 Sutter Street, in the City
and County of San Francisco, State of California, which
said last-named office the undersigned selects as her
place of business in all matters connected with said estate
of JENNIE MARION DOWNER, deceased.

HARRIETTE GILMAN CASWELL,

Executrix of the last will and testament of Jennie
Marion Downer, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 21, 1916.

ASHER, MEYERSTEIN & McNUTT,
Attorneys for Executrix,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

10-21-5

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

NEW ORLEANS COTTON EXCHANGE

LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

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SAN JOSE - - - LOS ANGELES

- - - PASADENA

MAIN OFFICE: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

NOTICE UPON FILING OF PETITION TO ASCERTAIN RIGHTS AS HEIRS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 16068, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALFRED E. OVEREND, deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: William J. Hynes, the Administrator of the Estate of Alfred E. Overend, deceased, and to Harry S. Overend, Edward Overend, Jennie N. Gilbert, Elizabeth C. Hart, the Administrator or Executor of the estate of Robert A. Overend, deceased, E. M. Leonard, as Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of Ida Overend Mann, deceased, Walter S. Overend, Jane Couture, Sister Matilda Overend, Elizabeth Fleming, Oscar Overend, Jennetta C. Brosse, Elizabeth C. Hall, Nettie C. Treller, William Guthrie, Margaret Guthrie Johnston, Maria Guthrie Hawley, Daniel Guthrie, Samuel Guthrie, Peter Guthrie, Alice Guthrie Simpson, Ellen Clark, John Guthrie, Hannah Guthrie, William Guthrie, George Edward Jack, Elizabeth J. Unwin, Ida A. Hadley, Mandora Hunter, Effie C. Hickey, William E. Guthrie, Anna M. Thompson, Mrs. Isabelle Barnes, Mrs. Lillian Belle Overend Pitt, John F. Overend, Miss E. O. Morris, Sophie Overend, and Patrick Guthrie and Madge Overend.

You and each of you are hereby notified:

That on the 28th day of September, 1916, Robert M. Overend, one of the heirs at law of Alfred E. Overend, deceased, filed his petition in this court praying that the rights of all persons interested in the estate of said Alfred E. Overend, deceased, be ascertained and declared by this court, and that it be determined to whom distribution should be made;

That, so far as known, the following is a description of the real estate whereof said deceased died seized or possessed, to-wit:

Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the Northernly line of Seventeenth Street with the Easterly line of Ord Street (formerly Clara Avenue); thence Easterly along the Northernly line of Seventeenth Street Forty-five (45) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly One Hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Forty-five (45) feet to the Easterly line of Ord Street (formerly Clara Avenue); thence Southerly along said last named line One Hundred and Ten (110) feet to the point of beginning; being part of Horner's Addition Block Number 202.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Calhoun Street distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Northernly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Calhoun Street with the Northernly line of Green Street; thence Northernly along said Easterly line of Calhoun Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; thence at a right angle Easterly Ninety-one (91) feet and Eight (8) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; and thence at a right angle Westerly Ninety-one (91) feet and Eight (8) inches to the Easterly line of Calhoun Street and the point of beginning; being part of 50 Vara Lot Number 187.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Franklin Street, distant thereon One Hundred (100) feet Northernly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Franklin Street with the Northernly line of Page Street; thence Northernly along said Easterly line of Franklin Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Seventy-five (75) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Seventy-five (75) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Easterly line of Franklin Street and the point of beginning; being part of Western Addition Block Number 71.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Mimosa Path, distant thereon Thirty-eight (38) feet and Eight (8) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Rose Hill Nook; thence Northernly along said Easterly line of Mimosa Path Thirteen (13) feet; thence Easterly Sixteen (16) feet and Six (6) inches; thence Southerly Fourteen (14) feet and Five (5) inches; thence Westerly Sixteen (16) feet and Six (6) inches to the point of beginning; being situated in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Jones Street, distant thereon Sixty (60) feet Southerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Jones Street with the Southerly line of Washington Street; thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Jones Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Northernly Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Easterly line of Jones Street and the point of beginning; being part of 50 Vara Lot Number 832.

Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the Easterly line of Church Street with the Southerly line of Twenty-seventh Street; thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Church Street Fifty-one (51) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Easterly Eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly Fifty-one (51) feet and Six (6) inches to the Southerly line of Twenty-seventh Street; thence Westerly along said line of Twenty-seventh Street Eighty (80) feet to the point of beginning; being part of Horner's Addition Block Number 57.

Commencing at the point of intersection of the Easterly line of St. Charles Street with the Northernly line of Central Avenue, running thence Easterly along said Northernly line of Central Avenue, One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet to St. Charles Street; thence at a right angle along the Easterly line of St. Charles Street One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet to the point of commencement.

The first six parcels of real property hereinabove described are situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; while the seventh parcel hereinabove described is situated in the City of Alameda, County of Alameda, State of California.

That the said Harry S. Overend, Guy R. Overend, Charles P. Overend, Frederick M. A. Overend, Edward Overend, Jennie N. Gilbert, Robert A. Overend, now deceased, Elizabeth C. Hart, Ida Overend Mann, now deceased, Walter S. Overend, Jane Couture, Sister Matilda Overend, Elizabeth Fleming, Oscar Overend, Jennetta C. Brosse, Elizabeth C. Hall, Nettie C. Treller, William Guthrie, Margaret Guthrie Johnston, Maria Guthrie Hawley, Daniel Guthrie, Samuel Guthrie, Peter Guthrie, Alice Guthrie Simpson, Ellen Clark, John Guthrie,

John Guthrie, Hannah Guthrie, William Guthrie, George Edward Jack, Elizabeth J. Unwin, Ida A. Hadley, Mandora Hunter, Effie C. Hickey, William E. Guthrie, Sophie Overend, as assignee of Robert M. Overend, and Madge Overend, as assignee of Walter S. Overend, are the only persons who appeared and claimed any interest in said estate, in the course of the administration of the same, up to the time of the making of said order;

That you, and all other persons not named, who have or claim an interest in said estate, are cited to appear before this court, at the courtroom thereof, located in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of December, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and exhibit, in the manner provided by law, your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in said estate, and show cause why such petition should not be granted.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 4th day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California.)

H. I. MULCREVY,

Clerk of the Superior Court.

By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk,

JEREMIAH V. COFFEY & EDWARD I. COFFEY,

Attorneys for Robert M. Overend.

569 Mills Building,

San Francisco, California.

10-7-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ERNEST CHAUMELIN, deceased.—No. 21451; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ERNEST CHAUMELIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ERNEST CHAUMELIN, deceased.

ERNEST CHAUMELIN,
Administrator of the estate of Ernest Chaumelin, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 23rd, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney for Administrator,

No. 333 Kearny St.,

San Francisco, California.

9-23-5

NOTICE OF APPLICATION OF THE THRIFT COUPON COMPANY OF AMERICA, A CORPORATION, FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 76954; Dept. No. 12.

IN THE MATTER OF THE APPLICATION OF THRIFT COUPON COMPANY OF AMERICA, A CORPORATION, TO BE DISSOLVED.

Notice is hereby given that the application of the Thrift Coupon Company of America, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for a decree dissolving said corporation, has been filed in this Court, and said Court has ordered the Clerk thereof to give notice of the same for thirty (30) days by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the said City and County, and all persons are hereby directed to file their objections to said application, if any they have, as provided by law, before the expiration of the time of publication.

Dated, October 3, 1916.

(Seal)

H. L. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

GILLOGLEY, CROFTON & PAYNE,

Attorneys for Applicant,

57 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.

10-7-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 76,577; Dept. No. 10.

WALTER A. BAIRD, Plaintiff, vs. GRACE M. BAIRD, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GRACE M. BAIRD, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ARCHIBALD J. TREAT,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

624 Monadnock Building,

San Francisco, California.

10-21-9

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION TO MORTGAGE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 21572.

In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of WILLIAM JAMES NICHOLS, JOSEPH EDWARD NICHOLS, and ELLA MAY NICHOLS, Minors.

SAMUEL T. NICHOLS, Guardian of the persons and estates of the above-named minors, having filed herein his petition, duly verified by affidavit, and praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing him, as such Guardian, to mortgage the real property of said minors hereinafter described for the purposes set forth in said petition;

And it appearing that it will be of advantage to said property that said mortgage be made,

It is Ordered by the Court that all persons interested in the said estate of said minors do appear before this Court on the 8th day of November, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real-property described below should not be mortgaged for the sum of TWO THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED (\$2200.00) DOLLARS, as set forth in said petition of said Guardian aforesaid, filed this day herein, and why said Guardian should not be allowed to mortgage the interest of the said minors in said property for their prorata of the said sum of TWO THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED (\$2200.00) DOLLARS. (Reference is made to said petition for further particulars.)

The said real estate and property to be mortgaged is situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Oak Street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said southerly line of Oak Street with the westerly line of Laguna Street; and running thence westerly along said southerly line of Oak Street twenty-seven (27) feet, six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the northerly line of Lily Avenue; thence at right angles easterly along said line of Lily Avenue twenty-seven (27) feet, six (6) inches; and thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement, being part of WESTERN ADDITION BLOCK Number 219.

It is further ordered that this Order to Show Cause be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks before the hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, this 2nd day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Signed) THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 3, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,

By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk.

L. T. JACKS,

Attorney for Guardian,

Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

10-7-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 20834; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY A. MEAGHER, also known as MARY MEAGHER, Deceased.

IDA M. MEAGHER, Administratrix of the estate of MARY A. MEAGHER, also called MARY MEAGHER, deceased, having filed herein her petition duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her, as such Administratrix, to mortgage the real property of said deceased therein, and hereinafter described, for the purposes set forth in said petition; and it appearing that it will be to the advantage of the said estate that the mortgage be made,

It is ordered by the Court that all persons interested in the estate of MARY A. MEAGHER, also called MARY MEAGHER, deceased, do appear before this Court, Department No. Ten thereof, on Saturday, October 21st, 1916, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the said day at the Court of said Department, in the City Hall, Civic Center, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real property of said estate, described below, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Seventeen Hundred (\$1,700.00) Dollars, as prayed for in the petition of said IDA M. MEAGHER, Administratrix, this day filed or for such lesser amount as to the Court shall seem meet. Reference is made to said petition for further particulars.

The real property of said estate to be mortgaged is situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Easterly line of Webster Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet six (6) inches Northernly from the Northernly line of Washington Street; running thence Northernly along said Easterly line of Webster Street twenty-five (25) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles Southerly twenty-five (25) feet six (6) inches, and thence at right angles Westerly eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Sixty-eight (268).

It is further ordered that this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks before the day of hearing hereinbefore set out, in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court and dated this 18th day of September, 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge.

BUCKLEY & O'KEEFE,

Attorneys for Administratrix,

347-348 Russ Building,

San Francisco, Cal.

9-23-5

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—Another week of liquidation and short selling; the street has not been so bearish in a good many months. The near approach of the election, the fear of Wilson's winning, a renewal of the submarine trouble, the peace talk, have turned many former bulls into bears. Liquidation has been on a large scale and conditions are sound. Steel looks high to what it used to sell at but it doesn't look high if it earns \$95,000,000 for the quarter as it is expected to do. Norfolk & Western continues the strong feature in the railroad although there seems to be few rails for sale at these prices. As we have repeatedly said, this market was not made by a political party and it will not be unmade by a political party. As long as present conditions continue—while we are the market of the world for commodities and securities—prices will hold in many cases and advance in others. Smart people can call reactions but the people who play for reactions do not make big money. The man who sold his Norfolk & Western at 137 saw an 11-point decline, but how many bought it back? The man who held it saw a 9-point new high price made, and it is only free from that now. Chesapeake & Ohio is coming into public notice on its earnings, its financial conditions and its future. So is Western Union. This market may go lower temporarily as sentiment at the moment is quite bearish, but we believe stocks can be bought around present prices for a good upturn.

Wheat—Renewal of the claims that Argentina is suffering from drought and devastated by locusts, and a denial of the reports of submarine activity, strengthened prices with the shorts covering freely the past week. If the commandeering of wheat becomes general as is indicated by some of the grain journals, its effect will be to stagnate our export business and lower the selling prices materially. With the reserves and this year's harvestings, Canada would very nearly supply the needs of the United Kingdom; there would not be any question about it if there was any help at all from India, Australia and Argentina. If Congress could be inoculated with the necessity of doing likewise we would be on a domestic basis sure enough, and without competition the price to the American farmer would be very low, for there would be nothing but the milling inquiry to sustain it. Should the contention of the master bakers prevail, viz: that wheat scarcity compels a higher bread price, and their petition be favorably acted upon to restrict the exporting of bread stuffs, there would be a compulsory liquidation which would cut prices in two, if it did not do more. Add the possibility of Turkish abdication and its consequent relinquishment of Russian supplies and we have something to think about when tempted to follow the present advance about \$1.50. Rather than pay present prices for wheat, Great Britain could afford to send ships to Australia, and India and Canada.

Corn—This market has advanced somewhat but not with lightning rapidity. During the week prices have been stimulated by the advance in wheat caused by the reports of drought in Argentina, prices advancing $2\frac{1}{4}$ c and $2\frac{3}{4}$ c and the buying persistent. As they are they are the holders of practically all the cash corn, a reason can be found for the support extended which must answer in the absence of any other. It is, at any rate, just what any one similarly situated would do, and looks plausible. Prices today are 20c higher for December and May than a year with prospects far ahead as to quantity and quality. Last season's crop was almost destroyed commercially by a premature frost. The Government estimated that large quantities were too soft to ship and fit only for feed. This year the weather has been perfect for curing and heavy yields are being reported from territory which did not produce a bushel last year, and which is about to move.

Cotton—In many respects last week was the most notable week for the cotton trade in many years. Spot cotton in New York sold at 17.50, and the general average for all the options was well above the 17.50 level. This is the highest average cotton has sold at since the Civil War. There was really nothing new in the news, the advance being brought about through bullish sentiment that has been on the increase since the extreme low figures on the growing condition were announced by the Government. The general opinion seems to be that nothing can stop the market from selling well above the 20-cent level. Farmers in the South are not selling cotton, and the mills having been caught short on the market are buying cotton whenever the market has a slight setback. Crop news is about the same but the tendency is to reduce estimates. The following is from an Alabama spot house, and while it only covers the Eastern belt, it can be applied to the Western belt as well, conditions being practically the same in the latter as in the former:

The month of September has passed without the usual equinoctial conditions; in consequence of which we have had ideal picking weather, of which the farmers have taken full advantage. This, together with the prevailing good prices, has been an incentive to gather the cotton

as fast as it opens; and no cotton is wasted in the fields or elsewhere. The picking season is in full swing over the entire cotton belt. The out-turns at the gins show that lint cotton is fully one-third of the seed cotton gathered. Crop conditions, however, have undergone no change since our letter of September 15th, except in the Northern portions of the States of Georgia and Mississippi, where there is some possibility of a top crop. The boll weevil has ruined the possible crop of the Southern parts of these States, and we need expect no supply from this part of the plant. Picking will be completed in many localities within about two weeks. In this immediate section and in South Georgia, picking will probably be completed by the first of next month. There are some few isolated cases where picking is finished now.

BYRNE & McDONNELL

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Direct Private Wires

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Deposits	60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
Number of Depositors	68,062

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock
P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock P. M. and
Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8
o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1916, a
dividend to depositors of 4% per annum was
declared.



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NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Estate of JENNIE MARION DOWNER, deceased.—No.
21584, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of JENNIE MARION DOWNER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the office of her attorneys, Asher, Meyerstein & McNutt, 110 Sutter Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JENNIE MARION DOWNER, deceased.

HARIETTE GILMAN CASWELL,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Jennie
Marion Downer, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 21, 1916.

ASHER, MEYERSTEIN & McNUTT,

Attorneys for Executrix,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

10-21-5

E. F. HUTTON & CO.

MEMBERS

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COTTON EXCHANGE

NEW YORK COFFEE EXCHANGE

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LIVERPOOL COTTON ASSOCIATION

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NOTICE UPON FILING OF PETITION TO ASCERTAIN RIGHTS AS HEIRS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 16068, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALFRED E. OVEREND, deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: William J. Hynes, the Administrator of the Estate of Alfred E. Overend, deceased, and to Harry S. Overend, Edward Overend, Jennie N. Gilbert, Elizabeth C. Hart, the Administrator or Executor of the estate of Robert A. Overend, deceased, E. M. Leonard, as Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of Ida Overend Mann, deceased, Walter S. Overend, Jane Couture, Sister Matilda Overend, Elizabeth Fleming, Oscar Overend, Jennetta C. Brosse, Elizabeth C. Hall, Nettie C. Trellor, William Guthrie, Margaret Guthrie Johnston, Maria Guthrie Hawley, Daniel Guthrie, Samuel Guthrie, Peter Guthrie, Alice Guthrie Simpson, Ellen Clark, John Guthrie, Hannah Guthrie, William Guthrie, George Edward Jack, Elizabeth C. Unwin, Ida A. Hadley, Mandora Hunter, Effie C. Hickey, William E. Guthrie, Anna M. Thompson, Mrs. Isabelle Barnes, Mrs. Lillian Belle Overend Pitt, John F. Overend, Miss E. O. Morris, Sophie Overend, and Patrick Guthrie and Marge Overend.

You and each of you are hereby notified:

That on the 28th day of September, 1916, Robert M. Overend, one of the heirs at law of Alfred E. Overend, deceased, filed his petition in this court praying that the rights of all persons interested in the estate of said Alfred E. Overend, deceased, be ascertained and declared by this court, and that it be determined to whom distribution should be made;

That, so far as known, the following is a description of the real estate whereof said deceased died seized or possessed, to-wit:

Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the Northernly line of Seventeenth Street with the Easterly line of Ord Street (formerly Clara Avenue); thence Easterly along the Northernly line of Seventeenth Street Forty-five (45) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly One Hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Forty-five (45) feet to the Easterly line of Ord Street (formerly Clara Avenue); thence Southerly along said last named line One Hundred and Ten (110) feet to the point of beginning; being part of Horner's Addition Block Number 202.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Calhoun Street distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Northernly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Calhoun Street with the Northernly line of Green Street; thence Northernly along said Easterly line of Calhoun Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; thence at a right angle Easterly Ninety-one (91) feet and Eight (8) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; and thence at a right angle Westerly Ninety-one (91) feet and Eight (8) inches to the Easterly line of Calhoun Street and the point of beginning; being part of 50 Vara Lot Number 187.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Franklin Street, distant thereon One Hundred (100) feet Northernly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Franklin Street with the Northernly line of Page Street; thence Northernly along said Easterly line of Franklin Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Seventy-five (75) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Seventy-five (75) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Easterly line of Franklin Street and the point of beginning; being part of Western Addition Block Number 71.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Mimosa Path, distant thereon Thirty-eight (38) feet and Eight (8) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Rose Hill Nock; thence Northernly along said Easterly line of Mimosa Path Thirteen (13) feet; thence Easterly Sixteen (16) feet and Six (6) inches; thence Southerly Fourteen (14) feet and Five (5) inches; thence Westerly Sixteen (16) feet and Six (6) inches to the point of beginning; being situated in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Jones Street, distant thereon Sixty (60) feet Southerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Jones Street with the Southerly line of Washington Street; thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Jones Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Northernly Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Easterly line of Jones Street and the point of beginning; being part of 50 Vara Lot Number 832.

Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the Easterly line of Church Street with the Southerly line of Twenty-seventh Street; thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Church Street Fifty-one (51) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Easterly Eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly Fifty-one (51) feet and Six (6) inches to the Southerly line of Twenty-seventh Street; thence Westerly along said line of Twenty-seventh Street Eighty (80) feet to the point of beginning; being part of Horner's Addition Block Number 57.

Commencing at the point of intersection of the Easterly line of St. Charles Street with the Northernly line of Central Avenue, running thence Easterly along said Northernly line of Central Avenue, One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet to St. Charles Street; thence at a right angle along the Easterly line of St. Charles Street One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet to the point of commencement.

The first six parcels of real property hereinabove described are situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; while the seventh parcel hereinabove described is situated in the City of Alameda, County of Alameda, State of California.

That the said Harry S. Overend, Guy R. Overend, Charles P. Overend, Frederick M. A. Overend, Edward Overend, Jennie N. Gilbert, Robert A. Overend, now deceased, Elizabeth C. Hart, Ida Overend Mann, now deceased, Walter S. Overend, Jane Couture, Sister Matilda Overend, Elizabeth Fleming, Oscar Overend, Jennetta C. Brosse, Elizabeth C. Hall, Nettie C. Trellor, William Guthrie, Margaret Guthrie Johnston, Maria Guthrie Hawley, Daniel Guthrie, Samuel Guthrie, Peter Guthrie, Alice Guthrie Simpson, Ellen Clark, John Guthrie,

John Guthrie, Hannah Guthrie, William Guthrie, George Edward Jack, Elizabeth J. Unwin, Ida A. Hadley, Mandora Hunter, Effie C. Hickey, William E. Guthrie, Sophie Overend, as assignee of Robert M. Overend, and Marge Overend, as assignee of Walter S. Overend, are the only persons who appeared and claimed any interest in said estate, in the course of the administration of the same, up to the time of the making of said order;

That you, and all other persons not named, who have or claim an interest in said estate, are cited to appear before this court, at the courtroom thereof, located in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of December, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and exhibit, in the manner provided by law, your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in said estate, and show cause why such petition should not be granted.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 4th day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California.)
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk of the Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk,
JEREMIAH V. COFFEY & EDWARD I. COFFEY,
E. M. LEONARD,
Attorneys for Robert M. Overend.
569 Mills Building,
San Francisco, California.

10-7-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ERNEST CHAUMELIN, deceased.—No. 21451; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ERNEST CHAUMELIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ERNEST CHAUMELIN, deceased.

Administrator of the estate of Ernest Chaumelin, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, September 23rd, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Administrator,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, California.

9-23-5

NOTICE OF APPLICATION OF THE THRIFT COUPON COMPANY OF AMERICA, A CORPORATION, FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 76954; Dept. No. 12.

IN THE MATTER OF THE APPLICATION OF THE THRIFT COUPON COMPANY OF AMERICA, A CORPORATION, TO BE DISSOLVED.

Notice is hereby given that the application of the Thrift Coupon Company of America, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for a decree dissolving said corporation, has been filed in this Court, and said Court has ordered the Clerk thereof to give notice of the same for thirty (30) days by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the said City and County, and all persons are hereby directed to file their objections to said application, if any they have, as provided by law, before the expiration of the time of publication.

Dated, October 3, 1913.
(Seal) H. L. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

GILLOGLEY, CROFTON & PAYNE,
Attorneys for Applicant,
57 Post St., San Francisco, Cal.

10-7-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 76,577; Dept. No. 10.

WALTER A. BAIRD, Plaintiff, vs. GRACE M. BAIRD, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GRACE M. BAIRD, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
ARCHIBALD J. TREAT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
624 Monadnock Building,
San Francisco, California.

10-21-9

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION TO MORTGAGE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 21572. In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of WILLIAM JAMES NICHOLS, JOSEPH EDWARD NICHOLS, and ELLA MAY NICHOLS, Minors.

SAMUEL T. NICHOLS, Guardian of the persons and estates of the above-named minors, having filed herein his petition, duly verified by affidavit, and praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing him, as such Guardian, to mortgage the real property of said minors hereinafter described for the purposes set forth in said petition;

And it appearing that it will be of advantage to said property that said mortgage be made,

It is Ordered by the Court that all persons interested in the said estate of said minors do appear before this Court on the 8th day of November, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real-property described below should not be mortgaged for the sum of TWO THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED (\$2200.00) DOLLARS, as set forth in said petition of said Guardian aforesaid, filed this day herein, and why said Guardian should not be allowed to mortgage the interest of the said minors in said property for their prorata of the said sum of TWO THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED (\$2200.00) DOLLARS. (Reference is made to said petition for further particulars.)

The said real estate and property to be mortgaged is situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Oak Street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said southerly line of Oak Street with the westerly line of Laguna Street; and running thence westerly along said southerly line of Oak Street twenty-seven (27) feet, six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the northernly line of Lily Avenue; thence at right angles easterly along said line of Lily Avenue twenty-seven (27) feet, six (6) inches; and thence at right angles northernly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement, being part of WESTERN ADDITION BLOCK Number 219.

It is further ordered that this Order to Show Cause be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks before the hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, this 2nd day of October, A. D. 1916.
(Signed) THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 3, 1916.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk.

L. T. JACKS,
Attorney for Guardian,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

10-7-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY REAL PROPERTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 20834; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY A. MEAGHER, also known as MARY MEAGHER, Deceased.

IDA M. MEAGHER, Administratrix of the estate of MARY A. MEAGHER, also called MARY MEAGHER, deceased, having filed herein her petition duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her, as such Administratrix, to mortgage the real property of said deceased therein, and hereinafter described, for the purposes set forth in said petition; and it appearing that it will be to the advantage of the said estate that the mortgage be made,

It is ordered by the Court that all persons interested in the estate of MARY A. MEAGHER, also called MARY MEAGHER, deceased, do appear before this Court, Department No. Ten thereof, on Saturday, October 21st, 1916, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the said day at the Court of said Department, in the City Hall, Civic Center, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real property of said estate, described below, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Seventeen Hundred (\$1,700.00) Dollars, as prayed for in the petition of said IDA M. MEAGHER, Administratrix, this day filed or for such lesser amount as to the Court shall seem meet. Reference is made to said petition for further particulars.

The real property of said estate to be mortgaged is situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Easterly line of Webster Street, distant thereon one hundred and twenty-seven (127) feet six (6) inches Northernly from the Northernly line of Washington Street; running thence Northernly along said Easterly line of Webster Street twenty-five (25) feet six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly eighty (80) feet; thence at right angles Southerly twenty-five (25) feet six (6) inches, and thence at right angles Westerly eighty (80) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block Number Two Hundred and Sixty-eight (268).

It is further ordered that this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks before the day of hearing hereinbefore set out, in the "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Done in open Court and dated this 18th day of September, 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge.

BUCKLEY & O'KEEFE,
Attorneys for Administratrix,
347-348 Russ Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

9-23-5

NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF RICHARD CORBETT, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664 OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 18,313; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of RICHARD CORBETT, Deceased.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, and each and every and all persons named or not named, having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased:

You, and each of you are hereby notified that Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, the petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this Court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit, the estate of Richard Corbett, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are the heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased disappeared prior to the first day of December, 1907, and that by a judgment duly given and made by said Court on the 5th day of January, 1915, the said deceased was declared dead, and that said deceased died intestate; that the said deceased was then and there a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State, consisting wholly of money, and that said estate now consists of money solely;

That a petition for Letters of Administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 18th day of December, 1914, filed in the above entitled Court by M. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco;

That thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was, by judgment of said Court, duly given and made, on the 5th day of January, 1915, appointed Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased; that thereafter, to wit, on the said 5th day of January, 1915, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such Administrator, and Letters of Administration were duly issued to him under the seal of said Court, by the Clerk of said Court; that thereafter, and on the 6th day of February, 1915, said M. J. Hynes, Administrator of said estate, died;

That a petition for Letters of Administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 24th day of February, 1915, filed in the above entitled Court, by W. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco;

That thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, that the said W. J. Hynes was, by a judgment of said Court, duly given and made on the 11th day of March, 1915, appointed Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased; and that thereafter, to wit, on the said 11th day of March, 1915, said W. J. Hynes qualified as such Administrator and Letters of Administration were duly issued to him under the seal of said Court by the Clerk of said Court, and that the said W. J. Hynes ever since has been, and now is, the duly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator of the estate of said deceased;

That the said order and decree of the said Court appointing the said W. J. Hynes Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are of full force, virtue and effect, and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of Letters of Administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made;

That the said Richard Corbett, deceased, died intestate, leaving him surviving no grand-father or grand-mother, no father or mother, no wife, child or descendants of any child or children, no brothers or sisters, and that said petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the whole of the said estate of said deceased;

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate, and that the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof, so far as known to said petitioners;

And that these petitioners pray the said Court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made; that the Court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the Court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said Court in the matter of the said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of said Court in the matter of said estate and in the Register of Proceedings in Estates of said Court in the matter of said estate, and directing that, in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid, then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said Court for not appearing as aforesaid, and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid, to show cause and exhibit to said Court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, as provided by Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California;

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition, the said Court, on the 22nd day of August, 1916, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate of Richard Corbett, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said Court as hereinafter specified, and that by said order the Court fixed Tuesday, the 5th day of December, 1916, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein.

NOW, THEREFORE, you, and each of you herein above named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have, or claim, any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the Courtroom thereof, in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 5th day of December, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the Court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having, or claiming, an interest in or to

the whole or any part of the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased;

And that you, and each of you, and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said Court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said Court in the matter of the said estate and in the Register of the Proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said Court, and that each and every, all and singular, the persons who appear as aforesaid, show cause, as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, to the said Court in the matter of the said estate, by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California;

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said Court in the matter of the said estate, and in the Register of Proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said Court for not appearing as aforesaid;

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause, as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, to the said Court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate, as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate to the said Court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California specified;

That the said Court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS, the Honorable George H. Cabaniss, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk of said Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.
EUGENE W. LEVY, Attorney for Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, Room 560 Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California. 8-26-10

CERTIFICATE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, O. Olivi and R. J. Olivi, are transacting a paper business in the State of California, under the name of Fulton Paper Co.; that the principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that they are conducting the said business under the fictitious name of Fulton Paper Co., and that they are the sole owners of said business, and that their full names are O. Olivi, who resides at 1547 Mason St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and R. J. Olivi, who resides at 1339 Greenwich St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

O. OLIVI, R. J. OLIVI.
State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 26th day of September, 1916, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared O. OLIVI and R. J. OLIVI, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) A. J. NAGLE, Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 26, 1916.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

L. W. LOVEY, Attorney-at-Law, 1101 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco 9-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY ANN MARTIN, deceased.—No. 21489, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of MARY ANN MARTIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the office of his attorneys, Lane, White & Elliott, Room 1003 Nevada Bank Building, 14 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY ANN MARTIN, deceased.

WILLIAM MARTIN, Executor of the last will and testament of Mary Ann Martin, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 30, 1916.

EDWARD F. LLOYD, JANE WHITE & ELLIOTT, Attorneys for Executor, Room 1003 Nevada Bank Bldg., 14 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-5

CERTIFICATE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, Ng. T. Quai, Tom Fook Duck, Lee Pon, Lee Ning, Lee Sun Yet, Fung Choy, Lum Jue On, and Chen Foo, are transacting a general manufacturing of paste and noodles business in the State of California, under the name of Canton Noodle Factory; that the principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that they are conducting the said business under the fictitious name of Canton Noodle Factory, and that they are the sole owners of said business, and that their full names are Ng. T. Quai, who resides at 1135 Stockton St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Tom Fook Duck, who resides at 518 1/2 Pacific St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Lee Pon, who resides at 1135 Stockton St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Lee Ning, who resides at Stockton, California, Lee Sun Yet, who resides at 1135 Stockton St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Fung Choy, who resides at 1135 Stockton St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Lum Jue On, who resides at Courtland, California, and Chen Foo, who resides at Sacramento, California.

NG. T. QUAI, LEE NING, LEE PON, LEE SUN YET, CHEN FOO, FONG CHOY, TOM FOOK DUCK, LUM JUE ON.
State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 26th day of September, 1916, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared NG. T. QUAI, TOM FOOK DUCK, LEE PON, LEE NING, LEE SUN YET, FUNG CHOY, LUM JUE ON, and CHEN FOO, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) A. J. NAGLE, Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 26, 1916.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

L. W. LOVEY, Attorney-at-Law, 1101 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE GREENZWEIG, deceased.—No. 21443; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of GEORGE GREENZWEIG, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executors, at the office of their attorneys, Heller, Powers & Ehrman, Room 713 Nevada Bank Building, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as their place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE GREENZWEIG, deceased.

EMMA GREENZWEIG, HENRY G. GREENZWEIG, Executors of the last will and testament of George Greenzweig, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 23, 1916.
HELLER, POWERS & EHRMAN, Attorneys for Executors, 713 Nevada Bank Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MICHAEL LOFTUS, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MICHAEL LOFTUS, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of L. W. Lovey, 1105 Hearst Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MICHAEL LOFTUS, deceased.

EDWARD P. MAHONY, Administrator of the estate of Michael Loftus, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 23, 1916.

L. W. LOVEY, Attorney for Administrator, 1105 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY A. BRUCE, sometimes known as and called H. A. BRUCE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of HENRY A. BRUCE, alias, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Jos. P. Lucey, 712-717 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY A. BRUCE alias, deceased.

VIOLA I. LUCEY, Administratrix of the estate of Henry A. Bruce, alias, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 21, 1916.

JOS. P. LUCEY, Attorney for Administratrix, 712-717 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-21-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 72594; Dept. No. 10.

JEMETT POSTON, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY A. POSTON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: HENRY A. POSTON, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful neglect, habitual intemperance, and wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 24th day of March, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

JAS. P. SWEENEY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Nevada Bank Building,
San Francisco, California. 8-19-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTONIE GENEVE, deceased.—No. 21,508; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of ANTONIE GENEVE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTONIE GENEVE, deceased.

VICTOR G. BONALY,
Executor of the last will and testament of Antonie Geneve, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, October 21, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, California. 10-21-5

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

of Town Talk, published weekly at San Francisco, California, for October 1, 1916.

State of California
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared John J. Dwyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Town Talk, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor and business manager are: Publisher, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; managing editor, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; business manager, John J. Dwyer, 88 First street, San Francisco.

2. That the owners are: Owner, Pacific Publication Co., 88 First street, San Francisco; stockholders, Theo. F. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco; Alphonse Sutter, 14 Montgomery street, San Francisco; H. M. Bonnet, 88 First street, San Francisco.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

JOHN J. DWYER,
Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30 day of September, 1916.

(Seal) JULIUS CALMANN,
(My commission expires May 29th, 1917.)

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Dept. No. 10; No. 75525.

ANITA WARREN PATTERSON, Plaintiff, vs. WILLIAM PATTERSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WILLIAM PATTERSON, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 2nd day of August, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By F. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
423 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 8-19-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 20121; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANN FOLEY, deceased. JAMES FOLEY, Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of ANN FOLEY, deceased, having filed his petition with the Clerk of the above entitled Court, praying for an order of the above entitled Court authorizing him to mortgage the property hereinafter described for the purposes set forth in the said petition;

NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, that the 8th day of November, A. D. 1916, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at the Court Room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the City Hall, No. 400 Van Ness Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, be and the same is hereby fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to be and appear before the above entitled Court at said time and place, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the property hereinafter described, should not be mortgaged for the sum of One Thousand (\$1,000.00) Dollars, or for such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet; reference is hereby made to the petition on file for further particulars.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED that notice of the time and place herein fixed be given by publishing this order once a week for four successive weeks in a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

The real property hereinabove referred to is all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Southerly line of Irving Street, distant thereon ninety-five (95) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Fifth Avenue; running thence easterly along said Southerly line of Irving Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Irving Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Land Block Number Six Hundred and Seventy-six (676).

Dated this 3rd day of October, A. D. 1916.
THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

TOBIN & TOBIN,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Hibernia Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, California. 10-7-5

SHERIFF'S SALE

Justice Court.—No. 85581.
G. E. DOLAN, Plaintiff, vs. FRED MACK and MRS. FRED MACK, his wife, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Justice Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 28th day of June, A. D. 1916, in the above entitled action wherein G. E. DOLAN, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against FRED MACK and MRS. FRED MACK, his wife, defendants, on the 5th day of May, A. D. 1916, I am commanded to sell all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Waller Street distant thereon 106.3 feet easterly from the point of intersection of the easterly line of Steiner Street with the southerly line of Waller Street; running thence easterly along said southerly line of Waller Street 25 feet; thence at right angles southerly 120 feet; thence at right angles westerly 25 feet, and thence at right angles northerly 120 feet to the southerly line of Waller Street and the point of beginning. Being Lot No. 29 in Block 867.

Public Notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 30th day of October, A. D. 1916, at 12 o'clock M., of that day, in front of the Sheriff's Office in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said execution, sell all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money of the United States.

Dated, San Francisco, August 16th, 1916.
THOMAS F. FINN, Sheriff.

WALTER E. DORN,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-28.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 35910.

MAY E. BRIDGE, a widow, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

T. W. HUBBARD, 1003 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MAY E. BRIDGE, a widow, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above-entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL NO. 1.

BEGINNING at a point on the westerly line of Stockton Street, distant thereon eighty (80) feet and two and one-fourth (2 1/4) inches southerly from the point formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Stockton Street with the southerly line of Sutter Street; and running thence southerly along said line of Stockton Street nineteen (19) feet and nine and three-quarters (9 3/4) inches; thence at a right angle westerly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle northerly nineteen (19) feet and nine and three-quarters (9 3/4) inches; and thence at a right angle easterly sixty (60) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 168.

PARCEL NO. 2.

COMMENCING at a point on the westerly line of 29th Avenue distant thereon two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet northerly from the northerly line of Fulton (formerly D) Street, and running thence northerly along the said westerly line of 29th Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle westerly one hundred twenty (120) feet; thence at a right angle southerly fifty (50) feet, and thence at a right angle easterly one hundred twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands, Block No. 409.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the Seal of said Court this 8th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 16th day of September, A. D. 1916.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco, San Francisco, California; Savings Union Bank and Trust Company, San Francisco, California; City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, San Francisco, California.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 9-16-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ADOLPHUS S. HUBBARD, deceased.—No. 15071, N. S.; Dept. No. 9, Probate.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of ADOLPHUS S. HUBBARD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at his office, Room 1003 Phelan Building, 760 Market Street, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ADOLPHUS S. HUBBARD, deceased.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Administrator of the estate of Adolphus S. Hubbard, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, September, 23rd, 1916.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Administrator in pro. per.,
1003 Phelan Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 9-23-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY HELEN ROSE BROWN, deceased.—No. 2852, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARY HELEN ROSE BROWN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of James M. Hanley, attorney at law, 505-6 Kohl Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY HELEN ROSE BROWN, deceased.

CHARLES P. BROWN,
Administrator of the estate of Mary Helen Rose Brown, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, September 16th, 1916.

JAMES M. HANLEY,
Attorney for Administrator,
505-6 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-5



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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVIII. No. 1262

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 28, 1916

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE:

More of Oscar Wilde

Wilson and Constantine

The Literature of Thirst

Willis and the Clockwinder

Back on the Old Battlefields

An Army of a Million Blacks

The Passing of the Bavarde Column

John Parrott Talks of Symphony History

The Miller Estate—Another Will to Break?

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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San Francisco, October 28, 1916

No. 1262

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John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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FOR THE OLD FREEDOM

FOR PRESIDENT:

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

Vote for San Francisco

A good thing to keep in mind on Election Day is little old San Francisco. Be as faithful as you please to your party, and believe if you will that a vote for Wilson is God's dearest wish, but if you must stand for Gompers near the helm in Washington take a chance anyway at displeasing him in San Francisco. Here we are, in this miserable position—that whatever our Chamber of Commerce is for, the men who take orders from Gompers are against. Hence the labor unions are urged by their leaders to vote for the jitney ordinance. This is really a sad state of affairs,—that the protection of life and limb in the principal thoroughfare of an American metropolis should be viewed by a large body of men as a matter of secondary importance when before them is an opportunity of expressing their hostility to the city's chief commercial organization. This is one of the unpleasant signs of the times.

Wilson and Constantine

Measuring King Constantine by the standards which some of us apply in the case of Mr. Woodrow Wilson, how tall a man is this modern monarch of the Greeks? Among intellectual giants of the American plan King Constantine is prodigious. For, as a war dodger, he makes Woodrow Wilson look like one of the pygmies that Homer describes in the battle with the cranes. President Wilson has had no difficulty in keeping his beloved country out of war. The pride that breakfasted with plenty and supped with infamy, as Benjamin Franklin has it, has proved the effectual safeguard of the nation. Nothing could overcome our humility. It is invulnerable, whether on the high seas or in Mexico. Mr. Wilson has kept us out of war simply by keeping us out of self-respect. Shrewdly he made it impossible for anybody to pick a quarrel with us. But consider the difficulties of

Greece. At the moment war broke out Constantine's little kingdom was swept into the frightful whirlpool of Charybdis and for more than two years he was kept busy dodging Scylla. Pride was unavailable in his case. Nothing but finesse could save him. He was almost obligated to enter the war when Bulgaria went to the assistance of the Turk. But he restrained himself. He pronounced himself neutral, but he was not believed. To make matters worse for him the powerful Venizelos party insisted on dragging him into the war. He was immovable. He was offered an island, he was cajoled, wheedled, threatened; all in vain. And through it all and in spite of the physical weakness of his country he stood out before all the world garbed in the flowing robes of his self-respect. Surely Mr. Woodrow Wilson is not to be compared with the brave and manly Constantine. True, the king has lost prestige in his own country, but so has Mr. Wilson, and though there are Greeks that hate Constantine no finger of scorn is leveled at him.

The Argument of Noise

Some men judge a cause by its vehemence and accept noise as a measure of intensity and nobleness of purpose, and so our vociferous Democrats are busy again with their stage thunder. It is not to be gainsaid that noise exercises a fascination on some folk. This is so well known that many Christians bellow their hymns in church. They are the Bulls-of-Bashan type of Christians. They are of the same order of mind as the roaring journalist who writes at the top of his voice, emphasizes his shrieks in large capital letters and wraps himself in an American flag to thrill people with his detonating patriotism. It appears that even the President of the United States is susceptible to the magnetism of the terrific voice, for after addressing a meeting of his noisy followers in a hall that had been packed by grateful taxeaters he construed the shouting as evidence that he was on the road to victory. Here is an experienced politician who well knows that it is the "silent vote" that counts and who has surely not forgotten the first Bryan campaign when the bellowing Bull of Nebraska was trying to stampede the people, yet he is drawing encouragement from noise made under the direction of his own campaign committee. Meanwhile the stock market is inspiring confidence in men who think they have an adequate conception of the nature of the calamity that would be inevitable in the event the country were doomed to muddle through four more years of the academic philosopher from Princeton. As a barometer of public opinion

representing the aggregate of public knowledge as to the material affairs of the country the stock market has never been really wrong in its forecast of a Presidential election.

Back on the Old Battlefields

Men are fighting again in Asia Minor, the birthplace of history and the birthplace of war. Indeed they are fighting right on ancient battlefields, many of which had been almost bereft of life for centuries. A few months ago the roar of cannon was heard in the valleys of the Lower Tigris and Euphrates, on territory once the home of the Chaldeans. Here are to be found ruins of the first human settlements. Archaeologists tell us that northward where rows of desolate mounds are to be seen are the sites of Nineveh and mighty Babylon. It was across these lands that the Assyrian cohorts clad in their purple and gold marched and countermarched to the frontiers of the Mediterranean and to the frontiers of Egypt. Who is there with a feeling for history and tradition that does not find material for thrilling reflection in the despatches telling us of the progress of the war through all the ancient world? How many millions of warriors that marched in the trains of conquering kings contributed to the fertilization of the plains of Mesopotamia! A land that was once the granary of the known world, furnishing food for millions of both friend and foe, was always a land worth fighting for, and once again it is rocked in the clash of arms. Modern Christians are making material for another Homeric epic where ancient warrior nations were led to combat for dynasties with the incentives of lust, plunder and rapine ever in their souls. It was over near Baghdad, now a great base of the Russian armies that Zenophon fought Cunaxa, and the line of his retreat takes us to Bitlis, recently captured by the Grand Duke, and all the way to Trebizond on the shores of the Black Sea, which the Turks recently found it expedient to evacuate. At Issus not far from the Gulf of Alexandrietta where the Allies have been fighting, Alexander of Macedon fought one of the great battles of history. Scattered all over the map are ancient battlefields that have echoed to a very Babel of tongues and that are now receiving a fresh drenching in the blood of cultured Christians.

The Literature of Thirst

All literature is sensitive to the prejudices of the people, and so it is that our writers of magazine fiction find it expedient to avoid themes that are distasteful to lovers of the simple life. Christian Science has in-

fluenced the short story, and in the theatre the unwholesome play is the one with the unhappy ending, for we object to the jarring of our nerves. In time, let us hope, those good souls whose theoretical discontent with the world has assumed the practical shape of a crusade against the Demon will give some attention to the literary stimulus to thirst. This they should do to make total abstinence easier. Why should a teetotaler suffer torture in his reading? Torture is inevitable in the case of the dyspeptic who joins the ranks of total abstainers and remains a reader of fiction. And the dyspeptic is one who thoroughly understands what thirst is and thoroughly enjoys the quenching of it. Not for him the moderation of the exasperatingly well-balanced person, who, in the hottest weather only moistens his lips with a little water. No, the dyspeptic requires his drinks long and very cold or very hot; usually very cold; hence his dyspepsia. His imagination is stirred by the very suggestion of a refreshing stream poured into the arid desert of his system. You can make him thirsty by writing about sparkling wine out of a frozen bottle, or about foaming tankards of nut-brown liquid. For such a man, if he be a teetotaler, Meredith is positively a corrupting influence. Meredith is seductive. Whether writing of vintage champagne or the greater wines of Burgundy and the Rhine, he creates suspense, and keeps you waiting for your

drink while he spins a delicious essay on the philosophy of bubbles. He is an exasperating and corrupting influence. Something should be done about Meredith, and there should be a demand for the buttermilk story. Buttermilk! Here is an innocent, delicious draught to quench the most divine of thirsts, more potent than any drug to conjure visions absolutely innocuous. By all means let us encourage the literature of innocent thirst. Let us have our fiction, like our morals and our statesmen saturated in buttermilk.

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The Art of Pleasing

Speaking of an eminent statesman a magazine eulogist says that he has been distinguished throughout life for his affability. This is a precious quality that goes a long way in a world of irritations and annoyances. It is the prime essential of the art of pleasing in which Lord Chesterfield vainly instructed his son. In a politician it serves as a fine substitute for ability, enabling him to ingratiate himself with the dear people. The Chief Magistrate of a democratic community who leads all grand marches and dances with the wives of all Grand Moguls; who dedicates every new theatre, touches the button for every public ceremony and lends the grace of his presence wherever and whenever he may bask in a spotlight is assured of public confidence and esteem. And in all fields of activity it pays to be

pleasing. In other words, to be agreeable is one of the secrets of success. Unfortunately we cannot all be agreeable. Much depends on how we bear the small troubles of life. To be agreeable the ordinary man must have a buoyant, cheerful mind or a defective imagination by which he may be enabled not to mind at all. It is impossible for a man to be agreeable and pleasing who cannot bear the trials of life with imperturbable calm. The man who suffers depression generates gloom in his vicinity. Extremely rare is the temperament of Charles James Fox who neglected not only the elegancies of life but its sterner conventions as well. His creditors never worried him. It is related of him that one of his creditors who asked for the money due went away without the money but with a deep sense of shame at having mentioned the debt. Fox was a chartered libertine, bound by no laws, held fast by no prejudices, but he was irresistible to his generation and even to his biographers. Fox had genius in the art of pleasing. When he met a stranger he leaped instantly to terms of intimacy. Whence comes this imponderable quality of magnetism? Surely it is not a moral quantity. It does not bespeak nobility of character. It is found equally developed in good men and bad and often when it is found in a crafty politician it is turned to evil purposes.

Perspective Impressions

Nations have been known to live for years on the souvenirs of past glory.

What a long time seems to have passed since we tried to pronounce Przemysl!

It is not considered polite to sing "Celeste Aida" in the hearing of Father Crowley.

Von Kluck has been retired from active service, but not from our active admiration.

It shocks us to be told that our elections cost too much. Let the people rule, and to Hades with the expense.

Another minister has gone wrong in San Jose and as usual the odds are overwhelmingly in favor of the guess that he is a "dry."

The New York Bureau of Municipal Research is worried about the morals of San Francisco. Has it reformed New York's?

Edison has received the degree of Doctor of Laws over the telephone. Indicating, perhaps, that his erudition is a "long distance connection."

President Wilson may not be what he seems, but how are we to account for his affinities of the Cabinet? Is the company of asses congenial to a wise man?

Thanks to the British censor Hearst is now getting more news than ever of the hopelessness and injustice of the Allies' cause.

All the after-the-war problems of the world are now being solved in this country by preachers and professors.

Oklahoma is said to be strong for Wilson. On the birds-of-a-feather theory California should figure in the same direction.

To some men there is not the slightest significance in the circumstance that President Wilson's most ardent supporters are Jane Adams and Samuel Gompers.

It will probably appear in time that the ineffable O'Leary is really one of Mr. Hearst's staff. At any rate their minds seem to be worked on the same mechanical principle.

A committee has been organized in Oakland to ensure the abolition of "sex vice" by punishing men as well as women. How simple! Yet it remained for Oakland to give this happy thought to the world.

Mr. Arthur Arlett, who preached prohibition at the Central Methodist Church last Sunday, is one of the blessings bestowed on us by Governor Johnson. The other is Lieutenant-Governor Stephens.

Illusions do not harm when they float about the academical chair unless the chair happens to be moved to Washington.

Margaret Sanger announces that a Birth Control clinic is about to be born in San Francisco. But perhaps the police will practice birth control in the matter.

We suggest as the official song of the birth controllers: "I Didn't Raise My Child to be a Parent; in Fact, I Didn't Raise My Child at All."

Louis XVI thought that the fall of the Bastille was an insignificant street brawl. President Wilson thinks the Mexican problem is a row between Villa and Carranza.

Our street cars are still interfering with automobiles much to the inconvenience of our motorists and in utter disregard of the fact that pleasure is more important than business.

Now that the government has been brought back to the bright people we are spending thousands of dollars every year in this city for printers' ink lest the bright ones fail to understand such simple propositions as the one the jitney hogs are trying to put over and the one by which the intellectual crooks of prohibition are trying to befog an issue and make people believe they are fighting saloons.

Varied Types

304—JOHN PARROTT

By Edward F. O'Day

"Tell me about the symphony concerts of other days," I begged the chairman of the executive committee that runs our great orchestra.

"But that is ancient history," objected John Parrott. "Why talk about forgotten things? April, nineteen hundred and six burned a line of demarcation across San Francisco history, and the San Franciscans of today care nothing for the San Franciscans of yesterday. We are a changed city."

"You regret the change?" I asked.

"The physical change, no," said Mr. Parrott; "the spiritual change, emphatically yes."

"But we have become self-conscious about our history," I argued. "And among other things, about our musical history. Tell me about Fritz Scheel. You helped to give us his concerts?"

"Oh, Fritz Scheel is a modern. I was interested in symphony concerts in San Francisco long before his time."

It is a true saying. You cannot talk about symphony concerts in San Francisco and leave John Parrott out of the conversation. Music has been the passion of John Parrott's life, and more especially symphony music. The symphony is the Cynara to which he has remained faithful. But I shall not elaborate the point for fear of indulging in superlatives. John Parrott does not like superlatives; he tells me that he never uses them.

"I remember well," continued Mr. Parrott, "when Herold—yes, he was Rudie's father—gave a symphony season at the Baldwin. That was in the seventies. The concerts only stopped when Herold grew too old to continue them. Then in the eighties we had two symphony orchestras running at the same time, both at Platt's Hall if my memory serves me. One was Louis Homeier's, and the other was Gustav Hinrichs'. They were both well attended, but principally by women. If it were not for the women there would be no music in San Francisco today. It is only of late that men have been going to concerts. In the old days men were afraid to go—afraid of being called 'sissies.' That didn't hold good of me, however; I was always too fond of music."

"The next symphony concerts were those given at the old Tivoli by Bauer who was the conductor of the Tivoli orchestra. His symphony orchestra was small, of course, compared to later orchestras; but he gave good concerts, and they were well attended. Just about the end of that series Fritz Scheel began to make himself felt with his Vienna orchestra at the Midwinter Fair. Pretty soon he had won everybody in San Francisco who had a love of music, and after the Fair he gave a series of symphonies. They were given in a beer hall on Golden Gate avenue, and the surroundings attracted an unceremonious South-of-Market street crowd. But the concerts were so good that an organization known as the Metropolitan Musical Association was formed to help him attract a better crowd. I was the president of the association, and among the

other subscribers were William Mayo Newhall, Henry Crocker and Joe Redding who, by the way, gave the association its name. But the subscribers rested content with subscribing—they did not attend the concerts—so Scheel went along as far as he could, and then quit. He left San Francisco, and eventually made a place for himself in the musical life of Philadelphia. Later he returned, and the association was revived with Mrs. Phoebe Hearst as president. These later concerts were given at Wade's (afterwards the Grand) Opera House. They were not successful financially.

"We had no other symphony association until six years ago when the San Francisco Musical Association was formed with Bourn as president and Henry Hadley as conductor of the concerts. I was away from San Francisco at that time, and took no part in the association until its scope was enlarged by Mr. Sproule. Now we have a permanent orchestra, in the sense that all the time of the musicians belongs to us during the symphony season. It is on the same basis as the symphony orchestras in Boston, New York, Minneapolis and Cincinnati."

"You have been interested in music all your life?" I asked Mr. Parrott.

"Yes," he answered. "As a youngster I studied here under Frederick Zech, and later in Berlin."

"What instruments do you play?"

"I used to play the violin, but gave it up years ago," confessed Mr. Parrott. "I still use the piano—strictly for my own benefit, however. My chief interest is in musical composition."

"Have any of your compositions been played in public?"

"Some of my youthful indiscretions were," said Mr. Parrott. "But not any of my later sins. It is mediocre stuff, not good enough for public presentation."

"You consider modesty desirable in a composer?"

"Now you are getting close to matters on which I have firm and fixed opinions," parried Mr. Parrott with a smile.

"Therefore they should be interesting," I argued. "Would you not value the criticism that accompanies the public presentation of new music?"

"Let us not go too deeply into the question of the public attitude toward music," answered Mr. Parrott cautiously. "Good taste in music depends on intellect and cultivation. You cannot expect too much from a new community. Remember that Wagner called the Bavarian public pigs and swine because they couldn't understand him. Remember too that 'Tristan and Isolde' was written in 1859 but only came into full appreciation a few years ago."

"We have a large number of cultivated and intelligent music lovers in San Francisco. They enjoy the best and understand the best in music. The number is ever increasing. Included among these is a constantly growing number of men. This is due, in great measure if not wholly to the fact that the younger generation has enjoyed the benefit of college education. The younger folk have studied music, they have gone abroad. A young man who goes to concerts is no longer regarded as a 'sissy.' I have six sons, all of whom are fond

of music. They are not ashamed to go to concerts and to talk about them afterwards."

"May we now regard our symphony association as firmly established?"

"Hardly. It cannot continue unless it receives liberal financial support. The expense is enormous. The association cannot go on unless the public coöperates. However, it has gone beyond the mere concert giving phase. It has become a civic affair. As such we desire the people to take a pride in it."

"And the conductor?"

"We couldn't get anywhere a better conductor for our purposes than Doctor Hertz," said Mr. Parrott with conviction. "He is an artist of great experience."

Mr. Parrott remarked that the symphony association had gone beyond the mere concert giving phase. That suggests the possibility of a departure which I feel sure symphony lovers would welcome. Why not symphony lectures as well as symphony concerts? Interest in art has been stimulated recently by lectures on art; why should not interest in symphonies be stimulated by talks on the subject? I take the liberty of suggesting that Mr. Parrott would make an ideal lecturer on symphony music. He is thoroughly versed in the theory of his favorite subject, is intimately acquainted with the great works and has read deeply and widely in the fascinating literature of music. And he has pronounced views which are backed up by erudition. He believes for one thing that there is only one kind of music—good music. He does not exalt music at the expense of the other arts; indeed he does not believe in arranging the arts numerically. If we are receptive, he says, we derive as much pleasure from one art as from another. I think he agrees with Wagner that the highest expression of emotion results from combining poetry, painting, architecture and music in music-drama. And he is under no illusions about music. It is the youngest of the arts, and is not as widely appreciated as painting; our ears are not yet as critical as our eyes. Of course my suggestion of music lectures may not find favor with Mr. Parrott. Of, if it finds favor, he may not welcome the idea of himself mounting the platform, for he is a modest man.

New double vision lenses highly commended

No invention in the optical world has created a greater furor than the recent patenting of the "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals. These wonderful double vision lenses are being worn with perfect comfort by people who heretofore thought it impossible for them to wear bifocals. The old style bifocals are either made by cementing two pieces of glass together or melting two pieces—but with the "Caltex" One-piece Bifocals reading and distance corrections are ground from one solid piece of flawless optical glass.

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An Army of a Million Blacks

By Robert McTavish

Before the great war is ended all the races of the earth may be engaged therein right on the Western and Eastern fronts. Great has been the sacrifice among the whites, and now there is demand for more blacks to kill Germans and Turks. The matter is being agitated in England. Major Darnley-Stuart-Stephens has been discussing the subject in the pages of the English Review. Among other things he says:

"It may yet be an unpleasing sensation to the Germans on the Western front to find themselves outnumbered, say five to one, by Zulu and Basuto warriors, who charge home, regardless of all musketry and artillery fire. And yet, to how many thousands of elderly English officers and soldiers is that situation well known? When, for example, the Zulus, after hurling wave after wave of fiery valor upon Sir Evelyn Wood's laager at Kambula, failed at eve in what looked at first like an overwhelming attack, did they break and scatter before the accelerative of our shrapnel? Not a bit of it. These superb savages, like Napoleon's Old Guard after Waterloo, marched proudly away. Even when pursued and killed in numbers by Buller's irregular cavalry, their lofty bearing and calm acceptance of their fate almost awed the troopers of those improvised corps, which numbered in their ranks the concentrated rascality of half the States of Europe. In the long-drawn-out Basuto campaign—Sir Gordon Sprigg's "Gun War"—we utterly failed to achieve our objective, the compulsory disarming of these black highlanders of South Africa, for the very self-sufficient reason that the Cape Colonial army, with which I was then serving, was, incredible as it may read, a long way inferior in military excellence to a tribe of black South African hillmen. The Zulus, their cousins; the Basutos, their kinsmen, the Batabeli, who broke away from Zululand and sought adventure and conquest in the Rhodesia of today; the Ashantis—these great warrior nations had been so long accustomed to victory that they went into action against an English army fully expecting success, a feeling that of itself went a long way towards securing victory. Witness Isandhlwana, where a battalion of the 24th "was eaten up" by Cetewayo's crescent-horned impis, and the desperate fighting that attended Sir James Willcock's relief of Kumassi. Yet of these formidable foes of the past not one representative is to be found fighting in France, while the French brought early in the war to the Western trenches thousands of the fanatic Moors, who scarce a decade before were hurling themselves against my friend General D'Amade's troops outside Casablanca."

The French African colonies have provided some thirty thousand soldiers since the commencement of this mighty struggle. These are either in France or in Algeria, where they have been brought from that unlimited recruiting ground in West Africa which the French are systematically exploiting. Now Englishmen are asking, "Why shouldn't we recruit our black men?" One authority speaking on this subject says:

"The Zulus, the Natal Zulus and the Basutos take the utmost pride in being soldiers and in acquiring any art or exercise connected with the management and handling of arms or the movements of armed bodies. There seems to be something in the disposition and genius of the common stock from which they come, some hereditary bias in their brain, in their very blood,

which fits the Zulus and Basutos for the easy acquisition of the fighting trade."

These South African fighting peoples had been formed, about the time that Napoleon was conquering Europe, into purely military monarchies, whose first aim was to be powerful and to dominate over all their neighbors. The founder of the Zulu nation was the Frederick the Great of the African continent. The Zulu king's laws were little more than an iron code intended for the government of an army, before the wants and requirements of which every other consideration had to bend. All those laws which in most civilized countries were designed for the protection of property and the social well-being of the men, women and children who composed them were contrived solely with a view to the fighting efficiency of the army, upon which the kingdom rested, and which, in fact, was that kingdom itself. How very like Prussia of the eighteenth century!

It would not be hard to raise a big army in Africa. Turn to the military miracle effected in Nigeria by means of native troops instructed and led by British officers. A few years ago nearly the whole of this section of the West African empire was hostile; at the best, that portion in British occupation no more than sullenly acquiesced to the conditions and felt quite "good enough" to eject the white infidel at a suitable chance. This mainly because of the secret propaganda carried on by Hamburg traders on the great river and in its basin. Now the country has, despite the subterranean machinations been brought under thorough control. Nigeria is pacified. The position has been attained without employing as much as a corporal's guard of white troops as a separate unit. The wonder has been made possible by using Mohammedan blacks, not as auxiliaries and in loosely-formed bodies for merely scouting or outpost purposes, but in properly disciplined and strictly supervised regiments prepared to withstand the shock of an onslaught from hordes of formidable warriors. Not least remarkable has been the breaking up of the large armies of the Western Soudanese Sultanates in the Niger Valley by comparatively tiny numbers of the Hausas of the British West African Frontier force. The secret has been firmness, steadiness in defense, controlled daring in attack, qualities due to schooling and leading by white officers specially selected by supreme judges of African character. The natives are now engaged in the pastoral arts of peace. "But," says Major Stephens, "I would make bold to assert that a couple of hundred thousand could, after six months' training, be usefully employed in dare-devil charges into German trenches." He adds: "The black soldier, led by officers who know how to rule him, can almost always be trusted to charge home. Even in the Egyptian army of Arabi, which fought against that of Sir Garnet Wolseley at Tel-el-Kebir, the black regiments from the Eastern Soudan were undoubtedly the most plucky. One battalion of these quietly awaited the attack of Highland regiments and charged them at a disadvantage, even for a time driving them back from the rampart. This incident, which was related to me some years ago by the late Field Marshal Lord Wolseley, proves that when once the member of an African fighting tribe has been raised by discipline into a soldier, he is able to retain his military quality for many years."

Another black advocate says: "Now that the recent trouble in Kordofan and Darfour has been effectively squelched, might it not be possible to send the Soudanese battalions of the Egyptian army to our Western front, and replace them by new units recruited from their wild brother tribesmen drawn from the Nile? This would mean the placing at once in the trenches of, say, 7000 big, lusty, coal-black devils, the time of whose life is the wielding of the bayonet, and whose advent would not be regarded by the Boches as a pleasing omen of more to come of the same sort. For, be it remembered, the Germans show a distinct funk when meeting black troops hand to hand. It is meet that we should work upon this feeling to the utmost. Let, then, black Africa be thrown into the scale."

It is estimated that between South Africa and West and West-Central Africa (the Western Soudan) half a million men could be raised and thrown on to the Western front for a big assault next summer—an assault that, with that added weight, must by its sheer momentum roll over the German line of resistance. Another Britisher argues thus: "Billions of money are being expended in cannon smoke, millions of cripples are being created, populations have been decimated, cities have been razed, whole countries devastated, yet the net result so far has been a draw; and so this world-quaking condition of mutual destruction will continue until the Allies are capable of hurling back the German intrusion into Northern France. Only when the enemy finds himself being pushed back on the egress of Liège will this titanic struggle arrive within measurable view of its determination." He adds that the result will not be achieved by economic pressure, or even by a threatened Russian avalanche; it will alone be attained by a decisive military victory over the Teutons on the Western front, and he adds: "We have few more of our color available for such a purpose beyond those necessary to maintain the English army in France at its present strength. And so now the hour has arrived to see about that half a million sons of old Ham thrown into the scale." It is pointed out that in East Africa Smutts has under his command some 20,000 Dutch and British Afrikaners and that from these could be selected quite 7000 officers, the most suitable men on the face of the globe to be entrusted with, to them, the ideally congenial duty of raising a South African native contingent. The balance of the Boer general's force would later on, after the necessary weeding out, be available for the leading of another South African "black draft." For a like service, with the proposed West African levies, the Western African Frontier Force would have to be, perhaps, dangerously depleted of officers, says one of the authorities, but better that risk than leaving in the Dark Continent a mass of black fighting material which could be used to overwhelm, next summer, the enemy on the front that counts—that of the West.

FOR MEN

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The Spectator

Another Will to Break

Will the Miller estate get by? I mean, will it be probated according to the expressed wishes of the multi-millionaire cattle king? Almost incredible, to be sure, that such a thing should happen. Henry Miller was of the generation of pioneer Californians from which an abundant post-mortem harvest was reaped by heirs inadvertently overlooked and by members of the legal profession loyal to their clients. For the beneficent purposes of lawyers it was a fructiferous generation, and good lawyers and true are as alert and industrious today as in the days when several colonies of claimants were clamoring before Judge Coffey for the estate of a man whose antecedents were a mystery—the estate of Thomas Blythe. California is a State of multifarious resources, but the most profitable of its industries is will-breaking. The best mines exploited by its pioneers were successfully exploited a second time when converted into vast estates. And as though to let us know that the legal mind is still in good working order and that as a public benefactor the lawyer is still to be relied on even to work over the tailings of a millionaire's mine, here is the famous Sharon wad once more involved in litigation. Fred Sharon, it appears, forgot that he had an adopted son. This perhaps is not so bad as forgetting one's own son, but the lawyers will endeavor to prove that it was an unfortunate oversight. Whether Miller left an heir or not is a question yet to be passed upon in legal circles. Only lawyers can solve important questions of this kind, but, as I have heard that right after Mr. Miller's death a newspaper reporter was pursuing an inquiry regarding a squaw's son, I shall not be astonished if the old familiar Indian sign is to be marked on the Miller mausoleum.

A Miller Romance

Surely it would not be difficult to write an Indian romance into the life of Henry Miller. For the great cattle king lived a somewhat romantic life. He was far from romantic of temperament, and there was not much poetry in his soul, but in the pursuit of wealth he lived a somewhat adventurous career. Attending strictly to business he kept his eye on his herds as they ranged from State to State, over vast tracts of land, and often he slept beneath the stars. A great deal of "roughing it" was done by Henry Miller in his time, and he was often far removed from the habitations of men. It would be pretty hard to account for his wanderings when he was keeping in touch with his beef on the hoof. So the potentialities considered from the standpoint of a lawyer intent on achieving justice and nothing but justice for an obscure but rightful heir are endless. The case is one that appeals most potently to the imagination. Think of what a Kowalsky could do in this particular case.

Why the Miller Estate Looks Good

Let me not be misunderstood. I am not trying to make trouble; I am only indulging in a little intellectual exercise in a detached sort of way. In matters of this kind I am neither trammelled with sympathies nor influenced by latent prejudice. Here is an estate worth in the neighborhood of twenty million dollars. That's a tremendous sum of money; and reasoning according to prevalent philosophy there is no reason why it should be kept intact. Indeed it has become one of the policies of this State to reduce the size of estates by cutting off a slice for the people. We have what is called a tax on estates. The law creating this tax was made in the interest of the dear people, but I don't see that it is doing them any good. We are now annually deriving from properties accumulated by the thrifty and industrious who die almost as much money as it cost but a few years ago to defray the expenses of the State government. But our taxes are not coming down. On the contrary they are increasing all the while, for it has become an axiom of enlightened American government that the more that is gouged from the people the more the politicians must spend for uplift and the exigencies of politics. And as we like this sort of thing we go crazy over our Governor Johnsons and promote them for milking us. Now, you see, I am speaking as a perfectly disinterested commentator when I speculate as to what enterprising lawyers may do in behalf of a Miller heir.

Kowalsky's Greatest Achievement

While speculating on this important subject I have in mind the things that have been done in the past for the enrichment of an impoverished profession and to increase the per capita ratio of capital in California. I would call attention to the facility with which estates are distributed in the interest of all and singular, and to the impossibility of impairing the prestige of a lawyer who has conscientious objections to keeping estates intact or according to testators the privilege of employing their dead hands to control the money they accumulated. In attempting to break a will or a trust a lawyer, as Charley Wheeler will tell you, runs only the risk of losing his case. What may be done to overcome difficulties in the way of breaking a will and to establish heirship, one

may learn from the record in the celebrated McDonald case of some years ago. Colonel Kowalsky proved to the satisfaction of Judge Coffey that Claude Lee's boy was McDonald's son. This was a pretty tough job for the reason that Claude Lee had a husband when the boy was born and the husband's name wasn't McDonald. In other words, Kowalsky's heir was born to Claude Lee in lawful wedlock and he was baptized as the son of Claude Lee's husband. Moreover, husband and wife were living together as husband and wife. Hence Kowalsky had to overcome a mighty plausible presumption. And that's what he did.

A Call for Imagination

This great achievement of Kowalsky's was one of exceptional merit. It may be described as a triumph of genius. It was a case of the supreme adaptation of means to an end. In his day Kowalsky was celebrated as a will-smasher with miraculous intuition for illegitimate children, and he was admired by lesser lights of the profession for his boldness, but as a matter of fact there were many other lawyers equally daring and no less ready to convert the incredible into the plausible. Boldness in the legal profession is largely a matter of imagination. In the Fair case there were lawyers whose imagination was as lively as Mrs. Craven's. And surely there was no lack of imagination in the recent contest over the Baldwin estate in Los Angeles. So all things considered there is probably no dearth of the right kind of talent to make a rational distribution of the Miller estate.

His Dead Hand

There is a circumstance in the Miller case that should stimulate the imagination of enterprising lawyers. It is the circumstance that



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Henry Miller, after being, as Charles the Second said of himself, an "unconscionable time" a-dying went off determined to prolong his grip on his properties for the next fifty years or so. He made two big bequests to charity, but the money is to be kept by his trustees until after the death of his youngest grandson. Reading this sort of thing one wonders whether Miller had any pockets in his shroud. This is the sort of wonder that might easily be stirred by a good lawyer in the mind of a jury called upon to determine the merits of the claim of a squaw's son. But let us not be unjust to the memory of the great cattle king. He left a big estate, but he left it in a somewhat chaotic condition. Years ago he had to bond all the properties of the old firm of Miller & Lux in order to buy out the Lux heirs and keep the great grazing tracts of the firm intact. So he formed a trust to facilitate the handling of the properties, and these properties are in such a condition that it would be impossible to dispose of many of them without great loss to the estate. I am told, indeed, that with all his wealth, it would cripple the estate to pay the big bequests at this time. It takes a long time to handle vast tracts of land advantageously. In this connection one is reminded that when Adolph Sutro died his real estate covered one-seventh of the acreage of the peninsula and that it took eighteen years to get his estate in good shape.

More of Oscar Wilde

There are two volumes of Oscar Wilde And His Confessions by Frank Harris, one of which I discussed last week. Having since read the second volume I have a different story to tell. The second volume is quite different from the first. In the first Mr. Harris gave us a portrait of Wilde; in the second a portrait of himself, and I don't know which to prefer. Mr. Harris was the editor of the Saturday Review during the period of the happenings of the first volume, and what he has written of that period might have been published in that dignified weekly after its readers had recovered from their spasm of virtue and repented the fiendish cruelty that characterized their persecution of the hounded poet. Much of what Harris has written of the second period would be more suitable for the columns of a paper like Modern Society, which is one of the publications that he formerly edited in London. In other words, he might have given us a more readable biography had he written less than half the stuff that appears in the second volume. In this volume, Mr. Harris, taking Boswell for his model, out-Bozzies the ponderous Johnson's faithful adorer, so attentive an ear does he give to his own garrulity. In this way, to be sure, he reveals Wilde to us, but incidentally he exhibits his own taste and it isn't good taste. Anatole France, in an essay on Zola written in

Zola's lifetime, charged him with what he pronounced the unpardonable sin of bad taste. Frank Harris has exposed himself to the same charge.

A Nasty Debate

Frank Harris exhibits his bad taste in the course of a searching examination of the main-springs of Oscar Wilde's unspeakable passion. This is a subject for pathologists holding nothing of literary interest. The curiosity it appeals to is not peculiar to people whose deepest feeling is for books and for the makers thereof. We know that Wilde was a man of perverse genius, like Paul Verlaine, and that the sin he had a mind to stained the character of other great men, but who cares to hear Frank Harris argue and expound the proposition that it is a degrading form of lust or listen to Oscar Wilde in defense of his abnormality giving his reasons for a quite contrary view? This sort of debate is nasty in any kind of rhetoric. It calls for chloride of lime, and when we find the degenerate poet long after his release from prison, when he was broken in health and mind, at a time when he admitted he could write no more, illustrating his argument by citing the mother of his children to give color to his views, we feel that it was too bad that somebody with a sense of decency was not permitted to edit Editor Harris's work before it was put into the hands of the printer. A blue pencil discreetly handled might have improved this ugly piece of self-portraiture.

A Flash of His Wit

One feels after reading this work that the genius of Frank Harris is no less perverse than Wilde's. And one deplores the fact that he has shown so much of himself, for in despite all his bad taste he has made a valuable contribution to literature. Too bad he was not mindful of the importance of eliminating the non-essentials, which, after all, is the thing not to be ignored in the practice of the literary art. However, he has given us much to be thankful for. He quotes Wilde to us in moments when, in France, his wit scintillated as in the days before his incarceration. One day he presented Oscar to a French literary woman who wanted to meet him. She was so ugly that when Wilde looked at her the impression she made was evident. She smiled roguishly and shaking her finger she exclaimed in French, "Now confess, Monsieur Wilde, I am the ugliest woman in France." Bowing gallantly and smiling amiably Oscar replied, "In all the world, madame."

Criticisms of His Contemporaries

One day Wilde was induced to indulge in literary criticism, and he spoke of Bernard Shaw, who was then but little known, as a man of ability "with a bleak mind," whose humorous

gleams are like "wintry sunlight on a bare, harsh landscape." "He believes in nothing," said Oscar, "loves nothing, not even Bernard Shaw, and really on the whole, I don't wonder at his indifference." Speaking of Thomas Hardy the brilliant Irishman observed, "He has just found out that women have legs underneath their dresses, and this discovery has almost wrecked his life. If one could bed Thomas Hardy with Victoria Cross he would have had some real life with which to show off his little keepsake pictures of starched ladies." Mrs. Humphrey Ward was mentioned, whereupon Wilde said: "I am always match-making when I think of English celebrities. I should so much like to have introduced Mrs. Humphrey Ward blushing at eighteen or twenty to Swinburne who would of course have bitten her neck in a furious kiss, and she would have run away and exposed him in court, or else have suffered agonies of mingled delight and shame in silence."

Willis and the Clockwinder

"What's your guess on the election?" Willis Polk was asked by the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock.

"Rolph in a walk," said the little architect.

The clockwinder put his glass back on the bar and surveyed his friend quizzically. "What's the matter with you?" he asked.

Mr. Polk looked at himself in the mirror behind the bar, adjusted his necktie and said he could see nothing wrong. "In fact," he said, "I never looked better since the Hobart building was finished."

"I'm talking about the Presidential election," said the clockwinder.

"Oh, the Presidential election," Polk repeated. "He kept us out of war, didn't he?—and he was too proud to fight the brotherhoods, wasn't he?—and he's a lonely man, isn't he, and—"

"Hold on—hold—"

But Polk was not to be interrupted. "—he sent the whole army chasing Villa, didn't he?—and he's a great note-writer, isn't he?—and whatever he does is what Lincoln would have done—I don't think, eh?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said the clockwinder.

"That's because you're not onto yourself. I'm crazy like my friend the average man, and as you're not progressive you're behind the times and you don't understand. Get in the swim; that is, vote for Wilson because he kept us out of every place but Mexico, and vote for Johnson because he has trimmed the taxpayers and made them like it."

"They tell me Johnson is for Hughes," the clockwinder observed, sipping his cocktail.

Willis, who was on the point of swallowing his beverage, was almost choked in a spasm of laughter.

Johnson Politics

Avoiding a shower bath the waterfront philosopher wanted to know about the joke.

"Listen," said Polk solemnly. "You used to be wise, but somebody is drugging you. Johnson is for Hughes, eh? And I suppose that's why Matt Sullivan is for Wilson. Matt used to eat out of Johnson's hand, but of course Hiram can do nothing with him now. Oh, these polities! What fun they do have with us boobies! By the way, have you heard George Patton making a talk?"

"I'm sorry to say I have not," said the clockwinder. "What is he saying?"

"Some good stuff. He's reminding us that Johnson was elected by the Republicans of California in 1912 and that he so far required them as to grant them the option for one of



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two candidates for the Presidency neither of whom was a Republican; and now by a singular irony of fate, the Governor is himself a candidate, and the Republicans still have the same option as in 1912—they must vote for either of two candidate for the Senate, neither of whom is a Republican."

Musing for a moment, the clockwinder observed, "I never thought of that."

"Lots of boobs are in the same boat," said Willis, "and lots of boobs who have thought of it will nevertheless vote for Johnson. The people don't merely like to be fooled, they like to be kicked."

Rolph's Outlook

The clockwinder smiled and chuckled. "By the way," he said, "what did you mean when you talked about Rolph a minute ago?"

"Just what I said. Things are coming his way. Did you ever think of that?"

"No, I did not."

"Well," said Polk, "among other things Johnson has given us to prove his loyalty to California is a dub by the name of Stephens from Los Angeles, a chemically pure politician of the prohibition school whom Chester Rowell is training for Governor to keep the machine going. Can you see him beating Rolph?"

"Hardly," said the clockwinder.

A Triumph of Unselfishness

So the people of Stockton have elected Aleck Oullahan mayor of their city! I wonder how they managed to induce him to take the job. Occasionally in this great job-chasing country of ours we hear of an office seeking a man, and doubtless there are times when a man is discovered and overtaken by a pursuing office, but here is a man who has been a fugitive from office for many years. Aleck Oullahan has been an idol of the people of Stockton many years. From boyhood he has been loved for his engaging personal qualities and admired for his fine character, and the people many times have been on the point of utilizing him for the public benefit. Each time Aleck knew of somebody better fitted for the job to be filled. Always he was at great pains to prove the other man's

superiority and usually he clinched the argument with the statement that the other fellow needed the job. He was successful in his elusiveness until eight months ago when the Mayor of Stockton died. Immediately the city fathers, representing both parties, united in a demand for Oullahan. He consented to serve the term out, but before the end of the term the leading citizens of the community, men representing all factions, started a movement to protest against his retirement to private life. He was made the joint candidate of the parties, he received the support of all papers and he was elected without opposition. Stockton, by the way, has been noted through the years for its clean government. There has never been any municipal scandal. Its mayors have been men of high character, never politicians in any sense. In electing Oullahan the people lived up to the best traditions of the city, for he is a business man who abhors the profession of politics. His election was a triumph of unselfishness, and he is distinctly the sort of man that Office should spend more time in seeking. He is the son of the late D. J. Oullahan, formerly State Treasurer of California, and he has been manager for years of the interests of the late J. D. Peters.

The Success of Personal Effort

The newspapers appear not to have traveled many miles out of their way to assist Father Richard Collins in his praiseworthy campaign to place the League of the Cross Cadets beyond the reach of debt. The "Aida" performance received the maximum of newspaper advertisement; the pageant and ball for the Cadets has gotten the minimum. The "Aida" project was a fiasco; the Cadet benefit is already an assured success. This is the triumph of personal effort. The "good fellows" of the town—the men who are careless of the limelight but careful to spend their last ounce of enthusiasm in a good cause—have aligned themselves under the command of Will McCarthy and have "put over" the biggest coup for charity within memory. I speak of this thing as an achievement, not as a promise still to be fulfilled. And with reason—there are already some twelve thousand shining silver "cartwheels" in the treasury where Father Collins was wont to con-

template emptiness. I don't know of any money-raising campaign that was ever handled with half the cleverness displayed by Will McCarthy and his staff of field marshals. And when it is all over Father Collins will not have made the acquaintance of Lloyd's.

McCarthy et Al.

Will McCarthy is not the sort of chap to claim credit for a charitable endeavor; that is why it is pleasant to confer it upon him. Consulting his inclinations he discovered within himself a strong desire to serve in the ranks during the present campaign on behalf of the Cadets, but he was unable to resist the importunities of Father Collins (who has a "way" with him) and of the good padre's advisers. Perhaps he anticipated more difficulty than he encountered, saw more delicate situations than actually presented themselves. There have been few complications, and those few he resolved most tactfully. Some of our cheap politicians sought to thrust themselves into the first line trenches where they would come under the pleasant bombardment of publicity, but McCarthy put them in their proper places without causing any ill feeling. It's a knack he has. And he staged the preliminaries of the campaign with such effect that the drive on the purses of the kindly began with brilliance and continues to the present moment unabated. At the preliminary meeting held in Judge Shortall's court room some of McCarthy's aides—live wires like John F. Cunningham—suggestionized the gathering to such good purpose that a couple of thousand dollars were subscribed offhand. This was applying psychology to a charitable campaign. Again, when it came to the auction of boxes, the inimitable Larry Harris set the gold flowing his way with the ease that used to distinguish Herman the Great conjuring watches and jackrabbits. Larry has wielded the hammer—the auctioneer's—on many memorable occasions; but never before so effectively. This too was psychology—the sort of psychology that Will McCarthy shows a genius in organizing. Father Collins is as fortunate in his friends as the cause of true temperance here is fortunate in the possession of a Father Collins.

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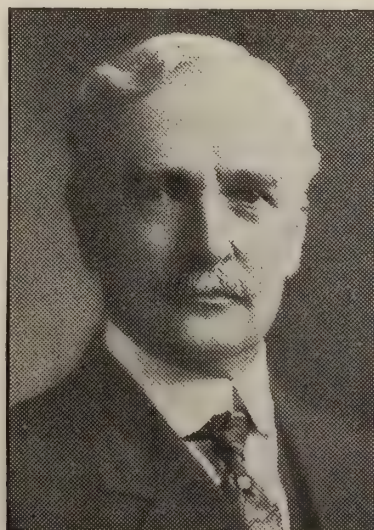
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Social Prattle

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The Passing of Our Snobocracy

Is it to the war or just the silent processes of time that we are indebted for the growing of democracy in what we once called our "smart set?" In all seriousness I ask this question. For I have quit reading my contemporaries of the dailies—the bavardes, as we have been calling them since the days when Mrs. Alexander was entertaining us in *The Bulletin*. Those were the days when a social column was an abstract of the doings of people who were popularly regarded as tremendous swells and incidentally "very exclusive." Nobody was mentioned in the social column who was not thought to be somebody. The bavardes were creators of illusions. But now the public is "next," so to speak. And there is no longer any fascination in the term "exclusive." I wonder if this isn't due in a measure to the fact that the symbols of wealth have become so common. The automobile has been a great leveler of classes. Anybody may ride in a glass case, and only a Ford is barred by the elect. Another thing: the periodical cotillon has been consigned to the scrapheap, dancing has become so common; and the professional dancer has become more interesting than Mr. Moneybag's wife or Gotrock's daughter. Furthermore, the case is now more attractive than Mrs. Carolan's ball room and above all things woman suffrage has made it possible for the plumber's wife to rub shoulders with the banker's daughter, and the college professor, lecturing on the side, is stuffing the politician's betterhalf with culture at such a rate that she takes the floor and holds it to the exclusion of the lady whose husband luxuriates in the Pacific-Union Club. Democracy is in the air, and golf links are accessible even to the common people who own the most picturesque of all the headquarters of Colonel Bogey on the peninsula. We are indeed changing our manners and customs. We have become so sternly convinced of human equality that snobbishness no longer lifts its ugly head anywhere outside the social columns of the dailies. So popular is the demand for the spirit of simplicity that even in the Bohemian Club men are discouraging the efforts of mediocrity to pose as genius.

Toddlers in Print

In view of our social evolution it seems a waste of space for a daily paper to give up a whole page to the celebration of the folks down the peninsula whose children are learning to swim. Swimming is such a conventional thing; and so many of the children of the most ordinary people are clever swimmers! Has it come to this—that society folks are doing so little worth writing about that we must needs put their children in the limelight? Surely a girl of eight or ten is not an infant prodigy inasmuch as she ventures into two feet of water and swims. The chief objection to writing up

little girls before they reach the debutante age is that the write-up will expose them to the twenty-years-ago historian of the future. As we look around us today we see many a girl who doubtless feels that it was too bad that even as a debutante she was dashed into print. It is a great tragedy for a bachelor girl to have Time sounding in her ears and reminding her of no past, nor yet speaking of a future.

"California House"

Occasionally one hears of Society doing things worth while and reflecting credit on its members. That we do not hear oftener is because of the remissness of the bavardes. Some time ago Gertrude Atherton was reproaching the people of this State with having no war hospital in Paris bearing the name of California. She thought our rich people were neglecting a noble duty. As a matter of fact they have been doing a great deal in this war. Nowhere have women been more active in rendering aid to the stricken of Europe than right here in San Francisco. Just a little of what some have done has been called to our attention by Mrs. William E. Bourn in a brief talk she made at the Palace Hotel last week. It appears that if the name "California" has not been blazoned in Paris it is very much in evidence in London, where "California House" has provided more than 10,000 meals to soldiers, and where more than 200 disabled soldiers have found shelter. The funds for this institution were raised in this city by the following women: Mesdames Henry T. Scott, Malcolm Whitman, Edward Barron, William Greer Harrison, Edwin R. Dimond, Jerome Landfield, Montenev Jephson, Charles N. Felton, George A. Pope, William H. Taylor, Philip E. Bowles, Conway Evans, Joseph D. Grant, Douglas Grant, J. J. Price, Francis Carolan, Duncan Hayne, John S. Drum, Laurance I. Scott, E. J. Benedict, Harry Benson, James Otis, the Misses Elizabeth Ashe, Anna Beaver, Ethel Crocker, Cora Otis and Elizabeth Brice.

Mrs. Kohl Sings

What does Hattie Carolan think of Elisabeth Kohl's voice? Of her singing voice, I mean? What about its timbre? What of her breathing? Does she hold her notes firmly, without tremolo? And so forth and so on. I ask the questions, not for information but because I should love to hear them answered by Mrs. Carolan. Mrs. Carolan heard Mrs. Kohl sing last Sunday afternoon. It happened at "The Oaks," the beautiful new Kohl house at Easton. Mrs. Fred Kohl staged a musicale, and herself contributed generously to the programme. There were a lot of social stars in the audience, some of whom can judge a singing voice and some of whom can't. Among the former was Mrs. Carolan who studied under Criticos in Paris, and gives a musicale herself once in a great while. I have seen no criticism of Mrs. Kohl's singing on this occasion, except that of a reporter who of course was not among those present. The reporter dismisses Mrs. Kohl's singing with the remark: "Mrs. Kohl is always pleasing." That is vague. It is treating Mrs. Kohl cavalierly. It doesn't tell us whether she has a good voice or a bad voice. Mrs. Kohl might not sing very well and still be pleasing just on account of a sweet quality of voice. But I happen to know that in the

case of Mrs. Kohl we have a really fine amateur vocalist. Mrs. Kohl has a voice of charm and cultivation. But I should like to know what an amateur critic might say about it.

Smart Set Theatricals

Santa Barbara went in strong for private theatricals some time ago under the direction of that active-minded matron Mrs. William Miller Graham. The little theatre which Mrs. Graham built is rapidly acquiring prestige, and some of the men and women in Mrs. Miller's circle of friends have proved themselves the possessors of considerable acting talent. It may have been the success of Mrs. Graham as a theatrical impresario which inspired certain ladies of Hillsborough to form an amateur dramatic club. At any rate the club has been formed by the Misses Emily and Barbara Parrott and Mrs. Tom Driscoll, and already Mrs. Robin Hayne, Mrs. Christian de Guigne, Mrs. Edward Tobin and the Misses Aileen and Kathleen Finnegan have promised to take roles in forthcoming productions. Plays will be given from time to time for charity. The Hillsborough Players Club is to be regarded as an acquisition, and if it enters into friendly rivalry with the club at Santa Barbara so much the better: art thrives on competition.

"Skating Fete"

The "Skating Fete" to be given by the auxiliary members of the Catholic Society for Befriending Girls will be one of the largest affairs for November. The many attractive posters announcing the affair were designed by students of the San Francisco Art School. A prize was offered by the auxiliary in September, with such splendid results that it was difficult to choose the winners. A "gymkana" is being planned for the evening. Among the events will be a fan and balloon race for ladies, a necktie race for gentlemen and ladies and a quarter-mile race for amateurs. Prizes will be given the winners. Boxes and tickets may be obtained at Sherman Clay, or from members of the auxiliary. Those in charge of the affair

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At Hotel Oakland

Mrs. M. Sweeney was hostess at luncheon last Saturday. Her guests were Mrs. Charles O'Connor, Mrs. George Abel, Mrs. Ralph Nelson, Miss Josephine Wafer, Miss Marie Hardy, Miss Edith Sweeney, Mrs. Nellie Nelson, Mrs. Garcia, Mrs. A. C. McClain, Mrs. Thomas Nelson and Miss Garcia. Among the prominent arrivals recently are: Dr. C. Crain and party of Pasadena, G. P. Wilder of Honolulu, F. O. Field of Spokane, Mrs. E. C. Baldry of New York, Chas. E. Sargent, M. D., of Naples, Italy, Albert Taylor and Sydney S. Johnson of Gridley, G. Rouse of Riverside, Mrs. N. E. Neary of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Daly of Eureka, Tom Keller of Martinez, Mrs. G. J. Wren of Modesto, Mrs. A. M. Robertson of Redwood, Mark Brown of Philadelphia, Mrs. Kendall Morgan of Willits, Miss B. H. Trenworth of Santa Barbara, Mrs. A. W. Bogart and Miss Adeline Bogart of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Metz of New York, Mrs. W. M. Haynes of Kansas City, Dr. G. C. Simmons of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Vale of Stockton and Mrs. J. Frances Downer of Stockton.

At the Cecil

Captain and Mrs. Thomas of the United States army who have been passing the last two months at the Cecil, gave a dinner of ten covers Sunday in the private dining room. The captain, his wife and little girl will leave shortly for the Philippines. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Beall have returned and engaged an apartment for the winter. They spent the summer in Portland, Oregon. Mrs. E. F. Cahill gave a luncheon and bridge Friday. Mr. and Mrs. James Hough were hosts at an informal dinner Thursday, and took their friends to the Orpheum. Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Vail have taken apartments for the winter. Mrs. J. B. Miller gave an elaborate dinner Tuesday evening. Robert L. Black of Cincinnati is registered. Mrs. M. J. Cop-puck has been passing several weeks at the Cecil. Colonel and Mrs. Lloyd McCormick are receiving a royal welcome from their many friends. They arrived last week from Boston and will winter at the Cecil. Miss Bean and Miss Little are stopping at the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Royal D. Hawley who have been spending the summer in Chicago have returned, and are occupying an attractive apartment. Nat Sims entertained a half dozen friends at dinner Thursday. Among the other guests who entertained on that evening were Mrs. Clapp, Mrs. Keith and Mrs. Meldose. A beautifully appointed dinner was given by Mrs. Holden Friday.

Miss West Creates a Reserve Fund

The feat of turning a debt of \$150 into a sum of \$10,000,000 has been accomplished by Miss Bina M. West in the twenty-four years of her leadership of the Woman's Benefit Association which she founded October 1, 1892, in Port Huron, Michigan. This has meant wise investment and conservative management, and this year Miss West will have the satisfaction of collecting \$450,000 in interest earnings on this invested sum. Miss West was a school teacher. She did not know much about fraternal insurance but she knew the principle on which it should be based and she went ahead with it with many wisecracks shaking their heads at her. She started very simply in a basement room with a little desk, chair and waste paper

basket, and today is checking up a multiplicity of blue print details for a fine new \$250,000 office being erected only a few blocks from where she turned the key nightly twenty-four years before on hopes and dreams now finding realization. It was a case then of teaching women that fraternal protection was big enough and broad enough to include the "weaker" sex.

"There was a day once when a woman could not buy insurance protection for her little family and dependents," says Miss West. "This was back in the years before it was discovered that women had a better mortality experience than men. If she saved a dollar here and a



MISS BINA M. WEST
Supreme Commander, Woman's Benefit Association of the Maccabees

dollar there and put it into the old china teapot, at the end of her time mayhap it helped to tide the little family over the emergency. It could give no promise however of helping educate the little folks for there was not enough of it. The little family had to be contented with the thought that mother had saved on her wardrobe and her pleasures to leave even that small sum. Today a woman does not have to hide away the china teapot in the bottom of the bureau drawer. She can lay away a little sum monthly in an adequately rated fraternal society that guarantees the payment of a stipulated sum to her family when she is no longer able to care for them." Miss West adds: "In my own society \$14,000,000 has

been paid out in benefits alone, and \$10,000,000 is still on hand invested in municipal bonds for the payment of benefits, every penny of which belongs to our members."

Mrs. Richards' Success

Mrs. Harriet A. Fay Richards' Hotel St. Francis private school and Hotel Oakland open air school will give an exhibition in the Fairmont ball room Saturday, November 25, at 3 o'clock. The affair will be a part of the Fête d'Automn to be held under the auspices of the Grace Cathedral Guild. Monday morning the Hotel St. Francis management surprised Mrs. Richards with two new rooms for her primary and grammar grade classes; so the private school now has rooms 287, 288, 289, the green room for office and kindergarten, and the rose room for music and dancing daily. Last week Mrs. Richards added twelve new adjustable desks to the equipment of the Oakland school. Already San Francisco is realizing that in the midst of its city there exists an up-to-the-minute school where children from three to fifteen years of age may have a complete public school education with the necessary refinement of a private school. On Friday, November 17, little Christel Richards entertains seventy of her school companions at her fourth birthday party.

Hallowe'en at Techau Ice Palace

On next Tuesday night the fete of Hallowe'en will be celebrated at the Techau Tavern and the Ice Palace. There will be a Hallowe'en dinner at the Tavern, with a concert and dancing. Then comes the ice carnival and bal masque at the Ice Palace where the quaint ice sports and dances of Caledonia will be revived. Everybody skating will be in costume up to 9:15, with or without mask. Then comes the grand march and general unmasking. There will be a game of baseball on skates between the Indoor Yacht Club and the Caledonia Club's hockey players, an old-time Scotch helter skelter and the prettiest dancing and pageants so far seen on the ice in this city. The Miller cup will go to the winner of the prize waltzing competition. There will be two hours of public skating and an exhibition of fancy skating by Les Naess who shortly leaves for the Hotel Biltmore's Ice Garden, New York.

Marvelous

The thing that always puzzles me,
Said little Tommy Dore,
Is how the ocean came to be
So very near the shore!

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San Diego 1916

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193 A

HAAS BROS., Wholesale Distributors

Nutty Eva Tanguay

By Edward F. O'Day

We have it from her press agent that there is only one Eva Tanguay. He doesn't have to prove it; we admit it. Vaudeville could scarcely find room for a duplicate of Eva. One of her is enough. A twin would oversupply the demand, glut the market and satiate our appetite. To this extent Eva Tanguay is unique. It is a pleasure to agree thus far with the indefatigable fellow who press-agents Eva, for in nearly every other respect I have to differ with him. I have fitting admiration for the iron wrist that grinds out Tanguay publicity, and for the eagle eye that searches Roget's Thesaurus in her behalf; but I cannot stand for the rest of his claims. He declares that she is an artist. She is not. He calls her a singer. Not on your life. He asseverates boldly that she is a dancer. Where (if I may borrow the language of my favorite newsboy), where does he get that stuff? Eva Tanguay is just a plain nut, what my newsboy calls a Brazilian. There is no sense to her, no meaning. She is for the eye first of all, then for the ear; never for the brain. The press agent calls her cyclonic; he means crazy. But don't think I am knocking Eva. She may be crazy, but she is no fool. As they say at Ellis and Powell, she puts it over. That is, she puts it over as far as I am concerned. She

may not put it over for you at all. She may repel you; she attracts me, perhaps because I like nuts with the courage of their nuttiness. Yes, I enjoyed Eva. She gave me a good half hour. While she was cavorting up and down the stage, rasping out her songs about herself, giving a good imitation of a drunken weather-vane or a scarecrow (but a good-looking one) on the rampage, I found her very easy to take. I won't say that Eva is magnetic, or that she has personality. No, she just has nerve. There are thousands of young women with fluffy hair, doll faces and Truly Shattuck legs who sing and dance better than Eva Tanguay, but they'll never get out of the chorus because they lack her gall. Unlike Caesar's, Eva's gall is one and indivisible. New York managers admire gall, and Eva's must have knocked them out of their chairs when it was first exhibited. And now that gall of hers is a Broadway institution. I don't think it is making much of a hit in the provinces. But what's the difference? They say she has made a fortune. Surely she doesn't expect fame. That would argue Eva nuttier than I take her to be, and more gally—if that be possible. Strangely enough, while Eva supplies a low form of entertainment, she is not vulgar. I say strangely enough, because vulgar-

ity is rampant in American vaudeville, and most low forms of entertainment depend upon their vulgar appeal for their success. There are many forms of stage vulgarity, but I observed none of them in Eva. She talks about herself in all her songs, but does not convey the impression of vulgar conceit. She emphasizes her Truly Shattuck figure for us, but not in what I should call a vulgar manner. But when you come right down to it, nuttiness is something far removed from vulgarity. Perhaps it is just as offensive to many people as vulgarity is; but not to me. As I have said, Eva gave me a good half-hour. Then she gave us a burlesque of "Salome." This was one of the most inane exhibitions I ever saw. It had no humor, it had no point, it had no amusing buffoonery. It was not even shocking. It was just a minus quantity of entertainment. It showed the limitations of Eva. There was no call for gall, and its nuttiness was simply empty silliness. Why didn't Eva rest content with that half-hour of talking and cavorting? Instead, she did her best to take the tang out of Tanguay for me. Not that it matters. When Eva goes her way she will leave no appreciable hiatus. You laugh at a nut, and that's about all.

The Stage

The Concert of a Russian Trio

Listening to the Cherniavsky brothers last Sunday at Scottish Rite Hall my mind was deflected from the music. Thoughts came to me of a fairy story: How Six Wandered Through the World having wonderful adventures and no end of a good time. Something of this kind, I thought, must be so with the Cherniavsky brothers especially as in their case the bond of union is music. Together they are interesting; in solo they impress one as more industrious than gifted. They perform with accuracy, but their playing is in no sense an inspiration. They seem to know little of those moments of elegant leisure in shading phrases, in which Paderewski and Kreisler revel. There is something of spontaneity in the playing of Leo, the violinist, who evidently has temperament, but the audience liked them all, liked even the work of the 'cellist when his tone was harsh and untrue to pitch. For Russian music there is a growing demand these days and Russian players as well, and so the artistic Greenbaum gave us the Cherniavsky brothers as an attraction, but certainly the music they evoke is not the full-blooded, big-chested, passionate kind that one expects from Russia.

—H. M. B.

The Symphony Season Opens

The sixth season of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra is beginning brilliantly under the leadership of Alfred Hertz. That the forthcoming season will register high-water mark in local symphony annals from both an artistic and financial standpoint is already assured, and music-loving San Francisco is eagerly looking forward to musical treats like that to be given at the opening concert this Friday, the excellence of which will but whet the appetite of the true symphony lover. The Friday concert in its entirety will be repeated on Sunday at the Cort. The only difference will be

the time of starting, which will be 2:30 p. m., and the prices, which will be half those charged on Friday. The genius of Hertz as an interpreter of Brahms could be no more finely disclosed than in his interpretation of the First Symphony of that composer which is the principal offering of the programme on Friday, and which will occupy first place on this Sunday's programme. Chausson's tender symphonic poem



LEOPOLD GODOWSKY

Master of all the pianists who appears in Scottish Rite Hall two Sunday afternoons, October 29, and November 5, and next Thursday night, November 2

"Viviane" and the overture to Smetana's "Bartered Bride" round out the programme.

The First Popular Concert

On Sunday afternoon, November 5, the orchestra will give its first "popular" concert. Conductor Hertz wished to give a series of concerts devoted to popular music last season, but it was not possible because of the conditions under which the musicians of the orchestra were engaged. This year the contracts with the instrumentalists permit of many ad-

vantages. Director Hertz aims in these popular concerts to give compositions of more obvious appeal than will be found on the Friday and Sunday programmes of the regular symphony series, believing that they will prove a source of pleasure to those who prefer good music in the more popular forms interpreted by an orchestra of the first class. At these popular concerts the full San Francisco Symphony Orchestra under Hertz will appear. The first will embrace Rossini's overture to "William Tell," Tchaikowsky's "Nut Cracker Suite," Saint-Saens' "The Deluge," Thomas' overture to "Mignon" and Liszt's "Prelude."

Schumann-Heink's Beneficence

Mme. Schumann-Heink, the most beloved of women singers and without doubt the greatest contralto the world has ever known, will give two concerts in the big Exposition Auditorium November 26 and December 3. Her net profits at the first concert she will divide equally between the relief fund for widows and orphans of her native land and the poor children of San Francisco. This beautiful act comes entirely unsolicited. A week ago Manager Greenbaum received a letter from her in which she said she wanted to do some good in the way of charity in a city which has always been so kind to her as San Francisco. Efforts are being made by a number of charitable women of all nationalities and creeds to make this concert on November 26 a red letter event. Popular prices will prevail.

Godowsky's Three Concerts

Leopold Godowsky, the pianist whose foremost colleagues rank him with Rubinstein and Liszt, will give the three greatest programmes of piano music ever offered in this city in a single course of concerts commencing this Sunday afternoon in Scottish Rite Auditorium. At his first concert the "Thirty-two Variations" in

C minor by Beethoven, the Chopin "Sonata" with its sublime Funeral March, Schumann's C major "Fantasie," works by Debussy, Liszt and Henselt, some of Godowsky's marvelous transcriptions of Chopin and Weber and his intricate Symphonic Metamorphosis of Johann Strauss' bewitching waltz "Wine, Women and Song" will be included in the offering. The second concert will be given next Thursday night, November 2, when the "Impromptus" B flat by Schubert, "Rhapsodie" G minor by Brahms, "Sonata" in B minor by Liszt, four important Chopin works, numbers by Liadow, Scriabin, Moszkowsky and a number of his own works will be on the list. The third concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, November 5, when Godowsky will play the entire set of twenty-four Preludes by Chopin, the rarely played "Sonata" Op. 110 by Beethoven and a dozen or more other important compositions. Tickets for single concerts and the course of three are on sale at Sherman Clay and Kohler and Chase's.

The Chamber Music Society

The Chamber Music Society of San Francisco, our most important musical organization after our Symphony Orchestra, will give its first concerts of the season before a distinguished audience next Tuesday night, October 31, in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis. Although still under the direction of Will L.

Greenbaum the active management of the society has been placed in the hands of Miss Eda Beronio. The following important and beautiful list of ensemble works will be given: "Quartet" for strings by Dvorak, "Quartet" for flute and strings by Mozart, "Quartet" for piano and strings by Fauré. Single and season tickets are on sale at Sherman Clay and Kohler and Chase's, and may also be obtained next Tuesday night at the St. Francis.

The Great John McCormack

Manager Greenbaum says that within twenty-four hours of his announcement that the Irish tenor John McCormack was to sing for us on two Sunday afternoons, November 12 and 19, in the Civic Auditorium, he received about one hundred mail orders from all parts of the State. It is not difficult to explain the marvelous popularity of this great artist. John McCormack possesses the most beautiful lyric voice in all the world; he uses it with consummate artistry; he sings with the authority of a great musician; he makes every song a story, and he makes every word of that story understood by everyone in the audience. Last but not least he reaches the hearts of all who hear him. McCormack will sing two exceptionally varied and beautiful programmes this year. The tickets will be on sale at Sherman Clay and Kohler and Chase's on Monday, November 6, but to avoid disappointment it would be

well to order tickets by mail at once. Address Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman Clay.

"The Kiss" and Owen Moore

Owen Moore in "The Kiss" will be the stellar attraction at the Theatre St. Francis commencing Sunday. Margaret Courtot is the charming heroine whose kiss is so desirable that Owen hungers for more—and of course eventually secures them. The other young ladies in the cast are quite interesting from the same point of view, so one hardly blames Mary Pickford's husband for being enthusiastic about rehearsals. "The Kiss" is not confined to the art of osculation, however. It is a very interesting combination of comedy, drama and thrills, and aeroplanes and kisses vie with each other for the center of the film. On the whole, the Theatre St. Francis has not shown a better Paramount play. In addition the St. Francis will screen the third installment of the beautiful and memorable official Exposition pictures, a new Christie comedy, a new travelogue and the latest news weekly. In memory of 1915, every lady at the Monday matinee will receive a beautiful booklet about the P. P. I. E. Bernat Jaulus and Sidney Polak and the St. Francis double orchestra, will render the usual superior concert day and evening.

Fourth Week of "Intolerance"

Never in the history of local theatricals has there been so inspiring and universal a success as in the case of D. W. Griffith's colossal spectacle "Intolerance" or "The Mother and the Law." Three weeks ago this production with its great symphony orchestra opened at the Columbia, and day in and day out thousands have already been marked on the record of this attraction. Yet the box office cannot supply the demand for reservations. The fourth week of the engagement will begin with Sunday's matinee.

Second Week of Eva Tanguay

Eva Tanguay whose offering at the head of the William Morris vaudeville show at the Cort is the talk of the town, will be seen for but one more week. Daily matinees are given during the Tanguay engagement. William Morris



ALFRED HERTZ

The brilliant conductor of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra



JOHN MCCORMACK

World famous Irish tenor who will give two monster concerts in Exposition Auditorium Sunday afternoons, November 12 and 19



GODOWSKY

PIANIST EXTRAORDINARY

SCOTTISH RITE HALL

Sutter at Van Ness

This Sunday Afternoon, October 29, at 2:30

Next Thursday Evening, November 2, at 8:15

And Sunday Afternoon, November 5, at 2:30

Season Tickets, \$5.00, \$3.50, \$2.25. Single Concerts, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Kohler & Chase's.

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of San Francisco

First Concert Next Tuesday Eve., Oct. 31, at 8:30

Colonial Ballroom, St. Francis Hotel

Works by Dvorak, Mozart and Fauré

Reserved Seats, \$1.50

Unreserved, \$1.00

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Steinway Piano



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McCORMACK

The World's Greatest Lyric Tenor

EXPOSITION AUDITORIUM

CIVIC CENTER

Two Sunday Afts., Nov. 12 and Nov. 19

Lower Floor, \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c. Balcony, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c. Box Offices open Monday, November 6.

MAIL ORDERS NOW TO WILL L. GREENBAUM at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Sutter and Kearny streets, San Francisco, Cal., enclosing check or money order.

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MATINEE EVERY DAY

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EVA TANGUAY

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COMING BACK SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5
"CANARY COTTAGE"



MARKET STREET OPPOSITE MASON

Mystery, Marvel and Magic of the Orient

LONG TACK SAM

And His Wonder Workers

GAYLORD & LANCTON

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"Two Corking Girls"

KENO & GREEN, Song-and-Patter Comedy; WILLS, GILBERT & CO. in "The Marked Frolic;" EVA SHIRLEY in Songs; and DOOLEY & NELSON, Eccentricists, AND

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ALCAZAR THEATRE

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Commencing Monday Night, October 30

A New Comedy That Is Different

"THE CUB"

Brimming with Laughs and Funny Situations

Featuring the Alcazar's Starry Headliners

EVA LANG - JOHN HALLIDAY

Supported by the Alcazar Players

Evenings—25c, 50c and 75c. Matinees—25c and 50c

has banded together an exceptional company for the Tanguay tour. Besides doing her famous specialty, Miss Tanguay appears in a burlesque of "Salome," supported by Charles J. Ross and company.

"Canary Cottage" Coming Back

"Canary Cottage" is coming back to the Cort. This will be pleasant news to those theatre-goers who could not get enough of the Oliver Morosco "comedy with music" when it was here before, despite the fact that it held the boards at the Cort for eight weeks. It will be seen for two weeks only, beginning Sunday, November 5. Producer Morosco intended to send "Canary Cottage" east directly after its engagement at the Cort, which was the reason for bringing a stop to an engagement that had far from run its course, but it has been decided upon as an ideal opening attraction for the new Morosco Theatre which the California producer is building in New York and which will not be completed until December. Consequently the popular musical piece has been booked to play several California cities and the return engagement at the Cort has been arranged for. "Canary Cottage" will be seen with the same cast as before, headed by Trixie Friganza, Charles Ruggles and Herbert Corthell.

"Bride Shop" at Orpheum

"The Bride Shop" which has been described as "The Merry Widow of vaudeville," will be presented on a most elaborate scale at the Orpheum next week. There are funny situations, pretty girls, graceful dances, haunting melodies and a capable company which has as its principal funmaker Andrew Tombes, an original comedian whose humor is infectious. Claire Vincent, one of the most popular and successful of the younger-leading women of the legitimate stage, will appear in "The Recoil," a comedy based on the double standard of marital relations. She is supported by Frank H. Gardner and Walter R. Ross. Ernest R. Ball, composer of "Mother Machree," "Love Me and

the World is Mine," "In the Garden of My Heart," "Till the Sands of the Desert Grow Cold," "A Little Bit of Heaven" and many other song hits, will offer a singing pianologue in which he uses nothing but his own com-



GLADYS LAMB

"The Pavlova of the Ice" at the Winter Garden Ice Rink

positions. Maud Lambert, the charming musical comedy prima donna who was associated with Eddie Foy in "Over the River" and who made a great hit in two of the Winter Garden productions, will present several of her greatest song hits. The Geraldts are remarkable violin, 'cello and mandolin players. Herbert Williams and Hilda Wolfus in their comedy classic "Hark! Hark! Hark!"; Laura Nelson Hall in "The Cat and the Kitten"; and Jack Wyatt and his Scotch Lads and Lassies will also be included in this bill.

"The Cub" at Alcazar

Beginning next Monday night the Alcazar will present "The Cub," a striking new comedy that is different from anything produced here in months. It was originally played by Douglas Fairbanks in New York and for a season was a tremendous hit. The principal roles will be played by Eva Lang and John Halliday. The latter will have the part created by Fairbanks.



ANDREW TOMBES

In "The Bride Shop" next week at the Orpheum

"The Cub" is brimming with laughs and gun play, but not a shot is fired.

Chinese Mystery at Pantages

Mysteries and stunts of Oriental flavor provided by one Long Tack Sam and his collection of Chinese "wonder workers" will be a conspicuous feature of next week's bill at Pantages. Sam who is known to San Francisco vaudeville "fans," has an eerie assortment of tricks. His fellow Celestials provide, amid a garish setting, all sorts of acrobatics, contortions and jugglings. Gaylord and Lancton as "Two Corking Girls" will uncork an effervescent little skit of behind-the-scenes life. Keno and Green are a lively pair of comedians who reel

ments have been made to announce latest returns between all acts.

Plans of the Philharmonic

The People's Philharmonic Orchestra and Max Bendix, conductor of the Exposition symphony orchestra, have arrived at an agreement whereby Mr. Bendix will conduct the fourth season of ten popular symphony concerts. It is believed that the receipts from the sale of tickets will equal the expenses. The business manager's budget shows that it is possible to give ten concerts with Mr. Bendix as conductor and an orchestra of eighty musicians for \$19,750, and that four thousand seats sold for each concert at fifty cents would clear all expenses. Still, the board of directors are of the opinion that the time has come when the organization should be placed upon a permanent basis, and intend to secure a list of guarantors. The date of the first concert will be announced as soon as the board of directors determine where the concerts shall be given. A great feature will be that many of the programmes will include choral works. It is intended that Mr. Bendix, Mr. Wallace Sabin and Mr. Alexander Stewart shall work together, and that the best chorus to be had shall be assembled.

Ice Skating at Winter Garden

The Winter Garden at Sutter, Pierce and Post streets is one of the most popular places of amusement in San Francisco. It is a common sight to see automobiles lined around the building from early morn until late at night. Patrons of ice skating throng the big rink every day for the three sessions, from 8 to 12 in the morning, 2 to 5 in the afternoon and 8 to 11 at night. The score of instructors are kept busy teaching the novice. The beautiful exhibitions given by dainty Gladys Lamb, the "Pavlova of the Ice," Norval Baptie, the "speed king," and their jolly little corps of skating girls serve as pleasant interruptions to the skating routine three times every afternoon and evening, and the swiny music of Cassasa's military band is another delightful feature of the Winter Garden entertainment. The regular season of ice hockey tournaments will begin November 7, continuing thereafter every Tuesday night for twenty weeks.

His Financial Burden

Light-hearted Bill Thompson was light-hearted no longer.

"Marriage," said Mr. Thompson, "is not what it is cracked up to be."

"What is the trouble?" asked a bachelor friend.

"Money," said Mr. Thompson. "The wife is

always asking for money. Morning, noon and night; breakfast, dinner and supper; awake and in her sleep, it is nothing but will I give her money."

"Well," said the bachelor friend. "What does she do with all that money?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Thompson. "I have never given her any yet."

Theatre St. Francis

GEARY STREET AT POWELL

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OWEN MOORE and MARGARET COURTOT in "THE KISS"

A Fine Combination of Comedy, Drama and Thrills

More of the Beautiful and Official Moving Pictures of the P. P. I. E.

New Christie Comedy New Travelogue News Weekly

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Matinees, 15 Cents Evenings, 20 Cents

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ CONDUCTOR

FIRST SUNDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT
CORT THEATRE

Sunday, October 29, at 2:30 P. M.

PROGRAMME

BRAHMS.....Symphony No. 1

CHAUSSON.....Symphonic Poem, "Viviane"

SMETANA.....Overture, "The Bartered Bride"

Prices—50c, 75c, \$1; box and loge seats, \$1.50. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s excepting concert days; at Cort Theatre on concert days only.

Special Notice SUNDAY NOVEMBER 5 First "POP" CONCERT

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse Phone Franklin 150 Geary and Mason

Fourth Week of Enormous Throngs
Begins Sunday Matinee, October 29th

Twice Daily—Evenings at 8:10—Matinees at 2:10

Is Advisable to Make Early Reservations for

D. W. GRIFFITH'S COLOSSAL SPECTACLE

"INTOLERANCE"

OR

"THE MOTHER AND THE LAW"

Love's Struggle Throughout the Ages

Evenings 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Matinees 25c, 50c, 75c

Cirpheum

Safest and Most
Magnificent
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Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day

SUPERB VAUDEVILLE

ANDREW TOMBES in "The Bride Shop;" CLAIR VINCENT & CO. in the Comedy "The Recoil;" THE GERALDS, Gypsy Serenaders; JACK WYATT & HIS SCOTCH LADS AND LASSIES; LAURA NELSON HALL in "The Cat and the Kitten;" HERBERT WILLIAMS & HILDA WOLFUS in Their Comedy Classic "Hark! Hark! Hark!"; ERNEST BALL, the Popular Composer; MAUD LAMBERT, the Charming Musical Comedy Favorite.

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

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ADMISSION, INCLUDING SKATES, 25c

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GENERAL ADMISSION 25c

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Children, Afternoons, Including Skates, 25c

See the Wonderful Exhibitions by
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And Their Skating Ballet

Every Sunday Afternoon and Evening

Box Office Now Open Phone West 363



OWEN MOORE AND MARGARET COURTOT
In "The Kiss" at the Theatre St. Francis commencing
next Sunday

off a diversified line of ditties and dances. "The Masked Frolic," as presented by Wills, Gilbert and Company, is an interesting pantomimic novelty. Eva Shirley has a good voice, and uses it effectively in a sheaf of "songs of the moment." Dooley and Nelson cavort through a side-splitting lot of eccentric nonsensicalities. The eighth thrill of "The Crimson Stain" mystery serial will round out a really lively bill. That Pantages patrons may keep in touch with the results on election night, November 7, arrange-



THE CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF SAN FRANCISCO

Louis Persinger, first violin; Louis W. Ford, second violin; Horace Britt, 'cellist;
Nathan Firestone, viola; Gyula Ormay, pianist; and Elias M. Hecht,
flutist, who start a season of fine programmes in Colonial
ball room, St. Francis Hotel, next Tuesday night

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The undertone to the stock market the past week was good, and all stocks thrown on the market from any cause seem to have gone into strong hands. Steel common finally turned strong, and made another new high record. The strength in this stock is due to the belief that the next quarterly report on earnings will show around \$100,000,000 earned for the quarter, and that the directors will recommend an extra dividend of 2 per cent in addition to the quarterly rate of 1¼ per cent. The copper shares were strong and higher on the more favorable outlook for the metal prices. Railroad shares generally were firm but their movements irregular. Union Pacific turned strong on a new version of the old story about an increased dividend or an extra dividend. The one that did duty this time is that the company will distribute among its common shareholders about 200,000 shares of Illinois Central and 225,000 shares of New York Central still in the treasury. The right to do this was decided in the suit brought by the Equitable Life Insurance Company as a preferred stockholder, when the Baltimore & Ohio holdings were turned over to the holders of common stock. Such a distribution would be not far short of 20 per cent on the outstanding common stock and it would not impair the company's ability to maintain the regular eight per cent dividend. When the regular directors' meeting is held next month, for the purpose of declaring a dividend, the question will be decided. Speculators should not count too confidently on any kind of an extra dividend or any increase in the regular rate at a time when the eight-hour labor law is about to be tested for the purpose of reporting to Congress whether the railroad can afford to pay higher wages without receiving higher rates. Increased and extra dividends are not convincing proofs of poverty. Illinois Central increased its dividend from 5 to 6 per cent, which will add \$225,000 to the annual income of the Union Pacific. Railroads operating in the cotton States are handling more freight than ever before, and the high price of cotton has stimulated all lines of business and put a rainbow in the sky. The South is now making more money out of the war than any other agricultural district, and will be still better off when peace reopens the cotton markets of Central Europe and Russia. Its railroad securities are reflecting this optimism.

Wheat—There seems to be no let-up in the demand for wheat, even at record prices. Every day for the past week the market has been kept on the upward trend. One day it's the Argentine drought news; next days it's the export demand or an advance in flour. The buying furore was encouraged by renewed rumors of foreign purchases and by reports of export transactions. Stop-loss orders were reached on the bulges, which increased the excitement, and shorts covered freely. The latter interest is said to be

lessened considerably and may prove a weakening factor later on. It was noticeable, however, that while the news favored the bulls, the buying by houses said to represent the export trade was not as heavy as last week. The cables from Argentina were all of the same tenor as on previous days, viz, "hot and dry," and while this may have exerted some influence on this week's prices we think it is losing its authority to some extent. All advices agree, however, that rain must come or the exportable surplus will be materially reduced. It was said that some of the big longs were taking profits, and should this become the rule instead of the exception lower prices would result. The advance has been somewhat rapid and it would not surprise us to see some reaction, but we are still of the opinion that unless some unexpected turn in the war should materialize wheat bought on breaks will show good profits.

Corn—New high levels were made in this market, May selling up to 90 cents, but not sympathizing wholly with the advance in wheat, although doing quite well in that direction considering favorable news from the belt. Harvest will be in full swing the coming week, and prices are at a level now where the farmer will be quite willing to let go. The cash demand holds well, No. 2 yellow selling at 95 cents, but there has been no advance in prices for low grades. The country reports considerable difficulty in procuring help for husking, the scarcity of labor being acute. This may delay the movement to some extent, but the corn stands straight in the fields and is more easily shocked, so that it is predicted that the corn will be in the cribs this year by Thanksgiving—an unusual event. Generous yields are predicted from all over the country.

Cotton—There seems to be no let-up to the buying power in cotton and as a result prices continue to climb and make new records. Reactions of course came from time to time but the demand was so great that they were short lived. Crop experts are reducing their estimates from time to time, and the general feeling seems to be that this crop is going to be a much smaller one than any of the experts had figured on. Trade journals emphasize the prosperous state of the dry goods trade, and the demand for the finished article continues large at the best prices of the season. The fact that American mills are said to be getting exceedingly remunerative results even at this level for the raw material is in itself responsible for the big buying power in the future and spot markets by domestic spinners. As long as this insatiable demand exists no setback of importance in cotton prices may be likely; on the other hand, there is the question of a large speculative long interest in the market, and the technical position consequently could be improved on. A rapid readjustment of this condition may be brought about at any time through

unfavorable naval warfare developments, and for that reason we deem it the part of wisdom to exercise caution in committing one's self to the long side.

Colonel South was under the painful necessity of administering a sound thrashing to his son Samuel. After he had completed his labors he said sternly to his suffering victim:

"Now, tell me why I punished you."

"That's it," sobbed Sammy. "You nearly pounded the life out of me, and now you don't even know why you did it."

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Assets	\$63,811,228.81
Deposits	60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
Number of Depositors	68,062

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NOTICE UPON FILING OF PETITION TO ASCERTAIN RIGHTS AS HEIRS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 16068, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALFRED E. OVEREND, deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: William J. Hynes, the Administrator of the Estate of Alfred E. Overend, deceased, and to Harry S. Overend, Edward Overend, Jennie N. Gilbert, Elizabeth C. Hart, the Administrator or Executor of the estate of Robert A. Overend, deceased, E. M. Leonard, as Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of Ida Overend Mann, deceased, Walter S. Overend, Jane Couture, Sister Matilda Overend, Elizabeth Fleming, Oscar Overend, Jennetta C. Brosse, Elizabeth C. Hall, Nettie C. Treller, William Guthrie, Margaret Guthrie Johnston, Maria Guthrie Hawley, Daniel Guthrie, Samuel Guthrie, Peter Guthrie, Alice Guthrie Simpson, Ellen Clark, John Guthrie, Hannah Guthrie, William Guthrie, George Edward Jack, Elizabeth J. Unwin, Ida A. Hadley, Mandora Hunter, Effie C. Hickey, William E. Guthrie, Anna M. Thompson, Mrs. Isabelle Barnes, Mrs. Lillian Belle Overend Pitt, John F. Overend, Miss E. O. Morris, Sophie Overend, and Patrick Guthrie and Madge Overend.

You and each of you are hereby notified:

That on the 28th day of September, 1916, Robert M. Overend, one of the heirs at law of Alfred E. Overend, deceased, filed his petition in this court praying that the rights of all persons interested in the estate of said Alfred E. Overend, deceased, be ascertained and declared by this court, and that it be determined to whom distribution should be made;

That, so far as known, the following is a description of the real estate whereof said deceased died seized or possessed, to-wit:

Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the Northernly line of Seventeenth Street with the Easternly line of Ord Street (formerly Clara Avenue); thence Easternly along the Northernly line of Seventeenth Street Forty-five (45) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly One Hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at a right angle Westernly Forty-five (45) feet to the Easternly line of Ord Street (formerly Clara Avenue); thence Southernly along said last named line One Hundred and Ten (110) feet to the point of beginning; being part of Horner's Addition Block Number 202.

Beginning at a point on the Easternly line of Calhoun Street distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Northernly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easternly line of Calhoun Street with the Northernly line of Green Street; thence Northernly along said Easternly line of Calhoun Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; thence at a right angle Easternly Ninety-one (91) feet and Eight (8) inches; thence at a right angle Southernly Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; and thence at a right angle Westernly Ninety-one (91) feet and Eight (8) inches to the Easternly line of Calhoun Street and the point of beginning; being part of 50 Vara Lot Number 187.

Beginning at a point on the Easternly line of Franklin Street, distant thereon One Hundred (100) feet Northernly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easternly line of Franklin Street with the Northernly line of Page Street; thence Northernly along said Easternly line of Franklin Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Easternly Seventy-five (75) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Southernly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Westernly Seventy-five (75) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Easternly line of Franklin Street and the point of beginning; being part of Western Addition Block Number 71.

Beginning at a point on the Easternly line of Mimosa Path, distant thereon Thirty-eight (38) feet and Eight (8) inches Southernly from the Southernly line of Rose Hill Nock; thence Northernly along said Easternly line of Mimosa Path Thirteen (13) feet; thence Easternly Sixteen (16) feet and Six (6) inches; thence Southernly Fourteen (14) feet and Five (5) inches; thence Westernly Sixteen (16) feet and Six (6) inches to the point of beginning; being situated in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

Beginning at a point on the Easternly line of Jones Street, distant thereon Sixty (60) feet Southernly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easternly line of Jones Street with the Southernly line of Washington Street; thence Southernly along said Easternly line of Jones Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Easternly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Northernly Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Westernly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Easternly line of Jones Street and the point of beginning; being part of 50 Vara Lot Number 832.

Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the Easternly line of Church Street with the Southernly line of Twenty-seventh Street; thence Southernly along said Easternly line of Church Street Fifty-one (51) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Easternly Eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly Fifty-one (51) feet and Six (6) inches to the Southernly line of Twenty-seventh Street; thence Westernly along said line of Twenty-seventh Street Eighty (80) feet to the point of beginning; being part of Horner's Addition Block Number 57.

Commencing at the point of intersection of the Easternly line of St. Charles Street with the Northernly line of Central Avenue, running thence Easternly along said Northernly line of Central Avenue, One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet; thence at a right angle Westernly One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet to St. Charles Street; thence at a right angle along the Easternly line of St. Charles Street One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet to the point of commencement.

The first six parcels of real property hereinabove described are situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; while the seventh parcel hereinabove described is situated in the City of Alameda, County of Alameda, State of California.

That the said Harry S. Overend, Guy R. Overend, Charles P. Overend, Frederick M. A. Overend, Edward Overend, Jennie N. Gilbert, Robert A. Overend, now deceased, Elizabeth C. Hart, Ida Overend Mann, now deceased, Walter S. Overend, Jane Couture, Sister Matilda Overend, Elizabeth Fleming, Oscar Overend, Jennetta C. Brosse, Elizabeth C. Hall, Nettie C. Treller, William Guthrie, Margaret Guthrie Johnston, Maria Guthrie Hawley, Daniel Guthrie, Samuel Guthrie, Peter Guthrie, Alice Guthrie Simpson, Ellen Clark, John Guthrie,

John Guthrie, Hannah Guthrie, William Guthrie, George Edward Jack, Elizabeth J. Unwin, Ida A. Hadley, Mandora Hunter, Effie C. Hickey, William E. Guthrie, Sophie Overend, as assignee of Robert M. Overend, and Madge Overend, as assignee of Walter S. Overend, are the only persons who appeared and claimed any interest in said estate, in the course of the administration of the same, up to the time of the making of said order;

That you, and all other persons not named, who have or claim an interest in said estate, are cited to appear before this court, at the courtroom thereof, located in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of December, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and exhibit, in the manner provided by law, your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in said estate, and show cause why such petition should not be granted.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 4th day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California.)
H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of the Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk,
JEREMIAH V. COFFEY & EDWARD I. COFFEY,
E. M. LEONARD,
Attorneys for Robert M. Overend.

569 Mills Building,
San Francisco, California. 10-7-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JENNIE MARION DOWNER, deceased.—No. 21584, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of JENNIE MARION DOWNER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the office of her attorneys, Asher, Meyerstein & McNutt, 110 Sutter Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JENNIE MARION DOWNER, deceased.

HARRIETTE GILMAN CASWELL,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Jennie Marion Downer, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, October 21, 1916.
ASHER, MEYERSTEIN & McNUTT,
Attorneys for Executrix,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-21-5

NOTICE OF APPLICATION OF THE THRIFT COUPON COMPANY OF AMERICA, A CORPORATION, FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 76954; Dept. No. 12.

IN THE MATTER OF THE APPLICATION OF THRIFT COUPON COMPANY OF AMERICA, A CORPORATION, TO BE DISSOLVED.

Notice is hereby given that the application of the Thrift Coupon Company of America, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for a decree dissolving said corporation, has been filed in this Court, and said Court has ordered the Clerk thereof to give notice of the same for thirty (30) days by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the said City and County, and all persons are hereby directed to file their objections to said application, if any they have, as provided by law, before the expiration of the time of publication.

Dated, October 3, 1913.
(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.
GILLOGLEY, CROFTON & PAYNE,
Attorneys for Applicant,
57 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 76,577; Dept. No. 10.

WALTER A. BAIRD, Plaintiff, vs. GRACE M. BAIRD, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GRACE M. BAIRD, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
ARCHIBALD J. TREAT,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
624 Monadnock Building,
San Francisco, California. 10-21-9

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION TO MORTGAGE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 21572. In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of WILLIAM JAMES NICHOLS, JOSEPH EDWARD NICHOLS, and ELLA MAY NICHOLS, Minors.

SAMUEL T. NICHOLS, Guardian of the persons and estates of the above-named minors, having filed herein his petition, duly verified by affidavit, and praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing him, as such Guardian, to mortgage the real property of said minors hereinafter described for the purposes set forth in said petition;

And it appearing that it will be of advantage to said property that said mortgage be made,

It is Ordered by the Court that all persons interested in the said estate of said minors do appear before this Court on the 8th day of November, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real-property described below should not be mortgaged for the sum of TWO THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED (\$2200.00) DOLLARS, as set forth in said petition of said Guardian aforesaid, filed this day herein, and why said Guardian should not be allowed to mortgage the interest of the said minors in said property for their prorata of the said sum of TWO THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED (\$2200.00) DOLLARS. (Reference is made to said petition for further particulars.)

The said real estate and property to be mortgaged is situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Oak Street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said southerly line of Oak Street with the westerly line of Laguna Street; and running thence westerly along said southerly line of Oak Street twenty-seven (27) feet, six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the northerly line of Lily Avenue; thence at right angles easterly along said line of Lily Avenue twenty-seven (27) feet, six (6) inches; and thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement, being part of WESTERN ADDITION BLOCK Number 219.

It is further ordered that this Order to Show Cause be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks before the hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, this 2nd day of October, A. D. 1916.
(Signed) THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 3, 1916.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk.
L. T. JACKS,
Attorney for Guardian,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

Got One, Anyhow

The accused was a beautiful woman. Under the circumstances her examination was purely a matter of form, still legal formalities had to be observed.

"I understand," said the detective, "that during the absence of your husband you shot a burglar?"

"I did," the beautiful lady admitted.

"What became of him?"

"Why, the other burglar took him away."

"Which other burglar?"

"The one I shot at."

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NOTICE TO ALL PERSONS HAVING OR CLAIMING AN INTEREST IN THE ESTATE OF RICHARD CORBETT, DECEASED, REQUIRING THEM TO APPEAR AND SHOW CAUSE UNDER SECTION 1664 OF THE CODE OF CIVIL PROCEDURE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 18,313; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of RICHARD CORBETT, Deceased.

The People of the State of California send greeting to Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, and each and every and all persons named or not named, having or claiming any interest in the estate of the above deceased:

You, and each of you are hereby notified that Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, the petitioners herein, have filed a petition in this Court in the matter of the above entitled estate, to wit, the estate of Richard Corbett, deceased, setting forth and alleging among other things that they are the heirs at law of the deceased; that the said deceased disappeared prior to the first day of December, 1907, and that by a judgment duly given and made by said Court on the 5th day of January, 1915, the said deceased was declared dead, and that said deceased died intestate; that the said deceased was then and there a resident of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and left estate in said City and County of San Francisco and State, consisting wholly of money, and that said estate now consists of money solely;

That a petition for Letters of Administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 18th day of December, 1914, filed in the above entitled Court by M. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco;

That thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, that the said M. J. Hynes was, by a judgment of said Court, duly given and made, on the 5th day of January, 1915, appointed Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased; that thereafter, to wit, on the said 5th day of January, 1915, the said M. J. Hynes qualified as such Administrator, and Letters of Administration were duly issued to him under the seal of said Court, by the Clerk of said Court; that thereafter, and on the 6th day of February, 1915, said M. J. Hynes, Administrator of said estate, died;

That a petition for Letters of Administration was thereafter, to wit, on the 24th day of February, 1915, filed in the above entitled Court, by W. J. Hynes, Esq., Public Administrator of the City and County of San Francisco;

That thereafter such proceedings were had in the matter of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, that the said W. J. Hynes was, by a judgment of said Court, duly given and made on the 11th day of March, 1915, appointed Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased; and that thereafter, to wit, on the said 11th day of March, 1915, said W. J. Hynes qualified as such Administrator and Letters of Administration were duly issued to him under the seal of said Court by the Clerk of said Court, and that the said W. J. Hynes ever since has been, and now is, the duly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator of the estate of said deceased;

That the said order and decree of the said Court appointing the said W. J. Hynes Administrator of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, have never been annulled, reversed or set aside, but that ever since said last mentioned date the same have been and now are in full force, virtue and effect, and that more than one year has expired since the issuing of Letters of Administration upon said estate and that no final distribution of said estate has ever been made;

That the said Richard Corbett, deceased, died intestate, leaving him surviving no grand-father or grand-mother, no father or mother, no wife, child or descendants of any child or children, no brothers or sisters, and that said petitioners are the next of kin of the said deceased and are entitled to the distribution of the whole of the said estate of said deceased;

That no other persons have appeared in the above entitled estate in the course of the administration of said estate, and that the persons hereinbefore and in said petition named are all the claimants to said estate or any part thereof, so far as known to said petitioners;

And that these petitioners pray the said Court to ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and all interests therein and to whom distribution thereof should be made; that the Court make an order directing service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate to appear on a day to be fixed by the Court and requiring all persons having or claiming any interest in the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, to appear at the time and place in said order specified and then and there file their written appearance in said Court in the matter of the said estate in response to said notice and have their said appearance entered in the minutes of said Court in the matter of said estate and in the Register of Proceedings in Estates of said Court in the matter of said estate, and directing that, in the event of their failure to so appear as aforesaid, then that their defaults be adjudged and entered in the matter of said estate in said Court for not appearing as aforesaid, and also requiring all persons appearing in the matter of said estate as aforesaid, to show cause and exhibit to said Court their respective claims of heirship, ownership and interest in the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, as provided by Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California;

And that upon the filing of the aforesaid petition, the said Court, on the 22nd day of August, 1916, made, entered and filed an order directing the issuance and service of notice to all persons interested in the said estate of Richard Corbett, deceased, to appear and show cause in the matter of said estate in said Court as hereinbefore specified, and that by said order the Court fixed Tuesday, the 5th day of December, 1916, as the day and time for the appearance of said parties and all persons named or not named claiming an interest in said estate and interested therein.

NOW, THEREFORE, you, and each of you herein above named and each and every and all persons not herein named who have, or claim, any interest in or to the whole or any part of the estate of said Richard Corbett, deceased, are hereby notified and required to be and appear before the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, Department No. 10 thereof, at the Courtroom thereof, in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on Tuesday, the 5th day of December, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, said time being the day and date fixed by the Court in its order made upon filing the said petition as aforesaid, for the appearance of all persons and parties having, or claiming, an interest in or to

the whole or any part of the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased;

And that you, and each of you, and each, every and all persons whether named or not named herein do on said day and date file your written appearance in the matter of the said estate in said Court and have such appearance entered in the minutes of the said Court in the matter of the said estate and in the Register of the Proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate in the said Court, and that each and every, all and singular, the persons who appear as aforesaid, show cause, as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit their respective claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, to the said Court in the matter of the said estate, by setting forth the facts constituting their claims of heirship, ownership or interest in the said estate as by law required and in accordance with the provisions of said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California;

And that upon your failure to appear on the day and date and at the place aforesaid in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, and have your written appearance filed therein and entered in the minutes of said Court in the matter of the said estate, and in the Register of Proceedings of the said estate in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate in the said Court for not appearing as aforesaid;

And that in the event that you, or any of you, appear as aforesaid, then that you show cause, as provided in Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, to the said Court, by setting forth the facts constituting your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate, as by law required, and in accordance with said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California, and upon your failure to show cause and exhibit your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate to the said Court as aforesaid, your default will be adjudged and entered in the matter of the said estate, in the said Court, for not showing cause and pleading and exhibiting your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in the said estate of the said Richard Corbett, deceased, as aforesaid, and as in said Section 1664 of the Code of Civil Procedure of the State of California specified;

That the said Court, as by said Section provided, will ascertain and declare the rights of all persons to said estate and adjudge and decree to whom distribution thereof should be made.

WITNESS, the Honorable George H. Cabaniss, Presiding Judge of said Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and given under my hand and the seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 22nd day of August, 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk of said Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

EUGENE W. LEVY, Attorney for Catherine C. Leary and Mary C. Lynch, Room 560 Mills Building, No. 220 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California. 8-26-10

CERTIFICATE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, O. Olivi and R. J. Olivi, are transacting a paper business in the State of California, under the name of Fulton Paper Co.; that the principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that they are conducting the said business under the fictitious name of Fulton Paper Co., and that they are the sole owners of said business, and that their full names are O. Olivi, who resides at 1547 Mason St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and R. J. Olivi, who resides at 1339 Greenwich St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

O. OLIVI, R. J. OLIVI.
State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 26th day of September, 1916, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared O. OLIVI and R. J. OLIVI, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) A. J. NAGLE, Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 26, 1916.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

L. W. LOVEY, Attorney-at-Law, 1101 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco 9-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY ANN MARTIN, deceased.—No. 21489, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of MARY ANN MARTIN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor, at the office of his attorneys, Lane, White & Elliott, Room 1003 Nevada Bank Building, 14 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY ANN MARTIN, deceased.

WILLIAM MARTIN, Executor of the last will and testament of Mary Ann Martin, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, September 30, 1916
EDWARD ELLIOTT,
LANE, WHITE & ELLIOTT,
Attorneys for Executor,

Room 1003 Nevada Bank Bldg., 14 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-5

CERTIFICATE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, Ng. T. Quai, Tom Fook Duck, Lee Pon, Lee Ning, Lee Sun Yet, Fung Choy, Lum Yue On, and Chen Foo, are transacting a general manufacturing of paste and noodles business in the State of California, under the name of Canton Noodle Factory; that the principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that they are conducting the said business under the fictitious name of Canton Noodle Factory, and that they are the sole owners of said business, and that their full names are Ng. T. Quai, who resides at 1135 Stockton St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Tom Fook Duck, who resides at 518½ Pacific St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Lee Pon, who resides at 1135 Stockton St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Lee Ning, who resides at Stockton, California, Lee Sun Yet, who resides at 1135 Stockton St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Fung Choy, who resides at 1135 Stockton St., City and County of San Francisco, State of California, Lum Yue On, who resides at Courtland, California, and Chen Foo, who resides at Sacramento, California.

NG. T. QUAI, LEE NING,
LEE PON, LEE SUN YET,
CHEN FOO, FONG CHOY,
TOM FOOK DUCK, LUM YUE ON.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 26th day of September, 1916, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared NG. T. QUAI, TOM FOOK DUCK, LEE PON, LEE NING, LEE SUN YET, FUNG CHOY, LUM YUE ON, and CHEN FOO, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) A. J. NAGLE, Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Sept. 26, 1916.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

L. W. LOVEY, Attorney-at-Law, 1101 Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY HELEN ROSE BROWN, deceased.—No. 2852, N. S.; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of MARY HELEN ROSE BROWN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of James M. Hanley, attorney at law, 505-6 Kohl Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of MARY HELEN ROSE BROWN, deceased.

CHARLES P. BROWN, Administrator of the estate of Mary Helen Rose Brown, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, September 16th, 1916.
JAMES M. HANLEY, Attorney for Administrator,

505-6 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 9-30-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUST ROHLER, also called AUGUST ROLLER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will of AUGUST ROHLER, also called AUGUST ROLLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Wm. Loewy and Walter Loewy, Room 507, 201 Sansome Street (Royal Insurance Building), which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AUGUST ROHLER, also called AUGUST ROLLER, deceased.

JOSEPH H. HECK, Executor of the last will of August Rohler, also called August Roller, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 28, 1916.
WM. LOEWY and WALTER LOEWY, Attorneys for Executor,

201 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY A. BRUCE, sometimes known as and called H. A. BRUCE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of HENRY A. BRUCE, alias, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Jos. P. Lucey, 712-717 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY A. BRUCE, alias, deceased.

VIOLA I. LUCEY, Administratrix of the estate of Henry A. Bruce, alias, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 21, 1916.
JOS. P. LUCEY, Attorney for Administratrix,

712-717 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-21-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 4978; Dept. 10.
In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM DUNPHY, Deceased.

Upon considering the petition of JENNIE C. DUNPHY MEYER, Executrix of the Estate of WILLIAM DUNPHY, deceased, this day filed, it is ordered that all persons interested in the Estate are required to appear before the Court on the thirteenth (13th) day of November, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the morning at the Court room of the Court in Department 10 in the City Hall Building in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why the realty hereinafter described or some part thereof should not be mortgaged for the sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars or such lesser amount as to the Court shall seem meet, and the said petition on file is referred to for further particulars. The following is a description of the said realty.

FIRST—That certain parcel of land situate, lying and being in the County of Monterey, State of California, being the southeasterly half of the Rancho Posa de los Ositos as sub-divided by E. J. Cahill, civil engineer, and described as follows: Commencing at a point at the junction of the Salinas River with the Arroyo de los Pinos from which a cottonwood tree marked C.E.S.F.C.W. bears north 45 degrees west 1 chain distant, which point is Station No. 1, according to the plat of the Rancho Posa de los Ositos finally confirmed to Carlos Espinosa, surveyed under instructions from the U. S. Surveyor-General, by J. J. Cloud, Deputy Surveyor, February, 1858; thence meandering up the center of the Arroyo de los Pinos by the following courses and distances. (Variations 15 degrees east.) South 34 degrees west 3.00 chains; thence south 3 degrees 45' west 6.00 chains; thence south 38 degrees 30' west 15.00 chains; thence south 10 degrees west 12.75 chains; thence south 19 degrees 15' west 8.00 chains; thence east 3.00 chains; thence south 12.20 chains; thence south 51 degrees 15' east 4.00 chains; thence south 43 degrees 15' west 6.00 chains; thence south 21 degrees east 5.00 chains; thence south 59 degrees 15' west 12.00 chains; thence south 39 degrees 30' west 10.00 chains; thence south 7 degrees east 7.00 chains; thence north 70 degrees west 5.00 chains; thence north 44 degrees 45' west 4.64 chains; thence south 78 degrees west 5.70 chains to an oak tree marked C.E.S.W.C., being the southwest corner of the Ranch; thence north 1 degree 30' east 33.93 chains; thence north 40 degrees west 29.00 chains; thence north 40 degrees west 52.00 chains; thence north 0 degrees 45' west 25.60 chains; thence north 31 degrees west 37.00 chains; thence north 30 degrees 22' west 53.00 chains; thence north 47 degrees 05' west 431.40 chains more or less to Redwood Post marked S.V. & P.R., thence along the line dividing above mentioned Ranch in two equal parts. North 54 degrees 45' east 327.80 chains to a point in the easterly line of the Rancho Posa de los Ositos, distant south 6 1/2 degrees west 33.00 chains from Station No. 32 as shown upon the plat of said Rancho; thence south 6 degrees 30' west 68.00 chains; thence south 37 degrees 30' east 45.50 chains; thence south 35 degrees 30' east 20.00 chains; thence south 1 degree west 17.00 chains; thence south 10 degrees 15' west 63.00 chains; thence south 6 degrees east 28.50 chains; thence south 23 degrees east 75.00 chains; thence south 17 degrees east 33.00 chains; thence south 7 degrees east 28.00 chains; thence south 2 degrees 30' west 19.00 chains; thence south 14 degrees 30' west 18.00 chains; thence south 39 degrees west 12.00 chains; thence south 5 degrees 30' east 10.00 chains; thence south 20 degrees 45' east 23.00 chains; thence south 52 degrees 30' east 43.00 chains; thence south 18 degrees 30' east 5.50 chains; thence south 34 degrees east 15.00 chains; thence south 57 degrees 30' east 10.00 chains; thence south 28 degrees east 40.00 chains; thence south 16 degrees east 41.00 chains; thence south 26 degrees 30' east 8.00 chains; thence south 33 degrees 45' east 11.00 chains; thence south 44 degrees 45' east 11.50 chains; thence south 58 degrees 30' east 32.00 chains to the point of commencement, containing 8.887 acres, more or less. Reference being made to the Map or Plat of the Rancho Posa de los Ositos made by U. S. Surveyor-General, February, 1858, and now on file in the U. S. Surveyor-General's office; also to a plat of the same Rancho made by E. J. Cahill in July, 1878, both of which are made of this description above set forth.

SECONDLY—All those certain pieces or parcels of land situated, lying and being in the County of Monterey, State of California, bounded and described as follows: Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and southwest 1/4 of NW. 1/4 of Section 28, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 157.98 acres. Lots 1 and 2, the southwest 1/4 of Northwest and N. 1/2 of SW. 1/4 of Section 20, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160.65 acres. Lots 4, 5, the NW. 1/4 of SE. 1/4 and N. 1/2 of SW. 1/4 of Section 34, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160.53 acres. The SW. 1/4 of Section 2, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160 acres. Lots 3, 4, and S. 1/2 of NW. 1/4 of Section 2, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 155.69 acres. The SW. 1/4 of SW. 1/4 of Section 16, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 40 acres. The NW. 1/4 of NW. 1/4 of Section 16, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 40 acres. The SW. 1/4 of SW. 1/4 of Section 29, SE. 1/4 of SE. 1/4 of Section 30, Blocks 1 and 8 of Section 31, all in Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160.22 acres. The NE. 1/4 of Section 29, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160 acres. The NW. 1/4 of SE. 1/4, the E. 1/2 of SW. 1/4 and NW. 1/4 of SW. 1/4 of Section 29, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160 acres. Lots 3, 4, and SW. 1/4 of Fractional SE. 1/4 of Section 20, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 102.41 acres. The NW. 1/4 of NW. 1/4 of Section 32, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 40 acres. The S. 1/2 of SE. 1/4 and NW. 1/4 of SE. 1/4 of NE. 1/4 of SW. 1/4 of Section 1, Township 20 S., R. 6 E., M.D.M., containing 160 acres. Lots 6, 7, E. 1/2 of SW. 1/4 and SW. 1/4 of SE. 1/4 of Section 28, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 167.44 acres. Lots 1, 2, and S. 1/2 of NE. 1/4 of Section 3, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 169.92 acres. Lot 1 of Section 27, Lots 1, 2, and 3, and SW. 1/4 of NW. 1/4 of Section 34, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 147.96 acres. Lots 2 and 3, and SW. 1/4 of NE. 1/4 and NE. 1/4 of NW. 1/4 of Section 6, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., Lots 2, 3, 4 and NE. 1/4 of NE. 1/4 of Section 30, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160.60 acres. Said lands being known as the Dunphy Ranch.

Done in open Court the 5th of October, 1916.
(Filed October 5, 1916.) THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE APPOINTED FOR THE HEARING OF PETITION FOR AN ORDER DIRECTING EXECUTOR TO CONVEY LAND IN CONFORMITY WITH THE CONTRACT MADE BY DECEASED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Probate No. 18960 N. S.; Dept. No. 9.

In the matter of the Estate of JULIA ANN HOBBOSE, sometimes known as JULIA A. HOBBOSE, Deceased.
Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the above-entitled estate that a verified petition has been filed by Dennis F. Riordan, Executor of the last will and testament of Julia Ann Hobbose, sometimes known as Julia A. Hobbose, deceased, praying for an order of said Superior Court directing such Executor to convey certain real property belonging to said estate to one Josef Orvar Olsson in performance of a written contract made by said deceased in her lifetime, has been filed in said Superior Court and that Monday, the 27th day of November A. D. 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M. of said day, and the court room of Department No. 9 of said Superior Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been by said Court appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest said petition by filing his objections in writing and show cause if any he has why said petition should not be granted.

Said real property is described as follows:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at a point on the westerly line of Thirty-fifth (35th) Avenue distant thereon Two Hundred and Seventy-five (275) feet northerly from a point formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Thirty-fifth (35th) Avenue and the northerly line of Ulloa (formerly "U") Street; running thence northerly and along the westerly line of Thirty-fifth (35th) Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at a right angle southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the westerly line of Thirty-fifth (35th) Avenue and the point of commencement. Being part of Outside Lands Block 1162.

Dated at San Francisco this 20th day of October, 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By C. M. GALLAGHER, Deputy Clerk.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 20, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,

By C. M. GALLAGHER, Deputy Clerk.

O'GARA & DE MARTINI,

Attorneys for Executor,
550 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

10-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTONIE GENEVE, deceased.—No. 21,508; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of ANTONIE GENEVE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTONIE GENEVE, deceased.

VICTOR G. BONALY,

Executor of the last will and testament of Antonie Geneve, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 21, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney for Executor,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, California.

10-21-5

SHERIFF'S SALE

Justice Court.—No. 85581.

G. E. DOLAN, Plaintiff, vs. FRED MACK and MRS. FRED MACK, his wife, Defendants.

Under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Justice Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 28th day of June, A. D. 1916, in the above entitled action wherein G. E. DOLAN, the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment against FRED MACK and MRS. FRED MACK, his wife, defendants, on the 5th day of May, A. D. 1916, I am commanded to sell all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the southerly line of Waller Street distant thereon 106.3 feet easterly from the point of intersection of the easterly line of Steiner Street with the southerly line of Waller Street; running thence easterly along said southerly line of Waller Street 25 feet; thence at right angles southerly 120 feet; thence at right angles westerly 25 feet; and thence at right angles northerly 120 feet to the southerly line of Waller Street and the point of beginning. Being Lot No. 29 in Block 867.

Public Notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 30th day of October, A. D. 1916, at 12 o'clock M., of that day, in front of the Sheriff's Office in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said execution, sell all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said judgment, with interest and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money of the United States.

Dated, San Francisco, August 16th, 1916.

THOMAS F. FINN, Sheriff.

WALTER E. DORN,

Attorney for Plaintiff,
Hearst Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

10-28-

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 35910.

MAY E. BRIDGE, a widow, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

T. W. HUBBARD, 1003 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MAY E. BRIDGE, a widow, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above-entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL NO. 1.

BEGINNING at a point on the westerly line of Stockton Street, distant thereon eighty (80) feet and two and one-fourth (2 1/4) inches southerly from the point formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Stockton Street with the southerly line of Sutter Street; and running thence southerly along said line of Stockton Street nineteen (19) feet and nine and three-quarters (9 3/4) inches; thence at a right angle westerly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle northerly nineteen (19) feet and nine and three-quarters (9 3/4) inches; and thence at a right angle easterly sixty (60) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 168.

PARCEL NO. 2.

COMMENCING at a point on the westerly line of 29th Avenue distant thereon two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet northerly from the northerly line of Fulton (formerly D) Street, and running thence northerly along the said westerly line of 29th Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle westerly one hundred twenty (120) feet; thence at a right angle southerly fifty (50) feet, and thence at a right angle easterly one hundred twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands, Block No. 409.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the Seal of said Court this 8th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 16th day of September, A. D. 1916.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco, San Francisco, California; Savings Union Bank and Trust Company, San Francisco, California; City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, San Francisco, California.

T. W. HUBBARD,

Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

9-16-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 20121; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANN FOLEY, deceased. JAMES FOLEY, Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of ANN FOLEY, deceased, having filed his petition with the Clerk of the above entitled Court, praying for an order of the above entitled Court authorizing him to mortgage the property hereinafter described for the purposes set forth in the said petition;

NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, that the 8th day of November, A. D. 1916, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at the Court Room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the City Hall, No. 400 Van Ness Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, be and the same is hereby fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to be and appear before the above entitled Court at said time and place, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the property hereinafter described, should not be mortgaged for the sum of One Thousand (\$1,000.00) Dollars, or for such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet; reference is hereby made to the petition on file for further particulars.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED that notice of the time and place herein fixed be given by publishing this order once a week for four successive weeks in a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

The real property hereinabove referred to is all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Southerly line of Irving Street, distant thereon ninety-five (95) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Fifth Avenue; running thence easterly along said Southerly line of Irving Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Irving Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Land Block Number Six Hundred and Seventy-six (676).

Dated this 3rd day of October, A. D. 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

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Attorneys for Administrator,
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ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVIII. No. 1263

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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San Francisco, November 4, 1916

No. 1263

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FOR THE OLD FREEDOM

FOR PRESIDENT:

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:

CHARLES WARREN FAIRBANKS

Our Election-Day Duty to the people of this city at present as that they should affirm their confidence in the Chamber of Commerce. It must be affirmed, in terms that may be clearly interpreted by all, that public sentiment warmly approves the objects which our chief commercial body dedicated itself to when it undertook to redeem our long-suffering city from the tyranny of labor bosses. The first opportunity for an expression of public sentiment will come on Tuesday, November 7. On that day we shall vote on certain propositions of vital interest, several of which involve issues between the Chamber of Commerce and the bosses who have determined to prolong conditions under which the progress of the city is retarded by unreasonable strikes and open defiance of law and order. What precisely these propositions are the Chamber of Commerce is informing the public through the press. They are set forth elsewhere in this paper, and we commend them to the earnest consideration of our readers. Especially we would direct their attention to the appeal to put an end to the practice of picketing. This practice is the most disgraceful of all the evils peculiar to the excesses of industrial strife. With the inevitable consequences of it we have been made too familiar in San Francisco. That we tolerate it is a humiliating reflection on our civilization. As a matter of fact, to tolerate picketing is to sanction a species of barbarism, for it implies that society does not employ its collective strength to safeguard individuals against injury. No society is civilized where the arrangements for protecting the persons and property of its members are not sufficiently perfect to maintain peace and order among them. Clearly it is our duty to vote for No. 8 on the ballot and thus testify to our whole-hearted approval

of the efforts the Chamber of Commerce is making to redeem San Francisco from lawlessness.

Thirty-three propositions will be submitted to the people of this city next Tuesday. Some of them may be easily apprehended by that happy-go-lucky individual the man in the street, a few might gravel the proverbial Philadelphia lawyer; the wisdom or unwisdom of some of them is a question that only men of very small minds would presume to answer without deep study, inquiry and reflection; but we who have modestly taken it for granted that our noses when counted are endowed with divine power, will dispose of them without a qualm. In the presence of so much cocksureness it would be folly to advise, but at least one might with due deference hazard a few suggestions. For example it may not be thought presumptuous to suggest that all the propositions are not what they seem. Take for example No. 4, amending the direct primary law. This looks harmless. Its purpose is to nullify a law designed to make it impossible for conscienceless politicians to run the electorate on the Johnson principle. So it isn't exactly harmless. Like the jitney proposition it is designed to deceive. The jitney proposition might properly be described as a proposition to discourage the use of the city's main artery except in the interest of the jitney hogs. It would be a quite suitable proposition to adopt if we intended to adopt either No. 1 or No. 2, for in that event it would not matter much what became of Market street and the Path of Gold. No. 2 has more dynamite than No. 1 because it purports merely to regulate the sale of liquor. Its obvious effect would be to cripple every first-class hotel and cafe in San Francisco and to do quite as much damage as absolute prohibition to the industries of our State. No. 2 is a little masterpiece of disingenuity. It is hardly a greater menace than the single tax proposition, but this proposition, thanks to the general reputation of its sponsors, gives nobody gooseflesh. Its sponsors are Jane Addams, Samuel Gompers, Henry Ford, Judge Brandeis, David Starr Jordan, Judge Lindsey, Secretary of War Baker and Edwin Markham. Margaret Sanger, the drummer for appliances that facilitate birth-control or rather birth-prevention, is the only publicist whose name we miss from the congenial company mentioned above. Unfortunately we have not the space to discuss all the initiative and referendum measures that are to appear on the ballot, but there is one proposition so singular that it is deserving of special attention. It is singular in this,—that it is manifestly wholly for the benefit of the people. We

mean No. 17, which would authorize the supervisors to accept gifts for a great educational institution—a public aquarium. Nothing is to be spent unless public-spirited citizens give us an aquarium, and then we are to maintain it. How wonderful! One word more: while on the subject of propositions let us not forget that variable one whom we all respect for his good intentions—the Hon. Woodrow Wilson. As we are to vote on him next Monday, it might be well for us to keep in mind the fact that the backers of the single tax proposition are all his bosom friends; that indeed he introduced two of them (Mr. Baker and Justice Brandeis) to his countrymen and bestowed on one of them, the distinguished Mr. Gompers, more dignity than the apostle of strikes and the crimes they breed ever dreamt of enjoying.

The McNamara Appeal

Rarely does one find anything quite so ingenuous as the letter of the Indianapolis Iron Workers' Union appealing to unionists generally to interest themselves in the case of John J. McNamara who is serving a sentence of fifteen years in San Quentin. John J. McNamara is the man who confessed that he dynamited the Llewellyn Iron Works. He is a brother of the McNamara who was sentenced to life imprisonment after confessing that he dynamited the Times building. How many murders the two men committed we shall probably never know, but that neither got his just punishment we all have reason to believe; that is, all who do not agree with superior sentimentalists of the Steffens-Older brand. By these it is conceived that we should not subject to unpleasant restraint the cowardly enemies of society who slaughter innocent people, but rather mollify and placate them the while we strive to adjust social conditions to the wants and whims of all the victims of a misconstrued world. In this letter from Indianapolis there is much nutritious food for reflection. A few years ago this letter would have been regarded as a hoax contrived to excite prejudice against philosophers of the Gompers school of industrial evolution. But in the light of the present affinity between Gompers and the President of the United States it is received as a commonplace specimen of the current literature of sanctified American anarchy. In the light reflected by our State Labor Council from Eureka, where it espoused the cause of our present colony of dynamiters, it merely marks the rising swell in the tide of affairs. "Brother McNamara," says the epistle from Indianapolis, "has been for years and still is an honored member." More honored peradventure as the years of his imprisonment roll on. And why not

an honored member? Were not the Molly Maguires, all of them, honored members of their honorable society until the cruel law snatched them by the heels? Honored and beloved is John J. McNamara for the service he has rendered to the disciples of the President's friend; not only in Indianapolis but elsewhere. "We know full well," say the unionists of Indianapolis, "that it is incumbent upon the international executive board to go into this matter thoroughly, and while we know they will do so we feel strongly that it would be a beautiful thing for his home local to take the preliminary steps in the campaign for his release." A beautiful thing indeed! An eminently proper and logical thing, let us say. Again: "While a continent divides us we feel that the toilers of the Pacific Coast are actuated by the same high ideals, cherish the same hopes and aspirations," etc., etc. Indeed, they do, as Mooney and Billings may reasonably assure the authors of this beautiful letter. "The mere fact," they add, "that our opponents condemn our imprisoned brothers at every opportunity should be sufficient reason for our loyalty and support." Here we have a hint at the postulate of the whole philosophy of Labor as organized by Gompers—the postulate being that the American public is never at all concerned in the quarrels between labor and capital; that democracy is merely an affair between two factions actuated by self-interest. Preposterous to be sure, yet how natural the error when rightly considered. Haven't our darling college professors been preaching along this line many years? And our darlingest of all college professors, the Hon. Woodrow Wilson, didn't we see him cast the public into the discard the other day while bringing his massive brain to bear on a great issue? Considering the times and the temper thereof the iron workers of Indianapolis are not at all presumptuous. Nor is their candor likely to startle us in this day and generation. For is not the President-Prophet our guide? and has he not an eye that penetrates the azure kingdoms of infinitude? Above all, has he not kept us out of war?

Two
Colonels

An amusing instance of the irony of events is to be found in the bitter hostility of two patriots to President Wilson. We mean Colonel Harvey, editor of the *North American Review*, and Colonel Roosevelt, singer of the stirring hymn *Onward Christian Soldiers*. No men are more firmly convinced of the incompetency and general fatuity of the Princeton pedant than these two eminent oracles. Yet it was the former who first discovered Mr. Wilson's fitness for the presidency, and it was the other colonel who made it possible for Mr. Wilson to bemuse a nation. These observations are not by way of criticism. The two colonels have our profound sympathy in their efforts to right great wrongs, but we would suggest that there is a touch not of repentance but of presumption and impertinence in their current pose. Colonel Roosevelt is holding himself out

as a patriot, but we know very well that he is above all things a selfish, treacherous politician who was much less concerned for the institutions of his country than for his own ambition. Colonel Harvey is posing as a reliable publicist and pointing out at once our duty and President Wilson's unwisdom in neglecting his advice. He forgets that Mr. Wilson's experience of the Harvey judgment, not to mention our own, does not justify confidence therein. Harvey was first of all Mr. Wilson's acquaintances to pronounce him an ideal leader and great statesman. Is it to be argued in extenuation of this atrocious misconception that Mr. Wilson was a "very smooth article," a quite different person from what he pretended to be? The fact is that Mr. Wilson with all his power of dissimulation had revealed himself in the course of his academic and early political career. A very imperfect student of character might have received a vivid impression of this scholarly person when he recanted the principles he preached at Princeton to meet the exigencies of political job-chasing. So vivid was the impression received by at least one man we know of, that his abhorrence of Woodrow Wilson prompted him to decline an invitation to meet the former schoolmaster on his visit to this city five years ago.

The
Sing
Sing
Reformer

Nowhere in the world is there anything so inflexible as human nature. Hence the periodical disillusion of our idealists and apostles of artificial progress. Here today is Thomas Mott Osborne to whom but yesterday our idealists were paying the tribute of their applause for his wonderful achievements at Sing Sing where his many schemes of reform have been abandoned lest further demoralization ensue. It is the custom of idealists to celebrate the will on the assumption that the deed is inevitable. Once the plans and specifications are prepared, they felicitate themselves on the consummation. But failure never discourages them; nor does it tend to render them sceptical of their hasty guesses. If their old certainties dissolve in mist the new give them freshness and courage. But after all, theirs is a happy disposition, for there is no limit to the possibilities of any scheme of reform they invent, and even the law of gravity will not give them pause. Their only objectionable quality is dogmatism, which is a thing that makes their neighbors uncomfortable. Zeal and determination are admirable qualities except as displayed by the bull in the china shop.

A
Newspaper
Age

People are not reading so much as formerly. This is the plaint of publishers and magazine editors. At the same time we hear preachers lament the emptiness of pews and orators complaint that it is hard to lure people within sound of fine rhetoric. Undoubtedly a great change is going on in the world even far from nations that are at war. We are not sure that it is a good change or de-

sirable. To be sure, there was never so much knowledge in the world, nor, unfortunately, so much ignorance or so much credulity. There is such a thing as too much reading, but good books comfort the heart and stimulate the mind. They are fine companions from whom we get a continuous current of sympathy that acts and reacts not only on our own minds but on the minds of others. By means of good books people indulge in self-culture, but some people have no taste for that sort of thing. They read only for amusement. These folk are greatly in the majority, and it was an easy step for them from the book-shelf to the movie drama or to the automobile, and preferring either to a book they have no time to read anything but the daily paper, which has been steadily degenerating through the years until it has ceased to accomplish anything but the corruption of our faculties. Hence it is that as a result of our omnivorous swallowing of the kind of intellectual pabulum that is supplied by the daily press,

Blind and naked Ignorance
Delivers brawling judgments unashamed,
On all things all day long.

Books we have banished, and in their stead has come opinionated infallibility along with incredible gullibility. This is the newspaper age wherein man is

Too weak to bear
The insupportable fatigue of thought,
And swallows therefore, without pause or choice,
The total grist, unsifted, husks and all.

Consequently the reflection of the wonderful man who kept us out of war is so much a matter of probability that some people are betting that we are going in for four more years of his rule.

Of
Chivalry

The war we are told by an academic philosopher may revive the soul of chivalry. What a lovely prospect to ponder! But where is the glory that is chivalry to be glimpsed among the clouds that deepen over Europe? Chivalry is the enthusiasm of the strong for the rights of the weak. The combatants of Europe are at present preoccupied with what they conceive to be their own best interests, and we hear very little, if anything at all, of that beautiful attribute of human character which Burke pronounced "the unbought grace of life." Chivalry is the nurse of manly sentiment. At present it is in evidence nowhere; surely not in Europe, indubitably not in this country. In our national affairs the chivalrous ideal is lamentably inconspicuous. We have statesmen who have bidden their followers to worship a hideous idol instead of the genuine divinity. True manliness is characterized by a great and generous sympathy that asserts itself by the championship of the oppressed and a willingness to risk all for their cause. It is not a by-product of the passions of war-time.

Varied Types

305—ANDREW J. GALLAGHER

By Edward F. O'Day

"What about the ethics of it, Andy?"

"I'm glad you asked me that," replied the stormy petrel of the Board of Supervisors. "Of course it's ethical for Jim Rolph to have his shipping business and his banking business and a few little things like that. And it's ethical for Dick Welch to work for the Cowell Lime and Cement Company. And it's ethical for Eddie Wolfe to have his law practice; and for Kortick and Jim Power and the rest of them to be in business. But when Andy Gallagher sees a chance to make some dough in a perfectly legitimate way and pay the debts he contracted running for mayor, then a lot of pot-bellied, perfumed gentlemen who never had any use for Andy Gallagher suddenly raise the question of ethics."

Need I explain that we were discussing the muchly heralded entrance of Supervisor Gallagher into the world of business? Our largest alderman, as all the town knows, is going to open a supply station and sell gasoline, oil, etc., to the jitney drivers. He has an exclusive contract with the union which he has befriended consistently, is going to undersell the market, and confidently expects to make money, no matter what happens to the jitney amendment on election day.

"I don't claim all the honesty in the world," continued Andy, "but I do know that I've passed up a chance or two to grab fifty or sixty thousand dollars since I've been on the board. I'm pretty well used to having my motives attacked. When I fought to keep the bill boards up I was suspected of taking a piece of change from the bill board men. Because I'm not afraid to go down to the Black Cat and enjoy myself I'm suspected of owning an interest in the place. And now that I see a chance to engage in legitimate business a lot of men who constitute themselves the hierarchy of San Francisco raise the question of ethics. It's a San Francisco habit to look for a sinister motive when anybody does anything to better himself or to help somebody else."

"It's a habit," I remarked, "with one man who is a particular friend of yours."

"Who's that?" demanded Andy.

"Rudolph Spreckels," I answered.

"Rudolph Spreckels is no friend of mine," said Supervisor Gallagher.

"I better tell you the whole story," he continued when I registered surprise. "I never met Rudolph Spreckels till the Spring Valley fight. He sent for me, and asked me what I was going to do about that fight. I told him I had gone on record about it, that everybody knew where I stood, but that I didn't propose to spend any of my own money fighting the purchase. Spreckels said he was going to be in the fight, and that I must get into it too. I asked him if he was willing to put up money. He said he thought he was, and wanted to know how much would be needed. I told him at the very least five thousand dollars. He said he thought that figure was kind of stiff; but the upshot was that he put up the money. I'm glad to say that I didn't have the handling of it. The man who did handle it accounted to Spreckels for every cent of it.

"So that was my introduction to Spreckels. When I got into the fight for mayor he sent

word to me that he was for me and that he was going to put ten thousand dollars into my fight. But the money was not forthcoming. Time passed, we needed money for the campaign, but Spreckels was very evasive, though he kept on promising. Finally I told Rosenthal, my manager, to see him and have a showdown. Spreckels told Rosenthal that he was ready to contribute and that he had prepared a statement advocating my election, but that he wanted to have a talk with me first. So I called on him with Mike Casey and John Nolan or Rosenthal, I've forgotten which.

"Spreckels received me in his office and informed me that he was all prepared to come out for me, but that he wanted to ask me a few questions first. I told him to go ahead. He asked me if I thought the police commission was obeying the law. I answered that I didn't think they were, and didn't think they could obey it very well. He asked me if I didn't think they were wrong in their handling of prostitution and if I didn't think the Redlight Abatement Law ought to be enforced strictly. I told him I didn't believe in stirring up that matter too much. Then he asked me outright whether, in the event of my election, I'd remove the police commissioners. I told him that I meant to run things according to my own ideas, and that if any commissioner didn't do what I thought was right I'd fire him; but that I was prepared to work with the machinery of government as I found it and that I thought I could find ways to make that machinery run my way; also that before removing any commissioner I'd consider the stigma which might attach to himself and his family, and that I'd go very slowly so as not to attach that stigma to anybody unjustly. In reply he demanded to know in so many words whether, in the event of my election, I'd remove the police commission. I told him that questions like that had been put to me by other people and that I had only one reply to make, which was that I wouldn't promise to remove anybody, that those who demanded such promises weren't on the square and that I didn't want their support. And I started for the door. I was almost out when Spreckels called me back. 'Do you mean to say that I am trying to subvert the law?' he asked. 'I mean exactly that thing,' I replied. 'There's the door,' he said. I told him I knew where the door was and that I could get through it without any help from him, and I walked out. So that was the end of my relations with Rudolph Spreckels. And that is how it cost me ten thousand dollars to say no."

Gallagher told me some other interesting things about that mayoralty fight. He says that he didn't go into it until he felt reasonably sure that Mayor Rolph would not be a candidate for reelection. The Mayor had written (though he had not mailed) a letter to Andrew Furuseth stating that he would not be a candidate for reelection. The Mayor had written that he would not be a candidate, authorizing this friend to repeat the statement. Andy figured that he would be able to win against any of the men selected to make the race in Rolph's stead, so he got into the fight. Percy Long was asked to run, but declined. At the last moment, when Alec Vogelsang had been practically selected to make the race, Rolph yielded to the

importunities of his friends and filed the announcement of his candidacy. Andy did not think he could beat Rolph, but he made the race any way, feeling that to withdraw would be to incur justly the charge of "quitting." He said it cost Rolph \$140,000 to be elected the first time, but did not name any figure for the second campaign. He told me that \$29,000 was contributed to his own campaign fund, and that only a small amount of this consisted of loans. Nevertheless these debts have weighed heavily upon him, and the necessity of paying them supplies the driving force for his plunge into business.

With a pencil and a piece of paper Gallagher showed me how it was quite impossible for him to fail to make money in this approaching venture. The figures looked impressive, but they were lost on me who only know this about business—that there is no branch of it wherein you can't lose money. However, I suppose Andy knows what he's doing. Besides, he has two associates whose names he is not divulging just yet. With all his business optimism Andy probably figures that three heads are better than one.

Andy Gallagher has good reason to be optimistic. Without any particular training except such as he acquired in the Labor Council, he has made himself something of a figure in the public eye. When I first knew him he was a photo engraver—a good one—doing a little heavyweight boxing on the side. Now he helps to manage (or mismanage—it all depends on your point of view) the big business of our municipality. His ability is variously appraised, but none who knows him has ever doubted his honesty of purpose or his financial integrity. He has a code, and lives by it. Perhaps he doesn't make any more mistakes than the rest of us; but his mistakes receive general attention because he makes them in a loud voice. One mistake, however, I never heard of Andy Gallagher making, and that is: forgetting a friend.

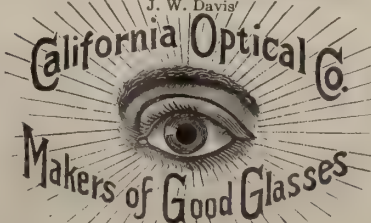
"I believe," he says, "in giving a friend not merely a square deal, but a little the best of it, when it can be done legitimately."

And that's a pretty good article of belief.

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Perspective Impressions

The Dismal Science: the science of interpreting the ballot.

We infer from Senator Lodge's disclosure that even Bryan could not stand for Wilson.

Let me see: was the tango in fashion before or after ping pong?

Having acquired the headline habit, Verdun insisted on coming back.

Note of encouragement: San Francisco does not like Dr. Aked, Billy Sunday and Eva Tanquary.

Remembering that Bryan told Dumba that the Teutons need not take the Administration thunder seriously the story about the post-script is far from incredible.

When we saw a man referred to in the paper as "an Enoch Arden" we wondered who the old-fashioned reporter was who still remembered his Tennyson.

The Hearst poll shows that the majority of the Hearst papers are for Wilson. Well, the followers of Hearst are pretty sore on the country, aren't they?

Examiner editorial: "We print it here on this page, where money cannot buy advertising space." Is this a case of pleading not guilty? And if so what about the rule of law, "Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus?"

The American people, says the President, are very tired of "the art of talking without saying anything." And our President is a supreme artist in this line.

Reasoning from effect to cause seems easy to some folk who, while they guffaw at Josephus Daniels, give solemn ear to his master's voice.

According to a writer in the London Times, "Hindenburg is a drunk." Wouldn't it be a good idea to find out the brand he drinks, as Lincoln suggested in the case of Grant, and serve it to some of the generals fighting for the Allies?

A reforming friend of ours says he intends to agitate against the newspaper use of adjectives preceded by adverbs. If he abates this nuisance we shall agitate for a monument in his honor.

Perhaps we are getting old. At any rate we did not duck for apples on Hallowe'en for fear of a cold in the head.

Virginia has gone dry. What will Sir Walter Raleigh say when this news reaches the Elysian Fields?

Judge Gary says Japan is not looking for trouble, but if Gary's friend Hearst and certain demagogic politicians keep on banking on the pacific attitude of Japan the Japanese will have to become prouder than Wilson in order to keep the peace.

Secretary Baker attributes his comparison of Washington's soldiers with Mexican bandits, to an American historian, but admits that his quotation was made on hearsay and that he never verified it. The more one sees of the President's Cabinet the easier it becomes to enlarge in imagination the potentialities of another term.

A fragment of futurist history: In the fourth decade of the twentieth century so alarming was the spread of imbecility in America that it was customary to sterilize any person who was known to be the offspring of a man or woman that voted for Wilson in 1916.

Return of the Wounded

(Excerpts from an article by D. Thomas Curtin, an American journalist who has made four trips to Germany and who recently spent ten months in that country, making an examination of conditions. He is an observer of proved capacity. He went to Germany as a representative of American magazines, but the article from which these excerpts were made was written for the London Times. —Editor's note.)

The 4th of August is the anniversary of what is known in Germany as "England's treachery"—the day that England entered the war in what the German Government tells the people is "a base and cowardly attempt to try and beat her by starving innocent women and children."

On that sunny and fresh morning I looked out of the railway carriage window some quarter of a mile before we arrived at Potsdam and saw numerous brown trains marked with the Red Cross, trains that usually travel by night in Germany.

There were a couple of officers of the Guard Cavalry in the same carriage with me. They also looked out. "Ach, noch einmal" ("What, more of them?") discontentedly remarked the elder. They were a gloomy pair and they had reason to be. The German public has begun to know a great deal about the wounded. They do not yet know all the facts, because wounded men are, as far as possible, hidden in Germany and never sent to Socialist centres unless it is absolutely unavoidable. The official figures, which are increasing in an enormous ratio since the development of England's war machine, are falsified by manipulation.

And if easy proof be needed of the truth of my assertion I point to the monstrous official misstatement involved in the announcement that over 90 per cent of Germans wounded return to the firing line! Of the great crush of wounded at Potsdam I doubt whether any appreciable portion of the serious cases will return to anything except permanent invalidism. They are suffering from shell wounds, not shrapnel, for the most part, I gathered.

As our train emptied it was obvious that some

great spectacle was in progress. The exit to the station became blocked with staring peasant women returning from the early market in Berlin, their high fruit and vegetable baskets empty on their backs. When I eventually got through the crowd into the outer air and paused at the top of the short flight of steps I beheld a scene that will never pass from my memory. Filmed and circulated in Germany it would evoke inconceivable astonishment to this deluded nation and would swell the malcontents, already a formidable mass, into a united and dangerous army of angry, eye-opened dupes. This is not the mere expression of a neutral view, but is also the opinion of a sober and patriotic German statesman.

I saw the British wounded arrive from Neuve Chapelle at Boulogne; I saw the Russian wounded in the retreat from the Bukovina; I saw the Belgian wounded in East Prussia, but the wounded of the Prussian Guard at Potsdam surpassed in sadness anything I have witnessed in the last two bloody years.

Your Neuve Chapelle wounded were, if not gay, many of them blithe and smiling—their bodies were hurt but their minds were cheerful; but the wounded of the Prussian Guard—the proudest military force in the world—who had come back to their home town decimated and humbled—these Guards formed the most amazing agglomeration of broken men I have ever encountered. As to the numbers of them, of these five reserve regiments but few are believed to be unhurt. Vast numbers were killed, and most of the rest are back at Potsdam in the ever-growing streets of hospitals that are being built on the Bornstädterfeld.

One of the trains had just stopped. The square was blocked with vehicles of every description. I was surprised to find the great German furniture vans, which by comparison with those used in England and the United States look almost like houses on wheels, were drawn up in rows with military precision. As if these were not enough, the whole of the wheeled traffic of Potsdam seemed to be commandeered by the military for the lightly wounded—cabs, tradesmen's wagons, private carriages—everything on wheels except, of course, motor cars, which are nonexistent owing to the rubber shortage. Endless tiers of stretchers lay along the low embankment sloping up to the line. Doctors, nurses and bearers were waiting in quiet readiness.

The passengers coming out of the station, including the women with the tall baskets, stopped, but only for a moment. They did not tarry, for the police, of which there will never be any dearth if the war lasts thirty years, motioned them on, a slight movement of the hand being sufficient.

The Prussian Guard had come home. The steel corps of the army of Germany had met at Contalmaison the light-hearted boys I had seen drilling in Hyde Park last year, and in a furious counter-attack, in which they had attempted to regain the village, had been wiped out.

These were not merely wounded, but dejected wounded. The whole atmosphere of the scene was that of intense surprise and depression. Tradition going back to Frederick the Great,

(Continued on Page 20)

The Spectator

Gus and the Clockwinder

"I see that Hearst wants Roosevelt kicked out of the Hughes campaign," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock, addressing his friend Senator Gus Hartman.

"Yes, and he ought to be kicked out," said the little statesman, "and he would be kicked out, too, if anybody was paying any attention to my friend Bill. But nobody is listening to him."

"No, that's right," said the clockwinder lugubriously. "Hearst is playing a lone hand in this campaign, and nobody cares. He's dealing from the bottom, slipping cards from his sleeve, dropping them under the table, doing everything that's sportsmanlike according to the Hearst code—and nobody cares. It's a tragedy, Gus, ain't it?"

"Sure!" said Gus, "the boys up at the Indoor Yacht Club are weeping for their old friend Bill. He's one of the regular down-and-outers."

"Oh, it's not that bad," said the clockwinder, "the O'Learys are with him and some of the boys in the brewery. They take the stuff that comes over the longest leased wire from Potsdam, the stuff that the Rev. William Bayard Hale sends, and they eat it."

"But just the same," said Senator Hartman, "the Republicans ought to fire Teddy. He's making it hard for some of my friends to hate Wilson like they used to. Teddy is slamming them terribly. Hearst says he isn't using any tact. By the way, what do you mean by the O'Learys?"

The clockwinder smiled.

Hearst and O'Leary

"I saw something in Town Talk the other day about Hearst and O'Leary," said Senator Hartman. "Is that what you're driving at?"

"Not exactly," was the reply. "But I see that Governor Glynn and O'Leary have been connected up, and I know that Glynn and Hearst are warm social friends. Pro-German propaganda is making strange bed-fellows. And you know, Gus, as I've noticed, that whenever the propagandists are in pain the Hearst newspapers shriek in agony. I've been wondering whether the people behind O'Leary have bought any stock in Bill's properties."

"Nonsense!" Hartman exclaimed.

"Why nonsense?" the clockwinder demanded.

"Because Hearst owns all the Hearst papers."

"That's true, but newspapers get hard up once in a while, and they take in new stockholders. Hearst isn't able to throw stuff to the birds all the time, you know, and he hasn't been making much money in Mexico of late, and they say that the mines belonging to the Hearst estate aren't so productive as formerly."

"Hold on, are you going to put him in the Poor House?"

Once more the clockwinder smiled.

Hearst the Practical Man

"What are you grinning at?" Senator Hartman asked.

Ignoring the question, the clockwinder continued. "Listen. Hearst is a practical man.

He runs his papers to make money out of them, not to register his emotions. He never allows himself to be carried off his feet by his convictions. He—"

"I don't get you, Steve," said Senator Hartman.

"Now when Bill came out for prohibition some months ago," said the clockwinder, paying no attention to the interruption, "he had very powerful convictions, but they didn't last, did they? Evidently he hadn't signed up for the season. As soon as the wets began pelting him, he took to the bench, and he has been sitting tight ever since. He only went so far. Perhaps it was far enough to satisfy Westerville. Perhaps it was as far as he agreed to go. At any rate, he was a practical man. He turned around and backed out. But you don't see him backing out on Potsdam, do you? That's why I'm thinking about new stockholders. Do you think it's his convictions that are keeping him in the fight, making a holy show of himself, not to mention the liar that he has been branded throughout the world?"

"Well, what do you think is keeping him in?" Hartman asked.

"I'm only speculating," the clockwinder replied. "And I'm trying to get the fact into your ivory nut that Willie isn't doing the usual thing—sidestepping to the middle of the road when the fight gets hot, as he used to do every other day during the graft prosecution fight. You know, Gus, with all his stuff, Willie has more yellow streaks in him than any newspaper he ever owned, but here he is going the distance. I can't account for it. He undertook to put an embargo on munitions and betray his country like Benedict Arnold. He demanded an embargo on the big loan. He tried to start a war with Japan to deprive Russia of munitions. He was strong for ruthlessness on the high seas until Hindenburg got sick at the stomach. He made a prostitute out of his International News Service, and he has done about everything a man could do in this war who was under obligations to some hidden power to prove himself utterly devoid of self-respect, and he has never faltered. Now this isn't like Hearst at all. He's too game. What's the answer?"

"I decline to answer," said Hartman, "on the ground that some day I might be a candidate for the Senate again."

That Elusive Postscript

Like Cicero, Junius, Lord Chesterfield and George Horace Lorimer's Self-Made Merchant, President Wilson is famous for his letters. In the college of diplomacy the President is not only what Colonel Roosevelt calls a "Byzantine logothete," he is likewise a past master of literae humaniores and of some epistles which are not as humane as they might be. And now the President bids fair to earn an increment of renown by reason of a postscript. What more natural than that he should write postscripts as well as letters? All women write postscripts; why not our uxurious President? But there are postscripts and postscripts, and the postscript which has kicked up all the trouble is one which the President is very eager to prove that he did not indite. This postscript to the Lusitania note—if there was such a postscript—resembles those disagreeable codicils which nullify the main portion of a will. If the President wrote that postscript he was like the man who draws a check and then stops payment

on it. Did the President write that postscript? Cabot Lodge answers yes. So does Dr. Bailey of Tufts. So does John Temple Lloyd Jeffries of Boston. So, perhaps, would Dr. Dumba if some enterprising correspondent would only ask him. On the other hand Bryan says no. And a handful of Cabinet officers echo no. And Major Breckinridge also. And the President, after affecting to consider a denial unnecessary, says no very loudly in response to an inquiry from the editor of the highbrow New Republic. Only Lindley Garrison, former Secretary of War, refuses to say yes or no. It looks as if Garrison knows something.

The Breckinridge Series

Personally I am inclined to think that the President wrote that postscript. From my study of his psychological processes I should say that it was quite like him to write a severe letter and then explain in a P. S. that he meant it only in a Pickwickian sense. There are so many things which the President has meant only in a Pickwickian sense. I shouldn't be terribly surprised if the President not only wrote the postscript but afterwards forwarded his postscripting pen to the Kaiser. He gave four pens to the brotherhood chiefs who bluffed him; why not one to Wilhelm? But I'd much rather discuss Major Breckinridge than the postscript. I'm deeply interested in the former assistant to the former Secretary of War. I love him for his vocabulary of denial. The Major denies with vim, with gusto, with blood in his eye. The Major has issued a series of denials. I have read four; perhaps more are forthcoming. The first excited my admiration, it was so sweetly worded. Thus: "Any one who quoted me to Senator Lodge as represented in your telegram, as quoted, is a scoundrel. . . . The malice that would seek for partisan advantage to emasculate the potency of one's government in a vital international affair by the mongering

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of back-stairs gossip is beneath contempt." That's the stuff! There's unemasculated potency of verbiage for you! Hurroo for the Maje! The second denial is terser, but likewise of epithetical excellence: "Your letter to Grafton Cushing is a jumble of false statements and you are an unconscionable wretch for uttering it." I think I like "unconscionable wretch" better than "scoundrel." But of course "mongering of back-stairs gossip" beats "jumble of false statements" all hollow. In his third pronunciamento Major Breckinridge falls down a little. I leave it to you: "Dr. Bailey's letter is an absolute misstatement of facts and is an outrageous falsehood through and through." I am pained to find a word-slinger like the Major indulging thus in tautology. But in the fourth denial of his series the Major comes back: "I say of Mr. Jeffries or anyone who comes forth with such statements that he is simply tarred with the same pitch." After sampling Major Breckinridge's language it is superfluous to be told by John Temple Lloyd Jeffries that Major Breckinridge "is one of the finest examples of the American gentleman and his distinguished family has been famous for its chivalry in the South for years." That all goes without saying. My only wonder is that Major Breckinridge has assaulted his adversaries with words. It would have been so much more convincing had this fire-eating son of the chivalrous South disproved the postscript by ordering pistols for two and coffee for one.

Andy and Rudolph

I have been reading an interview with the Hon. Andy Gallagher that appears on another page, an interview that may serve for character study, not only of the humble City Father, but of an eminent plutocrat and civic patriot as well. Revealing himself, Gallagher reflects some beams of light on my old friend, Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, famous for his devotion to the civic welfare and his many achievements as an unselfish regenerator of the city unbeautiful. I have found this interview very interesting reading, it gives so many fresh touches to a romantic personality that has given us many impressions. How varied are the activities of Mr. Spreckels! What a large field of endeavor he has covered through the years from the days when he was contributing his prestige to a strike against the United Railroads down to the days when he was intent on putting the People's Water Company on its feet! Always, we find, his activities have been motivated in concern for the dear people. Actuated by this motive, he has had to give much of his time to the business of disciplining corporations. He has a consuming passion for improving the ethics of corporation directors. Yielding to this passion he took a hand in the business of straightening out the complications of the Western Pacific. Realizing the importance of elevating the Spring Valley up to his irreproachable standards he stood sponsor for Andy Gallagher in the political arena. But this is not all the plutocratic philanthropist would have done for Andy.

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Spreckels and the Police

From this interview with the budding oil magnate I learn that Mr. Spreckels is still keenly sensible of the potentialities of the Police Department when that department of the city government is under proper supervision. A lover of the people can do many things with that powerful instrument that is wielded by the Chief of Police. Mr. Spreckels knows, because of his experience in the old graft prosecution days. In those days he was associated with a private detective, a man with a mixed reputation, who was an expert in police matters, and who doubtless informed Mr. Spreckels of a few of the things that might be done with a Police Department. At least we know that about that time strenuous efforts were made to get control of the office held by William J. Biggy. Spreckels' private detective, the ineffable Burns, presumed to dictate to Biggy. The latter, though he had been very friendly with the so-called regenerators, scorned to play the puppet, and thereupon he was bitterly assailed by Spreckels' mouthpiece, The Bulletin. Efforts were made to force him to resign. One night Biggy mysteriously disappeared. His body was found floating in the waters of the bay. It was said that he had either committed suicide or had fallen out of the police launch from which he had vanished while returning from a trip to Belvedere. He had been visiting Police Commissioner Keil, to whom he had made a full report of the things done by the men who had been trying to hound him out of office. Keil made a written report of Biggy's visit and of his conversation with Biggy, but that report has never been made public. Burns threatened to sue a paper for libel on account of charges that grew out of the Biggy tragedy, but when dared to do so, he left town. Such briefly are the reminiscences inspired by the Gallagher interview wherein we are told of Mr. Spreckels' interest in Gallagher's political ambition. According to Gallagher Mr. Spreckels wanted to purify the police.

If Andy Had Only Listened

Unfortunately Mr. Gallagher leaves us up in the air. Unfortunately he gave Mr. Spreckels no encouragement; else he might be able to give us many interesting details regarding a civic patriot's views of the degree of intimacy it would be reasonable for a Mayor to allow between himself and a man who had put \$10,000 into his fight. The subject is one that invites to reflection and speculation. Now that the government has been brought back to the people and candidates are no longer beholden to conventions it seems advisable for them to be beholden to somebody; so why not to a good and pure civic patriot intent on regulating corporations? Alas! Andy was too abrupt, too impatient. To be sure, at this time Mr. Spreckels was not bargaining about Spring Valley. He knew Andy's sentiments on that subject. At this time Mr. Spreckels was worrying about other people's morals. He was for depriving bad women of a place wherein to practice their evil trade. He was for regenerating the tenderloin. All he wanted was a new police commission. Now if only Andy had been patient he might have learned something of the personnel of a commission that would be satisfactory to Rudolph. For it is hardly to be supposed that Rudolph would be satisfied with the firing of a commission. Surely, after giving up ten thousand it would not be asking too much to name a few of the right kind of men, safe and sane men, like Fremont Older for instance, men who would not only blow out the red lights but put a taper here and there

for the greater glory of Rudie himself. Too bad that Andy did not sit and listen.

Grammar and Spelling

The State Printing Office has just produced a paper-covered book called "California, The Story of Our State" for use in the public schools. The book is by Percy Friars Valentine, instructor in history and civics in the San Francisco State Normal School. In sending out this book for review Superintendent of Public Instruction Hyatt writes to editors: "Its idea is for the children to become acquainted with the chief features in the history of their own state early in their career." I suggest that these same children be asked to parse that sentence of Hyatt's—if they can. Another thing: in mentioning the names of some Californian poets on page 63 Mr. Valentine spells George Sterling's name Stirling.

John D. Barry's Discovery

John D. Barry, the Bulletin's bromidic essayist, just back from Europe, is exuding solemn words about his share in the Ford expedition. The Reverend Charleseff told an audience the other night that Rosika Schwimmer, Hank Ford's Hungarian friend, scuttled the peace ship by insisting on ordering everybody's breakfast and fixing the temperature of everybody's bawth. Far be it from Johndee to lift the curtain from such private matters; he has the international mind. In Germany Johndee made the wonderful discovery of one Walter Rothenau whom he places for us as "very rich, a multi-millionaire, a philosopher." Of course a multi-millionaire philosopher is a contradiction in terms, but let that pass. This intellectual giant has evolved a means of ending the war, and Johndee lets us in on the ground floor of the plan: "That two distinguished Englishmen, close to the government but not connected with it, meet with two distinguished Germans in Holland for the consideration of terms. These men could see if there were not certain points upon which they could agree, perfect a foundation on which definite negotiations might be conducted." There you are. And nobody ever thought of it till the multi-millionaire philosopher stubbed his brain against it. The envious who wish the great scheme had occurred to them will say that Walter Rothenau is a German edition of Henry Ford; but don't mind the envious. They don't know how near this plan of Rothenau's is

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to fruition. Johndee tells us: "Already a gentleman in Holland has offered to give his home for such a meeting." Think of that. The place of meeting is ready; bring on your negotiators! I'll wager that the Hollander will not charge anything for lights, water or telephone service provided peace is actually concluded on the premises. Who knows? After it's all over he may engage Johndee to sell post card pictures of the peace meeting to tourists who call to see the historic structure.

A Temple of the Arts

Hill Tolerton who is a modest man calls them his "Print Rooms," but in reality they are a temple of the arts. The prints are only a part of the story. There are paintings and drawings, there is sculpture, there are books. With a taste which is exclusive and betokens years of loving cultivation, Tolerton has gathered about him wondrous treasures of all the Muses, and has housed them in the most beautiful shop of the West. Being one of those men that diffuse inspiration, Tolerton was able to inform his architect with his own individual sense of beauty; and the consequence is that at 540 Sutter street there has risen an exquisite little building which is surely destined to be the rendezvous of our connoisseurs. This place is the expression of an ideal. "The practical realization of ideals is a rather strenuous undertaking," Tolerton remarked to me on the brilliant opening night. Well, in that gentle manner at least Hill Tolerton is strenuous. It is to be hoped that appreciation will wait upon his undertaking, and that no misgivings about the future will mar the beginning of this worthy artistic enterprise, or call for that commercial strenuousity which is so hampering to artistic endeavor.

The Manship Bronzes

We became accustomed to finding the rarest prints on his walls and in his solanders soon after Hill Tolerton came to San Francisco from Chicago and opened his rooms in Grant avenue. So I need not call attention to the etchings by all the masters from Rembrandt to Whistler and Zorn which have been gathered in the new place. I prefer to speak of the collection of bronzes by Paul Manship which he has on display. Not since Mrs. A. B. Spreckels assembled her wonderful Rodins in San Francisco have we been treated to so significant an exhibition. Ever since this young American came home from Rome some years ago his art has proved a delicious morsel for the critics. No two appraisers of his worth agree as to the position which should be assigned him. One hails him as an original force; another damns him as an imitator. The discussion which has buzzed about his work sounds very much like that which greets the appearance of a great genius. We have heard the murmur from afar; now we are permitted to swell it with our own say-so. Many of us will be content to admire, and let dogmatic assertion wait a little while. There is so much to be admired! Here is a "Christ Crucified" in gilded bronze which is not only artistically but also religiously inspiring. It is the authentic Christian note in art struck so reverently that its echo is a prayer. "Christ Crucified" all but sends you to your knees. Here is a portrait in relief of the sculptor's little girl. The cognoscenti will tell you why it deserves mention in the same breath with the best bambinos of the Renaissance; but any father or mother is quite competent to pass judgment upon the loving skill that made it. Here is a "Salome" that actually interprets the historic episode, and is therefore a welcome relief after all the Salomes we have

1. San Francisco Chamber of Commerce.
2. Civic League of Improvement Clubs and Associations of San Francisco.
3. San Francisco Real Estate Board.
4. Down Town Association.

THE RESULT OF CAREFUL CONSIDERATION OF THE LOCAL PROPOSITIONS WHICH WILL APPEAR UPON THE BALLOT NOVEMBER 7, 1916, BEING PROPOSITIONS NOS. 8 TO 33 INCLUSIVE.

VOTE THIS TICKET

Vote NO on No. 5 on the ballot—Land Taxation or Single Tax.

8. Anti-Picketing Ordinance	Yes	X
	No	
9. Ordinance Requiring Permits for Public Speaking on Streets	Yes	X
	No	
10. Jitney Bus Ordinance	Yes	
	No	X
11. Manner of Selection and Amount of Salary of City Attorney	Yes	X
	No	
12. Preferential System of Voting	Yes	X
	No	
13. Appointment of Police Judges, Improvement of Police Court Procedure and Taking Police Judges out of Politics	Yes	X
	No	
14. Increasing Salaries of Appointed Police Judges	Yes	X
	No	
15. Special Tax Levy to Raise Money to Repay Taxes Illegally Collected	Yes	
	No	X
16. City Contracts	Yes	
	No	X
17. Maintenance of Aquarium	Yes	X
	No	
18. Control of Firemen's Pension Fund	Yes	X
	No	
19. Control of Police Pension Fund	Yes	X
	No	
20. Revenue for Police Pension Fund	Yes	X
	No	
21. Salary of Treasurer and Assistants	Yes	
	No	X
22. Direct Tax Instead of Bonds	Yes	
	No	X
23. Authority to Sell School Lots	Yes	X
	No	
24. Safeguarding Referendum, Initiative and Recall Petitions	Yes	X
	No	
25. Bonds of Public Contractors	Yes	X
	No	
26. Authority to Pass Ordinances Providing for Street Grading	Yes	X
	No	
27. Authority to Pass Ordinances Providing for Street Improvements	Yes	X
	No	
28. Deposit of Public Moneys	Yes	
	No	X
29. Blanketing Employees Into the Civil Service	Yes	
	No	X
*30. Placing Sealer of Weights and Measures and His Deputies Under Civil Service	Yes	X
	No	
31. Selection of Police Judges by Election and Preserving the Police Court in Politics	Yes	
	No	X
32. Increasing Salaries of Elected Police Judges	Yes	
	No	X
*33. Two Platoon System in the Fire Department	Yes	
	No	X

*The Civic League of Improvement Clubs and Associations on No. 30 recommends NO and on No. 33 is without recommendation.

VOTE THIS TICKET

It represents the results of careful consideration by four important civic organizations which are working for the City's progress.

Copies of this ballot may be had at the office of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, 1004 Merchants Exchange Building

seen that only interpreted the artist's fantastic, sensual or decadent mood. Here is a "Centaur and Dryad" and a "Satyr and Sleeping Nymph" which De Heredia should have lived to translate into verse. But you must see all the forty-one Manships for yourself if you have any interest in American art. Do not delay too long, for the collection was brought together with no little difficulty by Tolerton, and must soon be dispersed.

And the Bakst Drawings

But Paul Manship is not the sole genius who is having his San Francisco premiere at Tolerton's temple of the arts. There is also the bewildering Russian expatriate Leon Bakst. With his box of water colors Leon Bakst has expressed the sinister tendencies of that luxurious period which ended in August, 1914. To do this he scarcely needed study aught but the theatre and the opera house. We in the United States do not know that that period is over; many of us are still rolling in the backwash of its refined sensuality, its cruel aplomb, its appetite for decadent beauty. The theatre and opera of Paris spoke the last words about that period, words which Bakst illustrated in pictures which might be summed up as the apotheosis of dress. It was fitting that he should have found his subjects in D'Annunzio's "St. Sebastian," "Strauss' "Legende de Joseph" and Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade." What Martin Birnbaum wrote of Bakst's treatment of this last work applies in its essence to all his work: "Haughty sultans embraced their false sultanas, grinning eunuchs, like gorgeous speckled birds, dangled golden keys while their doom was impending, powerful exultant lovers, black as ebony, whirled the frenzied women about, to the tunes of baleful Hindoo musicians. The maddest desires dwelt in this palace of splendid sins, where eternal agony was the price of the happiness of the poignant fleeting moment. It was a fascinating dream of brutal sensuality, of regal jealousy." But again I say, study the artist for yourself. Tolerton has brought him to San Francisco.

Where Critics Agree

The play "Come Out of the Kitchen" which had its premiere in the Columbia Theatre was presented in New York last week. Ruth Chatterton, it will be remembered, made a big hit here in the play. It was predicted in Town Talk that she would make a hit, the play having a sentimental appeal, the kind that the public likes, but it was said also that the comedy was marred by the outworn farcical tricks introduced by the playwright. Mention was made of a smudging incident and of a clownish episode in a closet. Mr. Henry Miller's manager, I have been told, was shocked that such things should be said of such a perfect little masterpiece. Nevertheless I was of the opinion that the hackneyed farcical stuff would

be cut out before the transfer of the sweet little comedy to New York. I find I was mistaken. The critic of the New York Post says: "It is to be regretted that he (the author) should have descended occasionally to broadly farcical expedients which were out of harmony with the prevailing vein of light comedy—as in the face-blackening episode and the compression of an unfortunate poet and a stout negress in an inconveniently small closet." The critic also says of the play: "There is nothing about it that calls for minute description or serious criticism." The critic of the New York Times says: "It has the accent and manner if not the matter of gentle comedy." On the morning after the play was presented the New York Sun had an editorial to the effect that this season the drama in New York has a high moral standard, is extremely decorous, beyond reproach, but that it lacks "imagination, humor, beauty and suspense." The Sun adds: "To be nothing more than deferential to the laws of propriety is not sufficient to spell success."

Burns Is Stung

William J. Burns nursed an adder in his bosom and as is usual with adders, it turned and stung him. The detective's experience should command the sympathy of his friends on The Bulletin, for it was doubtless from reading Bulletin editorials and Donald Lowrie that Burns got the idea which led to the stinging. Briefly, Burns had to get a warrant for one of his employees when said employee proved faithless to a trust and stole a hundred and sixteen dollars of Burns' money. The result is that Burns doubts the favorite theory of The Bulletin that all you have to do to reform a criminal is to give him a chance. Burns employed John D. Sabro in his New York office, putting him in charge of the important American Bankers Association Bureau. Sabro was an ex-convict, but that made no difference to Burns. In his lectures and magazine articles Burns has frequently said that a big percentage of private detectives are reformed criminals. Sabro had been a criminal, but apparently Burns took the reformation for granted. Five years ago Sabro forged his wife's name to a check, but escaped punishment because his wife could not testify against him. Later, in Indiana, Sabro served a sentence for obtaining money under false pretenses. When Burns gave Sabro a job handling bank business several bankers and financiers recognized him as a man whose picture had been published in "The Detective," a periodical for the use of detectives and detective agencies. They had their doubts as to the propriety of Sabro's appointment to a confidential position in Burns's office. But Burns had none. How could he have any? He had read in The Bulletin that crooks always go straight when given an opportunity to resist temptation on a salary. But now Burns's faith is shattered. Sabro is in

the Tombs. It is thought that Burns will give his vacant position to somebody who doesn't need reforming.



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Vote for the Incumbent Judges

The best interests of our Superior bench will be served if the voters reelect the four incumbent judges who have opposition. Judges Seawell, Troutt, Cabaniss and Murasky have proved themselves worthy of the important positions they occupy, and it would be a misfortune if any of them were superseded. These men are good judges, and there is no valid argument for replacing them. When you go to the polls Tuesday, go with the determination to vote for them all, and don't allow your mind to be changed by the last-moment pleas of their opponents. A vote for the four incumbents is a vote to help this community; it is a vote for a clean bench.

A Desirable Candidate

San Francisco and especially the voters of the Twenty-first district, will have an opportunity of sending to the next senate a singularly capable, clear-visioned and broad-minded gentleman in James C. Nealon. Mr. Nealon is not an office seeker of his own will. It was at the urgent call of hundreds of his friends and loyal citizens, who banded together and nominated him after he had twice refused to seek public office, that he was prevailed upon to enter the fight. Mr. Nealon's intimate knowledge of economic problems which are to be considered at the next legislature makes him particularly well equipped to fulfill his duties in a capable and efficient manner; especially at

a time when too many of the so-called representatives of the people are notably lacking in the broadness and clarity of mind which should be the attributes of every public official. As assessor of San Francisco he coped successfully with big economic problems in a manner that gained him nothing but praise and it will be no mistake to vote for him next Tuesday.

The Vogue of Golden State

On October 14 the James Rolph Jr. steamer "Capto" was launched at the Moore and Scott Iron Works, Oakland. The Atlantic Refining Oil tanker "H. C. Folger" was launched October 24 at the Union Iron Works. Golden State extra dry champagne was used in christening both of these vessels. The Italian Swiss Colony has just made shipment of thirty-five cases of Golden State and twenty-five cases of Asti Rouge Sparkling Burgundy to Siberia. That the fame of these wines is traveling abroad is evidenced by this shipment and by frequent orders from South American countries, Japan, China and other foreign lands.

STELLA MARIS

By Arthur Symons

Why is it I remember yet
You, of all women one has met
In random wayfare, as one meets
The chance romances of the streets,
The Juliet of a night? I know
Your heart holds many a Romeo.
And I, who call to mind your face
In so serene a pausing-place,
Where the bright pure expanse of sea,
The shadowy shore's austerity,
Seems a reproach to you and me,
I too have sought on many a breast
The ecstasy of love's unrest,
I too have had my dreams, and met
(Ah me!) how many a Juliet.
Why is it, then, that I recall
You, neither first nor last of all?
For, surely as I see tonight
The glancing of the lighthouse light,
Against the sky, across the bay,
As turn by turn it falls my way,

So surely do I see your eyes
Out of the empty night arise,
Child, you arise and smile to me
Out of the night, out of the sea,
The Nereid of a moment there,
And is it seaweed in your hair?
O lost and wrecked, how long ago,
Out of the drowned past, I know,
You come to call me, come to claim
My share of your delicious shame.
Child, I remember, and can tell
One night we loved each other well;
And one night's love, at least or most,
Is not so small a thing to boast.
You were adorable, and I
Adored you to infinity,
That nuptial night too briefly borne
To the oblivion of morn.
Oh, no oblivion! for I feel
Your lips deliriously steal
Along my neck, and fasten there;
I feel the perfume of your hair,
And your soft breast that heaves and dips,
Desiring my desirous lips,
And that ineffable delight
When souls turn bodies, and unite
Rapture of the embodied soul.

In the intolerable, the whole
That joy of ours, we passed it by;
You have forgotten me, and I
Remember you thus strangely, won
An instant from oblivion.
And I, remembering, would declare
That joy, not shame, is ours to share,
Joy that we had the will and power,
In spite of fate, to snatch one hour
Out of vague nights and days at strife,
So infinitely full of life.
And 'tis for this I see you rise,
A wraith, with starlight in your eyes,
Here, where the drowsy-minded mood
Is one with Nature's solitude;
For this, for this, you come to me
Out of the night, out of the sea.

Chemistry Professor—What happens to gold
when it is exposed to the air?
Student—It's stolen.

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FRANK J.



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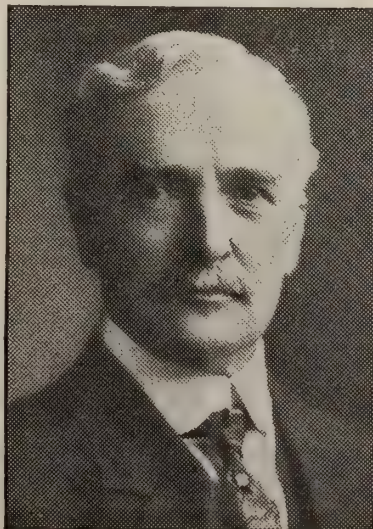
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AN INDICTMENT

To the Men and Women of San Francisco

San Franciscans are—and during the past three months have been—indisputably committed to LAW and ORDER.

By your presence at that great mass meeting at the Civic Auditorium on July 26—a meeting of 6000 patriotic, fearless citizens called to protest against the ineradicable horror of the bomb outrage of Preparedness Day—you men and women of San Francisco committed yourselves to the redemption of your city from the stain that had been put on it.

To those of you who have the right to vote on November 7 the opportunity is presented to make a genuine and effective beginning.

There are conditions here within our city which demand IMMEDIATE CORRECTION. It is for you to correct them, who are patriotic, loyal and ambitious for your city, you men and women who rebuilt a great city almost overnight after the most destructive fire of history, and who then, within a decade after the rebuilding of that city, builded a world's international exposition that was and will remain the wonder of the ages.

Among other conditions there is a particular and a peculiar factor in San Francisco that has constantly resulted in bad advertisement for our city abroad and for disturbed conditions of our city at home.

That is PICKETING.

There is no such thing as PEACEFUL picketing any more than there can be LAWFUL lynching or PEACEFUL mobbing.

CULINARY WORKERS

Aug. 5—Thomas J. Ryan, union picket, stationed in front of the Particular Lunch, 86 Market Street, entered the restaurant, swore vilely at the young woman cashier and hurled a plate of food at her. He was found guilty of disturbing the peace and given 15 days in jail.

Aug. 14—George Dementa, found guilty of disturbing the peace; used vulgar language at Chris's Restaurant, 282 O'Farrell Street.

Aug. 16—Sam Volos, arrested for malicious mischief. Participated in fight in which plate-glass window at the restaurant of Chris Clauy, 219 O'Farrell Street, was broken.

Aug. 21—Daune Alberton, arrested for disturbing the peace at Sunset Cafeteria, 106 Third Street. The Court held not sufficient evidence to convict, but warned defendant that all he would be allowed to do is to patrol his beat and announce "unfair house to organized labor."

Sept. 15—Miss J. Olsen, leaving Red Cherry Restaurant, 1507 Polk Street, followed by hulking ruffian at orders from picket who threatened her, saying, "If you ever put your foot in that restaurant again we'll fix you."

Sept. 15—George Gilbert, member of the Waiters' Union, who offered to secure waiters for San Francisco's Restaurant Men's Association, attacked and badly beaten at O'Farrell and Powell Streets. Beating administered by union men with whom Gilbert formerly worked. Gilbert was admonished: "You better leave town and never try and get another waiter's job in San Francisco."

Sept. 19—Diners in Portola Louvre, Heidelberg, Hof Brau, Odeon and other cafes forced to leave when former waiter of Portola Louvre scattered numerous bombs on the floors of these cafes, which, when stepped on produced an obnoxious odor, and a villainous and filthy piece of work.

Sept. 21—John Phillips, former union employe of the California Cafe, found guilty of being one of two men who beat John Essel, a baker, Essel having several teeth knocked out. Allowed freedom on a suspended sentence of 30 days on his own recognizance.

Sept. 23—Tom Hronis, union picket, arrested for assaulting with a knife the manager of Chris's Restaurant, 282 O'Farrell Street. Reprimanded by Police Judge Oppenheim and permitted to go on good behavior.

Sept. 28—John Meade, picket at Maye's Oyster Bar, arrested for using profane language.

Sept. 29—Bruno Jackel, manager Emporium Baker, been picketing in front of the Emporium.

Sept. 29—Picket stationed in front of store of Maye's Oyster Bar by crying "No decent woman would work here."

Oct. 5—Al McGowan, Freda Thresher and Maye's Oyster Bar, arrested for disturbing the peace, by Judge Oppenheim with warning of 15 days in jail.

Oct. 6—Antone Milani, arrested for disturbing the peace in front of Swan's Restaurant, 140 O'Farrell Street.

Oct. 7—Sydney F. Brewer and Frank Williams, a loud and boisterous manner while in the Silver Moon Restaurant, 48 E. Market Street, instructions to use no more loud language.

Oct. 11—Chester Small, Gus Cummings and Harry Small, arrested for disturbing the peace, by the guise of selling newspapers, but were reprimanded by the Court and released.

Oct. 11—Thomas Vukitch, picket, arrested for disturbing the peace, charged with using obscene language by the Court not to picket in this vicinity.

Oct. 13—Otto Schlensing, arrested for disturbing the peace, charged with distributing copies of the Culinary Workers' paper.

But there is a more terrible indictment still of picketing than this. This indictment is the record of police and hospital cases that show the damage done to the city by picketing.

LONGSHOREMEN

DATE	NAME	ACCOUNT
June 9	Al Holmberg	Beaten at Pier 15
June 12	G. Smith	Beaten at Pier 37
June 17	John Hawkins	Beaten at East Street
June 17	James Woods	Beaten at Howard and East Streets
June 21	J. E. Ochre	Beaten at East Street
June 23	Arthur Bacci	Beaten at Pier 19
June 24	Emiliano Vorkas	Beaten at East Street
June 26	Joe Alexander	Beaten at Pier 36
June 27	Joe Fontana	Beaten at East and Market Streets
June 28	Webster Wellbanks	Beaten at East Street (Merchant)
June 28	Marcel Elisarde	Beaten at Pier 5
June 29	John Fernand	Beaten at Jackson and Drumm Streets
June 30	George Greggins	Beaten at Folsom and East Streets

DATE	NAME
June 30	F. W. O'Neal
June 30	Tom Manion
June 30	Ed McAvoy
July 3	Nick Argeros
July 4	Caspara Taniedo
July 5	H. J. Goodlake
July 5	H. J. Allen
July 5	Franz Turnquist
July 5	William Peterson
July 5	John Borghes
July 5	J. E. Roberts
July 6	S. DeMaria

During this period there was a homicide committed, Thomas Olsen, a union striker, being shot and killed at Pier 3. In particular the brutal beating given a 65-year-old employe, Hawkins, of the California Stevedore and Ballast Company, on the pier leaving the pier to make some purchases on East street. With the example of Hawkins before them—the bruised and injured employes there—the Stevedore Company's employes sought to defend themselves from a like fate, and the death of Olsen.

THIS CRIME IS A DIRECT AND INCONTROVERTIBLE RESULT OF PICKETING.

There is no man or woman in San Francisco of whatever station in life or in whatever circumstances who can read this record and then consistently maintain that there can be any such thing as PEACEFUL picketing.

There is no such thing as PEACEFUL picketing. Picketing is an instrument of violence. It is Un-American. It hurts a city by bad advertisement, leads to crime, and does labor no good.

This, then, is a condition that must be corrected if San Francisco is to progress. The means are offered you.

It is for you earnest and patriotic citizens of San Francisco to say now, once and for all, that this condition shall STOP;

Vote YES on

OF PICKETING

men of San Francisco:

THE PUBLIC STREETS MUST NOT BE USED FOR PRIVATE STRIFE.

Picketing invariably leads to violence. Picketing's only hope of success is by and through violence.

From the records of the police stations and the emergency hospitals of San Francisco there is given herewith an irrefutable record of the outrage and crime that result from picketing. If there were any such thing as PEACEFUL picketing—and there is no such thing—there could be published no such indictment as is herewith submitted of murder, violence, and insults that have been the direct result of picketing in but two of the industrial strifes during the present year in San Francisco.

The following is a partial and incomplete record of insults, assaults, and acts of violence caused directly by pickets in the present culinary workers' strike. The list is incomplete. It gives only those cases that have hospital or police records. Numerous other cases have occurred where the victim did not report his case—or her case, for women have been the particular objects of insults from pickets—to the police.

Here is an indictment before which PICKETING MUST FALL and here is a record that every man and woman in San Francisco capable of voting on November 7 must bring to a decisive end for all time in San Francisco by voting YES on ORDINANCE 8 to prohibit picketing:

WORKERS' STRIKE

Polk and Sutter Streets, arrested for disturbing the peace

es and Ellis Streets, badly beaten by two men who had akery.

Rasmussen, 1530 Polk Street, insulted woman patrons of an open shop."

le arrested for creating a disturbance while picketing, of Dunham's Restaurant, 177 Second Street. Dismissed second offense.

e, while picketing, under the guise of selling newspapers ell Street. Case dismissed in Police Court.

d for disturbing the peace; charged with having acted in ing, under the guise of selling newspapers in front of et. Case dismissed by Police Judge Oppenheim, with

pickets in front of Sunset Cafeteria, 40 O'Farrell Street, ere charged with having, while picketing, become, under and interfering with customers of the restaurant. They d to picket elsewhere in the future.

ng the peace in front of Fashion Grill, 171 O'Farrell e toward an employe of the restaurant, and was ordered in the future.

pace to force patrons of the Hof Brau Cafe to accept e dismissed by Police Judge Oppenheim with a reprimand.

Oct. 19—Henry Weick, union picket, arrested for disturbing the peace at Sunset Cafeteria, 40 O'Farrell Street. Reprimanded by Police Judge Fitzpatrick and permitted freedom on his own recognizance for 90 days. This restaurant had an injunction against picketing from Judge Hunt.

Oct. 20—John Sambraillo, Louis Davis and Charles Katich, pickets, arrested for disturbing the peace and insulting patrons of Meley's Lunch Parlor, 333 Davis Street. Dismissed by Police Judge Oppenheim. Sambraillo being most offensive was instructed by the Judge to keep away from the lunch parlor in future.

Oct. 21—Charles Schavich, Harry McDonald and George Bloomquist, pickets, arrested for disturbing the peace by interfering with customers of the Rialto Restaurant, 1113 Market Street. Dismissed by Police Judge Sullivan, October 23, on the ground that the arrests were made by the police and not by the owner of the restaurant.

Oct. 21—J. R. Campbell, picket, arrested for disturbing the peace by using loud language in front of the Phoenix Restaurant, 251 O'Farrell Street. Dismissed October 23 by Police Judge Brady on promise of defendant to refrain from picketing in front of said restaurant. Picketing had been enjoined at this restaurant by Superior Judge John Hunt.

Oct. 27—Obnoxious fumes caused by bombs dropped in the Golden Pheasant Restaurant and Techau Tavern, causing diners to leave and in many instances ruining ladies' dresses and men's suits, because the foul compound used leaves an odor on the garments which cannot be removed.

Oct. 28—Same filthy tactics used by strikers at Sunset Cafeteria, 945 Market Street, during annual banquet of 250 graduates of the Wilmerding School.

If on no other grounds, if murder had not been the result of picketing and there had been no other acts of violence nor other crimes—the use of these foul bombs by pickets and their sympathizers should be enough to convince every law-abiding San Francisco man and woman that Ordinance 8 should be given an emphatic YES.

ere the direct result of picketing during the Longshoremen's strike. This is the record. It is more eloquent than any words could be.

WOMEN'S STRIKE

ACCOUNT	DATE	NAME	ACCOUNT
aten at East Street	July 6—James Blackwell	Beaten at East and Folsom Streets	
aten at Bush and Montgomery Streets	July 7—John Drisdale	Beaten at Steuart and Market Streets	
by rock at Pier 27 (Police Officer)	July 7—Charles Ceren	Beaten at Pacific Street	
aten at Pier 19	July 7—C. S. McLenegan	Hit by rocks (Merchant)	
aten at East Street	July 9—Charles Skaglund	Chased into bay by strikers	
aten at East Street	July 7—Mexican	Rescued from strikers by police	
aten at East Street	July 9—W. M. Bradley	Beaten at East Street	
aten at East Street	July 11—A. W. Hilez	Beaten at East Street	
aten at East Street	July 11—Walter Ericson	Beaten at East Street	
aten at East Street	July 11—Austin Morris	Chased; rescued by police	
aten at East Street	July 13—Mark Moors	Beaten at East and Steuart Sts. (Samoan cabin boy)	
aten at Jackson Street Wharf	July 13—Tom King	Union; fired two shots at Louis Mulla	

in employe of the California Stevedore and Ballast Company. This followed brutal beating administered by pickets, and in ous night. The death of Olsen occurred when Olsen and other pickets attempted to stop the Stevedore Company's employes and old man having been brought to Pier 32 and left lying there unconscious as an "object lesson" to the non-union men ulted.

NG, AND CAN BE CHARGED SOLELY AND ENTIRELY TO PICKETING.

that our streets shall be safe for our women; that our mothers and sisters, wives and daughters shall be protected from insult; and it is for our women to help by their vote to keep their husbands, fathers and brothers from injury and from having their names, too, added to this hospital record.

Show the entire country that you are determined to correct these shameful conditions, and accomplish a vital and imperative step toward progress on Tuesday, November 7, and vote Yes on Ordinance 8.

The Law and Order Committee of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce

Ordinance 8

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Hearst at the Sixty Club

William Randolph Hearst is going in for society. This does not mean that he is assailing the forbidding doors of Fifth avenue, that he is battling for position among those toplofty aristocrats who winter at the Metropolitan Opera House and summer at Newport. There are all kinds of society in Gotham, including theatrical society. This is the kind for which Hearst is now going in strong. The social billtoppers of the stage have an organization known as the Sixty Club wherein they cultivate aloofness. The stage ladies of the Sixty Club model themselves in social deportment on Pinero's heroines, while the men try to behave as much as possible like John Drew. As its name hints, the Sixty is excessively exclusive. Elsie Janis belongs to the Sixty, and Grace George and Louise Drew and the Dolly sisters and Flora Zabelle and Nora Bayes. In addition to some high-salaried actors there are in its membership a few playwrights, but of course not a single dramatic critic. Well, it is this Sixty Club society that Hearst is cultivating. The Sixty Club gives its parties at Sherry's. It goes without saying that there is a lot of dancing, otherwise our great young publisher would not be interested. At a recent party of the Sixty Club Hearst shared the limelight with Enrico Caruso and Diamond Jim Brady. It may seem a strange trio—Hearst, Caruso and Diamond Jim—but all have this in common that they like the bright lights after a hard day's work. And the lights are very bright at the Sixty, especially when Diamond Jim brings his hard-rock scintillators into the room.

When the Big Show Opens

Are you going to Europe as soon as the war ends? Everybody is that can afford to go, and some folks I know of have already made all necessary preparations; that is, they have engaged passage on the first steamers across. A gentleman and his wife from San Francisco, who go to Europe every year, are at the head of the list. Some of our social-elect are breaking their necks, as it were, to get aboard, but, alas! they were too late. They must be classed in this instance among the also rans, the explanation being that it takes them too long to think. The habit of leisure has proved their undoing. Only folk who are able to utter epigrams spoke in time to ensure their attendance at the big show—the biggest peace show the world has or will ever know! If there is ever justification for envy here it is. Fancy anybody's missing it who has the stuff to spare for the voyage. Already all the rentable points of vantage in London and Paris have been engaged. Think of being in either city when the soldiers return! A good deal of money that came over for munitions will go back for the big spectacle and for the celebrations that will be pulled off, not to mention a survey of the towns that have been made desolate. As

a show-place Europe will be infinitely more attractive than ever. Among the Californians you may bet will be there are the Jacklings. I am told they have been cruising along the Atlantic Coast ready to start as soon as word was received that peace terms have been signed. Having their own steam yacht they will have no difficulty about transportation. Which reminds me that a lot of Californians have been hovering off the Eastern seaboard or on it of late. Nearly all the Jolliffe sisters are there and the R. J. Hannas and Charley Hanlon, who, I hear, has been listing some Hawaiian sugar stocks in the New York curb market.

A Daughter of Pioneer Days

In Miss Jean Boyd, local society will greet a young representative of a family which has been socially prominent in San Francisco since real pioneer days. Her great grandfather was Dr. John Scott, noted and beloved Presbyterian divine of young San Francisco, whose two daughters were much sought after by early day beaux and finally won by A. W. Foster and Nicholas Kittle. The debutante's mother was Mrs. Kittle's daughter, Margaret. Her father was handsome George Davis Boyd. The Kittles and Fosters were among the first Americans of social prominence to settle in the Ross and San Rafael districts. They belonged to the coterie that made that charming section an ideal location for country home enthusiasts. Miss Boyd's coming-out reception takes place this Saturday at the Kittle home in Steiner street, which is now occupied by Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, the debutante's aunt, who will assist in receiving as will also Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale who as Miss Bertha Sydney Smith was the chum of Margaret Kittle. Jean Boyd has an attractive, dashing style and will no doubt be a favorite in society.

Emphasizing a Truism

Who have more fun, society people or those who have no "position," as it is called? The question came into my mind Tuesday evening during the remarkable League of the Cross Cadets entertainment in the Civic Auditorium. Here was a monster gathering of all sorts and conditions of men, women and young people. Among all those thousands only a small minority consisted of such as are catalogued in the Social Register. Yet I saw more beautiful girls than you will find at what is known as an

"exclusive" function. There were plenty of gowns which would have graced the coming-out party of Miss Croesus. And the fun was so much more whole-hearted than at the affairs where our blase society people get together that there was really no comparison. I conclude that the capacity for innocent pleasure is in inverse ratio to social position; that those who do not have to worry about their standing are the really happy ones. This is not a discovery that I, have made. It is a truism which deserves to be emphasized once in a while.

Miss Carlisle's Return

When Miss Mary Helen Carlisle, the English painter, was in San Francisco some five years ago she moved in the rather restricted set of fashionable people, so that while she has some warm friends here she is really a stranger to the generality of art lovers. But these are now making her acquaintance in the way every true artist wants it made—through the study of her pictures. Miss Carlisle is giving her first local exhibition, and all who attend it have enthusiastic expressions for her work. This exhibition is of more than ordinary interest. Miss Carlisle has elected to make the painting of gardens her specialty, and her penchant for this charming department of art was confirmed during her former visit when she painted the most beautiful gardens down the peninsula. The Carolan, the Bourn, the Pope, the Crocker and other gardens were the first fruits of her endeavor. The pictures were not shown publicly hereabouts, but when they reached New York and were exhibited there was such a stir over their beauty that other painters lost no time in following Miss Carlisle's lead. These paintings of California gardens were even more successful in London. As a result Miss Carlisle was given access to some of the most famous gardens of Great Britain and Ireland, and ever since has been busy putting them on canvas. The result of her activities in England, Ireland and Scotland are to be seen in her present exhibition. So are a number of the garden pictures she has found time to paint in various parts of the United States. The pictures are interesting first of all to connoisseurs; but they are also drawing the attention of our lovers of fine flowers, our amateur gardeners. The titles of these pictures bristle with great names. Miss Carlisle has painted the gardens at Windsor Castle, on

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FOR MEN

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Lord Kenmare's estate at Killarney, on the estates of the Duchess of St. Arbans, the Earl of Ancaster, the Duke of Rutland, Lord Cawdor, Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, the Countess of Warwick, Lord Barrymore, Lord Northcliffe, the Marquis of Ormonde and the Duchess of Wellington. What is more generally interesting, she has painted the garden of Shakespeare's house at Stratford, Anne Hathaway's cottage and the birthplace of Robert Burns. We may not all walk in these storied closes and inhale the fragrance of their beautiful flowers, but we may derive a very real pleasure from Miss Carlisle's pictures of them. There is peace in these pictures; the quiet of well kept paths and trim borders soothes the mind almost as it might be soothed could one loiter amid these scenes, leisurely drinking in all this ornate and ordered beauty. Miss Carlisle's is a tranquil brush, dipped a great deal in the rays of a sun that warms but does not scorch. It is no wonder that these pictures give such general satisfaction; they take the mind out of turmoil and bathe it in the sweet odors of nature.

Flora's Simple Wedding

We did things in terms of simplicity in the good old days when Flora Sharon married Sir

Thomas Fermor Hesketh. And so it need not surprise anybody to be told that the San Francisco heiress who made one of the spectacular foreign alliances had only one bridesmaid. Flora Sharon's nuptial attendant was another Flora—charming Flora Sedgwick who afterwards became Mrs. Thomas Dargie. It goes without saying that no girl marrying a title today would be content with a single bridesmaid. We believe in splurging in this more complicated period.

Society and the Opera School

Bernard Miller, a well known member of the Bohemian Club, has embarked on the ambitious project of giving California a school where opera singers may be trained just as painters are trained at the Institute of Art. He made this project public at a dinner given in the Bohemian Club Tuesday night, unfolding his plan to a gathering which included editors, musical critics and others. He explained that his plan had the backing of wealthy people in all sections of the State, the South included, and spoke hopefully of the outlook for raising an endowment fund of a million dollars. This part of the project will be more fully outlined on November 9 at a meeting in this city which prominent men and women from all over the State have promised to attend. Mr. Miller read the list of San Franciscans who have given their approval to the undertaking, making it quite plain that our society folks are numerous enlisted in his cause. Society has taken many opportunities of late to testify its devotion to music, but never before has it committed itself to a musical enterprise of such magnitude as this of Mr. Miller's. It is evident that society has caught the contagion of Mr. Miller's enthusiasm. At the dinner Tuesday night the project was discussed from many angles by Mr. Miller, M. H. De Young, Justin McGrath, W. J. McCoy, Willis Polk, Richard Hotaling, Redfern Mason and others.

The Befrienders of Girls

There is much interest being taken in the approaching "Skating Fete" which will be given for the benefit of the Catholic Society for Befriending Girls. This organization is a branch of the Catholic International Association for Befriending Girls which was founded by Madame de Reynold at Fribourg, Switzerland, in 1896. From there the association has spread over the world, and is now established in thirty-five countries, having 12,000 members and 2500 affiliated institutions. The association was established in San Francisco with the permission of the late Archbishop Riordan, and it willingly lends its services to all good works. The employment of girls has always received close

supervision and a free employment office is maintained at the home, 2344 Devisadero street, where women can procure board and lodging for 50 cents a day. The price asked for board and lodging is as moderate as circumstances permit, and what reserve fund there may be, is used in providing for destitute women who ask assistance. It is to replenish the funds of this worthy charity that the "Skating Fete" is to be given.

At the Cecil

Among the service folk stopping at the Cecil are Dr. and Mrs. J. V. Howard of the United States navy. Mrs. H. S. Wyman, the mother of Mrs. Howard, is also with them. Mr. Charles Walker of Salt Lake has joined his wife at the hotel. Duchess roses and maiden hair ferns adorned the luncheon table at which Miss Gladys G. Ritchie was hostess Tuesday. Covers were arranged for twelve. This attractive woman is from Jennings, Louisiana. Nat Sims was host at a handsomely appointed dinner Sunday. Mrs. J. B. Armstrong of Chicago is a recent arrival. Mr. and Mrs. James Hough of Stockton dispensed hospitality at dinner Thursday. Covers were for ten. Mr. and Mrs. John Charles Doyle of Los Angeles entertained on the same evening. Mrs. Thomas, wife of Captain Thomas of the United States army, was hostess at luncheon Wednesday. Miss Alma Thane and her fiancé were the guests of honor at a dinner given by Mrs. William Franklin Morris Wednesday. Sixteen guests were present.

Six Months of Skating

Techau Tavern Ice Palace at Eddy and Jones streets enters upon its sixth month with its position as one of the foremost amusement institutions in San Francisco firmly fixed. On May 1 the Ice Palace was opened. It has enjoyed unprecedented popularity. Its record for attendance is splendid. Its clientele represents the best people of the community. It is the aim of the management to maintain for the Ice Palace a position worthy of its beauty and size. There are morning, afternoon and evening skating sessions and an unexcelled staff of instructors. There are club sessions and special events. Waltzing is very pleasant. One of the greatest novelties ever introduced here is the newest feature, baseball on the ice. The Ice Palace is open daily from nine to twelve; two to five and eight to eleven-thirty.

Willie—Why is a wife called her husband's better half, dad?

Crabshaw—I suppose she isn't satisfied with splitting his salary fifty-fifty.

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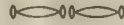
Ridgways INDIA-CEYLON **Tea**

Awarded Gold Medal - - - San Francisco 1915

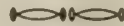
Awarded Grand Prize - - - San Diego 1916

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VOTE "NO" ON AMENDMENT 10
and protect the public from the peril of unregulated
jitney buses.



IF AMENDMENT 10 IS PASSED:

All existing Police Jitney regulations will be nullified and the jitneys will be able to run over all streets at all hours without special restrictions of any kind and without paying for the privilege.

Market Street will again become thronged with hundreds of jitneys at all hours of the day, constituting a vital danger to women and children and a constant menace to all pedestrians and to other vehicles.

Jitney competition with Municipal Railway lines will endanger the continuance of the present operating profit of the road and may strike a death blow at the city's entire program of municipal ownership.

Property values in the city's finest business district will depreciate and the resulting deficit in the city's income will have to be met by increased taxation that is bound to affect residential property.

The jitneys will not be required to continue their service on specified runs, nor under unfavorable weather conditions nor when opportunity offers for them to desert their routes for rent car loads.

IF AMENDMENT 10 IS DEFEATED:

The jitneys will not be denied any privilege they now possess, but will be required to conform to existing regulations which have been put in force to insure public safety and convenience.

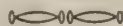
Market Street will be kept clear of the jitneys during the five and a half hours in the middle of the day when that thoroughfare is most frequented by shoppers and the greatest throng of pedestrians.

The police will be enabled to regulate jitney routes in a manner to prevent unrestricted competition with Municipal Railway lines and to keep traffic under control for the safe passage of fire apparatus.

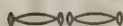
Safety regulations which have reduced the number of Market Street automobile accidents to one half since the jitneys were diverted to Mission Street in the middle of the day will be continued.

Persons injured by jitneys will be guaranteed financial recourse through the maintenance of bonds providing for the payment of personal accident judgments rendered against jitney bus owners.

The present jitney regulations, which the passage of Amendment No. 10 would nullify, have the endorsement of Mayor Rolph, Chief of Police White, Fire Chief Murphy, the Board of Supervisors, the Grand Jury, the Civic League of Improvements Clubs, the City Federation of Women's Clubs, the Downtown Association, the Chamber of Commerce, the Fillmore Street Improvement Association, the San Francisco Retail Dry Goods Association, the San Francisco Apartment House Owners Association, the Lincoln School Property Tenants Association, the Fourth and Fifth Streets Improvement Club, the Fillmore Street Merchants and Property Owners Association, the Market Street Association and all the leading improvement clubs and district organizations.



VOTE "NO" ON AMENDMENT 10



CITIZENS' JITNEY REGULATION COMMITTEE

Music

By Helen M. Bonnet

Right in the midst of our musical season George Moore comes to hand with a new theory about music in particular and art in general; and with our symphony orchestra singing in my ears I don't agree with him. All art is played out, in Mr. Moore's opinion, and the reason is that it has become internationalized. "Art was born in Parochialism," says Mr. Moore, "and cosmopolitanism has killed it." To make the matter plainer he says, "The death of art can be summed up in one word—Locomotion," his idea being that the intermingling of peoples leads to the corruption of art and that the isolation of communities leads to its development pure and undefiled. Mr. Moore will not find much to give color to his theory in the experience of San Francisco. What there is here of the artistic atmosphere was not born of our isolation. It was not Parochialism that made a composer of Edgar Kelly. The melodic arabesque of the Oriental for which he evinced a talent was not traceable to Chinese exclusion. Nor were we made receptive to Mr. Hertz and his symphony concerts by a spontaneous passion for music. Our musical sophistication may be traced back to the heyday of an opera house in Eddy street where we received an education in music not from native sons and daughters but from singers and musicians from the ends of the earth. There were symphony concerts in San Francisco before we of this generation were born. When the critics of Boston were still rolling the pedantries of music on their tongue, critics in this city were discussing music without pedantry, as they would any other art that may be intelligently admired or discussed without iterating the music teachers' terms or the terms of the academy. To say that isolation and Parochialism are essential to the development of art is virtually to say that they are also essential to a love of art, but we know this is not so. A community able to recruit among its own people an orchestra of the quality of the one Mr. Hertz is directing is not to be found in every State in this country, though there are several much larger communities. San Francisco is farther from the centre of things than some of our big cities, but it is more cosmopolitan and it has been enriched with artists from everywhere. One must admit that the difficulty of locomotion aided us artistically; but

it was not that it was so difficult to come here; no, it was that the temptation to remain was so strong. And so our love of music and of other things artistic didn't grow here like a weed. It was planted here, and in our free cosmopolitanism, untainted of Parochialism and never cramped by the narrow spirit of the village academy it found a favorable atmosphere. And now it is flourishing and flaming, and the beauty of the musical art is growing up all around us, an exuberant growth from a root that is going deeper all the time. Surely we want nothing of parochialism in the musical art. Think of the music we are thrilled with in this provincial metropolis all in the space of a few days!—on one day the music of our great symphony orchestra, on the next the magical, soothing and enchanting music that Godowsky makes, and a day or two later the concert of our new Chamber Music Society comprising such artists as Louis Persinger, Louis W. Ford, Nathan Firestone, Horace Britt, Gyula Ormay and Elias M. Hecht. As it was not Parochialism that hastened the influence of Italy on Handel or the influence of Wagner on Verdi, neither was it the parochial spirit that steadily enlarged our horizon through the years. We are musical because we are cosmopolitan.

The big musical event to be recorded this week was the opening of the symphony season last week by Mr. Alfred Hertz and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. We had been looking forward with keen expectation to this event, and when it was all over we were all elated. The concert from every point of view was a triumph. The Cort Theatre was packed, the orchestra was on its metal and Mr. Hertz ruled his men as one possessed. The result was a performance of which all concerned may justly feel proud. One gets the impression from a performance like that of the grand C minor symphony of Brahms that behind it there is a personality. Yet that personality never obtrudes itself. Evidently Mr. Hertz is no martinet; nor are his men marionettes. Mr. Hertz rules like one who has faith in his men, and they play as though collaborating with him willingly and joyfully. The symphony was played with the happiest results, especially as to tone quality which was lovely. Never were the strings more colorful. This is what comes from many re-

hearsals. I fancy that Mr. Hertz has a weak spot in his heart for Brahms. Who should wonder? He seems to have a weird grasp of Brahms' meaning and a hypnotic power in delivering the Brahms message. The Chausson tone poem was given Friday with exquisite finish and touches of Gallic grace. The Bohemian composer Smetana's "Bartered Bride" (the overture) closed the brilliant programme. Loads of gorgeous flowers were presented to Mr. Hertz, and it was an amusing sight to see the alacrity with which the massed masculinity on the stage disposed of the elaborate pieces.

* * * * *

On Sunday I heard Leopold Godowsky, one of the world's most renowned pianists, in a programme of classics. To listen to his interpretations is a liberal education to the cognoscenti and unadulterated pleasure to the musical unlearned. He gave us a long and arduous programme during which he gave us playing that rings out and sings out, resonant and full of the true piano quality of tone, a tone that is full of the right singing qualities. At the close he joyously gave us two encores—both by Chopin. By a happy chance he chose for one the C sharp minor valse which we had the pleasure to hear Paderewski play for an encore at his last concert here. Oh! the beauty of both interpretations! Yet, the marvelous difference of each. Thus was revealed the mystical distinction of the inspiration of each artist.

The music event of this week was the opening of the season by the Chamber Music Society of San Francisco in the St. Francis Hotel ball room Tuesday evening. This was an event that attracted a fashionable audience of music lovers. A fine programme was rendered in a manner that should leave no doubt of the mission and welcome of the new society in San Francisco. The organization is composed of musicians of the first rank, men who have enthusiasm for music and the power to instil enthusiasm into others. The programme consisted of Dvorak's Quartet for strings in F major; Mozart's Quartet for flute and strings in A major, and the Fauré Quartet for piano and strings in G minor. In these ensemble works one finds much of the magic of music that is full of the temperament that alone can vitalize music.

The Stage

A Sentimental Composer

At the Orpheum this week is a man who doesn't write the songs of a nation but composes the most popular songs in vaudeville. This is enough glory for any man. But this man—Ernest R. Ball—has talent for other things. He is gifted beyond the dreams of ordinary glory chasers. His versatility is preternatural. All the great composers play as well as compose and some of them are directors also, but Ball sings, too, and beats time with one hand while tickling the keys with the other. And this is not all; he has talent for monologue. His talent on the whole may be traced to the Victor Herbert source, for he is the son of an Irish father and German mother. What more could a vaudeville artist ask for in these piping times of peace at any cost? With a Teutonic orchestra in front of him and an overflowing gallery

of gods that love popular music, Ball's introduction of himself coupled with the news on the programme that he is responsible for "Mother Machree" and "A Little Bit of Heaven Called Ireland" put him on good terms with the audience before he sang a note. As a vocalist, being in a class with the composer, he has a very enjoyable time at the Orpheum, and so has the audience. Yet Ball figures in a quite minor capacity this week, as the show comprises several above-the-average features, among them being Andrew Tombes with "The Bride Shop," Jack Wyatt with his Scotch Lads and Lassies and one good drama—"The Cat and the Kitten." The other one called "The Recoil" is the kind of play that one wonders about in vaudeville—wonders why its fatal defect was not discovered before it was given a certificate of character. It is all right in a comedy to lead an audience up

to a surprise, but the leading process must be deftly handled and the surprise must be agreeable. In "The Recoil" one is made to dislike the hero so much that the let's-be-joyful wind-up strikes a false note and gives one the impression that one has wasted about twenty minutes.

—T. F. B.

Fifth Week of "Intolerance"

It is not exaggerating to say that D. W. Griffith's colossal spectacle "Intolerance" or "The Mother and the Law" has already, during its four weeks at the Columbia, played to more receipts than any attraction of its kind in the history of local theatricals. "Intolerance" remains as much an interesting subject of discussion among San Franciscans as during the first week of its run. Night after night and at the matinee as well

many are unable to secure reservations. Out of town demand for seats is also keeping the box office busy. The fifth week will commence with the matinee on Sunday. The large symphony orchestra could not be improved upon. Matinees are given daily.

Godowsky's Third Concert

The third programme of piano music by Leopold Godowsky will be given this Sunday afternoon at Scottish Rite Hall. If there were nothing else on the list but the twenty-four "Preludes" by Chopin this concert would be worth going miles to hear. But in addition to this great group of gems there will be the too seldom heard "Sonata" Op. 110 by Beethoven, Godowsky's own arrangements of classics by Rameau and Scarlatti, a composition called "The Night" by Emerson Withorne, a young American composer whose name has not previously appeared on a programme in this city, and gems by Ravel, Liszt, Saint-Saens and Henselt-Godowsky. Tickets are on sale at Sherman Clay and Kohler and Chase, and the box office will be open at the hall on Sunday after ten o'clock.

John McCormack's Two Concerts

The sale of seats will open Monday morning at Sherman Clay and Kohler and Chase's for the two concerts to be given by the greatest living lyric tenor John McCormack in the Exposition Auditorium on Sunday afternoons, November 12 and 19. At his first concert McCormack will sing works by Handel, Brahms, Schumann, Rachmaninoff, Bleichmann, Wilson, James Dunn

Edwin Schneider, a song called "The Old Refrain" composed expressly for him by Fritz Kreisler and a group of four delightful old classic Irish folk songs. At the second and positively last concert a complete change of programme is promised. It is well to secure seats early, for notwithstanding the big capacity of the Auditorium it will be crowded. Mail orders should be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman Clay.

Schumann-Heink's Two Concerts

The two concerts at popular prices to be given by that glorious artist Mme. Schumann-Heink will, like McCormack's, attract enormous audiences. Just as the tenor is the most popular of all the men singers, Schumann-Heink is the most beloved of the women artists. Her first concert Sunday afternoon, November 26, is her "Charity Concert," as she calls it. The diva will divide her share of the receipts between the poor children of San Francisco and the orphans of war victims in her native land. A magnificent programme including no less than four Wagnerian works will be given on this occasion. Her second concert is announced for a week later. The assisting soloist will be our own gifted young pianist Eula Howard Nunan.

Skating at the Winter Garden

That skating has taken a firm hold on the San Francisco public is conclusively demonstrated by the remarkable attendance at the Winter Garden, opened less than a month but

already one of the most popular places of amusement in the city. Morning, afternoon or evening, the spectator, comfortably seated in the steam-heated section, will invariably see hundreds upon the ice, and at all times the instructors are busily teaching. Gladys Lamb, the "Pavlova of the Ice," Norval Baptie, the "speed king," and their ballet of dancing and skating girls continue to give their beautiful exhibitions every afternoon and evening, and the music of Cassasa's military band keeps things lively. Monday night there will be a half-mile skating race for ladies, and the winner will be awarded a handsome prize. Thursday evening at half-past eight sharp, the last exhibition game of ice hockey preliminary to the regular season will be given.

Comely Girls at Pantages

Pantages patrons have a good bill in store for them next week, commencing with Sunday's matinee. On Tuesday evening they may sit comfortably and be entertained, receiving up-to-the-minute election returns between acts. Arrangements have been made for transmission of returns to the theatre by direct wire from the office of a local newspaper, and they will be read from the stage. The most appealing act on the new bill is that of the Rigoletto brothers. They are twins who appear as Chinese magicians, as Greek statuary, as Italian musicians and as Yankee acrobats. Girl-and-music atmosphere is "with us again" next week, for Ned Nestor's "Sweethearts" are heralded. 'Tis said they are a comely constellation. The Great Lester,



TRINIE FRIGANZA

The cheery comedienne of "Canary Cottage" which returns to the Cort Theatre Sunday, November 5



SILVIA BIDWELL

In "The Forest Fire" next week at the Orpheum

premier ventriloquist, known well to San Franciscans, will be a prominent figure in the new bill. The three Bartos will present an athletic specialty. Lester Crawford and Helen Broderick will patter and sing. The chapter of "A Lass o' the Lumberlands," with Helen Holmes as the lass, will be the screen feature.

The First Symphony "Pop"

This Sunday afternoon will usher in the "popular" concerts at popular prices, as distinguished from the series of Sunday symphonies at popular prices, to be given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra at the Cort under the direction of Alfred Hertz. All the concerts will be conducted by Hertz, and the complete symphony orchestra will always appear. The first programme will begin with Rossini's overture to "William Tell." Eight solo 'celli will be heard in the introduction where two or three are usually employed. Tschaikowsky's "Nutcracker" suite, another "favorite," will follow. Saint-Saens' "The Deluge," in which Louis Persinger will give the violin solo, is the third number. Ambroise Thomas' overture to "Mignon," the fourth number, is another happy

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FIFTH ENORMOUS WEEK

D. W. GRIFFITH'S COLOSSAL SPECTACLE

"INTOLERANCE"

OR

"THE MOTHER AND THE LAW"

Love's Struggle Throughout the Ages

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BARTOS

The Three Athletes and Acrobats

LESTER CRAWFORD and HELEN BRODERICK in Songs and Patter, First Installment of "A LASS O' THE LUMBERLANDS" with Helen Holmes.

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"CANARY COTTAGE"

With a Typical Morosco Cast, Including

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Nothing so Hilarious Ever Written

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selection. Liszt's "The Preludes," which evoked such praise when done by Hertz here last season, will conclude the programme. The Sunday "pops" will begin at 2:30 sharp, just as the Sunday symphonies do, and the officers of the Association urge everyone to be prompt, for the tardy ones will not be seated until the end of the first number. The second pair of symphony concerts will be given at the Cort on Friday, November 10, and Sunday, November 12. The programmes will be identical on both occasions. Mendelssohn's "Melusina," Op. 32, which is so seldom given as to be considered almost a novelty, will be the first number. Those interested in modern music will revel in Debussy's "Iberia." Tschaikowsky's "Pathetic" symphony will make a glorious conclusion.

"Canary Cottage" Back

"Canary Cottage," Oliver Morosco's comedy with music, the most popular show of its type that San Francisco has known in seasons, comes back to the Cort on Sunday night for an engagement of two weeks. The engagement is



NORVAL BAPTIE

The "Speed King" at the Winter Garden Ice Rink

possible because Morosco's New York theatre is not ready. The recent eight weeks' run of "Canary Cottage" at the Cort was too short for the piece, for it drew capacity houses to the end. The book is by Oliver Morosco and Elmer Harris, and Earl Carroll wrote the melodies. Buxom Trixie Friganza, suave Charles Ruggles and unctuous Herbert Corthell form the trio of comedians. The others in the cast are experts in their line, and the chorus of "canaries" is the same as a few weeks ago.

London Thriller at Orpheum

"The Forest Fire," scenically the biggest thing in vaudeville, will be headline attraction at the Orpheum next week. It is like a Drury Lane production, though it did not come from the famous playhouse but from the English "halls." It has to do with a wild ride on an engine through a conflagration. Without the use of fire, entirely by electrical and scenic effects the illusion is carried out with such vividness that even the unimaginative can almost feel the heat of the flames. The Bidwell Producing Company Inc. attended to the producing, and Sylvia Bidwell is seen in the principal role of a telephone operator, a part which she played in London. Out of the ordinary is the amusing performance of Robert and Lawrence Ward. They are a swagger pair who impersonate the English fop, sing their own songs and excel as eccentric dancers. De Witt, Burns and Torrence in "The Awakening of Toys" show the interior of a toy shop at Christmas time. It is a pantomime and acrobatic show. Edward Miller and Helene Vincent will appear in a musical comedietta called "In the Cool of the Evening." The Three Kitaro Brothers are equilibrists and foot jugglers. The composer



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McCORMACK

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FIRST "POP" CONCERT

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Sunday, November 5, at 2:30 P. M. Sharp

PROGRAMME

Overture, "William Tell".....Rossini
"Nutcracker" Suite.....Tschaikowsky
"The Deluge".....Saint-Saens
Overture, "Mignon".....Thomas
"The Preludes".....Liszt
PRICES—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.
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A Drama of the Timberland by Langdon McCormick with

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WARD BROTHERS as "Bertie and Archie;" DE WITT, BURNS & TORRENCE in "The Awakening of Toys;" EDWARD MILLER & HELENE VINCENT in a Musical Comedy Sketchette "In the Cool of the Evening;" THE THREE KITARO BROTHERS, Superlative Degree of Japanese Dexterity; ERNEST R. BALL, the Popular Composer; MAUD LAMBERT, the Charming Musical Comedy Favorite; ANDREW TOMBES in the Musical Comedy "THE BRIDE SHOP."

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ICE RINK

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Admission, Including Skates, 25c

Afternoons, 2 to 5, 25c; Skates 25c
Children, Afternoons, Including Skates, 25c

Evenings 8 to 11

General Admission 25c

Reserved Box Seats 50c. Skating 25c

For Thirty Days Only!

GENERAL SKATING LESSONS

\$1 PER HOUR—HALF HOUR 50c

HOCKEY THURSDAY NIGHT

Box Office Now Open

Phone West 363

Ernest Ball; the musical comedy favorite Maud Lambert and the comedian Andrew Tombes in "The Bride Shop" are other attractions.

New Farce at Alcazar

"A Pair of Queens," New York's latest and funniest farce, is to be the attraction at the Alcazar beginning Monday night. It is said to be full of side-splitting situations and funny lines. The leading parts will be in the hands of Eva Lang and John Halliday. The production will be up to the Alcazar's usual excellent standard and all the popular Alcazar players will have parts to which they are well suited.

The Glorification of Kissing

So we may describe the film which is attracting crowds to the beautiful Theatre St.

Francis this week. Osculation is the theme of this beautiful film—one kiss sets the machinery of the plot a-going, and more kisses bring the story to a happy conclusion. It is a charming movie charmingly played by the popular Owen Moore and the irresistible Margaret Courtot. It goes without saying that these two do the kissing. They do it with considerable unction, as might be expected of capable screen players engaged in such congenial occupation. "The Kiss" is a picture of unusual attractiveness. Great applause is evoked when the magnificent Exposition pictures are shown. Theatre St. Francis patrons are renewing their World's Fair pleasures this week, for these views speak eloquently of many happy days spent on the Fair grounds. There are other good films to round out a fine bill.

—The Second Nighter.

Return of the Wounded

(Continued from Page 6)

nearly 200 years ago, had been smashed—by amateur soldiers. The callow youth of 16 who served my lunch was muttering something to the barmaid, who replied that he was lucky to be in a class that was not likely to be called up yet.

The extreme cases were carried at a snail's pace by bearers who put their feet down as carefully as if they were testing very thin ice, and who placed the comfortable spring stretchers in the very few vehicles which had rubber or imitation rubber tires. The work was done with military precision and great celerity. The evacuation of this train was no sooner finished than another took its place, and the same scene was repeated. Presently the great furniture vans returned from having deposited their terrible loads, and were again filled. One van was reserved for those who had expired in the journey, and it was full.

* * * * *

This, then, was the battered remnant of the five reserve regiments of the Prussian Guard which had charged the British lines at Contalmaison three weeks before in a desperate German counter-attack to wrest the village from the enemy, who had just occupied it. Each train discharged between six and seven hundred maimed passengers. Nor was this the last day of the influx.

The Guard had its garrisons chiefly in Potsdam, but also partly in Berlin, and represents the physical flower of German manhood. On parade it was inspiring to look at, and no military officer in the world ever doubted its prowess. Nor has it failed in the war to show splendid courage and fighting qualities. English people simply do not understand its prestige at home and among neutrals.

The Guard is sent only where there is supreme work to be done. If you hear that it has been hurled into a charge you may rest assured that it is striving to gain something on which Germany sets the highest price—for the life-blood of the Guard is the dearest that she can pay.

In the battle of the Marne the active regiments of the Guard forming a link between the armies of Below and Hausen were dashed like spray on jagged cliffs when they surged in wave after wave against the army of Foch at Sézanne and Fère Champenoise.

Germany was willing to sacrifice those superb troops during the early part of the battle because she knew that von Klück had only to hold his army together, even though he did not advance, and the overthrow of Foch would mean a Teuton wedge driven between Verdun and Paris.

One year and ten months later she hurled the Guard Reserve at Contalmaison because she was determined that this important link in the chain of concrete and steel that coiled back and forth before Bapaume-Péronne must remain unbroken. The newly-formed lines of Britain's sons bent but did not break under the shock. They were outnumbered, but, like all the rest of the British that the back-from-the-front German soldiers have told me about, these fought on and on, never thinking of surrender.

I know from one of these that in a first onslaught the Guard lost heavily, but was reinforced and again advanced. Another desperate encounter and the men from Potsdam withered in the hand-to-hand carnage. The Germans could not hold what they had won back, and the khaki succeeded the field gray at Contalmaison.

Don't Be Misled BY AMENDMENT NO. 2

As proposed Amendment No. 2 is in a sense misleading it is important that people should consider it carefully. It is described as an anti-saloon measure. It is much more than that. It is a drastic prohibition measure. It would cripple many branches of retail business to which nobody has any objection. It would cripple clubs, too, a fact so well recognized that it is opposed by clubs throughout the State. The viticultural interests and many allied interests are also opposed to it, knowing that its main purpose is destruction. Hence the attitude on this question of the Prosperity Campaign League.

This League realizes that the retail liquor business as at present conducted is not satisfactory, but it is also sensible of the fact that it must and will be regulated in accordance with public sentiment. Meanwhile it perceives no reason why it should be converted into bootlegging or why the blind-pig should be made rampant in California as it is in every State dominated by prohibitionists.

The Prosperity League is in favor of a duly licensed and regulated retail liquor business and is committed to the task of putting that business on a satisfactory basis. To this end missionary work is now being done, and the time will come before long when manufacturers and wholesale dealers in wines, beers and spirituous liquors will do business only with men of good moral character who may be depended on to elevate the tone of their business and to conduct their business in a manner agreeable to the public.

Vote No on Amendment No. 2

Prosperity Campaign League

NOTICE UPON FILING OF PETITION TO ASCERTAIN RIGHTS AS HEIRS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 16068, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALFRED E. OVEREND, deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: William J. Hynes, the Administrator of the Estate of Alfred E. Overend, deceased, and to Harry S. Overend, Edward Overend, Jennie N. Gilbert, Elizabeth C. Hart, the Administrator or Executor of the estate of Robert A. Overend, deceased, E. M. Leonard, as Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of Ida Overend Mann, deceased, Walter S. Overend, Jane Couture, Sister Matilda Overend, Elizabeth Fleming, Oscar Overend, Jennetta C. Brosse, Elizabeth C. Hall, Nettie C. Treller, William Guthrie, Margaret Guthrie Johnston, Maria Guthrie Hawley, Daniel Guthrie, Samuel Guthrie, Peter Guthrie, Alice Guthrie Simpson, Ellen Clark, John Guthrie, Hannah Guthrie, William Guthrie, George Edward Jack, Elizabeth J. Unwin, Ida A. Hadley, Mandora Hunter, Effie C. Hickey, William E. Guthrie, Anna M. Thompson, Mrs. Isabelle Barnes, Mrs. Lillian Belle Overend Pitt, John F. Overend, Miss E. O. Morris, Sophie Overend, and Patrick Guthrie and Madge Overend.

You and each of you are hereby notified:

That on the 28th day of September, 1916, Robert M. Overend, one of the heirs at law of Alfred E. Overend, deceased, filed his petition in this court praying that the rights of all persons interested in the estate of said Alfred E. Overend, deceased, be ascertained and declared by this court, and that it be determined to whom distribution should be made;

That, so far as known, the following is a description of the real estate whereof said deceased died seized or possessed, to-wit:

Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the Northernly line of Seventeenth Street with the Easterly line of Ord Street (formerly Clara Avenue); thence Easterly along the Northernly line of Seventeenth Street Forty-five (45) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly One Hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Forty-five (45) feet to the Easterly line of Ord Street (formerly Clara Avenue); thence Southerly along said last named line One Hundred and Ten (110) feet to the point of beginning; being part of Horner's Addition Block Number 202.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Calhoun Street distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Northernly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Calhoun Street with the Northernly line of Green Street; thence Northernly along said Easterly line of Calhoun Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; thence at a right angle Easterly Ninety-one (91) feet and Eight (8) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; and thence at a right angle Westerly Ninety-one (91) feet and Eight (8) inches to the Easterly line of Calhoun Street and the point of beginning; being part of 50 Vara Lot Number 187.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Franklin Street, distant thereon One Hundred (100) feet Northernly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Franklin Street with the Northernly line of Page Street; thence Northernly along said Easterly line of Franklin Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Seventy-five (75) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Seventy-five (75) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Easterly line of Franklin Street and the point of beginning; being part of Western Addition Block Number 71.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Mimosa Path, distant thereon Thirty-eight (38) feet and Eight (8) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Rose Hill Nock; thence Northernly along said Easterly line of Mimosa Path Thirteen (13) feet; thence Easterly Sixteen (16) feet and Six (6) inches; thence Southerly Fourteen (14) feet and Five (5) inches; thence Westerly Sixteen (16) feet and Six (6) inches to the point of beginning; being situated in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Jones Street, distant thereon Sixty (60) feet Southerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Jones Street with the Southerly line of Washington Street; thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Jones Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Northernly Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Easterly line of Jones Street and the point of beginning; being part of 50 Vara Lot Number 832.

Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the Easterly line of Church Street with the Southerly line of Twenty-seventh Street; thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Church Street Fifty-one (51) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Easterly Eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly Fifty-one (51) feet and Six (6) inches to the Southerly line of Twenty-seventh Street; thence Westerly along said line of Twenty-seventh Street Eighty (80) feet to the point of beginning; being part of Horner's Addition Block Number 57.

Commencing at the point of intersection of the Easterly line of St. Charles Street with the Northernly line of Central Avenue, running thence Easterly along said Northernly line of Central Avenue, One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet to St. Charles Street; thence at a right angle along the Easterly line of St. Charles Street One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet to the point of commencement.

The first six parcels of real property hereinabove described are situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; while the seventh parcel hereinabove described is situated in the City of Alameda, County of Alameda, State of California.

That the said Harry S. Overend, Guy R. Overend, Charles P. Overend, Frederick M. A. Overend, Edward Overend, Jennie N. Gilbert, Robert A. Overend, now deceased, Elizabeth C. Hart, Ida Overend Mann, now deceased, Walter S. Overend, Jane Couture, Sister Matilda Overend, Elizabeth Fleming, Oscar Overend, Jennetta C. Brosse, Elizabeth C. Hall, Nettie C. Treller, William Guthrie, Margaret Guthrie Johnston, Maria

Guthrie Hawley, Daniel Guthrie, Samuel Guthrie, Peter Guthrie, Alice Guthrie Simpson, Ellen Clark, John Guthrie, John Guthrie, Hannah Guthrie, William Guthrie, George Edward Jack, Elizabeth J. Unwin, Ida A. Hadley, Mandora Hunter, Effie C. Hickey, William E. Guthrie, Sophie Overend, as assignee of Robert M. Overend, and Madge Overend, as assignee of Walter S. Overend, are the only persons who appeared and claimed any interest in said estate, in the course of the administration of the same, up to the time of the making of said order;

That you, and all other persons not named, who have or claim an interest in said estate, are cited to appear before this court, at the courtroom thereof, located in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of December, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and exhibit, in the manner provided by law, your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in said estate, and show cause why such petition should not be granted.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 4th day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California.)
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk of the Superior Court.
By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk,
JEREMIAH V. COFFEY & EDWARD I. COFFEY,
E. M. LEONARD,
Attorneys for Robert M. Overend.
569 Mills Building,
San Francisco, California. 10-7-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 76,577; Dept. No. 10.

WALTER A. BAIRD, Plaintiff, vs. GRACE M. BAIRD, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GRACE M. BAIRD, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ARCHIBALD J. TREAT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
624 Monadnock Building,
San Francisco, California. 10-21-9

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUST ROHLER, also called AUGUST ROLLER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will of AUGUST ROHLER, also called AUGUST ROLLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Wm. Loewy and Walter Loewy, Room 507, 201 Sansome Street (Royal Insurance Building), which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AUGUST ROHLER, also called AUGUST ROLLER, deceased.

JOSEPH H. HECK,
Executor of the last will of August Rohler, also called August Roller, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, October 28, 1916.

WM. LOEWY and WALTER LOEWY,
Attorneys for Executor,
201 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JENNIE MARION DOWNER, deceased.—No. 21584, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of JENNIE MARION DOWNER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the office of her attorneys, Asher, Meyerstein & McNutt, 110 Sutter Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JENNIE MARION DOWNER, deceased.

HARIETTE GILMAN CASWELL,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Jennie Marion Downer, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, California, October 21, 1916.

ASHER, MEYERSTEIN & McNUTT,
Attorneys for Executrix,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-21-5

NOTICE OF APPLICATION OF THE THRIFT COUPON COMPANY OF AMERICA, A CORPORATION, FOR VOLUNTARY DISSOLUTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 76954; Dept. No. 12.

IN THE MATTER OF THE APPLICATION OF THRIFT COUPON COMPANY OF AMERICA, A CORPORATION, TO BE DISSOLVED.

Notice is hereby given that the application of the Thrift Coupon Company of America, a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of California, and having its principal place of business in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, for a decree dissolving said corporation, has been filed in this Court, and said Court has ordered the Clerk thereof to give notice of the same for thirty (30) days by publication in "Town Talk," a newspaper published in the said City and County, and all persons are hereby directed to file their objections to said application, if any they have, as provided by law, before the expiration of the time of publication.

Dated, October 3, 1913.

(Seal) H. L. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By J. F. DUNWORTH, Deputy Clerk.

GILLOGLEY, CROFTON & PAYNE,
Attorneys for Applicant,
57 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION TO MORTGAGE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 21572. In the Matter of the Guardianship of the Persons and Estates of WILLIAM JAMES NICHOLS, JOSEPH EDWARD NICHOLS, and ELLA MAY NICHOLS, Minors.

SAMUEL T. NICHOLS, Guardian of the persons and estates of the above-named minors, having filed herein his petition, duly verified by affidavit, and praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing him, as such Guardian, to mortgage the real property of said minors hereinafter described for the purposes set forth in said petition;

And it appearing that it will be of advantage to said property that said mortgage be made,

It is Ordered by the Court that all persons interested in the said estate of said minors do appear before this Court on the 8th day of November, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the said day, or as soon thereafter as counsel can be heard, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the real-property described below should not be mortgaged for the sum of TWO THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED (\$2200.00) DOLLARS, as set forth in said petition of said Guardian aforesaid, filed this day herein, and why said Guardian should not be allowed to mortgage the interest of the said minors in said property for their prorata of the said sum of TWO THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED (\$2200.00) DOLLARS. (Reference is made to said petition for further particulars.)

The said real estate and property to be mortgaged is situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is bounded and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of Oak Street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet, six (6) inches westerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said southerly line of Oak Street with the westerly line of Laguna Street; and running thence westerly along said southerly line of Oak Street twenty-seven (27) feet, six (6) inches; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the northerly line of Lily Avenue; thence at right angles easterly along said line of Lily Avenue twenty-seven (27) feet, six (6) inches; and thence at right angles northerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement, being part of WESTERN ADDITION BLOCK Number 219.

It is further ordered that this Order to Show Cause be published once a week for four (4) successive weeks before the hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation published in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, this 2nd day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Signed) THOMAS F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 3, 1916.
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By H. G. BENEDICT, Deputy Clerk.

L. T. JACKS,
Attorney for Guardian,
Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-7-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY A. BRUCE, sometimes known as and called H. A. BRUCE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of HENRY A. BRUCE, alias, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Jos. P. Lucey, 712-717 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY A. BRUCE, alias, deceased.

VIOLA I. LUCEY,
Administratrix of the estate of Henry A. Bruce, alias, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 21, 1916.

JOS. P. LUCEY,
Attorney for Administratrix,
712-717 Chronicle Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal. 10-21-5

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The market was irregular the past week, and while one group of stocks was advancing, another group was declining. Copper stocks were strong and higher under the leadership of Utah, which sold up to 108. There are all kinds of rumors regarding the distribution of this company's surplus, and if the present price of metal keeps up, a handsome cash dividend can be expected. The minor copper stocks kept pace with Utah, and all copper shares were in demand. The railroads were neglected, although Union Pacific showed a burst of activity early in the week on renewed talk of an extra dividend. The motor stocks were inclined to drag, and showed very little activity. The same can be said of the oil stocks. However, both groups are in good condition, and they will come into their own speculatively soon. Somebody is marketing a big line of steel and some one else is accumulating Atchison. It is wonderful how many good stocks have been overlooked. With the inflation that is going on in commodities and many other classes of securities, this group, with the biggest earnings on record, is selling lower than several years. On top of phenomenal earnings, Norfolk & Western comes out with a net increase of \$176,955 for the month of September. As I figure it, they are earning about 20 per cent on the stock. It doesn't make any difference what they pay as long as they continue these earnings. Western Union will build a cable to South America, according to the New York Times, and pay for it out of earnings. You can't "bear" stocks under such conditions. Four hundred and fifty million dollars gold in eight months, \$35,000,000 in a week, and more coming. Professionals are very bearish. It is a good thing. They always are bearish before a big rise. It is easier to sell stocks short than it is to buy them. They figure the election will be a chill if Wilson is elected. Maybe they are right, but it won't be much more than a chill. Politics didn't make this market and they won't unmake it. While the war lasts the market will last.

Wheat—That the speculative community is bullishly impregnated goes without saying, and that the higher the prices, the more sensitive the market becomes to any item of news which can in any way be construed as favorable to further appreciation. And it need not carry any confirmation to become a mighty and instantaneous influence in the acceleration of values. All that is necessary to "stir to the depths" is the mere mention of export transactions, and it is quite noticeable that these materialize whenever there is any inclination to weakness. It would be more reassuring if the clearances would confirm some of the immense transactions reported by Russell's News Bureau during the last thirty days. Last week but 4,500,000 bushels of "wheat and flour" were sent

abroad from the Atlantic Coast, including Canada, and for the first time for a year at least, the shipments of other countries exceeded in volume that contributed by the United States and its northern neighbor. It ought to prove that the matter of furnishing Europe with her requirements is being properly and satisfactorily adjusted, and that long hauls are no barrier. We are getting above the Leiter deal prices, the short interest is well eliminated, and while these quotations may be justified later on, we should advise profit taking on all good advances for the present.

Corn—This market is holding the new levels well, but it is noticeable every day that it has periods of weakness, responding, however, to the bulges in the wheat pit. Some of the most seasoned traders are confessing their inability to account for the high prices prevailing so early in the season, except upon the theory of a temporary scarcity, which is soon to be relieved by a movement of both old and new grain commencing in the latter part of October and extending into the next year. Some explain the extreme prices paid for car lots as referring to purchases for seeding, but it is probably a case of inability to procure the proper grades sold for forward shipment some time since, and the necessity of paying fancy prices or defaulting. A good part of the advance has undoubtedly been due to the sympathetic action with wheat, and it was but natural that corn should sell at \$1 if wheat was selling at \$2, as reported. We should advise considerable caution in either purchases or sales, until we see whether the promised receipts are to materialize.

Cotton—The market again rose to new high levels early in the week, but a reaction which was long overdue, carried prices back a hundred points toward the close of last week. Sentiment was so bullish early in the week that it looked as if there was no reaction in sight, but, as usual, heavy profit taking by the bulls took the edge off the market, and when the decline set in, stop order selling became very much in evidence, and trading was on a large scale, with sales being made at wide differences. The buying early in the week was due to a frost scare in the eastern section of the belt, and the temperatures went down to freezing as far south as Alabama. This will put an end to any talk of a top crop in this section. Rapid progress is being made in the gathering of the crop, as the ginning figures would indicate, and the weather has been most favorable for harvesting the crop in all sections. The demand for spot cotton has been urgent, as offerings have been limited. The farmers are said to be holding, and are very pronounced in their views of higher prices. Mills are running full time, and cotton goods are being sold on the basis of 20 cent cotton. The action of the market is, of course, responsible for the unusual situation that pre-

vails. There was, if anything, more enthusiasm shown by the bulls, and predictions were made that very much higher prices will soon be witnessed. The only objection that could be found to the market is that these rapid advances tend to encourage over-trading, which may, in turn, give us a poorer technical position. It is, therefore, advisable to constantly bear this in mind. It in no way affects the merit of the situation, but leaves the market in a position where a shock from the unexpected world developments might be more severe. Aside from this one feature, we see nothing to justify changing opinions as to the advisability of maintaining a bullish attitude.

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Haight and Belvedere

JUNE 30TH, 1916:

Assets	\$63,811,228.81
Deposits	60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
Number of Depositors	68,062

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock
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Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8
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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 4978; Dept. 10.
In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM DUNPHY, Deceased.

Upon considering the petition of JENNIE C. DUNPHY MEYER, Executrix of the Estate of WILLIAM DUNPHY, deceased, this day filed, it is ordered that all persons interested in the Estate are required to appear before the Court on the thirteenth (13th) day of November, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the morning at the Court room of the Court in Department 10 in the City Hall Building in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why the realty hereinafter described or some part thereof should not be mortgaged for the sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars or such lesser amount as to the Court shall seem meet, and the said petition on file is referred to for further particulars. The following is a description of the said realty.

FIRST—That certain parcel of land situate, lying and being in the County of Monterey, State of California, being the southeasterly half of the Rancho Posa de los Ositos as sub-divided by E. J. Cahill, civil engineer, and described as follows: Commencing at a point at the junction of the Salinas River with the Arroyo de los Pinos from which a cottonwood tree marked C.E.S.F.C.W. bears north 45 degrees west 1 chain distant, which point is Station No. 1, according to the plat of the Rancho Posa de los Ositos finally confirmed to Carlos Espinosa, surveyed under instructions from the U. S. Surveyor-General, by J. J. Cloud, Deputy Surveyor, February, 1858; thence meandering up the center of the Arroyo de los Pinos by the following courses and distances. (Variations 15 degrees east.) South 34 degrees west 3.00 chains; thence south 3 degrees 45' west 6.00 chains; thence south 38 degrees 30' west 15.00 chains; thence south 10 degrees west 12.75 chains; thence south 19 degrees 15' west 8.00 chains; thence east 3.00 chains; thence south 12.20 chains; thence south 43 degrees 15' west 6.00 chains; thence south 21 degrees east 5.00 chains; thence south 59 degrees 15' west 12.00 chains; thence south 39 degrees 30' west 10.00 chains; thence south 7 degrees east 7.00 chains; thence north 70 degrees west 5.00 chains; thence north 44 degrees 45' west 4.64 chains; thence south 78 degrees west 5.70 chains to an oak tree marked C.E.S.W.C., being the southwest corner of the Ranch; thence north 1 degree 30' east 33.93 chains; thence north 40 degrees west 29.00 chains; thence north 40 degrees west 52.00 chains; thence north 0 degrees 45' west 25.60 chains; thence north 31 degrees west 37.00 chains; thence north 30 degrees 22' west 53.00 chains; thence north 47 degrees 05' west 431.40 chains more or less to Redwood Post marked S.V. & P.R., thence along the line dividing above mentioned Ranch in two equal parts. North 54 degrees 45' east 327.80 chains to a point in the easterly line of the Rancho Posa de los Ositos, distant south 6 1/2 degrees west 33.00 chains from Station No. 32 as shown upon the plat of said Rancho; thence south 6 degrees 30' west 68.00 chains; thence south 37 degrees 30' east 45.50 chains; thence south 35 degrees 30' east 20.00 chains; thence south 1 degree west 17.00 chains; thence south 10 degrees 15' west 63.00 chains; thence south 6 degrees east 28.50 chains; thence south 23 degrees east 75.00 chains; thence south 17 degrees east 33.00 chains; thence south 7 degrees east 28.00 chains; thence south 2 degrees 30' west 19.00 chains; thence south 14 degrees 30' west 18.00 chains; thence south 39 degrees west 12.00 chains; thence south 5 degrees 30' east 10.00 chains; thence south 20 degrees 45' east 23.00 chains; thence south 52 degrees 30' east 43.00 chains; thence south 18 degrees 30' east 5.50 chains; thence south 34 degrees east 15.00 chains; thence south 57 degrees 30' east 10.00 chains; thence south 28 degrees east 40.00 chains; thence south 16 degrees east 41.00 chains; thence south 26 degrees 30' east 8.00 chains; thence south 33 degrees 45' east 11.00 chains; thence south 44 degrees 45' east 11.50 chains; thence south 58 degrees 30' east 32.00 chains to the point of commencement, containing 8,387 acres, more or less. Reference being made to the Map or Plat of the Rancho Posa de los Ositos made by U. S. Surveyor-General, February, 1858, and now on file in the U. S. Surveyor-General's office; also to a plat of the same Rancho made by E. J. Cahill in July, 1878, both of which are made of this description above set forth.

SECONDLY—All those certain pieces or parcels of land situated, lying and being in the County of Monterey, State of California, bounded and described as follows: Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and southwest 1/4 of NW. 1/4 of Section 28, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 157.98 acres. Lots 1 and 2, the southwest 1/4 of North-west and N. 1/2 of SW. 1/4 of Section 20, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160.65 acres. Lots 4, 5, the NW. 1/4 of SE. 1/4 and N. 1/2 of SW. 1/4 of Section 34, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160.53 acres. The SW. 1/4 of Section 2, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160 acres. Lots 3, 4, and S. 1/2 of NW. 1/4 of Section 2, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 155.69 acres. The SW. 1/4 of SW. 1/4 of Section 16, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 40 acres. The NW. 1/4 of NW. 1/4 of Section 16, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 40 acres. The SW. 1/4 of SW. 1/4 of Section 29, SE. 1/4 of SE. 1/4 of Section 30, Blocks 1 and 8 of Section 31, all in Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160.22 acres. The NE. 1/4 of Section 29, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160 acres. The NW. 1/4 of SE. 1/4, the E. 1/2 of SW. 1/4 and NW. 1/4 of SW. 1/4 of Section 29, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160 acres. Lots 3, 4, and SW. 1/4 of Fractional SE. 1/4 of Section 20, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 102.41 acres. The NW. 1/4 of NW. 1/4 of Section 32, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 40 acres. The S. 1/2 of SE. 1/4 and NW. 1/4 of SE. 1/4 of NE. 1/4 of SW. 1/4 of Section 1, Township 20 S., R. 6 E., M.D.M., containing 160 acres. Lots 6, 7, E. 1/2 of SW. 1/4 and SW. 1/4 of SE. 1/4 of Section 28, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 167.44 acres. Lots 1, 2, and S. 1/2 of NE. 1/4 of Section 3, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 169.92 acres. Lot 1 of Section 27, Lots 1, 2, and 3, and SW. 1/4 of NW. 1/4 of Section 34, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 147.96 acres. Lots 2 and 3, and SW. 1/4 of NE. 1/4 and NE. 1/4 of NW. 1/4 of Section 6, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., Lots 2, 3, 4 and NE. 1/4 of NE. 1/4 of Section 30, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160.60 acres. Said lands being known as the Dunphy Ranch.

Done in open Court the 5th of October, 1916.

(Filed October 5, 1916.) THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE APPOINTED FOR THE HEARING OF PETITION FOR AN ORDER DIRECTING EXECUTOR TO CONVEY LAND IN CONFORMITY WITH THE CONTRACT MADE BY DECEASED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Probate No. 18960 N. S.; Dept. No. 9.

In the matter of the Estate of JULIA ANN HOBBOSE, sometimes known as JULIA A. HOBBOSE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the above-entitled estate that a verified petition has been filed by Dennis F. Riordan, Executor of the last will and testament of Julia Ann Hobbose, sometimes known as Julia A. Hobbose, deceased, praying for an order of said Superior Court directing such Executor to convey certain real property belonging to said estate to one Josef Orvar Olsson in performance of a written contract made by said deceased in her lifetime, has been filed in said Superior Court and that Monday, the 27th day of November A. D. 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M. of said day, and the court room of Department No. 9 of said Superior Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been by said Court appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest said petition by filing his objections in writing and show cause if any he has why said petition should not be granted.

Said real property is described as follows:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at a point on the westerly line of Thirty-fifth (35th) Avenue distant thereon Two Hundred and Seventy-five (275) feet northerly from a point formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Thirty-fifth (35th) Avenue and the northerly line of Ulloa (formerly "U") Street; running thence northerly and along the westerly line of Thirty-fifth (35th) Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at a right angle southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the westerly line of Thirty-fifth (35th) Avenue and the point of commencement. Being part of Outside Lands Block 1162.

Dated at San Francisco this 20th day of October, 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By C. M. GALLAGHER, Deputy Clerk.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 20, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,

By C. M. GALLAGHER, Deputy Clerk.

O'GARA & DE MARTINI,

Attorneys for Executor,

550 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTONIE GENEVE, deceased.—No. 21,508: Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of ANTONIE GENEVE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTONIE GENEVE, deceased.

VICTOR G. BONALY,

Executor of the last will and testament of Antonie Geneve, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 21, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney for Executor,

No. 333 Kearny St.,

San Francisco, California. 10-21-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE D. HIBBARD, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of GEORGE D. HIBBARD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Campbell, Weaver, Shelton & Levy, 659 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE D. HIBBARD, deceased.

C. W. HIBBARD,

Administrator of the estate of George D. Hibbard, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 4, 1916.

CAMPBELL, WEAVER, SHELTON & LEVY,

Attorneys for Administrator,

659 Mills Bldg, San Francisco, Cal. 11-4-5

Office Phone: Sutter 3318

Residence 2860 California Street, Apt. 5

Residence Phone Fillmore 1977

Julius Calmann

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and

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 35910.

MAY E. BRIDGE, a widow, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

T. W. HUBBARD, 1003 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MAY E. BRIDGE, a widow, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above-entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL NO. 1.

BEGINNING at a point on the westerly line of Stockton Street, distant thereon eighty (80) feet and two and one-fourth (2 1/4) inches southerly from the point formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Stockton Street with the southerly line of Sutter Street; and running thence southerly along said line of Stockton Street nineteen (19) feet and nine and three-quarters (9 3/4) inches; thence at a right angle westerly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle northerly nineteen (19) feet and nine and three-quarters (9 3/4) inches; and thence at a right angle easterly sixty (60) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 168.

PARCEL NO. 2.

COMMENCING at a point on the westerly line of 29th Avenue distant thereon two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet northerly from the northerly line of Fulton (formerly D) Street, and running thence northerly along the said westerly line of 29th Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle westerly one hundred twenty (120) feet; thence at a right angle southerly fifty (50) feet, and thence at a right angle easterly one hundred twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands, Block No. 409.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the Seal of said Court this 8th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 16th day of September, A. D. 1916.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco, San Francisco, California; Savings Union Bank and Trust Company, San Francisco, California; City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, San Francisco, California.

T. W. HUBBARD,

Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

9-16-10

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 20121; Dept. No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of ANN FOLEY, deceased. JAMES FOLEY, Administrator with the Will Annexed of the Estate of ANN FOLEY, deceased, having filed his petition with the Clerk of the above entitled Court, praying for an order of the above entitled Court authorizing him to mortgage the property hereinafter described for the purposes set forth in the said petition;

NOW, THEREFORE, IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, that the 8th day of November, A. D. 1916, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at the Court Room of the above entitled Court, Department No. 10 thereof, in the City Hall, No. 400 Van Ness Avenue, in the City and County of San Francisco, be and the same is hereby fixed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, and all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified to be and appear before the above entitled Court at said time and place, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the property hereinafter described, should not be mortgaged for the sum of One Thousand (\$1,000.00) Dollars, or for such lesser amount as to the Court or Judge shall seem meet; reference is hereby made to the petition on file for further particulars.

IT IS HEREBY FURTHER ORDERED that notice of the time and place herein fixed be given by publishing this order once a week for four successive weeks in a newspaper of general circulation published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

The real property hereabove referred to is all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, described as follows, to-wit:

COMMENCING at a point on the Southerly line of Irving Street, distant thereon ninety-five (95) feet Easterly from the Easterly line of Fifth Avenue; running thence easterly along said Southerly line of Irving Street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Southerly one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Westerly twenty-five (25) feet, and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Irving Street and the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Land Block Number Six Hundred and Seventy-six (676).

Dated this 3rd day of October, A. D. 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

TOBIN & TOBIN,
Attorneys for Administrator,
Hibernia Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, California.

10-7-5

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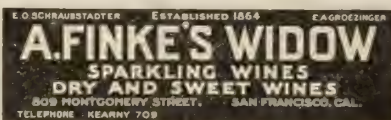
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVIII. No. 1264

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 11, 1916

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IN THIS ISSUE:

Sharks of the Air

Free Speech and Free Press

The Futurist Idea of Beauty

Henry Miller's Non-Union Funeral

The Impertinences of a Visiting Poet

Strange Boosting for the Fine Arts' Palace

Miss Ethel Crocker's Experience in France

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVIII

San Francisco, November 11, 1916

No. 1264

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After the election—the most important, perhaps, since the Civil War—we are tortured with the suspense of watching and waiting, our emotions on the rack, our worst fears threatened with realization. How pleasant it would be to reflect that the voice of the people is the voice of God, that whatever happens the country is safe and that at any rate bearing the cross is the best occupation of man. These are reflections accessible to the scientific optimist who never permits himself to suffer humiliation as a political unit, who doesn't care whether school keeps or not, and doesn't mind whether the President writes postscripts or tosses a coin when he wishes to determine whether he's afloat or riding a joshua daniels. In the present indefinite state of information it is somewhat difficult to discuss the handiwork of the electorate on last Tuesday, or to draw lessons of wisdom therefrom, or even to speculate on its significance. We know only that there was no landslide and that the cultured academic statesman from Princeton was turned down by most of the States that boast our most enlightened communities. Even New Jersey, where the President was best known as a schoolmaster, went for Hughes, but the South, solid as usual, supported the President. Evidently it was a case of far be it from Judge Lynch to desert the man who took four pens to sign the death warrant of Arbitration. All the "forward looking" States, as the progressive President himself would describe them, paid Mr. Wilson the tribute of their approval. Oklahoma, Arizona, New Mexico, Wyoming, Utah, Nebraska, Nevada—these States abounding in Wilsonian ideals are the ones that helped to offset the votes of the big Eastern communities which have yet to be educated out of materialism and to learn something of universal service. How curious in the circumstances that California should ever have been in doubt! For ours is the most "advanced" politically of all States. It was here that the whole Wisconsin idea was crystallized in laws even before Wisconsin had time to think it over and decide to remain normal. This

is the most "forward looking" of all States, according to the Progressive philosophy, and we haven't had time yet to learn whether we have been very wise or very stupid, but we assume that we have not erred and hence our testimony of gratitude to Governor Johnson. Curious then, is it not, that we should have wavered between the author of our wonderful Mexican policy and a reactionary like Hughes. Clearly we belong in the same class with Oklahoma and Georgia. But who can expound the psychology of an electorate? Even the average molecule of the body politic, pursuing his affairs with the narrow pertinacity of an industrious ant, how are we to account for him when we find him passionately proclaiming his allegiance to the friend and patron of the ineffable Gompers and at the same time voting for an ordinance against picketing? It is problems like this, simple problems of our daily experience, that gravel us and indicate the futility of trying to master the more complicated issues.

—♦—

The Futurist Idea of Beauty

What has become of the Futurist Movement? We heard a great deal about it just before the war. It was made visible to us in the art gallery at the Exposition and audible to us by an occasional "advanced" pianist, but it seems to have petered out. Yet in all probability it will soon flower and flourish in the midst of us, for it has become a very torpid movement in Europe, and according to our experience we never become enthusiastic about anything freakish until the faddists across the Atlantic have bored their contemporaries to death and made themselves utterly weary. It is our national policy to embrace whatever is new on the theory that to be new is also to be excellent, and so we have many academic forcing-plants for the quick development of novelties in everything from politics to art. That we failed to enthuse over the apostles of Futurism was not that we had become cautious, it was because we were never adequately inoculated. At best we are not shrewdly critical of painting and music; but consider what might have happened to us had we been given a Futurist novel. As experts in fiction we all enjoy a bowing acquaintance with the literary art, but not till the other day did a literary Futurist give us a novel constructed in deference to the principle whereon *The Expectant Mother* was painted. Thanks be to Signor Marinetti our education will soon be complete. His novel, *Mafarka, Le Futuriste*, is the real thing; in other words, ugliness idealized. It is a panegyric of savagery, ferocity and blood. It has more carnage to the page than can be found in any other book ever written. It makes

the most thrilling and decadent d'Annunzio novel read like a story of the simple life from the pen of an unsophisticated maiden. Not the Marquis de Sade himself could have surpassed in color Marinetti's blood-bespattered pages. Here is a novel with "the punch." Consider this beautiful scene: King Mafarka in a desert with an innumerable host of dogs pounded to pulp under large stones flung from catapults. This scene the novelist presently surpasses. In another scene Mafarka, looking for his newly-married brother, finds on the floor of his bedroom a few strips—all that is left of the bride—whilst the bridegroom, who has been infected with hydrophobia, sits like an ape on the top of a pillar with bloody foam dripping from his jaws. Evidently Futurism is progressive in horrors. Again: Mafarka assembles his court in a dimly lighted underground chamber, one wall of which is of glass, forming one side of an enormous tank which is filled with sharks, octopuses and all kinds of uncanny fish; after intoxicating his guests with languorous scents and a torrid Oriental dance the king has two of his enemies flung into the tank where they are eaten in bits by the fish for the entertainment of all hands. The bits of bodies float in the green water where they are leisurely swallowed by the sharks. Beautifully revolting, according to the Futurist conception, we infer. This is perhaps the kind of literature we were coming to when the inspired Kaiser thought it was high time to abandon idealism and give the world a taste of real realism. Maybe the Kaiser is a redeemer.

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The Opera Academy Scheme

So we are going to have a school of opera in San Francisco! It appears that we have an enthusiast in our midst, a gentleman who realizes that a school of opera is a "long-felt" want in this ambitious metropolis. He has undertaken to communicate his enthusiasm to others, and already the great enterprise has been endorsed by people of wealth willing to be separated from their money in the interest of art and for the greater glory of the town that boasts a Path of Gold. Let us hope they all have had some experience in matters of this kind; it is so important that they should have the chaff of illusions and deceptions winnowed from the grain. We hope they have viewed the prospect of so fine an enterprise in all its dips, spurs and angles, and have found it perfectly feasible to give us an academy of music that will attract students from everywhere to this modern Athens where Minerva sits enthroned and the circumambient is throbbing with inspiration for exponents of all the arts. We believe there is only one other comfortably cul-

tured city in this country—the city of Boston—which is a city abounding in culture as in beans. Abounding in academies, also, is Boston, and it is famous for the instruction it gives in opera, and for the efforts made by its leading impresario, Mr. Savage, (who used to be a real estate agent) to cultivate a taste for opera sung in English. But despite the fame of its culture, despite the students it attracts, Boston has the village-pump atmosphere, and from Philistinism it is not free. San Francisco must improve on Boston. But how? Maybe an endowed academy supported by our fashionable Philistines is just the thing the doctor of esthetics would order; but you never can tell. Already we have several universities hereabouts and an art academy and all sorts of forcing plants for the dismal professions, but yet we send painters, sculptors and architects to Europe to be “finished;” and sometimes we admire very bad singing; and as to literature—well, we praise a George Sterling, but listen to Dr. Aked and read brochures by Dr. Jordan. We don’t mind saying that we are skeptical of the opera-academy idea, especially as we find that behind it is the thought of fostering opera in English. This is the sort of thing one identifies with Philistinism, not that one does not like English, but that one knows of so many reasons why opera in the romance languages is preferable. But perhaps we are irredeemably prejudiced against schemes for the endowment of talent, they savor so much of guilds, committees and societies, which are too often things that prove traps for genius. It was not by such means that art was cultivated in the days of Pericles. In Athens art prospered because the plain people had so little to do with it. The average Athenian cared more for profit than for the pediment of the Parthenon, as everybody knows who has read Aristophanes. The fact is that Art is the only true aristocrat. She will have nothing to do with the artificialities of democracy. She is arrogant in her superiority, austere in her indifference. The objection to academies of art is that they are usually managed by nobodies who have no conception at all of the meaning of temperament. The promoter of our academy enterprise urges that it is needed because so many American girls are ruined in Europe. If we ever have an academy of opera a committee of old ladies will probably ask in reference to an applicant, not whether she has a voice, but what are her connections. It is very unfortunate, and it is shocking to reflect, that art calls for temperament and that temperament is not a characteristic of Puritanism. Another thing: a taste for art and talent for it are things to be cultivated not at home in the academic circle, but in places where Art has her temples and her devotees. Come to think of it we prefer to the academy idea Andy Gallagher’s jitney opera scheme, for at least singers will come if they are paid, and it is better in the interest of musical education to lure singers to the city—even singers with

faded voices—than vocal teachers; for of these the world is full and not one critic in 50,000 is able to distinguish between the faker and the genuine vocal instructor. If you want to know what academy instruction amounts to in music ask in Boston. Meanwhile, in the absence of an academy of opera, we may find solace in the reflection that we have a society supporting a symphony orchestra that is doing a lot toward the advancement of the musical art.



Once again we have been dosed with the cant of free speech. In this instance, as in many others, the author of the cant is the yellow patriot who was recently kicked out of England and held up to infamy for his lying. He is not only in favor of freedom of speech, he is in favor of liberty of action, for he makes a shining success of his business by going further than the average man would go in the ways through which success is achieved. This is the only country in the civilized world where the prostitution that this publisher practices would be tolerated, and hence his zeal for freedom of all kinds—freedom to capitalize all the perversions he has a mind to. What he really means by freedom is liberty, which is a quite different thing. Liberty means the faculty of willing and the power of doing what has been willed without influence from any source; it means self-determination, unrestrainedness of action. To use the terms freedom and liberty as synonyms is an error, but the delicate distinction does not appeal to Mr. Hearst. We have the freedom to do what the State has the liberty, by reason of its independence, to will for our protection; that is all; and the State by its Constitution has said that no law shall be made “abridging freedom of speech or of the press or of the people peaceably to assemble,” but it has not said that no law shall be made regulating liberty of action. In other words, the Constitution does not forbid the making of a law similar to the amendment proposed by the Chamber of Commerce for the discouragement of mischievous street orators which Mr. Hearst objected to just before election day. The State does not forbid the local authorities to say that a man shall not assemble a crowd wherever he wants to make a talk and thus inconvenience and disturb as many people as he pleases. But Mr. Hearst invoked the Constitution before election day to dissuade people from voting for the amendment. He pronounced the right of free speech one of the corner stones of the Republic. This is what we call sublimated cant. Nobody had asked that the principle of free speech be abridged. The Chamber of Commerce was bent merely on minimizing the evils of civil life, and quite consistently with his general conduct the circulator of the red flag of lawlessness shrieked in protest at the top of his voice. “We have laws and regulations that are sufficient to deal with dangerous, riot stirring

addresses.” This we all know to be false. We have no law enabling us to anticipate the irresponsible utterances of anarchists, and there is no reason we should be required to employ a policeman to accompany every pestilent soap-box orator and censor his vulgar language. And anyway, it is preferable to compel him to hire a hall where he may address only those that care to hear. This is a matter we have neglected too long, all because of our free-speech superstition. The principle of free speech is not so precious and sacred a principle as our intellectuals would have us believe. Mischievous words falling on ignorant ears are more powerful to injure society than fire or sword. In Paris once freedom of speech meant the liberty of the guillotine. What an awful price was paid for fraternity! How many the crimes, as Madame Roland once said, were perpetrated in the name of liberty! And here in this country we have been acting as though it were important that men should have the privilege of inciting others to murder and even urge the destruction of society. Let anarchy destroy the country, the basic sentiment appears to be, so that Pecksniff may murmur as the temples fall, “Thank God! we have vindicated the sacred freedom of speech.” This is the hearst sentiment, but even in this matter the yellow patriot cannot be frank. He affects to be fearful of a power that might deny the Labor Council or the Chamber of Commerce the privilege of addressing the people. How neutral, the great prophet of neutrality!—as though either organization had not the ability to hire a hall. But above all, he assures us that we have laws enough. We have a law of libel, but it does not protect us from a hearst, and freedom of the press is less important to us than the liberties which the press destroys. There is little liberty in a country where men and women are subject to the intimidation practiced by such a paper as *The Examiner*, and the freedom of private citizens will continue to be abridged until some body like the Chamber of Commerce avails itself of the machinery that has been brought back to the people by the initiative and referendum. Give the people a chance to put a few restraints on the journalism that the great philanthropist of the Greek Theatre has made infamous, and let us see how much remains in their minds of the old superstition regarding the principle of a free press. If we are really progressive this is the direction in which we should progress. With confidence we assure our readers that it will not cost much to conduct a campaign to curb the press of California. We shall need no hired orators, no halls, nor very much literature.

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Varied Types

306—MISS ETHEL CROCKER

By Edward F. O'Day

President Wilbur of Stanford asked Will Crocker to suggest a lecturer for the Thursday Assembly at the university, merely limiting Crocker's choice to "somebody who can talk about the war." Will Crocker didn't think he knew of anybody who could talk about the war, so he asked Jerome Landfield's advice.

"Why not get your daughter Ethel to do it?" suggested Landfield.

The idea appealed to Will Crocker who likes his children to do things, but at first it didn't appeal to Miss Crocker—it simply frightened her. However, Will Crocker has a power of cajolery. He tried it on his daughter. The result was that this charming young lady consented to make her debut on the lecture platform. People who heard her tell me that she was an unqualified success.

It was Miss Crocker's first lecture, but it was not her first appearance before an audience. Miss Ethel Crocker has a beautiful voice that was trained by Jean de Reszke. She has sung publicly several times, winning applause from the critical. It is much harder to sing to people than to deliver a lecture to them. Having acquitted herself famously of the more difficult feat, Miss Crocker found lecturing comparatively easy. Yet she admits that mild form of stage nervousness which makes one impatient to begin. Once started upon her lecture she had no further fright. However, I learned from Miss Crocker that she was not mistress of herself to the extent of sensing whether or not she was making a hit. From this one may infer that part of Miss Crocker's charm consists in a sweetly unconscious modesty.

Miss Crocker's lecture before the Thursday Assembly embodied her own experiences in the war zone supplemented by extracts from the letters written home by her brother Will who is driving an ambulance "somewhere in France." Miss Crocker had the typewritten notes of the lecture in her purse, but she wouldn't let me read them. I know how she feels. There was a time when I didn't want strangers to read my manuscripts, but it was a long time ago—the indifference of editors has long since slain that juvenile reluctance. Miss Crocker will get over that feeling.

Miss Crocker is not used to interviews, so it was easy to induce her to talk. About her four months in war-torn France she speaks exceedingly well. Especially fine, I thought, was her reply when I asked her if she was not afraid at Nancy during a German bombardment.

"How could one be afraid so close to the French guns?" she answered.

Miss Crocker said that with simple sincerity. Her soul is fighting for France.

Nancy is only an inconsiderable number of kilometres from the German lines, and Miss Crocker tells me that it is in a chronic state of bombardment. It was bombarded while she was there. The protecting French guns inspired Miss Crocker with confidence, and she would fain have watched the dropping of the German shells. But in Nancy, as elsewhere near the battle front, one must do as the natives do. So Miss Crocker permitted herself to be hurried into a cellar.

"All the cellars that have strong foundations are marked with a cross," explained Miss Crocker, "and at the appearance of the first shell

everybody seeks shelter. The shells come every three minutes, so there is plenty of time to get out of the way. Eight shells fell in Nancy during that bombardment. One fell two or three blocks away from the cellar I was in. Nobody was killed. The Germans were trying to destroy the railroad station, but they were poor shots—their hits were scattered all over the town."

Miss Crocker was eager to go to Verdun. It is an eagerness she shared with many Americans, including Gertrude Atherton. But neither Mrs. Atherton nor she got closer to Verdun than Bar-le-Duc. Miss Crocker met Mrs. Atherton at Nancy and found her deeply disappointed at the frustration of her efforts. At Nancy also Miss Crocker met another San Francisco woman, Miss Daisy Polk. She tells me that Miss Polk is engaged in a wonderful work—the rehabilitation of French villages. Village after village in the war zone is a hacked and charred skeleton of its former beautiful self. Miss Polk is custodian of funds for the reconstruction of a number of these villages, and the work proceeds apace. The funds are loaned, not given; thus the self-respect of the refugees is honored, and the sense of individual responsibility is not blurred.

Miss Crocker talks more freely about her brother Will and her cousins, the young Princes Stanislas and Casimir Poniatsowski (who, she says, are like brothers to her) than about herself. It is easy to see how proud she is of young Will Crocker who went from Yale to the service of France; and yet she makes light of his danger and refuses to admit to a stranger (and that is as it should be) that she is the least bit worried about him.

"He has had four months of it," she says, "and most of the time it has been quite dull. He wrote that until he learned to sit perfectly still, gazing at the sky and thinking of nothing, he was greatly bored. You see, he has not been at the front but at the rear. He was in Alsace at first, and more recently near Verdun. I do not know whether he has been under fire, but I suspect he has, because in his last letter he spoke of a wonderful experience which he was not permitted to write but which he would try to transmit to us through some returning San Franciscan. He wants to stay at the ambulance work for a year at least. Afterwards he will go into the clearing house in Paris. He is in love with Paris, and so am I.

"My cousin Stan has seen a great deal of fighting. He is very brave. He entered the war as a private; now he is a lieutenant. He was at Mort Homme outside Verdun, and for fifty-two days, with only three days' respite, he was in the open, fighting and sleeping in the shell craters. Nobody could be more courageous than Stan, and yet he loathes war. Every instinct of his nature cries out against it. Is it not remarkable that a man should hate fighting and yet be so brave?

"My other cousin is in the artillery, driving a caterpillar engine attached to a big gun. He was under bombardment near Fort Vaux, and had to drive his gun to safety. He was successful."

Miss Crocker is eager to go back to France, but says this eagerness is not popular with her mother and father. She speaks of Paris with

the greatest enthusiasm, her big expressive eyes widening when she thinks of it.

"Paris is more beautiful, more attractive now than before," she says. "There are so few strangers there. Of course it is very sad too, especially in the Champs Elysee of an afternoon when the maimed soldiers take the sun. There is little gayety, naturally. Two or three theatres are open, but mostly the people go to the movies. All Paris is crazy about Charlie Chaplin. Paris takes the war much more seriously than London does. All the dancing clubs are running in London. Still, the London people are realizing more than before what war means. The heavy British losses at the Somme have made a great difference in their attitude. In Paris the only place where there is dancing is the Hotel Edward VII. All the English go there. The French shrug their shoulders and stay away."

Miss Crocker was rather surprised that I should be interested in her war talk.

"Everybody seems to be sick of war talk," she explained. "I have learned not to tell people that I have been in France, for when I mention that they make haste to get away from me, afraid of being bored with talk of the war. It is not so bad here as in New York. There all the women I met told me they were positively sick of war talk. It is a tabooed subject apparently. And yet the husbands of so many of these women have been making fortunes out of the war. I am glad to meet somebody who will talk war with me."

And Miss Crocker gave me a cordial handshake and a very beautiful smile.

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"Sharks of the Air"

By Lewis R. Freeman

My first, and incidentally my nearest, glimpse of a raiding Zeppelin was from a yacht on the Norfolk Broads a little over a year ago. We had sailed and poled along a river and canal during the day, and at evening had moored against the bank at a little village but a mile or two from the North Sea. The morning papers contained an official bulletin telling of an air raid on the "Eastern Counties," and later in the day a farmer told us that a place to the southeast had been bombed. A second raid in that vicinity seemed, therefore, anything but likely.

The afternoon closed in one of those characteristic butterfly chases of sunshine and showers so familiar to the August voyageur on the "Broads."

It was a good two hours afterwards that a strange new sound became audible, first distantly, in the puffs of the quickening breeze, soon more imminent and with steady insistence. It was apparently the booming explosions of powerful gas engines, and presently blending with this, could be distinguished a buzzing clackity-clack that suggested whirling propellers.

"Another aeroplane," suggested one. "A fleet of aeroplanes," hazarded another. "A dirigible thrashing machine," opined a third; and, judging by the now almost overpowering rush of sound, the latter was the nearest to the truth.

The whole universe seemed to have resolved itself into one mighty roar, and I distinctly recall that the mainsail halyard by which I steadied myself vibrated to the beat of the pulsating grind from above. For a moment—sensing rather than seeing—I was aware of a great black bulk blotting out the stars above the river, and then, stabbing the darkness like a flaming sword, the yellow flash of a searchlight leapt forth from the dusky void, and ran in swift zigzags back and forth across the marshes and canals beneath. Now a herd of cows could be seen staggering dazedly to their feet, now the startled bridge players on the deck of the houseboat moored above were revealed, and now our own eyes blinked blindly in the yellow glare before the questing shaft darted on down the river to spot-light an eel-fisher's shanty on the dyke and the gaunt frame of a towering windmill beyond.

Now it found the sharp right-angling bend of the river, quivered there for a second or two and then flashed out, leaving a blanker blackness behind. At almost the same instant the "Thing of Terror"—a hurtling mass of roaring engines and clattering propellers—shot by overhead, followed by a confused wake of conflicting air currents. It passed straight down above the middle of the river at a height of not over 300 feet and beneath the dimly guessed bulk of its bright chinks and squares of light, broken by the shadows of moving men, plotted the lines of two under-slung cars. A Zeppelin had passed literally within a stone's throw.

My next glimpse of a Zeppelin was two

months later, over London. The night was clear, calm and moonless—ideal Zeppelin conditions—and walking down from my hotel to a music-hall at eight o'clock I noticed that the searchlights were turning the dome of the sky into one great kaleidoscope with their weaving bands of brightness. The warming-up drill was over as I entered the music-hall, and, returning home at the end of the "top-liner's" act, I picked my precarious way by the light of the stars and the diffused halos of what had once been street lamps. I was in bed by a quarter to eleven, and it was but a few moments later that the distant but unmistakable boom of a bomb smote upon my unpillowed ear. I was at my east-facing window with a jump, and an instant later the opaque curtain of the night was being slashed to ribbons by the awakening searchlights.

For a minute or two all of them seemed to be reeling blind and large across the empty heavens, and then, guided by the nearing explosions, one after another they veered off to the east and focussed in a great cone of light where two or three slender slivers of vivid brightness were gliding nearer above the dim bulks of the domes and spires.

Swiftly, undeviatingly, relentlessly, these little pale yellow dabs came on, carrying with them, as by a sort of magnetic attraction, the tip of the cone formed by the converged beams of the searchlights. Nearer and louder sounded the detonations of the bombs. Now they burst in salvos of threes and fours; now singly at intervals, but with never more than a few seconds between. Always a splash of lurid light preceded the sound of the explosion, in most instances to be followed by the quick leap of flames against the skyline. Many of these fires died away quickly—sometimes through lack of fuel, as in a stone-paved court, more often through being subdued by the firemen, scores of whose engines could be heard clanging through the streets—others waxed bright and spread until the yellow shafts of the searchlights paled against the heightening glow of the eastern heavens.

The wooden clackity-clack of the raiders' propellers came to my ears at about the same moment that the sparkling trail of the fuse of an incendiary bomb against the loom of a familiar spire roughly located the van of the attack as now about a mile distant. After that things happened so fast that my recollections, though photographically vivid, are somewhat disconnected. My last "calmly calculative" act was to measure one of the oncoming airships—then at about twenty-five degrees from directly overhead—between the thumb and forefinger of my outstretched right arm, these, extended to their utmost, framing the considerably foreshortened gas bag with about a half inch to spare.

Up to this moment the almost undeviating line of flight pursued by the approaching Zeppelins appeared as likely to carry them on one side of my coign of vantage as the other; that is to say, they seemed not unlikely to be going to pass directly overhead. It was at this juncture, not unnaturally, that it occurred to me that the basement—for the next minute or two at least—would be vastly preferable, for any but observation purposes, to my top-floor window. Before I could translate this discretionary impulse into action, however, a point or two of change was made in the course of the approach-

ing airships. This meant that the swath of the bombs would be cut at least a hundred yards to the northeast and, impelled by the fascination of the unfolding spectacle, I remained at my window. During the next half minute or thereabouts the bombs fell singly at three or four second intervals; and immediately afterwards a number of sputtering fireballs—not unlike the wakes of meteors—lengthened downward from beneath each of the two airships. (I might explain that I did not see more than two Zeppelins at any time, though some have claimed to have seen three.)

Immediately following the release of the bombs the lines of fire streamed in a forward curve, but from about half way down their fall was almost perpendicular. As they neared the earth the hiss of cloven air—similar to but not so high-keyed as the shriek of a shell—became audible, and a second or two later the flash of the explosion and the rolling boom were practically simultaneous.

Between eight and a dozen bombs fell, and at a distance of from one to three hundred yards from my window, the echoes of one explosion mingling with the burst of the second. Broken glass tinkled down to the left and right, and a fragment of slate from the roof shattered upon my balcony. But the most remarkable phenomenon was the rush of air from, or rather to, the explosion. With each detonation I leaned forward instinctively and braced myself for a blow on the chest, and lo—it descended upon my back. The same mysterious force burst inward my half latched door, and all down one side of the square curtains were streaming outward from open or broken windows. (I did not sit down and ponder the question at the moment, but the phenomenon is readily explained by the fact that, because the force of the explosives used in Zeppelin bombs is invariably exerted upwards, the air from the lower level is drawn in to fill the vacuum thus created. This also accounts for the fact that all of the window glass shattered by the raiders has fallen on the sidewalks instead of inside the rooms.)

The dominating feature of the climax of the raid was the Zeppelins themselves. Emboldened, perhaps, by the absence of gun-fire, these had slowed down for their parting salvo so as to have been almost "hovering" when the bombs were dropped opposite my vantage point. Brilliantly illuminated by the searchlights, whose beams wove about below them like the ribbons in a Maypole dance, the clean lines of their gaunt frameworks stood out like bas-reliefs in yellow wax. Every now and then one of them would lurch violently upward—probably at the release of a heavy bomb—but, controlled by rudders and planes, the movement had much of the easy power of the dart of a great fish. In-

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deed, there was strong suggestion of something strangely familiar in the lithe grace of those sleek yellow bodies, in the swift swayings and rightings, in the powerful directing movements of those hinged "tails," and all at once the picture of a gaunt "man-eater" nosing his terribly purposeful way below the keel of a South Sea pearler flashed to my mind, and the words "Sharks! Sharks of the Air!" leapt to my lips.

* * * * *

Many months passed before a Zeppelin was again over us, and so stealthily did it come and go, and so completely was it foiled of whatever its purpose might have been—that hardly one in a thousand of the inhabitants of the metropolis could have known of the swift nocturnal visitation. It was only by the sheerest luck that I chanced to be a witness of it, and the entry in my journal recording the event is as brief and colorless as the raid itself.

"I went to see 'Madame Butterfly' at a theatre last night, and on coming out to the street, a little after eleven, my attention was attracted by the distant sound of small calibre guns. The reports were so faint as to be audible only in the lulls of the traffic, and few of the home-wending after-theatre crowd appeared to notice them. In passing the corner of a little street that broke the skyline, however, I came upon a knot of men watching a faintly luminous ball of brightness that floundered up and down at the tip of a searchlight beam as a water-tossed ball bobs on a fountain jet. That was all that appeared to the naked eye, and it was not until I focussed my opera-glass upon the mysterious object that I saw that it was a lone Zeppelin—almost head-on to where I stood—surrounded by a perfect swarm of twinkling shrapnel bursts. Suddenly, the little golden ball seemed to melt upwards and was gone. The searchlights "groped" as blindly and vainly for it with its beam as I did with my glass. The distant and muffled sound of bombs, exploding in quick blended salvos, was heard a couple of minutes later, and that marked the end of the abortive raid."

* * * * *

By the moon it was just a year from the time of the first great Zeppelin raid on London to the record-breaking attempt of early September, 1916. By an interesting coincidence it was my fortune to view both raids from the same vantage point, and my opportunity for comparing the Zeppelin as master (as exemplified on the first occasion) and the Zeppelin mastered (as exemplified on the latter oc-

casione) could not conceivably have been more favorable.

I have always thought of those arrogant, merciless low-flying airships of the first raid as sharks in their element, sharks nosing indolently around a helpless prey that was powerless to escape them. A year ago the raiders unquestionably knew to a nicety the weakness of London's embryo air defenses, and governed their action accordingly. But the hunted thing which zigzagged in erratic flight across the London heavens in this latest raid, relentlessly pursued by ordered searchlight beams and artillery fire, far from suggesting the coolly purposeful "man-eater" in its element, called up rather the picture of a fugitive leviathan that had been left by the receding tide in some land-locked lagoon and was being cornered by fishermen who were so sure of their game that they did not even have to try to hasten the harpooning.

There was no indiscriminate slashing about of the lights this time as in the raids of last year, but only a methodical searching by a score or so of them of what were doubtless definitely allotted areas of the overcast heavens. Flashes of guns and shrapnel were visible to the southeast before the Zeppelin itself appeared; also the blended rumble of what were probably hastily scuttled bombs.

The airship was flying very high—two or three times as high, it seemed to me, as were those of the first raid—when a couple of searchlights waylaid it at the edge of a cloud; but even at an altitude which was hardly less than 15,000 feet it still appeared huge, certainly larger than any I have ever seen before. The ribs were less pronounced than those of last year's raiders, and the nose appeared to be much sharper. The gondolas appeared to be almost entirely enclosed in the body of the ship itself. As for its comparative size, the length of my extended binoculars, held at arm's end, just about blotted it out.

The firing, when it began, was as ordered and methodical as the searchlight work had been. It seemed to come in one great salvo from the guns of a carefully determined area, to which the order had doubtless gone at the same instant. Even before the firing commenced the airship had started emitting clouds of steam or gas in an endeavor to conceal itself, and to this must have been due the fact that a comparatively small number of shellbursts—considering the number of guns in action—were visible. The trailing white cloud was mottled with the bright flashes inside it,

however, and from the fact that these were above, below and at both ends of the fugitive gas-bag, there was little doubt that the latter was receiving its full share of the spiteful missiles directed at it. Few of the shots fell far short, or went wide to any length, as had those directed at last year's raiders. The problem of ranging and hitting the Zeppelin had apparently been solved; it was now a question of what effect the hits were going to have.

Partly aided by its own swelling clouds of gas, partly by the lowering fringes of the shifting cumuli, the raider disappeared from sight four or five minutes after the firing ceased, but not before I was able plainly to discern that there had already been some reduction in its altitude. Twice or thrice swift shadows cutting the shafts of wheeling searchlights had given sure hint of the aerial ambush preparing, and I was somewhat surprised that so much as eight or ten minutes elapsed before a quick red-yellow flash of light in the north-eastern sky told that the coup-de-grace had finally been given.

For six or eight seconds this light spread—evidently inside the outer envelope—until the whole body of the Zeppelin was outlined in smoldering fire. Then there seemed to be a great explosion—though I heard no sound of it—a spreading geyser of flame shot skywards, and the frame of the airship up-ended and began to fall, throwing a light strong enough to cast shadows in the rosy glow that played over London. The sheet of flame seemed to have acted somewhat as a parachute, for the descent of the blazing mass took from two to three times as much time as a dead weight would have taken to fall 10,000 feet. When it reached the ground a great fan-shaped red glow played for a few seconds, and then died out so completely that only the faintest blur of luminosity marked the spot on the north-eastern horizon where it had fallen.

When I arrived on the scene shortly after daybreak the thing which struck me as most remarkable was the astonishingly small amount of wreckage; hardly more, indeed, than one would find among the ruins of a burned wooden bungalow. I had expected to find a great dragon-like frame of aluminium writhing across many hundreds of feet of field, where all there was in fact were some compact little engines, the fragments of a big propeller, some battered masses of metal which were once the gondolas, a machine gun or two, some aluminium and copper tubing, the whole inextricably entangled in miles and miles of wire.

Perspective Impressions

There was an awful lot of lying in this election.

When will an aroused public opinion protect our aviators against themselves?

Too bad Frederick the Great can't be interviewed concerning the "new Poland."

Some women are so envious that they turn away from a fallen sister because they realize that at least she has lived.

Every man has the right to eccentricity, an excellent substitute for genius, but the trick is to know how to exercise the right.

Some of those European battle places must have been named by the geniuses who christen Pullman cars and apartment houses.

Let's not talk politics for a while.

To think that in four short years we'll have it all over again!

On how many amendments do you think you voted intelligently?

The older we get the less time we devote to the first and last pages of The Examiner.

The great mystery is, how some of the defeated candidates ever pay their election bills. But perhaps they don't.

Recently Dr. Aked discovered that it was a clergyman's duty to preach the gospel. So he keeps right on preaching the gospel according to Aked.

For a woman repentance is almost as good as innocence, but not if she begins life anew at the polls.

If we conclude that President Wilson didn't write the postscript we must also conclude that the Kaiser assumed that it was precisely what he intended to write.

Once it was thought to be useless to have youth without beauty or beauty without youth, but so many things have happened since slenderness came into fashion with short skirts!

Here's Dr. Aked of the nutship lecturing to us on the war. Presumably he thinks people think he has learned something from contact. Some people do. That's why it pays for him to drivel.

The Spectator

The Suspicious Preservation Scheme

From the inception of the movement to preserve the Palace of Fine Arts I have viewed it with suspicion, but I had no taste for the part of the Voice in the Wilderness. In a deluge of clamor one is easily overwhelmed, and experience hereabouts teaches that the community will not give ear to warning against its enthusiasms until it has been "stung." The preservation of the Palace of Fine Arts seemed inadvisable for several reasons. One of them was that the building had served its purpose, and that while it was a fine art building for a Fair it was not a fine art building outside of a Fair. In a permanent temple of art should be united certain qualities of which beauty is only one. But aside from the question of taste and the question of utility there is also the question of location, the question of accessibility. This is a very big city, and its treasures should not be stowed away in a remote corner. They should be in the Civic Centre. Now the suspicion I had with respect to the movement to preserve the gossamer palace by the sea was that it was motivated in narrow self-interest rather than in civic pride. But of this I said nothing, for this is a city in which one should be inclined to distrust his suspicions. We have so many sentinels of public virtue that suspicion itself has become like a corroding dew that destroys the fairest blossoms of public enterprise. Nevertheless I find that I have to let myself go. For I have been reading an article on the editorial page of The Examiner, the page whereon, according to Hearst, space is not to be bought.

Proof Strong as Holy Writ

The article to which I allude is entitled "Scholarship Awards Show Influence of Art Palace." This is an article that was probably written by one of the men who write pro-German propaganda. I say probably because the writer is so transparent in his disingenuity. You can see that he is addressing the kind of readers upon whom imposture may be practiced without an effort at the subtleties of artful deception. His argument is that proof of the wisdom of preserving the Fine Arts Palace right where it is comes from New York, where, of the seventeen scholarships awarded the past season by the Art Students' League, eight went to California students. He quotes Mr. Michael Williams of the San Francisco Art Association to the effect that he "believes" that all of the eight successful students were formerly students of our association, and then he exclaims: "Could anything bear finer testimony to the value and influence of the Palace of Fine Arts?"

Like Real Estate Booming

Considering that the Art Association has been in existence many years, that we have several teachers of painting here, that we have had a flourishing art colony here for nearly half a century, that a taste for art has been cultivated here as in but few other American cities—considering all these things one is not inclined to rush headlong to the conclusion that the students who won scholarships in New York are indebted for their training and their progress chiefly to the influence of our art palace. Nor is the conclusion inevitable that had that palace been located elsewhere than at North Beach no scholarships would have been awarded to California students. Hence I would suggest that the author of this piece of publicity must have been trained as a writer of flubdub propaganda; not necessarily pro-German, however; maybe he has been writing the stuff by which Hearst has been booming his real estate interests on Mount Diablo.

Thanks to Tess and Virginia

To savor the essence of this sort of publicity one must yield to its flamboyant extravagance. For example: "The facts seem conclusive that since the preservation of the Palace of Fine Arts San Francisco has made greater strides in art than any other city in the land."

"Surely the citizens will never permit the closing of that Palace of Fine Arts when they consider its matchless record—when in less than one year, under its elevating and encouraging influence San Francisco and Californian art students have taken nearly half those New York scholarships and have shown their city and their State so far ahead in art development that 'there is no second' in all the sisterhood of cities in all the family of States."

Doesn't that read like a boost for real estate? If not doesn't the rest read like a boost for very local real estate? By the rest I mean a rhapsody on the Marina and the yacht harbor and adjoining lands which are not to be "given over to shacks, warehouses and factories" thanks, as we are told, to those public-spirited ladies "Mesdames Oelrichs and Vanderbilt." And what shall we say about this little suggestion: "We must preserve the lagoon property in front of the Palace of Fine Arts, for the lagoon has come to be considered as an essential part of the beauty of the palace itself." Indeed we must do many things, according to this booster. Now far be it from me to throw a bolt into the machinery of this moving enterprise. Anyway the booster gives me pause for he says: "All this has been made possible by the interest in their home city of two

Californian ladies, Mesdames Oelrichs and Vanderbilt." And it was not so long ago that we were all laboring under the delusion that these two ladies were getting rid of almost everything they found inconvenient to carry in this provincial burg! So they are still interested. Good news! Well, let's hope they'll not go broke improving the value of the old water lots at North Beach. I fancy that with Hearst on their staff they'll come out all right and at the same time do a lot for art in dear old San Francisco.

Miller's Non-Union Funeral

"I am dying beyond my means," murmured Oscar Wilde when an expensive physician came to treat him in the miserable pension in Paris where he died. There is danger of many dying beyond their means, now that the undertakers announce that the high cost of caskets has been boosted still higher. Which reminds me that many people wondered why Henry Miller the cattle king was buried by Julius Godeau. Godeau advertises that his undertaking prices are the cheapest in town. It was not to be expected that a man so advertising would be called upon to bury one of our foremost millionaires. There's an interesting story behind his employment. Some years ago one of the Miller family died, and N. Gray and Co. conducted the funeral. In common with all the funeral directors in San Francisco except Julius Godeau, N. Gray and Co. employ union drivers for their hearses and limousines. Once in a while a non-union driver joins the funeral cortege, and then there is trouble. It has happened frequently that funerals have been held up amid disgraceful scenes when a walking delegate discovered the presence of a non-union driver in the line of vehicles. Such



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a scene occurred during the Miller funeral conducted some years ago by N. Gray and Co. Of course it was not the undertaker's fault; the non-union driver had been employed by some mourner not familiar with the anomalous situation. The members of the Miller family resented that display of unionism. When Henry Miller died one of the family sent for Al Booth of N. Gray and Co. and asked him whether he could provide a non-union funeral. Booth answered that it would be impossible. That is why Julius Godeau, the only non-union undertaker in town, was called in to take charge of the funeral. By the way, the instructions which were given to Godeau when he entered the house of mourning are interesting: "Don't walk on your tip-toes here; walk naturally. And don't bring any potted plants; this is a funeral, not a wedding."

Defying the Undertaker

While I am on the subject of undertakers let me repeat a story which I heard Leo Carew of the firm of Carew and English tell at the League of the Cross entertainment last week. Carew is an officer of the cadets. He contributed the story to a symposium which took place just after the big pageant was over, and Bill McCarthy, Florence McAuliffe, Raleigh Kelly, Andy Burke and other present or past officers of the League voted it "not half bad."

"You all know Mike Blank," said Carew, only he told Mike's right name. "And of course you know that Mike never belonged to the Cadets, otherwise those occasional spees of his wouldn't happen. One of them happened shortly after I engaged in the undertaking business. In the dead of night I was suddenly awakened from a sound sleep by a queer noise. At first I couldn't place it, but when I had rubbed the sleep out of my eyes and ears I located it as coming from the front window. I looked at my watch; it was three o'clock in the morning. Who could be at my second-story window at that ungodly hour? I listened again, and finally realized that somebody down in the front garden was throwing gravel at the pane. I jumped out of bed and opened the window.

"Who's there?" I called.

"It's me," was the answer in a thick voice.

"And who are you?" I said.

"Mike Blank," came the answer, and sure enough I recognized Mike's voice, and could just make out his figure down there, swaying uncertainly.

"What are you waking me up for at this hour of the night?" I asked.

"Carew," he replied, "I just wanted to tell you that you're the last man in the world I want to do business with!"

The Sharon Contest

Apparently there is to be a great deal of jockeying for position in the Sharon will contest before either side goes under the wire. And evidently the contest is to be a spirited affair, for already there is much talk of perjury and fraud. Thus far the outlines of the case are somewhat vague. All we know is that a young man, the second cousin of the deceased, hopes to prove that he was adopted by Sharon in 1892. The records are missing, the fire of 1906 having destroyed them, and so it will be necessary to establish the proof by oral testimony. Presumably there is nothing in the newspaper files to support the claim, for it appears that the date of adoption is not fixed. The young man does not tell us what day he was adopted. This he would be able to do had the newspapers reported his adoption. Thus we learn that they missed an important piece of news on a certain day in 1892. The reporters were asleep at the switch that day, else they would certainly have told the story of the Sharon adoption. However, this is not a matter of great importance. A great deal can be done with oral testimony, but there is always the danger of an alibi. Maybe this is the reason of the jockeying. It would be a terrible thing if the witnesses swore that the adoption took place on a certain day and it was afterward proved that Sharon was sick in a hospital on that day. So attorneys have to be very cautious when intent on breaking a will.

Sadakichi Hartmann Is Here

"I am the only man in America who can lunch with Henry Frick, and then go and drink beer with Berkman, the anarchist who tried to kill him. Of the two I prefer Frick—he serves such good luncheons. And he has culture. The radicals have no culture. I am not a radical; I am a snob."

Thus Sadakichi Hartmann, poet, lecturer, journalist, art critic, reciter of Poe and Whitman. I ran into him on the street the other day, and was surprised, for I had not heard of his coming to town. He had just left the Bohemian Club where he had said to Charles Rollo Peters: "I like your pictures. This one was painted, was it not? on a night of black despair?" And to George Sterling: "I have read one of your poems. You remind me of Richard Le Gallienne—in the movement of your jaw." None laughs more heartily at the impertinence of Sadakichi Hartmann than Hartmann himself. I lunched with him a day or two later, and when I asked him to pass the salt he said: "Had I a valet he should pass

it to you. But I have discharged my valet. We must call a waiter." And he did. That valet (certainly a legendary valet) helps Sadakichi to much salty wit. There is the story of the New York sculptress who had just completed Sadakichi's bust and was the guest of honor at a dinner party. "You have seen the finished bust?" one of the diners asked Sadakichi. "Certainly not," he answered; "but I shall send my valet to look at it." And the story of the lady who said to him: "Mr. Hartmann, what do you think of Turgenev?" "Just a moment, madame," he answered, and called his valet, saying: "John, talk to this lady about Russian literature." These stories need not be true; it is sufficient to hear Sadakichi tell them and see him double up with laughter.

The Author of "Christ"

In 1894 Sadakichi Hartmann startled Boston by printing a poetical drama called "Christ." It was promptly suppressed by the Society for the Suppression of Vice. That incident made a national turmoil, like the suppression of the "Kreutzer Sonata." I asked Hartmann on what ground it was supposed to give offense. "Religious obscenity," he answered, and roared at the idea. "Christ" has never been published since; perhaps never will be. "I cannot afford to be a martyr," says Hartmann. "That incident in '94 put a label on me which I have never been able to get rid of. It hurt me, and still hurts me. And yet I would not today change a line of 'Christ.' It is perfect. Think of it! I wrote it at nineteen, and it is perfect. There is nothing in literature like that, except the case of Chatterton. But I was a wonder-child. At nineteen I had read all the literature of the world. Now I am suffering the evil effects of precocity—there is nothing left for me to read—except Sterling's poetry."

He Knew Whitman

Sadakichi Hartmann, the son of a German

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father and a Japanese mother, came to America at fourteen and met all our great writers—Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Longfellow, Whitman, etc. He knew Whitman well, and has written "Conversations with Walt Whitman" which he will not permit you to mention in the same breath with Traubel's book. "Traubel is terrible," he says. Hartmann says that Whitman was one of the three poets who moulded his career, the other two being Paul Heyse and Mallarme. In his biography which is now in the writing he will tell about meeting these and other poets—about buying absinthe for Paul Verlaine, for instance. The only two American poets of today about whom he is enthusiastic are the author of the "Spoon River Anthology" and himself. Both are to be immortal, he declares. He is in San Francisco to become what he calls "the Elbert Hubbard of the West—but of course a finer Hubbard." He will publish his poems here, if he can see his way clear—his poetical dramas "Buddha" and "Confucius," but not his "Christ," and not his "Mohammed" which, he says, would be more objectionable than the "Christ." He knew Hubbard well, but does not take him seriously, except as a business man. And he thinks San Francisco should welcome him. Did it not welcome Tagore? And what is Tagore? he asks. "The Elbert Hubbard of the Orient," he answers contemptuously. Hartmann takes his poetry very seriously. "There are only two things in the world I care about," he says; "my children—I have ten—and my poetry. I must publish my poetry. But so far as an audience is concerned, I am indifferent whether I find it among my contemporaries or among their grandchildren."

The Organist and the Supervisors

Mayor Rolph intercepted an organist last Monday just as the musician was about to seize the chair of the instrument in the Civic Auditorium. I know nothing of the ability of Mr. Achille Artigues as an organist, but it is to be inferred that he is a good politician, for he had votes enough to ensure the job. Whatever the sort of music he may be able to get out of an organ, certainly he is at home with the soft pedal when manipulating the Board of Supervisors. But as the supervisors know more about politics than they know about music Mayor Rolph was probably right in calling a halt. He is undoubtedly right in saying that we should have for our municipal organist a musician whom the people will care to hear. By the way, it was shown during the Exposition that they cared to hear Dr. Maurice O'Connell, for notwithstanding all the attractions in the Fair grounds they packed the Illinois building whenever Dr. O'Connell was at the organ.

The Reckless Motorist

To Judge Fitzpatrick I would speed my felicitations. Last week Judge Fitzpatrick sentenced William Irvine to jail for thirty days for driving an automobile along Fillmore street at about forty-five miles an hour. Mr. Irvine wasn't fit to push an empty baby-carriage across a flat lawn. As a consequence he wrecked the car he was driving and smashed the car of another man, injuring the occupants. Now, reckless drivers and drunken drivers have enjoyed such a long leave of immunity that it has been growing more hazardous every day for a mere pedestrian to venture into a public street. We

have been long overdue on a jail-sentence. A fine is not a deterrent. It is easy to pay a fine if you have money; and even killing by motor is but an indiscretion if one faces no worse prospect than that of paying damages to the heirs of the deceased. So Judge Fitzpatrick has rendered a fine public service. If a man may get thirty days in jail for smashing a car and giving people a shock what should he get for smashing a car and taking off a leg?—or what

trip to the East which was timed to include the World's Series. Being a close friend of Ban Johnson, Rucker had no difficulty about getting good seats for all the games in Boston and Brooklyn. Rucker and John Hanify attended the first game in Brooklyn together. On the way back to New York their limousine crept toward the Manhattan bridge at a snail's pace, so great was the congestion of vehicles containing New York baseball fans trying to



DOROTHY WEBB

The dainty canary of "Canary Cottage" at the Cort Theatre

should the penalty be for taking a life? Judge Fitzpatrick has given us a unit of measure. And he has determined to substitute jail sentences for fines. This is the important consideration, for God, as we have been told, shows his contempt for wealth by the men he bestows it on, and we notice that the most contemptible of the wealthy buy cars and drive them recklessly.

Sam Rucker Tells This

Sam Rucker has just returned from a business

escape from Brooklyn. Just at the approach to the bridge the interminable line of machines was held up for the fiftieth time, and the limousine carrying the two San Franciscans was halted next to a very big delivery wagon driven by a very small boy. The boy, from his high seat, surveyed the black traffic lines before him, behind and on both sides of him, and then, catching Hanify's eye, he said solemnly:

"Wasn't anybody there from Brooklyn?"

"Hanify contends that that is a perfect Larry-harris," says Rucker.

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Los Angeles is a very large city, and the impression is about that among its citizens there are any number of millionaires. If you will listen to an Angeleno he'll give you the impression that you can't sling a stick in Broadway or Spring street without hitting a millionaire. It may be so. Perhaps one reason why Angelenos are wealthy is that they hold on to their money. They do this at all seasons, including campaign time. When it came to raising a Republican campaign fund in Los Angeles, the supposed-to-be-plentiful millionaires were not in evidence. All Los Angeles could raise was a paltry five thousand dollars. The result was that San Francisco had to send money to Los Angeles to help carry on the campaign south of Tehachapi.

The O. Henry "Revelation"

The authorized biography of O. Henry is soon to appear, and the publishers are advertising it rather cleverly by giving out advance news of the chapters dealing with the short story writer's prison term. It is being made to appear that this news of O. Henry's incarceration is a revelation to the reading public of the United States, and there has been a controversy, artificially stimulated, as to the propriety of lifting the veil of secrecy from that portion of O. Henry's life. Of course this is poppycock. There have been numerous newspaper allusions since O. Henry's death to the sentence he served in a federal penitentiary. If there was anybody with ordinary curiosity about the facts of contemporaneous biography who did not know of the dark spot on O. Henry's career, it was that person's own fault that he was so ignorant. He had plenty of chance to find out about the matter. So this O. Henry "revelation" is not

a revelation at all; it is the restatement of what we all knew.

The Story in Town Talk

In January, 1915, Al Jennings, the reformed outlaw, was interviewed for the "Varied Types" series in this paper, and told in considerable detail the story of his first meeting with O. Henry. The Southwest got too hot for Jennings and his brother, so they fled to Honduras. When they went ashore at Trujillo the first man they met was Sidney Porter (O. Henry). He too was a fugitive from American justice. The Jennings brothers had thirty thousand dollars of loot, and they invited Porter to join them. He did so, accompanying them to Rio and Buenos Ayres, around the Horn, to the City of Mexico, then over the border to San Diego, to San Francisco and finally to San Antonio. There Porter refused to join them in a hold-up, and the brothers took leave of him. Al Jennings was quoted in Town Talk as saying: "I only met Porter on one other occasion before we renewed our intimacy in New York." That "one other occasion" was when Jennings and Porter met in the Ohio penitentiary where both were serving their terms. Porter had given himself up to justice after leaving the Jennings brothers at San Antonio. In the Town Talk interview Jennings did not refer specifically to O. Henry's imprisonment. His close friendship with O. Henry's daughter prevented him from doing so; but he was not laboring under the delusion that that imprisonment was a deep secret.

Taking a Lot for Granted

There is a great deal of noisy indignation in highbrow circles because certain agencies

in our national life are trying to put a ban on a novel called "The Genius" by Theodore Dreiser, and another novel called "Behold the Woman" by T. Everett Harre. Literary long-hairs are clutching their dank locks in agony at these sacrilegious attempts to curb the circulation of American fiction, while the authors who are in disfavor with the reforming elements are breaking out all over in a rash of denunciatory adjectives. I am not often in sympathy with the attempt to suppress a book, because if the book is trash—as it usually is—it gets a lot of free advertisement out of the suppressive effort and sells more widely than it would otherwise. I have not read the two books which are now being advertised by the suppressors; I have no intention of reading them for ten years. If they are still in existence a decade from now I may find time to peruse them. Meanwhile I don't like the tone taken by the two authors. This man Dreiser wants to know whether an artist is to be allowed to interpret life as he sees it. And this man Harre (if he is a man—he may be a she) says the attack on his book is an outrage on art. Artist? Art? Who told Dreiser and Harre that they are artists? Or do they take it for granted that they are artists? The novel-writers who may be called artists are not very numerous; America has produced less than half a dozen that I know of. It strikes me that Dreiser and Harre are taking a lot for granted, like the local short story spinner who has referred to the time when he "deserted lumber for literature." There are a number of fairly interesting stories, long and short, being written in the United States these days; but when their authors talk about art or literature I miss the connection.



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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Lady Hesketh in Literature

Ever since the return of Lady Hesketh I have been hearing of novels in which she figured as a heroine and for my amusement I have been going through their pages. As one of the earliest of American girls to win a foreign title Lady Hesketh must have been a great heroine in the eyes of readers of mid-Victorian novels, and doubtless it was profitable to put her in a book. But the novelists of long ago were somewhat vague. Even Gertrude Atherton, in her novel "American Wives and English Husbands," does not make her characters easily recognizable, though when it appeared it provoked much conjecture and several characters were discussed as persons well known. Lady Hesketh was supposed by some readers to be the heroine, but only for the reason, I fancy, that she was a San Franciscan. There is no attempt in the book to identify her with the daughter of William Sharon. The same is true of the heroine of Frances Hodgson Burnett's story "A Fair Barbarian," though she too was once said to be modeled on Flora Sharon. The novel was copyrighted in 1880, which was shortly after the Hesketh marriage. The book is worth a glance only for the reason that it gives us an insight into popular conceptions of the manners and customs of society in a bygone era. The heroine is Octavia Bassett, an extremely pretty and wealthy girl from Nevada who arrives to visit a maiden aunt in a rural English community. The centre of this district's social system is a priggish, tiresome old person, Lady Theobald, who at once violently loathes Octavia because she is "fast and loud." Octavia's fastness consists in wearing expensive, stylish costumes on festal occasions, in teaching the village curate to play croquet and in stepping out upon the terrace with a young man at seven in the evening. Another village censor condemned "the shamelessness of her unfeminine conduct" upon similar grounds. Her rich indulgent father provided her with costly jewels which Octavia delighted in "loading herself with, like a barbarian at all hours of the day," as Lady Theobald said. Octavia herself diagnosed her case thus: "People say that papa spoils me, and I suppose he does; but he says that he doesn't care so long as I have a good time. I do have

a good time, having my own way and buying whatever I like." Her own way was to be a natural American girl of innocent gaiety and harmless freedom of speech. She was sympathetic, generous and good to the poor. Altogether the little story makes wholesome reading for little girls of twelve or so. It could be dramatized into a soothing, innocent period play with a Marie Doro or a Billie Burke for the dashing ingénue. Mrs. Burnett did not weave incidents in Lady Hesketh's life into her story. But Miss Bassett was a young lady from Nevada where her father owned rich silver mines and was up and down in stocks—usually up. Instead of an English husband coming to her western home to claim her when she was eighteen as Sir Thomas Hesketh claimed Miss Flora Sharon down the peninsula, Octavia married her American sweetheart in the English village at the advanced age of nineteen and a half. But if Flora Sharon was as attractive and mild a barbarian as Octavia Bassett she must have been a very sweet girl and English society must have found her influence mildly exhilarating and wholesome.

Bookkeeping and Marriage

When you hear that a girl is taking a course at a business college, expect the announcement of her engagement. That is the latest pronouncement. Studies in bookkeeping, typewriting and stenography are something of a fad just now—a fad which points to serious plans. There is Corennah de Pue, for instance. She is taking a business course. She has just announced her engagement to Jack Neville. And there was Edith Cutter. She took a course just before marrying Brent Ricard. The up-to-date housewife knows the value of bookkeeping, if she is to give any sort of worth while battle to the high cost of living. Typewriting and stenography are of minor importance to the housewife; but they go with the business course, so serious girls take them. It may be significant that Jean Wheeler and Elena Eyre are just now as busy learning bookkeeping as Corennah de Pue.

A Boy Peer and His Mother

When we are told that fifty-five heirs to peerages have been slain on the field of battle we realize what havoc the Great War has

wrought in the British aristocracy. No war England ever fought, with the possible exception of the internecine strife that was waged so bloodily between the forces of York and Lancaster, has so affected the future of the House of Lords. The Wars of the Roses came near blotting out the aristocracy of England. When they ended with the "death" of Richard III on Bosworth Field, many ancient families had entirely disappeared. But of course the England of that remote period was a sort of Mexico, and cannot be compared with the British Empire of today. To disregard all other differences, there is this striking one: in those old days England lost her lords; today she is losing boys who would have been lords had they lived. One of the most striking cases is that of Lieutenant Wyndham Tennant, the eldest son of Lord Glenconner. This lad who was killed in September, joined the army on reaching the age of eighteen. He was nineteen when he died. Shortly before his death, on the eve of going into action, he wrote a letter to his mother which sounds as though it had been the result of a premonition. "This is written in case anything happens to me," he wrote, "for I should like you to have just a little message from my own hand. Your love for me and my love for you have made my whole life one of the happiest there has ever been. This is a great day for me. 'High heart, high speech, high deeds, mid honoring eyes.' God bless you and give you peace." It is a beautiful message, worthy of the knightly tradition of old England. The boy peers who pass in mournful pageantry through the bloody scenes of Shakespeare's chronicle plays talked just like that. England has lost much, but she has not lost the accent and the gesture of nobility.

Where the Blow is Felt

There are two classes of women who must regard with dismay the depletion of the ranks of the English aristocracy. I mean American mothers who want titles for their daughters, and the London musical hall favorites who want titles for themselves. The killing off of eldest sons in the peerage means that younger sons will inherit. Younger sons are more apt to be under the influence of their parents than the eldest sons were, and noble British parents usually exert their influence in favor of alliances within the charmed circle. They make an oc-

New Device for Deaf great success

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casional exception in the case of an American girl whose papa is enormously wealthy; but they frown upon those managing American mamas who seek to better their social position by annexing titles via the altar. And of course they frown upon the vivacious music hall girls who have been in the habit of capturing immature and susceptible lordlings. Mark my word, the English nobility for some years to come will not be invaded by American girls or London dancing comedienness.

At Hotel Oakland

A prettily appointed luncheon was given recently by Miss Lorena McIntyre. Mrs. George William Whitney entertained recently with a bridge tea, and had about one hundred friends from both sides of the bay as guests. Mrs. Robert S. Phelps and Mrs. Edward C. Prather assisted in receiving. Dinner dances are proving quite popular. On Friday last Mr. and Mrs. Challen Parker entertained over one hundred of their friends, and on December 1 Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Havens will do likewise. Prominent arrivals include Mr. and Mrs. Will C. Wood of Sacramento, Mr. L. J. Smallpage of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. W. Bogen of San Jose, Mr. and Mrs. S. Sutton of Stockton, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Elder of Washington, D. C., Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Goodrich of Los Angeles, Mrs. M. V. Jones of Modesto, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Crellin and Miss Ruth Crellin of Pleasanton, Laura Nelson Hall of New York, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. McDonald of Salt Lake, Mrs. J. A. Keating of Helena, Mont., Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dillman of Chicago, Mr. W. H. Fillmore of Yokohama, Mr. L. F. Breuner of Sacramento, Miss Gertrude LeBrandt of New York.

At the Cecil

Colonel and Mrs. William A. Glassford have come up from San Diego where Colonel Glassford has been in charge of the aviation school on North Island. They are stopping at the Cecil Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Heney are among recent arrivals. Benjamin Willebrand and A. M. Green, general representatives of the Saxon Motor Car Co. of Detroit, are guests. Mr. and Mrs. Albert Edward Gillespie were the guests of honor at a dinner given Sunday by Mrs. White. Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Tompkins have closed their home at San Anselmo and will spend the winter at the Cecil. Their son B. W. Tompkins is with them. E. Blackburn Ryan

and his daughter Miss Daisy Ryan have come up from their home in Menlo Park, and will spend the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Vail entertained at dinner Monday evening. Mrs. J. Franklin Bell, wife of Major General Bell, was the guest of honor at the dinner at which Colonel and Mrs. Lloyd McCormick were the hosts. A dozen friends enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Purvis at luncheon Wednesday in the private dining room. Mr. and Mrs. Purvis are prominent residents of Honolulu who have been stopping at the hotel for the past two months.

Fun at the Winter Garden

This crisp November weather is just the thing for ice skating, and the Winter Garden, with its big, glassy surface, is the place where hundreds of devotees gather every morning, afternoon and evening. All classes of people seem attracted by the sport and those who are familiar with conditions in other cities feel assured that it will not be a momentary fad here, but something that will become a permanency in the community. The beautiful exhibitions given by Norval Baptie, the "speed king," Gladys Lamb, the "Pavlova of the Ice," and Isabella Smith, Etta Franklin, Corinne Rousseau and Cecile Rousseau, the fetching quartet of ballet girls, still continue to please the patrons of the Winter Garden every afternoon and evening. Their work is fascinating in the extreme and their numerous changes of costume bring joy to the hearts of the feminine spectators. Monday night there will be a half-mile race for mixed couples, and on Tuesday night the first of the eighteen games to be played at the Winter Garden by the California Amateur Hockey Association will take place, the contestants being the Olympics and Pacifics. Time will be called at 8:30 sharp and general skating will follow, from 9:30 to 11:30.

Mrs. Crane at the Cliff House

I congratulate Mine Host Julius Rosenfield of the Cliff House on securing the services of Mrs. Douglas Crane as social hostess. I know of nobody better qualified to preside over the delightful entertainments given in the restaurant by the sea. Mrs. Crane has individuality, and she has social genius. She puts her impress upon every affair with which she is concerned. Her touch is deft, unerring; her taste is flawless. Her personality is already reflected in the big pleasure place near the Seal Rocks, though she

has been there only a few days. She brought atmosphere with her—and she will bring many patrons. Mrs. Crane is very popular with the best sort of people, and they will go where they may warm themselves in her smile and stimulate their minds with her sparkling talk. Mine Host Rosenfield has achieved a coup.

At the Tavern

Election night at Techau Tavern was most delightful. A special wire had been installed, and the large crowd of diners kept in constant touch with the election returns. To the accompaniment of the most stirring of patriotic music screen pictures of the presidents of the past, present and future were projected. There were also the very popular La Boheme perfume dances. Also elegantly gowned members of the Show Girl Revue with their new song hits, and many other popular features. Thanksgiving will be fittingly commemorated. There will be a special Thanksgiving dinner. The management suggests, in view of the the large crowd that will be on hand, that table reservations be made.

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The Stage

Melodrama in Vaudeville

The goil in the alpaca dress has returned to O'Farrell street, where her art is serving once more as a precipitant of innocent tears. She has returned with her standard melancholy and her betrayer and the rugged hero and the villain who betrayed her and all the paraphernalia of the melodrama in which we used to relax our brains and wallow long before plaguy Ibsen came along to trouble us with his unwholesome problem plays. Yes, melodrama is back in O'Farrell street, not at the old stand—the Alcazar—but at the Orpheum; and, it occurs to me, there's where it belongs—in vaudeville. Melodrama is most acceptable in small doses when, as in "The Forest Fire" at the Orpheum the rousing moments come in rapid succession, and there are no long waits between acts wherein the slow mind may think it over and ponder the implausible. After all rattling melodrama is good stuff. It appeals to primitive instincts and only to the best emotions. Our sympathies are never misled in melodrama. We always despise the villain and admire the hero, and in despite critical derision our hearts are wrung by the goil in the alpaca dress as they should be. It is refreshing to luxuriate in the warm bath of melodramatic bathos. When we cease to enjoy it we have reason to be suspicious of ourselves. It means that we have grown cynical. And so, while new days may come with new plays that may bloom with a more sophisticated sentimentalism we should always be pleased to return to standard melodrama. The one at the Orpheum is standard melodrama indeed. It has a real engine that takes us with the hero into the midst of the raging forest fire where we save the heroine in the nick of time. This is a scene that thrills. It is picturesque and it is realistic. What more could an audience want?

—T. F. B.

"Intolerance" for Two Weeks More

Those San Franciscans who have been unable to secure reservations for "Intolerance" at the Columbia will have additional opportunity to do so, as the management has been able to rearrange its booking and retain Griffith's colossal spectacle for two weeks more, commencing with this Sunday matinee. The original intention was to conclude the engagement November 11, but the demand to see it has been too great. The large symphony orchestra is a treat in itself.

The McCormack Concerts

This Sunday afternoon at 2:30 John McCormack, the most popular concert artist in the world, will give his first concert in our Exposition Auditorium (Civic Center). McCormack will sing a varied and beautiful programme. He will open with two works by Handel, "Tell Fair Irene" and "O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me." A group of German and Russian classics which he will sing in English includes "May Night" by Brahms, "Singer's Consolation" by Schumann, "When Night Descends" by Rachmaninoff and "Autumn" by Bleichmann. In the group of old Irish gems we are to hear "Norah O'Neale," "A Ballynure Ballad," "Kathleen O'More" and "Pastheen Fionn." A group of songs by James Dunn, Lane Wilson and Edwin Schneider in addition to the song recently composed for McCormack by Fritz Kreisler entitled "The Old Refrain" will close the printed portion of the programme. McCormack is always obliged to sing at least double the num-

ber of his scheduled offerings, and he is most gracious in doing it. Between the groups Donald McBeath will play some charming violin numbers. The second McCormack concert is announced for one week later, Sunday afternoon, November 19, with an entire change of programme. Tickets are on sale at Sherman Clay and Kohler and Chase. On Sunday special box offices will be open at the Auditorium after ten a. m.

Schumann-Heink's Two "Pop" Concerts

Two especially fine programmes have been arranged by Mme. Schumann-Heink for her first "pop" concerts in San Francisco, to be given in the Exposition Auditorium on Sunday afternoons, November 26 and December 3. The first of these will be a "charity concert." The singer



EDNA MAYO

In "The Return of Eve" at the Theatre St. Francis commencing Sunday, November 12

will divide her share of the receipts between the fund for orphans of German, Austrian and Hungarian soldiers and the poor children of San Francisco. The programme is beautiful. Part one will consist of scenes from Wagner's operas "Rheingold," "Die Gotterdammerung," "Tristan und Isolde" and "Tannhauser." Part two brings the complete Song Cycle "Woman's Love and Life" by Schumann which consists of eight gems. Part three will be devoted to songs in English by Frank La Forge, James H. Rogers, Arditi, Malloy and Weatherly. Eula Howard Nunan will play a short group of solos. The second concert will be given one week later with a request programme of the artist's favorite successes. Mail orders should be sent now to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman Clay, accompanied by check or money order and self-addressed and stamped envelope. The prices too are genuine "pop" ones.

Home Coming of Isadora Duncan

For seven years Will L. Greenbaum has been endeavoring to secure a contract with Isadora Duncan to dance in her home city. Three years ago he succeeded, but the contract was cancelled on account of the tragedy that came into her life, the drowning of her two children in

the Seine near Paris. For many months after that Miss Duncan never appeared in public. Finally she was persuaded to dance at a benefit for the widows of French soldiers. Then she accepted an offer for a tour of South America from which she arrived in New York just three weeks ago. So we are finally to see Isadora Duncan dance. Assisted by a symphony orchestra of sixty Miss Duncan will give three performances on the large stage of the Valencia Theatre. Mr. Oscar Spirescu, a famous Roumanian conductor, will wield the baton. At the opening performance Tuesday night, November 28, the artist will dance the entire music from Gluck's "Iphigenia en Aulis" and "Iphigenia en Tauride." The second performance is scheduled for Friday night, December 1, and the third for Saturday afternoon, December 2, when the "diva of the dance" will offer Cesar Franck's symphonic poem "The Redemption," the complete "Symphonie Pathetique" by Tchaikowsky and several works by Schubert. Mail orders may be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman Clay.

This Sunday's Symphony

The second concert of the Symphony Orchestra will be repeated Sunday afternoon at the Cort under the direction of Alfred Hertz. The programme which made such an impression on Friday will be repeated. The only difference is in the time of starting, which is 2:30 on Sunday, as against 3 on Friday, and the prices, which on Sunday are half those charged on Friday. Mendelssohn's overture "Melusina," one of his lesser known compositions, will be the first offering. Debussy's "Iberia" created a furore on Friday. Tchaikowsky's Sixth Symphony, the "Pathetic," will be the final number. The first "pop" concert proved such a success last Sunday that the officers of the Association are elated. Conductor Hertz has prepared a delightful feast in light music for the second "pop" scheduled for Sunday afternoon, November 19. The following programme will be offered: Symphony in G major, No. 13, Haydn; three Hungarian dances, Brahms; Entre Act and Ballet Music, "Rosamonde," Schubert-Reger; Overture "Merry Wives of Windsor, Nicolai.

Final Week of "Canary Cottage"

"Canary Cottage" enters upon the second and final week of its special return engagement at the Cort with the performance of Sunday night. The popular "comedy with music" will, with the conclusion of the present engagement, have rolled up a record of ninety performances here to capacity houses. The coming week gives the final opportunities for local theatregoers to see "Canary Cottage," for it immediately starts east, preparatory to opening the new Morosco Theatre in New York late in December. "Hobson's Choice," the delightful comedy of Lancashire life, comes to the Cort on Monday, November 20.

"Return of Eve" at St. Francis

A most unusual story is offered in photoplay form by the Theatre St. Francis for its leading feature commencing Sunday. Edna Mayo and Eugene O'Brien, as Eve and Adam, are sent, as children, by an eccentric millionaire to the wilderness where, under the care of an elderly tutor, they are brought up aloof from the world and its evils and shams. When they are nineteen they are brought back to civilization, and

plunged into a whirl of brilliant social affairs. How do they act? What effect do they have on society? And society on them? "The Return of Eve" gives the answers, and it is the one play this year which for refreshing plot, splendid acting, excellent directing and photography, for charm throughout, for balance and sustained suspense was rewarded by New York with the judgment, "One hundred per cent perfect as a five-act photoplay." It is certainly worth seeing. Edna Mayo is too well known and well liked to need eulogy. O'Brien who was chosen from hundreds of leading men to portray the part of Adam, has many successes to his credit. The St. Francis will also screen another reel of Exposition pictures; a new and funny (not slapstick) comedy; the latest news weekly, and another picture to be chosen today. The music, under the direction of Jaulus and Polak, will help as usual to interpret the pictures.

Opera at Pantages

Mme. Lina Riggiani, former prima donna of La Scala Grand Opera Company, and Giuseppe Vogliotti, the company's erstwhile lyric tenor, will head next week's vaudeville bill at Pantages commencing with Sunday's matinee. They will offer a wide range of selections from the master operas in solo and duo. Herbert Lloyd and his company—mostly girls—will serve a typical Pantages musical comedy, "Peaches in Pawn." Other features will be: Neal Abel, burnt cork virtuoso; Minnie Kaufman, exponent of feminine symmetry and cycling stunts; the Four Renees in a cyclonic dancing act; Ward and Faye

in eccentric footwork; and Chinko in a line of freak juggling. The film feature will be chapter two of "A Lass o' the Lumberlands," with Helen Holmes as the lass.

"Co-Respondent" at Alcazar

"The Co-Respondent," a gripping drama with a divorce theme new in treatment and plot, originally produced with great success in New York with Irene Fenwick as the star, is to be presented at the Alcazar next week beginning Monday night, for the first time in this city. Miss Eva Lang will have the principal role supported by her co-star John Halliday and the other members of the Alcazar players, in a sumptuous production which Belasco and Mayer have specially prepared.

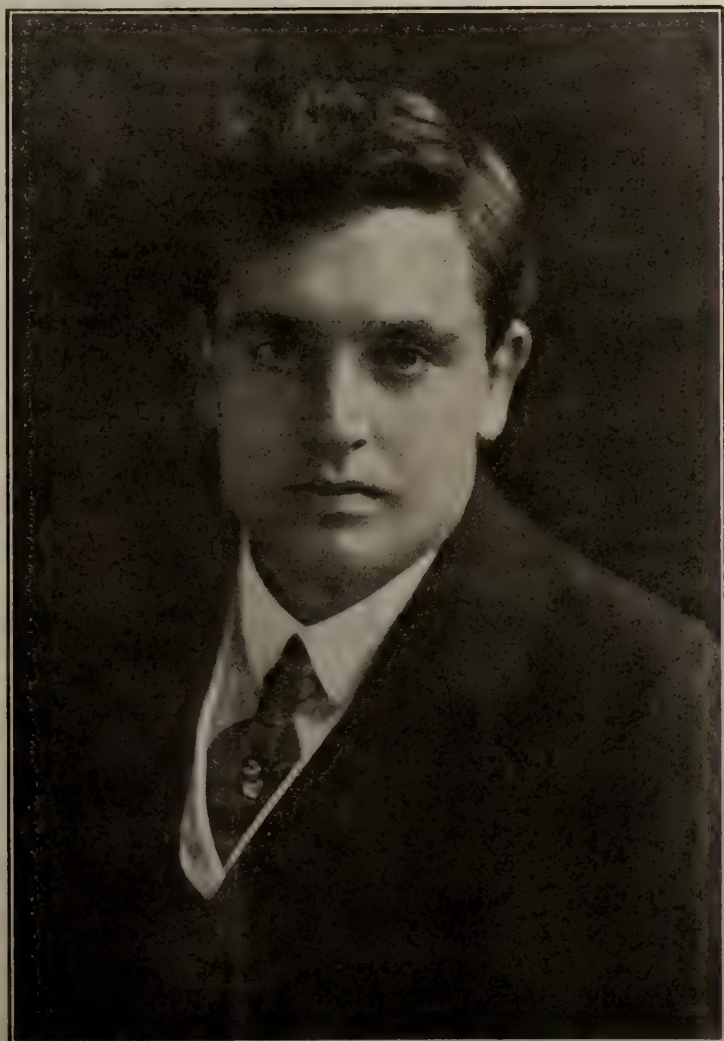
Sophie Tucker at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for next week several of the most popular attractions in vaudeville. Sophie Tucker and her Five Kings of syncopation will be heard in songs entirely new to this city. Miss Tucker is known as "the Mary Garden of Ragtime." Her ability, however, is not confined to this kind of song. She is richly endowed with humor. Her Five Kings of Syncopation are five young men of instrumental ability. Josie Heather, known in this country and England as a winsome, dainty and clever singing comedienne, will share the headline honors. She will sing four songs she popular-

ized at the British music halls, songs which were specially written for her and for each of which she makes a complete change of costume. She brings with her William Casey Jr., an excellent accompanist who sings songs of his own, and is also assisted by Bobbie Heather who does some clever boy stunts and Highland dancing. Another special headline attraction will be "Cranberries," a new sketch by Everett S. Ruskay whose successful sketches "The Highest Bidder" and "The Meanest Man in the World" are fresh in public memory. "Cranberries" is interpreted by Frederick Karr, Neill Patt and Marian Day. Beeman and Anderson will cut capers on roller skates. Johnny Cantwell and Reta Walker will offer sixteen minutes of song and story. Ruth Budd is not only a charming vocalist but a wonderfully clever aerialist. The Ward Brothers and the great scenic sensation "The Forest Fire" with Sylvia Bidwell and company, will complete this bill.

"It is no use trying to get away from the solemn fact that the woman of today is a most practical and resourceful creature," said the man who has known a few.

"What makes you think so?" a friend asked. "The unsentimental attitude of a girl I know. I told her that she had inspired some of my best poems. She didn't say a word about the poems, but she wrote to my publishers for a percentage of the royalties."



JOHN McCORMACK

The great Irish tenor who will sing twice in the Exposition Auditorium on Sunday afternoons, November 12 and 19



SOPHIE TUCKER

"The Mary Garden of Ragtime" next week at the Orpheum



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and

Sunday Afternoon, November 19, at 2:30

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Letters

Nina Rhodes whose Brick House Books are justly appreciated by little girls, is equally successful when she writes for the big sisters. She is a determined advocate of family affection, and especially of the affection of brothers and sisters, whatever be their ages. In "The Independence of Nan" she gives another picture of this favorite theme.

Amy Brooks, hitherto known to us as the author of books for little girls, has tried her hand in a larger field and given us her first novel under the title of "At the Sign of the Three Birches." Though she has not produced a masterpiece, she has constructed a pleasing story that will make its appeal to those whose taste has not been vitiated and who can enjoy bread and butter and spring water as well as more sophisticated diet.

"The Unofficial Prefect" is another of A. T. Dudley's schoolboy stories designed to teach the importance of "school spirit," and the value of working, one for each and each for all. At Trowbridge School there was a system of delegated authority, each wing of the building being under the direction of one of the submasters with a "prefect" or monitor as an official assistant. This prefect, one of the highest class boys, was supposed to keep in touch with the little chaps, help them occasionally in their lessons, take an interest in their sports and keep them out of mischief. He gives the name to this interesting story.

Though "The Adventures of Miltiades Peterkin Paul" is gotten out in a style to appeal to children, it is going to be their elders who will appreciate the sayings and doings of the funny little chap who is its hero. Children of approximately the same age and imaginative disposition will be apt to take him quite seriously, for to them play is the most serious business in life. Little Miltiades was so much younger than the other children in the household that he was practically the only child, and he was rarely fortunate in that the older ones never laughed and jeered at his fancies but pretended to take his games as seriously as he did himself. Associating so much with older people, Miltiades was precocious in some respects, but his interpretations showed all the innocent unsophistication that makes real childhood so appealing.

"Physical Training for Boys" is a practical handbook designed for the use of boys of any age who wish to develop and strengthen their bodies without the use of gymnasium apparatus to which many have not access. The exercises prescribed are simple, and there are some practical hints on the subject of food, sleep, bathing and general right living. Illustrations are numerous, as well as pictures of some boys of tender years who are examples of the efficacy of the instruction. The language is plain and untechnical, and a youth will not need to be familiar with even the most elementary terms of anatomy and physiology in order to read it.

This is preëminently the boy's book. M. N. Bunker, D. C., M. Ped, is the author.

All of these are published by Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

Theatre St. Francis

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Sunday, November 12, at 2:30 Sharp

PROGRAMME:

Mendelssohn.....Overture, "Melusina"

Debussy.....Tone-Picture, "Iberia," No. 2

Tschaikowsky.....Symphony No. 6 ("Pathetic")

PRICES—50c, 75c, \$1.00; box and loge seats, \$1.50

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market seems to be gradually getting higher under the leadership of U. S. Steel and the copper shares. New high records were made in both U. S. Steel and Utah Copper, and at the close of the week everything indicated a much higher and broader market next week. The country is very prosperous, but it is doubtful whether it can produce more merchandise than its present output, as long as it is unable to recruit the ranks of labor in other countries. A million able-bodied men could find employment if they were available, but the law forbids drawing on Asia's teeming millions, and the war keeps Europeans at home. Large numbers of negroes are leaving the South for northern factory towns, and this may upset economic conditions in the cotton States. Much is said of intensive cultivation for the purpose of increasing the yield of agricultural products, but such improved methods of farming depend on labor. Our farmers now half cultivate a large acreage, but they do it with machinery. They produce more in proportion to the number of men engaged in farming than any other country. They waste land but not labor, and this condition will remain until more people can be attracted to the land. The attraction of high prices did not cause farmers to increase the area under crop last season, partly because the weather was unfavorable but chiefly because sufficient labor could not be obtained. Such industrial conditions give labor the whip hand, and higher wages and shorter hours go together. Every thrifty and industrious man is enjoying hitherto unequalled prosperity even if the necessities of life are dear, but the point for investors to consider is whether our industries can expand much more while labor is so scarce. Prosperity seems well assured, but so much cannot be said for further industrial expansion and this must be taken into account when trying to discount the future in the stock market.

Wheat—All the influences which ordinarily affect the wheat market have been for some time known to the public, and, according to precedent, should be discounted in the present quotations. We have never known a time of like excitement when crop calamity or crop prosperity did not carry prices higher or lower than they should have gone, and while the claim is made that this is an exceptional year, there are many surface indications that the trade has been unduly exercised over the agricultural status of the world at large. Every little while there is a semi-official statement from Canada that a larger crop has been raised than at first supposed. Australia is reported as raising a 160,000,000 bushel surplus. Rains in Argentina are said to modify the destruction already advertised. India is credited with a larger reserve than originally estimated, and threshing operations are resumed across the international line, which suggests larger receipts in the near

future. All these items seem lost sight of, but they will certainly exert their influence later. The new wheat in this country is reported as showing green and healthy, with favorable rains previous to its going into winter quarters. An addition of 89½ cents to last year's price should, we think, suggest conservative action in wheat.

Corn—A little retrospection is all that is necessary to account for the conditions in cash corn in the last days of October. Planting was delayed by excessive rains, and the farmer had no opportunity to leave his work between planting and oat seeding. Then came the oat harvest to prevent marketing, and when that was passed, the cars became acutely scarce, and the consequence has been that the old corn not fed has remained in the cribs upon the farm and will come with the new. Our advices from the very heart of the belt say that so long as the prices are advanced in Chicago, the corn will be held, but whenever the bids begin to come lower, the producers will fall over each other to get a fabulous price, which was never expected. Cattle and hogs are not being fed and are shipped unfinished. The avalanche has been started, and will increase for two or three months to come, and lower prices should follow.

Cotton—The cotton market fluctuated within a range of about 50 points all last week, and finally finished around the 19 cents level. Spot cotton was in good demand, and the South was offering it sparingly. The weather for picking and moving of the crop is all that could be desired, but the cotton crop experts are inclined to further reduce their estimate. Our Chicago correspondent who has been right in line with Government estimates all year, estimates the crop now at 10,500,000 bales. This estimate seems too low to the trade, and not much attention was given it marketwise on its publication, but we believe if the Government in its next report, confirms this small yield, cotton will have a sensational advance. Following the remarkable advance in the past three weeks to above the 20 cent level, a sharp reaction of 150 points due to profit taking, the market appears temporarily to be a two-sided affair. Bears were encouraged by the break to the belief that the top has been seen, and have been aggressive sellers on the bulge, while the bull leaders, although buying on dips, have not shown the same aggressiveness they manifested while the bull campaign was on. A good many people believe that the advance has culminated for the present at least, and that cotton will fluctuate between 18 and 19 cents until the time for publication of the annual report estimate by the Government. While cotton acts reactionary at times, the dry goods market is continuing to advance. On the whole, the market looks healthy, and we believe advantage should be taken of all setbacks to buy cotton.

Give some men a free foot and all they will do with it is kick.

Don't rest on your laurels unless you are prepared to see them wilt.

"Do you ever worry, old man?"

"Never."

"How do you work it?"

"In the daytime I'm too busy, and at night I'm too sleepy."

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Assets	\$63,811,228.81
Deposits	60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
Number of Depositors	68,062

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The Test

Search, sage, go search the mysteries,
The hidden laws that rule the sphere,
Go wrest from nature's grasp the key
To make the jealous secrets clear.
And know that you have labored well
And not in vain your pondered shelf,
If then some callow dub exclaims:
"Gee! that is what I thought myself!"

Sing, bard, go sing your sweetest lay,
Pour forth your being in the stram
Whereby you bare in melody
Your highest joy, your poignant pain.
And know that you have labored well
And not in vain did you reveal,
If then some stodgy mutt exclaims:
"Gee! that's the way I always feel!"

Willis—What is the best way to get rid of moths?

Gillis—Never have any expensive clothing in the house.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEES' SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE TERMS and under the authority of a certain deed of trust executed by JOHN HAYES of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the party of the first part, to L. W. LOVEY and WALTER E. DORN, the parties of the second part, and H. GOLDSMITH, the party of the third part, dated the 14th day of October, 1915, and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of October, 1915, in Liber 902 of Trust Deeds, page 167, H. Goldsmith, the holder of the promissory note, to secure the payment of which the aforesaid deed of trust was executed, declares that default has been made in the principal and the interest of said promissory note as therein provided, and requests and directs that said L. W. Lovey and Walter E. Dorn, said trustees, sell the real property in said deed of trust and hereinafter more particularly described, to satisfy the amount due and owing on said promissory note and the accomplishments of the trusts in said deed of trust contained:

Now, said L. W. Lovey and Walter E. Dorn, trustees in said deed of trust named, do hereby give notice that on Monday, the 11th day of December, 1916, at 9:30 o'clock a. m. of that day, at 1101 Hearst Building, corner Market and Third Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, that they will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, the following described real property, or such part or parts thereof as they shall deem necessary to sell in order to accomplish the objects of said trust, namely:

That certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

BEGINNING at a point on the Southwest line of Fourteenth Avenue, Southerly, distant two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet Southeasterly from the Southeasterly line of Hawes Street; running thence Southeasterly along said Southeasterly line of Fourteenth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly one hundred (100) feet to the Southwest line of Fourteenth Avenue, to the point of beginning. BEING Subdivision of Block 284 South San Francisco Homestead and Railroad Association.

Deed of which real property was recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in Book 809 of Deeds, page 376, on the 5th day of August, 1914.

Terms of Sale.—Cash in gold coin of the United States; ten per cent (10%) payable to the undersigned on the fall of the hammer; balance on delivery of deed, and if not so paid, unless for want of title, ten (10) days being allowed for search, then said ten per cent (10%) to be forfeited and the sale to be void.

Taxes to be pro-rated.

L. W. LOVEY and
WALTER E. DORN,
Trustees.

L. W. LOVEY,
Attorney-at-Law,
1101-5 Hearst Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

11-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY A. BRUCE, sometimes known as and called H. A. BRUCE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of HENRY A. BRUCE, alias, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Jos. P. Lucey, 712-717 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY A. BRUCE, alias, deceased.

VIOLA I. LUCEY,

Administratrix of the estate of Henry A. Bruce, alias, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 21, 1916.

JOS. P. LUCEY,
Attorney for Administratrix,
712-717 Chronicle Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

10-21-5

NOTICE UPON FILING OF PETITION TO ASCERTAIN RIGHTS AS HEIRS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 16068, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALFRED E. OVEREND, deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: William J. Hynes, the Administrator of the Estate of Alfred E. Overend, deceased, and to Harry S. Overend, Edward Overend, Jennie N. Gilbert, Elizabeth C. Hart, the Administrator or Executor of the estate of Robert A. Overend, deceased, E. M. Leonard, as Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of Ida Overend Mann, deceased, Walter S. Overend, Jane Couture, Sister Matilda Overend, Elizabeth Fleming, Oscar Overend, Jennetta C. Brosse, Elizabeth C. Hall, Nettie C. Treller, William Guthrie, Margaret Guthrie Johnston, Maria Guthrie Hawley, Daniel Guthrie, Samuel Guthrie, Peter Guthrie, Alice Guthrie Simpson, Ellen Clark, John Guthrie, Hannah Guthrie, William Guthrie, George Edward Jack, Elizabeth J. Unwin, Ida A. Hadley, Mandora Hunter, Effie C. Hickey, William E. Guthrie, Anna M. Thompson, Mrs. Isabelle Barnes, Mrs. Lillian Belle Overend Pitt, John F. Overend, Miss E. O. Morris, Sophie Overend, and Patrick Guthrie and Madge Overend.

You and each of you are hereby notified:

That on the 28th day of September, 1916, Robert M. Overend, one of the heirs at law of Alfred E. Overend, deceased, filed his petition in this court praying that the rights of all persons interested in the estate of said Alfred E. Overend, deceased, be ascertained and declared by this court, and that it be determined to whom distribution should be made;

That, so far as known, the following is a description of the real estate whereof said deceased died seized or possessed, to-wit:

Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Seventeenth Street with the Easterly line of Ord Street (formerly Clara Avenue); thence Easterly along the Northerly line of Seventeenth Street Forty-five (45) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Forty-five (45) feet to the Easterly line of Ord Street (formerly Clara Avenue); thence Southerly along said last named line One Hundred and Ten (110) feet to the point of beginning; being part of Horner's Addition Block Number 202.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Calhoun Street distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Northerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Calhoun Street with the Northerly line of Green Street; thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Calhoun Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; thence at a right angle Easterly Ninety-one (91) feet and Eight (8) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; and thence at a right angle Westerly Ninety-one (91) feet and Eight (8) inches to the Easterly line of Calhoun Street and the point of beginning; being part of 50 Vara Lot Number 187.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Franklin Street, distant thereon One Hundred (100) feet Northerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Franklin Street with the Northerly line of Page Street; thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Franklin Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Seventy-five (75) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Seventy-five (75) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Easterly line of Franklin Street and the point of beginning; being part of Western Addition Block Number 71.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Mimosa Path, distant thereon Thirty-eight (38) feet and Eight (8) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Rose Hill Nock; thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Mimosa Path Thirteen (13) feet; thence Easterly Sixteen (16) feet and Six (6) inches; thence Southerly Fourteen (14) feet and Five (5) inches; thence Westerly Sixteen (16) feet and Six (6) inches to the point of beginning; being situated in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Jones Street, distant thereon Sixty (60) feet Southerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Jones Street with the Southerly line of Washington Street; thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Jones Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Northerly Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Easterly line of Jones Street and the point of beginning; being part of 50 Vara Lot Number 832.

Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the Easterly line of Church Street with the Southerly line of Twenty-seventh Street; thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Church Street Fifty-one (51) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Easterly Eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly Fifty-one (51) feet and Six (6) inches to the Southerly line of Twenty-seventh Street; thence Westerly along said line of Twenty-seventh Street Eighty (80) feet to the point of beginning; being part of Horner's Addition Block Number 57.

Commencing at the point of intersection of the Easterly line of St. Charles Street with the Northerly line of Central Avenue, running thence Easterly along said Northerly line of Central Avenue, One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet to St. Charles Street; thence at a right angle along the Easterly line of St. Charles Street One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet to the point of commencement.

The first six parcels of real property hereinabove described are situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; while the seventh parcel hereinabove described is situated in the City of Alameda, County of Alameda, State of California.

That the said Harry S. Overend, Guy R. Overend, Charles P. Overend, Frederick M. A. Overend, Edward Overend, Jennie N. Gilbert, Robert A. Overend, now deceased, Elizabeth C. Hart, Ida Overend Mann, now deceased, Walter S. Overend, Jane Couture, Sister Matilda Overend, Elizabeth Fleming, Oscar Overend, Jennetta C. Brosse, Elizabeth C. Hall, Nettie C. Treller, William Guthrie, Margaret Guthrie Johnston, Maria

Guthrie Hawley, Daniel Guthrie, Samuel Guthrie, Peter Guthrie, Alice Guthrie Simpson, Ellen Clark, John Guthrie, John Guthrie, Hannah Guthrie, William Guthrie, George Edward Jack, Elizabeth J. Unwin, Ida A. Hadley, Mandora Hunter, Effie C. Hickey, William E. Guthrie, Sophie Overend, as assignee of Robert M. Overend, and Madge Overend, as assignee of Walter S. Overend, are the only persons who appeared and claimed any interest in said estate, in the course of the administration of the same, up to the time of the making of said order;

That you, and all other persons not named, who have or claim an interest in said estate, are cited to appear before this court, at the courtroom thereof, located in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of December, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and exhibit, in the manner provided by law, your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in said estate, and show cause why such petition should not be granted.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 4th day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California.)

H. I. MULCREVY,

Clerk of the Superior Court.

By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk,

JEREMIAH V. COFFEY & EDWARD I. COFFEY,
E. M. LEONARD,
Attorneys for Robert M. Overend.

569 Mills Building,
San Francisco, California.

10-7-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 76,577; Dept. No. 10.

WALTER A. BAIRD, Plaintiff, vs. GRACE M. BAIRD, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GRACE M. BAIRD, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ARCHIBALD J. TREAT,

Attorney for Plaintiff,
624 Monadnock Building,
San Francisco, California.

10-21-9

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUST ROHLER, also called AUGUST ROLLER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will of AUGUST ROHLER, also called AUGUST ROLLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Wm. Loewy and Walter Loewy, Room 507, 201 Sansome Street (Royal Insurance Building), which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AUGUST ROHLER, also called AUGUST ROLLER, deceased.

JOSEPH H. HECK,

Executor of the last will of August Rohler, also called August Roller, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 28, 1916.

WM. LOEWY and WALTER LOEWY,
Attorneys for Executor,
201 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

10-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JENNIE MARION DOWNER, deceased.—No. 21584, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of JENNIE MARION DOWNER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the office of her attorneys, Asher, Meyerstein & McNutt, 110 Sutter Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JENNIE MARION DOWNER, deceased.

HARIETTE GILMAN CASWELL,

Executrix of the last will and testament of Jennie Marion Downer, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 21, 1916.

ASHER, MEYERSTEIN & McNUTT,
Attorneys for Executrix,

110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

10-21-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—No. 4978; Dept. 10. In the Matter of the Estate of WILLIAM DUNPHY, Deceased.

Upon considering the petition of JENNIE C. DUNPHY MEYER, Executrix of the Estate of WILLIAM DUNPHY, deceased, this day filed, it is ordered that all persons interested in the Estate are required to appear before the Court on the thirteenth (13th) day of November, 1916, at 10 o'clock in the morning at the Court room of the Court in Department 10 in the City Hall Building in the City and County of San Francisco, then and there to show cause why the realty hereinafter described or some part thereof should not be mortgaged for the sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars or such lesser amount as to the Court shall seem meet, and the said petition on file is referred to for further particulars. The following is a description of the said realty.

FIRST—That certain parcel of land situate, lying and being in the County of Monterey, State of California, being the southeasterly half of the Rancho Posa de los Ositos as sub-divided by E. J. Cahill, civil engineer, and described as follows: Commencing at a point at the junction of the Salinas River with the Arroyo de los Pinos from which a cottonwood tree marked C.E.S.F.C.W. bears north 45 degrees west 1 chain distant, which point is Station No. 1, according to the plat of the Rancho Posa de los Ositos finally confirmed to Carlos Espinosa, surveyed under instructions from the U. S. Surveyor-General, by J. J. Cloud, Deputy Surveyor, February, 1858; thence meandering up the center of the Arroyo de los Pinos by the following courses and distances. (Variations 15 degrees east.) South 34 degrees west 3.00 chains; thence south 3 degrees 45' west 6.00 chains; thence south 38 degrees 30' west 15.00 chains; thence south 10 degrees west 12.75 chains; thence south 19 degrees 15' west 8.00 chains; thence east 3.00 chains; thence south 12.20 chains; thence south 51 degrees 15' east 4.00 chains; thence south 43 degrees 15' west 6.00 chains; thence south 21 degrees east 5.00 chains; thence south 59 degrees 15' west 12.00 chains; thence south 39 degrees 30' west 10.00 chains; thence south 7 degrees east 7.00 chains; thence north 70 degrees west 5.00 chains; thence north 44 degrees 45' west 4.64 chains; thence north 78 degrees west 5.70 chains to an oak tree marked C.E.S.W.C., being the southwest corner of the Ranch; thence north 1 degree 30' east 33.93 chains; thence north 40 degrees west 29.00 chains; thence north 40 degrees west 52.00 chains; thence north 0 degrees 45' west 25.60 chains; thence north 31 degrees west 37.00 chains; thence north 30 degrees 22' west 53.00 chains; thence north 47 degrees 05' west 431.40 chains more or less to Redwood Post marked S.V. & P.R., thence along the line dividing above mentioned Ranch in two equal parts. North 54 degrees 45' east 327.80 chains to a point in the easterly line of the Rancho Posa de los Ositos, distant south 6 1/2 degrees west 33.00 chains from Station No. 32 as shown upon the plat of said Rancho; thence south 6 degrees 30' west 68.00 chains; thence south 37 degrees 30' east 45.50 chains; thence south 35 degrees 30' east 20.00 chains; thence south 1 degree west 17.00 chains; thence south 10 degrees 15' west 63.00 chains; thence south 6 degrees east 28.50 chains; thence south 23 degrees east 75.00 chains; thence south 17 degrees east 33.00 chains; thence south 7 degrees east 28.00 chains; thence south 2 degrees 30' west 19.00 chains; thence south 14 degrees 30' west 18.00 chains; thence south 39 degrees west 12.00 chains; thence south 5 degrees 30' east 10.00 chains; thence south 20 degrees 45' east 23.00 chains; thence south 52 degrees 30' east 43.00 chains; thence south 18 degrees 30' east 5.50 chains; thence south 34 degrees east 15.00 chains; thence south 57 degrees 30' east 10.00 chains; thence south 28 degrees east 40.00 chains; thence south 16 degrees east 41.00 chains; thence south 26 degrees 30' east 8.00 chains; thence south 33 degrees 45' east 11.00 chains; thence south 44 degrees 45' east 11.50 chains; thence south 58 degrees 30' east 32.00 chains to the point of commencement, containing 8.387 acres, more or less. Reference being made to the Map or Plat of the Rancho Posa de los Ositos made by U. S. Surveyor-General, February, 1858, and now on file in the U. S. Surveyor-General's office; also to a plat of the same Rancho made by E. J. Cahill in July, 1878, both of which are made of this description above set forth.

SECONDLY—All those certain pieces or parcels of land situated, lying and being in the County of Monterey, State of California, bounded and described as follows: Lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and southwest 1/4 of NW 1/4 of Section 28, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 157.98 acres. Lots 1 and 2, the southwest 1/4 of Northwest and N. 1/2 of SW 1/4 of Section 20, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160.65 acres. Lots 4, 5, the NW 1/4 of SE 1/4 and N. 1/2 of SW 1/4 of Section 34, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160.53 acres. The SW 1/4 of Section 2, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160 acres. Lots 3, 4, and S. 1/2 of NW 1/4 of Section 2, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 155.69 acres. The SW 1/4 of SW 1/4 of Section 16, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 40 acres. The NW 1/4 of NW 1/4 of Section 16, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 40 acres. The SW 1/4 of SE 1/4 of Section 29, SE 1/4 of SE 1/4 of Section 30, Blocks 1 and 8 of Section 31, all in Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160.22 acres. The NE 1/4 of Section 29, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160 acres. The NW 1/4 of SE 1/4, the E. 1/2 of SW 1/4 and NW 1/4 of SW 1/4 of Section 29, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160 acres. Lots 3, 4, and SW 1/4 of Fractional SE 1/4 of Section 20, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 102.41 acres. The NW 1/4 of NW 1/4 of Section 32, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 40 acres. The S. 1/2 of SE 1/4 and NW 1/4 of SE 1/4 of NE 1/4 of SW 1/4 of Section 1, Township 20 S., R. 6 E., M.D.M., containing 160 acres. Lots 6, 7, E. 1/2 of SW 1/4 and SW 1/4 of SE 1/4 of Section 28, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 167.44 acres. Lots 1, 2, and S. 1/2 of NE 1/4 of Section 3, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 169.92 acres. Lot 1 of Section 27, Lots 1, 2, and 3, and SW 1/4 of NW 1/4 of Section 34, Township 19 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 147.96 acres. Lots 2 and 3, and SW 1/4 of NE 1/4 and NE 1/4 of NW 1/4 of Section 6, Township 20 S., R. 7 E., M.D.M., containing 160.60 acres. Said lands being known as the Dunphy Ranch.

Done in open Court the 5th of October, 1916.

(Filed October 5, 1916.) THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE APPOINTED FOR THE HEARING OF PETITION FOR AN ORDER DIRECTING EXECUTOR TO CONVEY LAND IN CONFORMITY WITH THE CONTRACT MADE BY DECEASED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Probate No. 18960 N. S.; Dept. No. 9.

In the matter of the Estate of JULIA ANN HOBBOSE, sometimes known as JULIA A. HOBBOSE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the above-entitled estate that a verified petition has been filed by Dennis F. Riordan, Executor of the last will and testament of Julia Ann Hobbose, sometimes known as Julia A. Hobbose, deceased, praying for an order of said Superior Court directing such Executor to convey certain real property belonging to said estate to one Josef Orvar Olsson in performance of a written contract made by said deceased in her lifetime, has been filed in said Superior Court and that Monday, the 27th day of November A. D., 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M. of said day, and the court room of Department No. 9 of said Superior Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been by said Court appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest said petition by filing his objections in writing and show cause if any he has why said petition should not be granted.

Said real property is described as follows:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at a point on the westerly line of Thirty-fifth (35th) Avenue distant thereon Two Hundred and Seventy-five (275) feet northerly from a point formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Thirty-fifth (35th) Avenue and the northerly line of Ulloa (formerly "U") Street; running thence northerly and along the westerly line of Thirty-fifth (35th) Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at a right angle southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the westerly line of Thirty-fifth (35th) Avenue and the point of commencement. Being part of Outside Lands Block 1162.

Dated at San Francisco this 20th day of October, 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By C. M. GALLAGHER, Deputy Clerk.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 20, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By C. M. GALLAGHER, Deputy Clerk.

O'GARA & DE MARTINI,

Attorneys for Executor,

550 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 10-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTONIE GENEVE, deceased.—No. 21,508; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of ANTONIE GENEVE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTONIE GENEVE, deceased.

VICTOR G. BONALY,

Executor of the last will and testament of Antonie Geneve, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 21, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney for Executor,

No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, California. 10-21-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 77699; Dept. No. 15.

EMMA H. LAWERENCE, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY LAWERENCE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: HARRY LAWERENCE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint. GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 31st day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

ROBERT H. BORLAND,

Attorney for Plaintiff.

105 Montgomery St., San Francisco, California. 11-11-10

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 35910.

MAY E. BRIDGE, a widow, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

T. W. HUBBARD, 1003 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MAY E. BRIDGE, a widow, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above-entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL NO. 1.

BEGINNING at a point on the westerly line of Stockton Street, distant thereon eighty (80) feet and two and one-fourth (2 1/4) inches southerly from the point formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Stockton Street with the southerly line of Sutter Street; and running thence southerly along said line of Stockton Street nineteen (19) feet and nine and three-quarters (9 3/4) inches; thence at a right angle westerly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle northerly nineteen (19) feet and nine and three-quarters (9 3/4) inches; and thence at a right angle easterly sixty (60) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 168.

PARCEL NO. 2.

COMMENCING at a point on the westerly line of 29th Avenue distant thereon two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet northerly from the northerly line of Fulton (formerly D) Street, and running thence northerly along the said westerly line of 29th Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle westerly one hundred twenty (120) feet; thence at a right angle southerly fifty (50) feet, and thence at a right angle easterly one hundred twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands, Block No. 409.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be met in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the Seal of said Court this 8th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 16th day of September, A. D. 1916.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco, San Francisco, California; Savings Union Bank and Trust Company, San Francisco, California; City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, San Francisco, California.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

9-16-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES M. COSTELLO, deceased.—No. 21681; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of JAMES M. COSTELLO, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES M. COSTELLO, deceased.

ELLEN MARY COSTELLO,

Executrix of the last will and testament of

James M. Costello, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 11th. A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney for Executrix,

No. 333 Kearny St., San Francisco, Cal. 11-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE D. HIBBARD, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of GEORGE D. HIBBARD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Campbell, Weaver, Shelton & Levy, 659 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE D. HIBBARD, deceased.

C. W. HIBBARD,

Administrator of the estate of George D. Hibbard, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 4, 1916.

CAMPBELL, WEAVER, SHELTON & LEVY,

Attorneys for Administrator,

659 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 11-4-5



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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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IN THIS ISSUE:

A Memorial to Poe

Hughes, Johnson and Wilson

Ousting the Professional Juror

Bourke Cockran, The Volunteer

Stupidity in Ireland by Sir Francis Vane

Why War Correspondent Curtin Was "Roasted"

How San Francisco Won a Citizen From San Diego

A Talk With Sam Hill, Bosom Friend of Albert of Belgium

Read The November Lantern

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVIII

San Francisco, November 18, 1916

No. 1265

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Hughes, Johnson and Wilson

You cannot indict a people says Edmund Burke. But we know that great masses of mankind are weighed one against another, as in the hands of Allah, or the editor of *The Chicago Tribune*. Thus it came to pass that California was pronounced the great boob State of the Union. All because California voted for Wilson, which was precisely what Ohio did, and Ohio is the State that makes Presidents. Now we confess that we were disappointed at the election of Mr. Wilson, but we are trying to solace ourselves with the reflection that perhaps the situation is the same as the one described by a notable English jurist a century ago: "All the sensible were on one side and all the damn fools were on the other, and, egad, sir, the damn fools were right." True, all sensible men know what sort of man Woodrow Wilson is. In support of the worst that may be said of him they think they find proof in the salient facts of his career. A score of times, they ask, has he not written himself down all that Josephus Daniels symbolizes? But what about Mr. Hughes? Is it true that the soreheads are reflecting that perhaps they should have taken Henry Watterson's tip? Let us not be dogmatic like Henry Ford and David Starr Jordan. Above all let us cease our criminations and recriminations. We see no reason to blame Governor Johnson. We believe *The Bulletin* has guessed pretty near the truth. *The Bulletin* says that if Hughes "had shown a little interest in Governor Johnson's accomplishments in California he might have won enough Johnson votes to elect him." Whatever may be thought of California it has a great idol and his name is Johnson. Whatever may be thought of his accomplishments, howsoever wise men may view them, the people are confident that he rings true, and meanwhile it is not advisable for politicians to treat him as though his prestige had petered out. The fact is that the people swear by him and their affections are not to be alienated. He is now their Senator; and let us hope he will continue to disappoint his enemies by proving himself deserving of the esteem of the people by whom he is idolized. Meanwhile a plague on the politicians who are pestering us with their private grievances. Theirs are stagnant and lustreless minds that cannot look beyond and see that the world

is passing on in its great unflinching manner. This is really a time to chant loud odes about its being all right with the world.

—*—

Hearst's Patent Medicine Ads.

Until the last day of the campaign that great public-spirited native son, the Hon. William Randolph Hearst, maintained an unbroken silence on the questions involved in the two prohibition amendments. He knew that for California, with the exception of single tax, they were the most important questions submitted to the people, but not an inch of space did he give for the discussion of them until the last day, and then he did little more than tell the people how he stood. Since the election he has warned us that the question of wet or dry is not settled, and doubtless he is well pleased that such is the case, for it means more money for him. He hopes to sell more space to both sides, for he is not an illiberal native son. He will pocket tainted money from Ohio just as cheerfully as he will reduce the profits of the vineyards of California. Yet he assures us that though opposed to strong drink he is not opposed to the temperate use of beverages containing alcohol in harmless proportions. He is for promoting temperance by measures that will absolutely restrict the sale of strong drink. There are many States in this country that have measures restricting the sale of strong drink; does Mr. Hearst know one in which strong drink is not consumed? Let us not be deceived by Mr. Hearst's cant and affectations. He knows that in every State where the sale of strong drink is prohibited there is more drunkenness from strong drink than in any stretch of wet territory. But why take this individual seriously in his protestations of concern for the good of society? Is it not enough for us to know that he is the inventor of the Hearst brand of newspaper? Fancy a man's advocating temperance while feeding the people on double-distilled hearst. If we are really in favor of reforming the State wouldn't it be well to start with our foremost native son? Before impairing the income of other folk, wouldn't it be well to put a crimp in the Hearst bank-roll? Here he is professing to be eager to prevent the sale of habit-forming drugs. But the manufacturers of habit-forming drugs who, by the way, are the chief backers of the prohibition cause, are Hearst's best customers. It would be well to prohibit advertisements of habit-forming drugs. The consumption of these drugs has become a very serious matter, but the patent medicine manufacturers are in a very powerful combination. Dr. Edward Huntington Williams, the well known university pathologist, in his work *Alcohol*,

Hygiene and Legislation points out that this combination which is promoting prohibition everywhere is so influential that it is able to insert "bugs" in Acts of Congress, and he calls attention to its handiwork in the "Harrison Narcotic Law." We do not know that Mr. Hearst's hostility to strong drink is inspired by the patent medicine combination, but we regard it as significant that he should refuse to take money from the few distilleries that advertise while not at all averse to the big money put in circulation by the firms that manufacture alcoholic medicinal preparations. There are 287 of these in the United States, which, says Dr. Williams, "under the guise of tonics, stomach bitters, rheumatic cures, nerve restoratives, kidney cures, cordials, dyspepsia cures and different extracts contain variously from thirty to ninety per cent of alcohol." According to Dr. Williams the average proprietary medicine that contains any medicinal value contains less than thirty per cent of alcohol; indeed, as a rule, only about ten per cent, but Hearst is in the business of boosting any old patent medicine that advertises and defrauds, without reference to the quantity of alcohol it contains, though alcohol is his pet abomination when it is sold in good liquor. Apparently the thing that appeals to him is the thing that is not on the level. But we are all implicated in the sins of this ineffable publisher, for now that we have the initiative and referendum what is there to prevent us from regulating his advertising columns? Why not purify them by excluding patent medicine ads?

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Critics and Playwrights

Our distinguished playwright, Richard Walton Tully, is felicitating himself on the unfavorable criticism his new play, *The Flame*, has received from the New York critics of the drama. Pointing out that the same critics saw no merit in other plays of his that made money for him, he says, speaking of the critics, "I much prefer their disapproval of *The Flame*; for it proves to me that I have a good piece of property." This sort of reasoning emanates rather from the heart than the head. When a playwright talks this way it is because he is peeved. It is not to be gainsaid of course that critics have been blind to the merits of a work of art, or that what they damn is not always damnable, but while it is a pleasure for an artist to triumph over his critics, as it were, he much prefers their approval to their censure. Indeed their judgment is often more gratifying to him than the judgment of the public, for he knows it is likely to be the better judgment. Of course the judgment of the public is what counts in the box-office, but often it happens that in

time the public come round to the views expressed by the critics. Long runs are not assured by the enthusiasm of a first-night audience. It will be remembered that the Hall Caine type of play petered out in time. Caine, like Tully, scorned the views of the critics. Especially he scorned the views of Bernard Shaw when that gentleman was writing criticisms for a London weekly; likewise Pinero, who was knighted on the strength of his popularity. Shaw in his indignation became a playwright to teach others how the thing should be done, and presently the fickle, careless public turned to Shaw and neglected the Caine-Pinero school. Shaw wrote plays that were readable as well as playable, and he was responsible for attracting other literary men, such men as Galsworthy, Bennett and Masfield, to the field that had been monopolized by hacks. And in time men like Max Beerbohm and William Archer, contributing serious criticism to London journals, improved the tone of the London theatre and educated the public far beyond the standard of the American drama as it is written today by playwrights who laugh at critics. Criticism in this country is a kind of haphazard work badly in need of sound principles, but it has been groping its way to the light, and at any rate it is able to teach some of our playwrights.

A Memorial to Poe

A new set of the works of Edgar Allan Poe was brought out in London not long ago. And now comes the news that the people of Richmond, Va., have started a movement to preserve from destruction a building wherein Poe published his magazine. That magazine was among the failures that embittered Poe's life. The Richmond movement reminds us that somewhere in the New Testament is a verse that might be appropriately quoted by way of comment. It is a verse in which the children of men are rebuked for paying tribute to a dead prophet neglected by their fathers, and told that they themselves were indifferent to the living. Through the ages this is the sin of the Philistine. In Richmond today are the sons of the Philistines by whom Poe was neglected. These sons are to honor Poe's memory by preserving a ramshackle building; incidentally they would enrich themselves, for the building is to be a show-place that will attract visitors to the town. There may be another Poe starving in Richmond, but the sons of men do not know nor do they care. In all probability if Edgar Allan Poe returned today to realize his great dream, a magazine of his own in which he might cultivate a love of literature, it would fail before the second issue. For after all it is easier to admire a show-place than to cultivate a feeling for literature. And it would be more profitable to preserve Poe's office than to support his magazine. Verily as a people we are far from realizing the dream of the great apostle of democracy, Thomas Jefferson—of the day when like a new Greece we shall be attracting to our

enlightened bosom great artists and scholars and inspiring students from all ends of the earth. True, our great country abounds in universities and Carnegie libraries, and we are building art palaces and paying high for the best music, but what are we doing in literature? Now literature is the first of the arts, the one from which we learn all about the others, but we have no school where literature flourishes, no academy to prescribe a standard.

The Fame of Poe

Speaking about Poe, we are reminded that not long ago the college professors of New England denied him a place in our Hall of Fame. The fact is that even now Poe is almost unknown to his countrymen. Yet he needs no memorial. His shrine in the Republic of Letters will suffice. There is none more conspicuous, none to which critics of the first rank have more zealously paid the tribute of devotion. Poe is the most famous of all our literary men. Nowhere but in this country has Fame neglected him. Why? We believe the answer has been supplied by a writer in the *London Saturday Review*. "The academician," says he, "is naturally afraid of the vagabond; the professor is afraid of originality even when it is more than half a century old." Showing even a keener insight, this British critic goes on to say—quoting Poe himself in reference to a brother poet—"he had the misfortune to be born too far South," and then this Englishman hits the nail squarely on the head thus: "The New England versemakers did not like intrusions into the snug, smug, little republic of letters where each was assiduous to keep the other warm." Further:

America, unhappily, established a literary tradition before she possessed a literature. The channels were dug, but when a mighty tattoo was struck upon the rock a very poor stream of water flowed. Poe was torrential. There was no keeping him in bounds. Only half American by blood, his mind was universal. If he belonged to any country it was to the heaven of the Koran where Israfil sings "so wildly well," and if anywhere he was stranger it was in the well-kept groves of Boston and Philadelphia. All this did not suit the North American reviewers. One could not laud him on the same page with Sprague, Willis, Channing, Bancroft, Prescott, and—Jenkins, and so he had to be slighted when he was not damned. If the country had no literature yet, it was going to have one, and it was not going to be anything like the beautiful, awful and altogether amazing thing that was being done by the young man who could not even make a neat business of his own life. All the Pilgrim Fathers would rise up in judgment against this very prodigal son who could never be got to repent publicly on paper of his debauches and whose celebrity might give the New World a bad name.

All of which is so strikingly true that one immediately concludes that the writer is no stranger to the United States. It is clear that he well knows the Puritan tradition and the "Kulchaw" of Boston, which is quite as provincial and potent as the "Kultur" of Berlin, and which persists to-

day in imprisoning not only literature but all the arts. The Pilgrim Fathers! What a tremendous influence they have had on this country! Indeed they are still wielding it, and it was they that barred Poe from the Hall of Fame. But little does it matter. His genius lives and it animates the literature of other lands. The symbolists of France and England are the disciples of Poe. "Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge," said Lowell, thinking thus to dispose of Poe's claims to immortality. Somewhat different was the tribute of a greater than Lowell. "Some men," says Baudelaire, "have genius written upon their forehead, and Edgar Poe was of their number." Swinburne gratefully acknowledged his debt to the greatest of American literary men. Gautier lauded his genius, and according to Charles Whibley, the London critic, "Not only was he a sombre light to the decadence; not only was he a guiding flame in the pathway of the mystics; he also revived the novel of adventure and lost treasure, he was an example to M. Huysmans who emulated his erudition and to Gaboriau who cheapened his mystery." Whibley declares that Poe has penetrated every country in Europe, and that he is as familiar in Spain as in Scandinavia. Yet today in Boston Poe is known principally as the author of a poem called *The Raven*, which, by the way, enabled M. Stephane Mallarmé to prove his sympathy with the author in a set of what have been pronounced "matchless translations" in rhythmical prose "so close to the original that he echoes not only the phrase but the cadence of the verse." While Poe is still neglected in his own country critics abroad are disputing as to what really was his best work. This in itself is a tribute to his genius, showing as it does the diversity of his appeal to critical minds. According to a *London Times* critic, who has given a whole page to a discussion of the poet's genius, *The Raven* is not a good poem at all, and Poe's best is *The Sleeper*, which is comparatively unknown. Some critics extol him chiefly for his stories of the supernatural on account of their weird effects; others think his genius is best evidenced by the stories of mystery that Conan Doyle has tried to imitate, stories by which Poe proved that the complex is seldom profound and also demonstrated his own mastery of analysis. The fact is he touched no kind of story without making it a type for all time. Nor is Poe admired only for his fiction and his verse. His greatest achievement in the opinion of some folk was a piece of prose, "the most wonderful piece in the English language" it has been pronounced, wonderful both for matter and manner. *The Power of Words* it is called. Yet Poe wrote some feeble English in his time, for he was writing for a living, writing under pressure when he needed the money. Now isn't it an unpleasant commentary on this country that a man like Poe should be well nigh forgotten without even having been discovered?

Varied Types

307—SAM HILL

By Edward F. O'Day

Sam Hill makes various claims upon the attention of the general public. In his home State of Washington Sam Hill is known as a lawyer, a banker, the president of railway, steamship and public service corporations. Up and down and across the continent he is known as a pioneer of the Good Roads movement. In a circle of San Francisco friends with whom he maintains a visiting intimacy Sam Hill is known as a delightful companion and an interesting raconteur. But his principal distinction just now is this: Sam Hill is the personal friend of King Albert of Belgium.

Sam Hill is a man at whom you look twice as you pass him on the street. You wonder who the distinguished-looking stranger is. Fifty-nine years of age, Sam Hill is tall, straight and vigorous. He has a handsome face crowned with thick silver hair. In all the essentials of feeling and action Sam Hill is a young man. A Harvard graduate, he began the serious business of life as a lawyer in the Northwest. Success at the bar brought him to the attention of the great empire builder James J. Hill. He became general counsel for Hill's railways, and at one time or another has been president of so many of them that it must be a strain upon his memory to repeat all the names. Sam Hill was not related to James J. Hill by blood, but he was destined to become a relation by marriage. In 1888 he married Hill's daughter. At the present time, in addition to banking, railway and steamship interests, Sam Hill is president of the Seattle gas company and of the Portland telephone company. His alma mater has honored him by making him an Overseer. And in recognition of his pioneering activities on behalf of good roads he is the honorary life president of the Washington Good Roads Association, and president of the Pacific Highway Association and of the American Road Builders Association. But all these things are of minor public importance just now. The fact that Sam Hill knows Albert of Belgium, knows him well, constitutes Sam Hill's claim upon our attention in this epoch of a world at war.

Sam Hill owes it to his father-in-law James J. Hill that he became intimate with the heroic King of the Belgians.

"J. J. Hill always maintained," says Sam Hill, "that if King Alfonso had visited this country and given our people an opportunity to get acquainted with him, we'd never have had war with Spain. He thought that was a grave mistake. One day in the late nineties he repeated a remark made by Queen Victoria to the effect that the brainiest and best young man among the royalties of Europe was the heir apparent to the throne of Belgium.

"That young fellow Albert," said J. J. Hill, 'is a good man to get acquainted with. Let's invite him to be our guest in America.'

"So the invitation was extended, and the Crown Prince Albert accepted it. When he arrived J. J. Hill was in Europe, and I was delegated to receive and entertain him. I found him a charming young man who spoke English perfectly and took a lively interest in everything that was shown him. As you doubtless know, Albert was the son of the Count of Flanders, the brother of the late King Leopold. When Leopold's son died, the Count of Flanders became heir apparent. And when the Count of Flanders

died, his son Albert found himself next in succession to the throne. You see, he had not been brought up with any idea of probable kingship; he was three removes from the succession. That accounts for his being such a human sort of man.

"When I met him in the Northwest I found him delighted with the opportunity to be informal and unceremonious.

"I didn't like Washington," he told me, referring to the national capital. "They stood me in a line and shook hands with me."

"I took him on a special train for a tour of the Hill system, and he thoroughly enjoyed it. One day in Montana the train was running along the bank of a deep stream.

"There ought to be trout in that stream," remarked Prince Albert.

"There is," I replied. "Would you like to fish?"

"The prince was eager to fish, so I pulled the bell rope, stopped the train, telegraphed to have the road blocked, and provided the prince with a fishing rod. He had some excellent trout fishing. I never dared tell J. J. Hill that we had tied up the road so that Prince Albert might fish; he would have been furious.

"Another day he expressed a desire to act as engineer. 'It's a splendid engine,' he said, 'and I should like to run it.' I told him that the engineer was a king in his own cab, but that I'd ask him. The engineer was willing, so the prince and I climbed into the cab, and the prince took charge of the throttle. He let 'er out to the last knot, and ran that train seventy miles an hour. Suddenly the engineer reached forward and grabbed the throttle. He had been 'stabbed,' as we say; that is, warned by a semaphore to stop. We got out, and I was handed a telegram from J. J. Hill. It read something like this: 'You are running very fast—seventy miles an hour. There is a piece of soft track about forty miles ahead, so be careful.' I showed the wire to the prince.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed. "Does that man see everything we do? Where is he? Is he watching me now?"

"I told him that 'the old man' was in St. Paul—we were in Montana—but that he kept an eye on everything that was happening all over the system. And he did, in those earlier days.

"The first time I met Prince Albert in Belgium after that trip he said to me: 'Mr. Hill, I cannot give you a special train such as you gave me in America, or a private car, or even a railroad ticket. I myself must pay my own fare.'

"Did you come with the prince to San Francisco?" I asked.

"Yes," answered Sam Hill. "We arrived in San Francisco on July 15, 1898. The prince came incognito, and remained here for three days."

"What did he see?" I asked.

"Everything that was worth seeing," Sam Hill replied with a smile.

"Was Colonel Kowalsky much in his company?" I asked, having in mind the story that the late Colonel Kowalsky met Prince Albert at the Baldwin Hotel, helped to entertain him, and years later was able by virtue of the friendship thus established, to meet King Leopold

and obtain the appointment as the King's spokesman on Congo affairs in Washington.

"No," answered Sam Hill. "Colonel Kowalsky was not with the prince at all. It was by other means that he made the acquaintance of King Leopold."

In May of this year Sam Hill suddenly made up his mind to pay King Albert a visit. He has valuable European connections which make it possible for him to cut red tape as he travels, so his journey from New York to Liverpool, from Liverpool to London, from London to Havre, from Havre to Paris and from Paris to the war capital of the King of the Belgians was swift and uninterrupted. The King of the Belgians reigns over a little strip of free Belgium ten miles long and thirty miles wide—all that remains unconquered by Germany. His headquarters is La Panne, once a gay seaside resort. To La Panne Sam Hill was speeded at the rate of seventy miles an hour—a reminiscence of that train ride in '98?—in the King's motor car. The King greeted him warmly, and for three hours he sat with Albert and his Queen, exchanging memories of the happy days when Albert was a youth of twenty-three skylarking through northwestern America.

"His majesty can recall the name of nearly every man he met on that trip," says Sam Hill. "I told him that I never met a man with such a memory. The Queen remarked that somebody else had a good memory too, and I bowed. The Queen wore a severe tailor-made suit of dark material, with no jewelry. She looked very sad. On the following day when I took leave of her she wore the same dress."

At the direction of the King, a Belgian general took Sam Hill to the firing line, an experience which he is honest enough to admit that he did not enjoy. Returning to England Sam Hill's more or less nervous interest in the waters of the English Channel excited the amusement of two British officers in whose company he traveled. Whenever he left the saloon to look for a submarine they laughed. They professed themselves quite indifferent to danger, but when Sam Hill suddenly let out the unearthly war cry of the Sioux Indians they "almost went through the ceiling," to use Sam Hill's own words. Sam Hill knows all the Indian war cries; he is a chief of the Nez-Perces.

Sam Hill is in a position to make his friends acquainted with the King and Queen of the Belgians. When that beloved San Franciscan the Rev. F. W. Clappett was enabled to go abroad some time ago through the kindness of Mrs. A. B. Spreckels, he carried a letter from Sam Hill which won him an audience with the Queen.

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Stupidity in Ireland

By Sir Francis Vane

Ireland is never taken seriously in peace, and never leniently in rebellion. Just before the outbreak, when some of the higher officials had obtained a glimmering of what was about to happen and one of the highest of these issued an order that special constables should be enrolled, he advised that eight of them should be stationed at the general post office, and "that they should be provided with whistles and could provide themselves with sticks." Could anything be more of comedy than this suggested method of putting down a rebellion in which, during half-an-hour of pitched battle, I lost six men killed and many wounded? The fatal truth is that the Englishman in respect to Ireland adopts the same mental attitude of superiority as he does with foreigners on the continent, which makes him personally the most disliked of all visitors. It is possible that much of our literature and all our drama has contributed to this: it is likely that a people who were taught to speak of two of our present allies as "one dirty Frenchman, two Portuguese, one jolly Englishman will beat them all three," has become too paralyzed by conceit and self-righteousness to be able to judge men fairly. This, however, is true: that until and unless the English become educated out of this form of insularity the fewer of them we have in official positions in Ireland the better it will be for the empire.

Yet what I hinted at in a former article is true in fact, namely, that the most vicious enemies of Ireland live in that country. There is no other country in the world of which it can be said that a large proportion of the gentry are opposed to the ideals, thoughts, political outlook and religion of the people. Though it is true that the influence for evil of this class since the land act is greatly curtailed, yet it is curious how malign an influence they have over the minds of Englishmen, both in Ireland and England.

To give an example of the bitterness of these renegade Irishmen, it is as well to remind the reader that an Irish peer some six months at least after this great war had commenced, stated that the Irish national volunteers would run away at the first sound of a German gun. This at a time when, among other officers, the writer was engaged in getting recruits for the army from these very volunteers—and did so to such effect that a large proportion of those gallant countrymen who the other day took Ginchy and Guillemont are drawn from this corps. The comic part of this speech was that the "noble lord" who in the House of Lords uttered this libel against his own race had himself never been under fire. It is, however, an appalling thing to think that a man should have been allowed to make so egregious a statement in a public assembly about a race noted for its physical courage without either being shouted down or called to account for it.

This ebullition of spite may be written down as ridiculous enough. Yet it is the fact that men of the above type are constantly making unpatriotic allusions to their countrymen, which cause in the first place exasperation among the people, and secondly have a most malign effect on the minds of Englishmen. The picture of Irish life, Irish character even, which is imprinted on the minds of Englishmen, and especially of their officials, is exactly what has been told them by the class of denationalized Irishmen referred to.

It was not long ago, in a Dublin club, that

the writer met one of these renegades. Pretending to know little of Irish politics, I asked him in bland tones, "I suppose, then, that you are a Nationalist?" "Nationalist be damned," he replied, getting very red, "certainly not." "Oh, then, I see, as you are not a Nationalist, I suppose you are what they call a pro-German?" Then explosion!

It is pathetic almost to tears to find, in a country so rich and among a people so generous, not only an alien and aggressive gentry, but one backed up by a foreign religion which pleasantly styles itself the "National Church of Ireland." It would be equally absurd, though more historically justifiable, if the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Great Britain adopted the name and style of the "Church of England." The effect of this presumption is found everywhere. Only a month or two ago the most influential bishop of the Protestants in Ireland wrote to the papers in favor of the maintenance of martial law in that country. The words he used to advocate his view were these: "All loyalists in Ireland are grateful for having martial law here, and hope it will be retained indefinitely."

Now please note the use of the word loyalist. It was perfectly well known at the time that every Irish Nationalist in the country, from Mr. John Redmond and Mr. William O'Brien to the humblest worker on the soil, fiercely resented the imposition of this form of control because the rising in no way justified such measures. Not more than 1500 men out of half-a-million rose in rebellion in Dublin. Moreover, all those who desire to see better relations existing between Ireland and England deprecate the measure because it is rapidly converting the Constitutional Nationalists into revolutionary Sinn Feiners, and because its continuance is obviously incompatible with the promises made by the Premier.

Yet, in the quiet security of his study, this prelate writes to the world practically asserting that all those who do not love martial law, in fact, the whole bulk of the Irish Nationalists, are not loyal. The use of the words "loyal" and "rebel" should be made a penal offense in Irish law!

Some time ago, I was walking down the main street of a country town in the company of the wife of a Protestant rector. Probably in that town five per cent of the population are of that religion. She was asked to point out the Catholic churches en route to the service in the little Protestant church. Her reply, here in Ireland, living among her Catholic fellow countrymen, was this: "Oh, you know, we do not call those churches, they are chapels." What are you to do with people like this, who seem to wish to aggravate every difference, to irritate every wound? To a certain influential Protestant who had been trying to persuade me that the rebellion was a proof of the ineradicable wickedness of his own people, I said that "since I had been in Ireland this time it was true that I had met many criminal lunatics, but as a Protestant I regretted to say that nearly all of them were of my religion."

This all appears very small, very mean, very insignificant. Yet cumulatively those arrogancies on the part of an alien gentry and an alien church cause irritation in a highly sensitive people. They are largely the effect, inexplicable to one like myself, an Irishman from outside, of the dissensions of bygone times. For example, just before the rising, I was engaged in

organizing a recruiting meeting of somewhat a novel kind. It was proposed to have a rally of all the associations of the young at the Mansion House, the Boy Scouts, Boys' Brigades and the rest, and they were to give a display of their talents in drill, life saving, signalling and fire brigade work. Catholics and Protestants were to be represented. I was to have given an address to them and to their parents on "Duty," including the defence of the home and public service in protecting and assisting their neighbors. A provisional programme was drawn up and submitted to the various committees.

Shortly after this a very solemn gentleman, the representative of one of these bodies, came to me and stated that his committee had noticed that no reference was made to the singing of "God Save the King." Without this ceremonial it would be impossible for his boys to be represented. He was assured that this would be duly included in the series of events. The next day the chairman of another committee arrived who equally solemnly stated that he noticed that "God Save the King" was to be sung, and as this gave a political complexion to the meeting he thought that it would give offense. He further went on to explain that his people had no objection to singing this anthem, but as a political party had used this song as a sign of anti-Nationalism, it would be unwise to include it.

It is to be regretted, but I laughed. Frankly he was told that while I had never been accustomed to consider that the anthem must be included in the programme of a display of physical prowess among children, yet if they liked it or did not like it, let them sing as well "The Wearing of the Green," "The Boys of Wexford," and even, if they wished, "Who Fears to Speak of '98?"

It came back to me that a few days after we entered Pretoria in 1900 a regimental band of a British regiment had been happily inspired to play the Transvaal national anthem in the square of that town, and with the most pleasing effect on its inhabitants. In this simple example you find the root of the whole trouble in Ireland. On the one side you have a minority, constantly rubbing it in that theirs is the only genuine brand of loyalty; that loyalty to England is more praiseworthy than loyalty to Ireland; and on the other the vast majority of the nation resenting the mental attitude, profoundly convinced that this virtue must, like charity, begin at home, and irritated by the constant taunts and jibes of a party or a class who appear to consider that life is better ordered and more worth living in Hampstead or Hoxton than in their own fair land.

Why, then, in the name of common sense, do they not go to these places and there sing the national anthem to their heart's content, if they cannot stay among their fellow countrymen and share with them their ideals, aspirations and traditions?

FOR MEN

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Why Curtin was "Roasted"

The Terrible Betrayer Tells a Few Unpleasant Things About the Reverend Hale

By ROBERT McTAVISH

Perhaps you will remember that on Friday of last week Mr. Hearst gave us an editorial on a certain "Disgrace to American Journalism" without making the slightest allusion to the owner of the International News Service or the publisher of the papers that have been barred from Canada. In that editorial Mr. Hearst presumed to speak "for every self-respecting American newspaper writer." The editorial was a diatribe against D. Thomas Curtin, who was described as "an American who used his nationality and the cloak of his honorable profession of war correspondent to seek to betray Germany to its enemies." From this editorial I infer that Mr. Hearst was frothing at the mouth when it was written. This is the reason why. Just before it was written the London Times reached New York and The Times contained an article from the pen of D. Thomas Curtin giving a specimen of Germany's betrayal and telling a few things about the Rev. William Bayard Hale, special correspondent for Hearst in Berlin. We all know a little about Hale because we have been reading his outpourings in The Examiner, and some of us have marvelled that the minds that have directed the war for Germany with astonishing shrewdness should be at once so brilliant in military strategy and so dull in the field of journalism. Fancy a Hindenburg and a Hale serving the same General Staff! The thing is incredible. But let us consult with Curtin, who surely is no neutral; not any more so than Hale. He says:

"Towards the end of 1915 the American newspaper correspondents in Berlin were summoned to the Kriegs-Presse-Bureau (War Press Bureau) of the Great General Staff. The official in charge, Major Nicolai, notified them that the German Government desired their signature to an agreement respecting their future activities in the war. It had been decided, Major Nicolai stated, to allow the American journalists to visit the German fronts at more or less regular intervals, but before this was done it would be necessary for them to enter into certain pledges. These were, mainly:

1. To remain in Germany for the duration of the war, unless given special permission to leave by the German authorities.
2. To guarantee that dispatches would be published in the United States precisely as sent from Germany, that is to say, as edited and passed by the military censorship.
3. To supply their own headlines for their dispatches, and to guarantee that these, and none others, would be printed.

"After laboring in vain to instruct Major Nicolai that with the best of intentions on the part of the correspondents it was beyond their power to say in exactly what form the Omaha Bee or the New Orleans Picayune would publish their 'copy,' the correspondents affixed their signatures to the weird document laid before them. It was signed, without exception, by all the important correspondents permanently stationed in Berlin. Two or three who did not desire to hand over the control of their personal movements to the German Government for an unlimited number of years did not 'take the pledge,' with the result that they were not invited to join the personally conducted junkets to the fronts which were subsequently organized."

Some time after this little deal was made, says

Curtin, the American Ambassador, Mr. Gerard, told the correspondents that they would do well to obtain their freedom from the German censorship before invoking the Embassy's good offices to break down the alleged interference with their dispatches by the British censorship. "When the Germans learned of the rebuff which Mr. Gerard had administered to his journalistic compatriots," says Curtin, "the Berlin press launched one of those violent attacks against the Ambassador to which he has constantly been subject in Germany during the war."

According to Curtin the bright particular star of journalism in Berlin is our old friend Karl von Wiegand who used to work on The Examiner of this city and on The Examiner of Los Angeles. He now represents the New York World. Says Curtin:

"The New York World is not pro-German, but von Wiegand is of direct and noble German origin. Apart from his admitted talents as a newspaper man, von Wiegand's Prussian "von" is of no inconsiderable value to any newspaper which employs him. Von Wiegand, I believe, claims to be a native of California. Persons unfriendly to him assert that he is really a native of Prussia, who went to the United States when a child. Wherever he was born, von Wiegand is now typically American. He speaks German imperfectly, and with an unmistakable Transatlantic accent. He is a bookseller by origin, and his little shop in San Francisco was wiped out by the earthquake. About 45 years of age, von Wiegand is a man of medium build, conspicuously near-sighted, wears inordinately thick 'Teddy Roosevelt eyeglasses,' and is in his whole bearing a 'real' Westerner of unusually affable personality. Von Wiegand claims, when taunted with being a press agent of the German Government, that he is nothing but an enterprising correspondent of the New York World. I did not find this opinion of himself fully shared in Germany. There are many people who will tell you that if von Wiegand is not an attaché of the German Press Bureau, his 'enterprise' almost always takes the form of very effective press agent work for the Kaiser's cause. He certainly comes and goes at all official headquarters in Germany on terms of welcome and intimacy not approached by the status of any other American correspondent, and is a close friend of Count Reventlow.

"Von Wiegand's liaison with the powers-that-be in Berlin has long been a standing joke among his American colleagues. Shortly after the fall of Warsaw in August, 1915, when the stage in Poland was set for exhibition to the neutral world, von Wiegand was roused from his slumbers in his suite at the Adlon by a midnight telephone message, apprising him that if he would be at Friedrichstrasse Station at 4:30 the next morning, with packed bags, he would be the only correspondent to be taken on a staff trip to Warsaw. Wiegand was there at the appointed hour, but was astonished to discover that he had been hoaxed. The perpetrators of the 'rag' were some of his U. S. confreres."

Now we come to the Rev. William Bayard Hale who used to be on President Wilson's staff, but who turned against the President when he refused to put an embargo on American munitions. Here is Curtin's story of how Hale came to get his job on Hearst's staff:

"Von Wiegand for nearly two years has been the recipient of such marked and exclusive favors in Berlin that Mr. Hearst's New York American (the chief rival of the New York World, and the head of the International News Service which has just been suppressed in this country) decided to send to Germany a special correspondent who would also have a place in the sun. The gentleman appointed to crowd Mr. von Wiegand out of the limelight was a former clergyman named Dr. William Bayard Hale, a gifted writer and speaker, who interviewed the Crown Prince the other day, and who obtained some international notoriety seven or eight years ago by interviewing the Kaiser. That earlier interview was so full of blazing political indiscretions that the German Government suppressed it at great cost by buying up the entire issue of the New York magazine in which the explosion was about to take place. Enough of the contents of the interview subsequently leaked out to indicate that its main feature was the German Emperor's insane animosity to Great Britain and Japan and his determination to go to war with them.

"Dr. Hale, who arrived in Berlin about four months ago, also enjoyed the prestige of having once been an intimate of President Wilson. He had written the latter's biography, and later represented him in Mexico as a special emissary. Shortly before the war Dr. Hale married a New York German woman, who is, I believe, a sister or near relative of Herr Muschenheim, the owner of the Hotel Astor, which in 1914 and 1915 was inhabited by the German propaganda bureau, or one of the many bureaux maintained in New York City. From the date of his German matrimonial alliance Dr. Hale became an ardent protagonist of Kultur. One of his last activities before going to Germany was to edit a huge 'yellow book' which summarized 'England's violations of international law' and the acrimonious correspondence on contraband and shipping controversies between the British and American Governments. This publication was financed by the German publicity organization and widely circulated in the United States and all neutral countries.

"Dr. Hale, a tall, dark, keen-looking, smooth-shaven and smooth-spoken American, received in Berlin on his arrival a welcome customarily extended only to a new-coming foreign Ambassador. He came, of course, provided with the warmest credentials Count Bernstorff could supply. Long before Hale had a chance to present himself at the Foreign Office, the Foreign Office presented itself to him, an emissary from the Imperial Chancellor having, according to the story current in Berlin, left his compliments at Dr. Hale's hotel. Hale had not been in Berlin many days before an interview with Bethmann-Hollweg was handed to him on a silver plate. Forthwith the New York American began to be deluged with the journalistic sweetmeats—Ministerial interviews, Departmental statements and exclusive news tit-bits—with which Karl Heinrich von Wiegand had so long and alone been distinguishing himself.

"I have told in detail these facts about von Wiegand and Hale because between them the two men are able to deluge the American public with a torrent of German-made news and views, of whose volume and influence British readers have little conception."

Perspective Impressions

Has anybody heard from Fairbanks?

The census takers of Honduras report that many inhabitants are disinclined to have their names recorded. That isn't hard to explain.

The United States exported \$57 worth of butter to Siam last year; just about enough to choke a Siamese dog.

One result of the war, says an English author visiting this country, is that more Britishers read Chesterton while very few read Shaw. And yet some wiseacres hold that war is unmixed evil.

The prize for the most perfect baby at a New York bazaar was awarded to the little daughter of a circus couple. The father is a human skeleton and the mother a bearded lady. Starr Jordan or some other eugenist, please write.

The Pittsburg stogie is coming down in size and going up in price. In other words: another rise in vegetables.

The only way some damphools can attract public attention is by losing freak election bets.

We are fairly law-abiding, but we'd sort of welcome a Klu Klux Klan to attend to the Anti-Saloon carpetbaggers infesting California.

These political post-mortems make us exceedingly tired.

The Germans seemed to have carried Dobrudja, but the Rumanians demanded a recount.

It's a long way to Bapaume; likewise to Peronne, Halicz and Lemberg.

Canada, like Great Britain, has barred Hearst's International News Service on the general grounds that I. N. S. stands for Insidious, Non-neutral and Subsidized.

What has become of the newspaper strategist who used to sum up the war as a "stale-mate?"

The omnipresent ukulele may be described as the musical flivver.

We have seen no explanation of Wilson's inability to carry his home State.

How easy it is to expound the psychology of the election! One great psychologist tells us it went the way it did because the vast majority of the people are Progressives. In other words, all the boobs are not in California.

Nothing is more amazing in our time than the durability of the unendurable. Consider that members of the Ford expedition to the trenches are still making enough money off the people to pay hall rent.

Maybe the outlook is all right. Anyway they say Redfield is to be immolated on Shadow Lawn.

Once more the Railway brotherhoods are threatening. But the President has plenty of pens.

We don't pretend to know at what moment the war was started, but we have an idea that it was when Roosevelt wished Willcox on Hughes that the G. O. P. funeral began.

The Spectator

Bourke Cockran, Volunteer

So Bourke Cockran is coming to San Francisco to defend Thomas Mooney, the dynamiter! And he is said to have volunteered! This is incredible. One has to have more information than has thus far been vouchsafed to believe that the distinguished New York politician is coming across the continent out of the goodness of his heart to defend a man of the stamp of Tom Mooney, the professional labor agitator and notorious dynamiter. Young lawyers volunteer to defend men charged with crime, and so do lawyers who have a reputation to make, but veterans of the bar with a bank account prefer their ease to a fight to save a man's neck. They volunteer for friendship's sake, but not for glory. Now it is not said of Cockran that he and Mooney were boyhood companions. Cockran is said to be a friend of a friend of Mooney, who has many friends. Some of them are higher-ups among the radicals of organized labor, and it is not improbable that they are ready to contribute to a fund for the defense of the dynamiter. It appears to be very important for some folk that the dynamiters should be set free.

We Know Him Here

The sad-eyed orator with the clashing hands is no stranger in this dropping-off place. Bourke Cockran has appeared in the midst of us a number of times, usually full of oratory designed to prove this or that side of some public question. Quite a persuasive spellbinder is Bourke, provided you are in a receptive mood. At one time or another he has heard the applause of all sorts of men, for he has been on both sides of many questions of state and of politics. Bourke reminds one somewhat of the Vicar of Bray who had a comfortable adaptability to varying conditions; also somewhat of Cranmer of whom it was written that first he recanted, and then he recanted his recantation.

Bourke has been spiritedly for and violently against Tammany; he has been enthusiastically for and billingsgatingly against Hearst. Bourke, indeed, is known as an in-and-outer; he's a now-you-see-him-and-now-you-don't political statesman. His career has been of chameleon variegation, of kaleidoscopic metamorphosis; he has worn, with a jaunty air, the political turn-coat of many colors. And now Bourke Cockran comes to defend Tom Mooney, charged with complicity in the bomb outrage that made the preparedness parade a funeral procession. San Francisco conferred Delphin Delmas on New York; now New York reciprocates by conferring Bourke Cockran on San Francisco. Delmas gave New York a Latin phrase, nothing more. What will be Cockran's equivalent for "dementia Americana?"

Is Bourke a Trial Lawyer?

I ask the question because I want to know. The Bulletin which announced Bourke's coming with a flourish of trumpets and a clashing of cymbals (because The Bulletin has a very tender feeling for Tom Mooney and the rest of our radicals), declared that Cockran was a "leader of the New York bar." It may be so, but is he a trial lawyer? What is his experience in criminal law? The Bulletin says that an "appeal by a New York society woman, Mrs. Sargent Cram, and a reading of the transcript of testimony in the trial of Warren K. Billings was all that was needed to call Cockran to leave his enormous business interests and come west as a volunteer." With three cheers for Mrs. Cram and the transcript, and with all proper reverence for Bourke's "enormous business interests," I still have to ask, Does Bourke Cockran flourish in the criminal courts? I recall that it was announced with a great deal of ceremony and excitement that Cockran was to defend Lieutenant Becker in his second trial. That was the first time I heard of Bourke being con-

nected with a criminal case. However, when the trial began, I noticed that not Bourke Cockran but his partner Martin Manton was the trial lawyer. Becker was convicted, and it was agreed by lawyers that in the second trial he hadn't had the "run for his money" that he got when John F. McIntyre defended him. Cockran's contribution to the Becker case was an argument for a new trial before the Court of Appeals—

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JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

an unsuccessful argument. So Cockran's ability as a trial lawyer is still to be tested. It is not known, like his oratorical ability. Here is a period from one of Bourke's local orations; it is solemnly vouched for by one of his admirers: "Dice may impoverish, wine may debauch, women may seduce; but religion alone can civilize."

The Professional Juror

My hat is off to Tom O'Connor for declaring war on the professional juror. The professional juror is a nefarious institution. He has infested our criminal courts for many years, simply because the bench finds him a convenience and the bar has hesitated to antagonize judges by objecting to him. It took courage to commence an action of ouster against the professional juror; but when Tom O'Connor set the ball a-rolling, the movement proved so acceptable to press and public that others promptly joined in. It looks as though the professional juror is doomed.

For Two Dollars a Day

The professional juror is a hardy perennial. I have no doubt that the member of the tribe who elicited one of the late Judge Treadwell's best mots is still serving on some panel or other. Treadwell was examining this applicant for jury



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duty on the subject of reasonable doubt. He finished his examination with this withering question: "Do you know the difference between a reasonable doubt and two dollars a day?" The "two-dollars-a-day boys," as they are contemptuously called, bulked large on the Conboy juries. It is recalled that when Captain Conboy was tried the first time the jury came into court and asked Judge Dunne for further instructions. Judge Dunne told the jury: "There is nothing in this case that jurors should disagree about. Now go and do your duty." The jury immediately brought in a verdict of guilty, but it was reversed by the Appellate Court. All the professional jurors who were on the Conboy panel are still on the job. Attorney Sid Robertson tells of a professional juror who is more than ordinarily energetic. Robertson was getting a jury in the Federal court one morning, and excused a professional juror. That afternoon he went into Judge Dunne's court and found the same juror sitting there!

They Are "Retired"

When the professional juror is examined for duty he always describes himself as "retired," sometimes adding that he does a little real estate business. This means that he is appointed by some friendly judge on an occasional appraisal. Which reminds me of a quip of Porter Ashe's. Porter was toastmaster at a Democratic banquet given in the Poodledog before the fire. Among those down for speeches was Mayor Snyder of Los Angeles.

"The next speaker," announced Porter Ashe, "is a Mr. Snyder, but the gentleman is a stranger to me and I shall ask him to identify himself."

"I am the Mayor of Los Angeles," said Snyder.

"But surely," returned the toastmaster, "you have some legitimate occupation?"

"I am engaged in the real estate business," said Mayor Snyder.

"Ah," said Porter, "and you do a little jury duty on the side?"

Dunne Is the Offender

The agitation against the professional juror is really an agitation to purge the jury panel in Judge Dunne's court. The condition found there is not duplicated in either of the other courts where criminal cases are tried, Judge Cabaniss's and Judge Griffin's. To put the matter conservatively, Judge Dunne is not a glutton for hard work. It is surmised that to him the professional juror is a great convenience. If he had a panel of fifty business men who had to report day after day only to hear their names called, receive their two dollars and be dismissed, Judge Dunne's inclination for taking things easy would soon be noised all over town. If Judge Dunne had a new panel every six months or so, as the other courts have, in the course of a couple of years there would be

a great many tongues wagging about his fondness for leisure. But the professional jurors do not care whether cases are tried or not, provided they have their names called and are paid their two dollars. The law provided that no man shall be eligible to sit on a jury panel who has been discharged from jury duty within a year. Judge Dunne is not a stickler for the law. He keeps intact his jury panel. In his court the jury panel, like Tennyson's brook, goes on forever. "There is no discharge in the war," says Kipling, and there is no discharge in Judge Dunne's court. Let us give Judge Dunne the credit he deserves. He is not what is called "a convicting judge," and he is generous in extending probation, especially to friendless offenders. But he doesn't like to work hard, and the professional jurors fit in admirably with his disinclination.

How We Gained a Citizen

The people of San Francisco saved the State from the Ohio fanaticism that is spreading over the country. As was to be expected the county of Los Angeles went dry; and much to the astonishment of the wets San Diego went dry, too. The brewers of Los Angeles thought it a good joke on San Diego that it should have been carried by the anti-California propaganda from Westerville; for the people of San Diego have been pleased to regard themselves not only essentially Californian but proof against the Middle-West taint that marks the caste of the chemically pure and morally unspeakable. So the brewers of Los Angeles wired the lone brewer of San Diego a sarcastic letter of congratulation on the result of his fight against prohibition. The San Diego brewer ignored the sarcasm but took occasion to prove himself a thoroughbred. He wired the brewers of Los Angeles that he would be very glad to join with them in an open letter to the red-blooded men and women of San Francisco thanking them for protecting the brewery interests from confiscation, and offering to pay for the insertion of a letter in the newspapers of this city. Of course this proposition was not accepted. The brewers of Los Angeles would not dare to thank the people of San Francisco for their honesty, thus calling attention to the dishonesty of the righteous people of the Middle-Western metropolis of the orange belt. Receiving no reply to his telegram the San Diego brewer sent another telegram in which he said that he had decided to establish a legal residence in San Francisco so that hereafter when voting on any issue he should know that he was voting with gentlemen.

Enter Ganelon

Our current post-election controversy found a new point of argumentative departure when the Los Angeles Times compared Senator-elect Hiram Johnson to Judas and Arnold. Rightly inferring that the reference was not to Judas



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...are "old stuff." He holds that the statute...

...hand to reply he searched the tablets of his brain for an unacknowledged insult, and of course he found it. Triumphant he wrote that Harrison Grey Otis would go down in history with Ganelon. Ganelon? Ganelon? Where have we heard that name before? Certainly not in politics. All the old-timers agreed at once that Ganelon never ran for office in California. But who was he? The public was stirred to curiosity by Ganelon. No such puzzle was handed out to him pollit since Colonel Roosevelt resurrected Ganelon and put him on his five-foot shelf. It was plain enough that Rowell meant to slam Otis when he compared him to Ganelon; but where did he get Ganelon? That was the question.

Was Ganelon Was

Politicians are such matter-of-fact fellows that I'm afraid the identification of Ganelon won't interest them. But here goes. In the Middle Ages Ganelon's name was a synonym for deep-dyed treacherous villainy. Dante put Ganelon in Hell, and nobody complained. Ganelon was one of the twelve peers of Charlemagne. Ganelon is the villain of the Chanson de Roland, a work which is totally unknown to every politician in the State except Chester Rowell. Ganelon had a grudge against those two great knights Roland and Oliver. Being a villain he sought to ruin them. In seven years of fighting Charlemagne had conquered all of Spain except Saragossa, seat of the Saracen king Marsile. While Charlemagne was besieging Cordova, envoys came to him from Marsile. They sought to have him evacuate Spain on the strength of false offers of submission. Charlemagne called Roland, Oliver, Turpin, Ogier, Ganelon and the rest of his twelve peers into council. Ganelon was a peace-at-any-price man and won the day. Sent on embassy to Marsile he agreed with that heathen to betray the army of Charlemagne for ten mule-loads of gold, the compensation indicating that Ganelon was no piker. When the evacuation of Spain began Ganelon induced Charlemagne to put Roland in charge of the rear guard. With Roland were Oliver and the flower of the Frankish army. In the pass of Roncevaux, the Pyrenean gateway from Spain into France, the Saracens four hundred thousand strong fell upon Roland's army. Roland with his great sword Hauteclere and Oliver with his flashing blade Durendal did great execution among the paynim, so did all the rest of the Frankish army except Ganelon. Oliver begged Roland to wind his famous horn and summon Charlemagne with the vanguard of the army to his assistance, but Roland was too proud to ask for help. Finally when all the Frankish army except sixty knights were dead he consented to blow his horn. It was a mighty blast that shook the earth and it summoned Charlemagne and the rest of his mighty battle cry of "Hercule, joie." But he came too late. All the knights were dead and he was captured by Charlemagne. Charlemagne destroyed the army of the Saracens and Ganelon was

...men. This was a good while ago. To be exact, it was in A. D. 778. So it will be seen that Rowell had to dig pretty deep into the past to get a villain wicked enough to be compared with Harrison Grey Otis.

Our Great Sanatorium

"This is what we get for having a climate," said the Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock. He was talking it over the day after the election with Senator Gus Hartman. They were standing in front of a bulletin board and had just read that the county of Los Angeles had gone

"What's the climate got to do with it?" Senator Hartmann asked in a querulous tone.

"Everything," said the clockwinder. "Climate is what populated Los Angeles."

Another bulletin was put out reporting the total vote on Amendment No. 2 in Los Angeles. "There they go," said Hartmann, "rolling up the majority and the dampfools living exclusively off the tourist trade! You betcha don't hear anything about prohibition in Florida. There's one Southern State that doesn't want to go dry. Florida folk are onto themselves. What's the matter with that climate? They've got climate, haven't they?"

"Yes," said the clockwinder, "but there's a big difference between the people of Palm Beach and the people of Long Beach. Florida, you know, was recruited from New York. The New Yorkers go to Florida for pleasure. The people of Kansas and Iowa go to Los Angeles for their health. Los Angeles has been a sanatorium for years. They have the second generation down there—the second generation of invalids. Their parents came out to die or for the rest cure and built churches to sleep in. So you see the presumption is that a man from Los Angeles is neither of very sound body nor of very sound mind. Perhaps in another generation the beneficial effect of the climate will show itself."

"Say," exclaimed Senator Hartman suddenly coming out of a deep brown study, "I'm for getting busy right away with the fight for Jim

"What's your hurry?" the clockwinder asked. "There's good reason to be in a hurry," said Hartman. "One of that Los Angeles bunch is moving into the Governor's chair right now, and God only knows what'll happen if he ever gets planted there."

Those Salary Increases

Shortly before the election "Honest John" McDougald, our Treasurer, complained that Charlie Schwab gets a million a year while he only gets a measly four thousand. With what he must have considered admirable restraint "Honest John" asked that his salary be doubled. He might just as well have asked for a million a year, as it turned out. Thirteen thousand people looked at the matter the way "Honest John" did; but a hundred and eleven thousand took the view that four thou' was plenty good enough for him. To be exact, his temerity was rebuked by a majority of 98,436 votes. That should hold "Honest John" for a while. Mayor Rolph's proposal to raise the City Attorney's salary from five to ten thousand was turned down by a majority of 61,969. It was embarrassing for the Mayor to be defeated on such an issue; but his embarrassment is less than that

...accepts the vacant job. The Mayor has stated that he cannot get a good lawyer to become City Attorney. The voters also turned down decisively the propositions which aimed to raise the salaries of Police Judges. The men who put such propositions on the ballot for any November election labor under a handicap: the tax payer has just received his tax bill in October, and he's in no mood to give away the city's money.

Sadakichi Goes on Record

Sadakichi Hartmann, the art critic, poet and lecturer who is setting up his lares and penates in our city, is Japanese on his mother's side and German on his father's. He resembles a Japanese rather than a German. The day the Chicago Tribune "boob" editorial reached this city one of Hartmann's friends showed it to him, calling special attention to the sentence: "Some day California may have a Japanese governor."

"I have no political aspirations," declared

Lest We Forget

We have it from William G. Lee, head of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, that the strike order with which President Wilson and his superservicable, spoon-fed Congress were clubbed, is still in effect, and will be invoked if the railroads don't interpret the Adamson eight-hour law the way the Brotherhoods construe it. In other words, that strike order is hanging over the country like a sword of Damocles. Wherefore it is well to recall what another of the Brotherhood chiefs, A. B. Garretson, remarked at the Congressional hearing: "The public is the carcass, and we all perhaps are the vultures."

Let us not be too sympathetic in our attitude toward the vultures.

'No Man's Land'

The attacking troops made good progress in No Man's Land," writes the correspondent of the Associated Press, describing Haig's capture of Beaumont-Hamel. That strong phrase "No Man's Land" which describes the debatable ground between the hostile trenches, is constantly recurring in the dispatches and yet it never seems to lose its power over the imagination, it never gets stale. It calls to mind Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Identity:"

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"And each other stand.
"And each other stand."
Shuddering in the gloaming light;
"I know not," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night."

A Life of Mrs. R. L. S.

Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez of Berkeley is engaged in writing the life of her sister Fannie who became the "teacher, tender comrade, wife" of Robert Louis Stevenson. Through the pages of the London Times she has appealed to all those who have letters or information about Mrs. Stevenson to place their material at her disposal. She states that the work is being undertaken with the sanction of Mrs. Stevenson's son and daughter, Lloyd Osbourne and Mrs. Osbourne Field (formerly Isabel Strong). Mrs.

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California's Popular Wine

Sanchez is already well known as the author of "Spanish and Indian Place Names in California," a very valuable work. The sympathy with which she approaches her biographical labors may be judged from the interesting article she contributed recently to Scribner's describing Stevenson's life in Monterey, Oakland and Silverado. A life of Mrs. Stevenson might be made rather lively reading if the biographer went into the family rows which caused Mrs. Stevenson to excoriate Mrs. Katharine Osbourne, the divorced wife of Lloyd Osbourne, in her will. In that document Mrs. Stevenson declared that Mrs. Osbourne had pursued her through life "with incredible ferocity." What was behind this extraordinary statement the public never learned. I take it that Mrs. Sanchez will not satisfy curiosity on this subject.

Stevenson and His Sister-in-Law

As I have mentioned, Mrs. Sanchez drew a very sympathetic picture of her great brother-in-law in a recent magazine article. Her last memory of him preserves the day he left San Francisco for the East, homeward bound to Scotland to introduce his bride to his parents. Says Mrs. Sanchez: "He came in with his pockets full of twenty-dollar gold pieces, with which he had supplied himself for the journey. He thought this piece of money the handsomest coin in the world, and said it made a man feel rich merely to handle it. In a jesting mood, he drew the coins from his pockets and threw them on the table, whence they rolled right and left on the floor, saying: 'Just look! I'm simply lousy wid money!' Of course, a wild, laughing scramble ensued. Then came the parting, which proved to be eternal, for I never saw him again; but perhaps it is better to remember him only as he was then—before the rainbow hues of youth had faded." For his part, Stevenson has immortalized his sister-in-law in the following strong and beautiful lines addressed "To N. V. De G. S." and published in "Underwoods:"

The unfathomable sea, and time, and tears,
The deeds of heroes and the crimes of kings
Dispart us; and the river of events

Has, for an age of years, to east and west
More widely borne our cradles. Thou to me
Art foreign, as when seamen at the dawn
Descry a land far off and know not which.
So I approach uncertain; so I cruise
Round thy mysterious islet, and behold
Surf and great mountains and loud river-bars,
And from the shore hear inland voices call.
Strange is the seaman's heart; he hopes, he fears;
Draws closer and sweeps wider from that coast;
Last, his rent sail refits, and to the deep
His shattered prow uncomfited puts back.
Yet as he goes he ponders at the helm
Of that bright island; where he feared to touch,
His spirit readventures; and for years,
Where by his wife he slumbers safe at home,
Thoughts of that land revisit him; he sees
The eternal mountains beckon, and awakes
Yearning for that far home that might have been.

The Stupidity of Pinchot

Gifford Pinchot writes a letter to the Prohibitionist editor of Collier's, telling of an experience in Indianapolis. "Half an hour ago," writes Gifford, "I started out from the Claypool Hotel in Indianapolis to buy a five-cent box of crackers because I happened to be hungry. I walked at random, for I don't know this town. It struck me that saloons were pretty thick, so I kept count. I passed fourteen of them before coming to the first grocery store, which was a little place in the middle of the block, where I couldn't get my crackers. I kept on counting and walking, and had counted thirty-one saloons before I got back to the hotel without the crackers." This shows what a stupid fellow Giff Pinchot is. For five cents, in the very first saloon he came to, he could have gotten all the crackers he wanted off the free lunch counter and a nice cool glass of beer into the bargain.

Twain's Posthumous Story

Mark Twain's posthumous story "The Mysterious Stranger" has chilled the critics who were wont to regard him as a laughing optimist. They are shocked to find that behind his mask of humor Mark Twain was a despairing pessimist. "It is difficult to imagine a message carrying a grimmer credo of despair, disillusion, and contempt for human existence,"

writes one book reviewer who has been depressed by reading "The Mysterious Stranger." And he proceeds: "It blows upon the spirit like a cold wind over a dark and desolate land, a land where there is never a light, near or far, promising shelter, home, and love. In such a land, shivering in such a wind, what better is there than to lie down and die? And such is the conclusion Mr. Clemens arrives at. The one boon is death. The greater boon, a mere possibility, is that the whole thing is but a dream, a ghastly, grotesque, and impossible nightmare, too ridiculous for reality." The book ends with these words spoken by the Mysterious Stranger: "It is all a dream—a grotesque and foolish dream. Nothing exists but you. And you are but a thought—a vagrant thought, a useless thought, a homeless thought, wandering forlorn among the empty eternities." And the youth to whom the Mysterious Stranger addresses these words comments on them thus: "He vanished, and left me appalled, for I knew, and realized, that all he had said was true." This work will amaze those who have drawn their estimate of Mark Twain from books like "Tom Sawyer" and "Joan of Arc." It should not amaze those who read aright that wonderful story "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg." This great piece of satire is strongly marked with pessimism, with disbelief in human nature. Mark Twain was an agnostic, and his agnosticism led logically to the condition of black despair shown by "The Mysterious Stranger." He traveled the road on which the feet of those other eminent humorists Anatole France and Bernard Shaw are firmly set.

The Gentle Cynic

The under dog sometimes proves that lots of us never do our best fighting until we are down.

There are always two sides to a story, and the scandalmonger can generally provide five or six more.

Many a man feels that he hasn't a friend in the world who never umpired a ball game in his life.



NORVAL BAPTIE AND GLADYS LAMB WITH THEIR BALLET OF SKATING GIRLS AT THE WINTER GARDEN ICE RINK

Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Lady Hesketh's Enthusiasm

Lady Hesketh, the former Flora Sharon, returns to San Francisco after an absence of twenty years with her old love for the city undiminished and her admiration for it widened and deepened. Lady Hesketh cannot get over the feats of building which have distinguished San Francisco since the fire of 1906; in conversation she reverts to the subject again and again.

"I do not think you yourselves properly appreciate what you have done here," she remarked the other day when she received me in her sunny sitting room at the Palace.

"We'd rather have others talk about it," I explained; "we do not like to blow our own horn."

"I'd be blowing it all the time," she exclaimed with enthusiasm. "You have a perfect right to blow it. There has never been such an achievement in the history of the world. An Italian said to me: 'If it had been Rome instead of San Francisco, Rome would still be in ruins.' And I agree with him. It is marvelous; it is San Franciscan. You have built a most beautiful city in place of the old. Of course I do not recognize it. All the landmarks are gone. In appearance it is a different city, but the cosmopolitan atmosphere remains, and the natural beauty of the hills and the bay is of course what it always was. Where in all the world can you find anything like that beautiful bay? The Bay of Naples is not to be compared with it in beauty or in extent. The Bay of Naples has a little waterfront with hovels crowded at its back; nothing like this splendid sweep of the Bay of San Francisco. The city is perhaps more metropolitan, more like New York, than it was before. And some of the color has gone: I miss the bright dresses and the pigtailed of the Chinese; it is a pity. But in the main San Francisco is the same wonderful city it was before. Even the people are the same. People do not seem to die here."

Her War Work

"Were you glad to get away from the war?" I asked.

"On the contrary, I was very sorry," replied Lady Hesketh; "and I am very eager to return. The war is the greatest happening of our time, and one likes to do one's part of the war

work. I am anxious to get back to my hospital."

"You maintain a hospital?"

"It is rather a convalescent home. It is on my place in the country. The wounded soldiers come to me when they are one day out of the great hospitals at Oxford. They stay from three weeks to three or four months. I have twenty-one beds, and so I have handled several hundred wounded. Some of them suffer greatly, yet I have never heard a word of complaint. And I have never heard any bad language. That is wonderful, considering how the men talk among themselves. All of them are eager to go back to the front. Every soldier feels that it will be his good luck to polish off the Kaiser in person! It has been a wonderful experience. In the future I shall always feel that I know every Englishman personally, I have grown to know so many draymen, railway porters, clerks—all sorts. They are all 'Tommites' now, and 'Tommy' is a splendid fellow."

"Were you afraid, crossing the Atlantic?"

"Not in the least. I never thought of it. But I have been asked the question so often that I am sure I shall go back full of apprehensions. I'm sure I shall wear both of my life-saving waistcoats all the way across! I was a little worried at the thought of losing my clothes. I had them insured before I left London. Some times I think that I'd rather lose my life than my clothes. That's dreadful, isn't it? But it is such a bore to lose one's clothes and have to start all over again."

England Likes Us

"Are we liked in England?" I asked Lady Hesketh.

"Indeed, yes," she answered. "England thinks that the United States has done a great deal for the Allies. The work of American women for the wounded has won a great deal of gratitude. England feels that the United States has done everything it should do, except in the case of failing to protest against the invasion of Belgium."

"Do you find sentiment in America pro-Ally or pro-German?"

"Decidedly pro-Ally," answered Lady Hesketh. "But of course I don't suppose pro-Germans would reveal their sentiments to me. What is the sentiment in San Francisco?"

I told Lady Hesketh that I thought it was largely pro-Ally.

"Really?" she said with some surprise. "I am glad to hear that. And I shall make a point of letting them know in England. I cannot judge very well, I have met so few people here."

As to Those Novels

"Have you heard it said that Mrs. Atherton pictured you in her novel 'American Wives and English Husbands?'" I asked.

"Yes," Lady Hesketh answered, "but it is not so. If I recall, it was a girl named Nellie Randolph or Gordon—I am not quite sure—that Mrs. Atherton had in mind. I read the novel and enjoyed it, and of course I know Mrs. Atherton."

"Did she draw an accurate picture of the San Francisco society of that period?" I asked.

"Not particularly accurate; it was a novelist's picture," said Lady Hesketh.

"You have heard it said also that Mrs. Burnett put you in a book?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered. "But I do not think she did."

"Does it displease you to have these things said of you?"

"Nothing displeases me," answered Lady Hesketh with a good-humored laugh.

"Did Mrs. Atherton give a good description of an American girl in English society?"

"I'd scarcely say that she did," answered Lady Hesketh. "The most charming picture of an American girl abroad, I think, and perhaps the truest, is that drawn by Henry James in 'Daisy Miller.'"

Then we talked a little about writers, and I learned that Lady Hesketh's favorite war writers are Repington, the military expert of the London Telegraph, and that distinguished editor Garvin. She is inclined to think that Hilaire Belloc has lost some of his prestige; he has, she says, made mistakes in his articles in "Land and Water."

"But when one is writing for the weeklies mistakes are inevitable," Lady Hesketh added, and I hastened to agree with her.

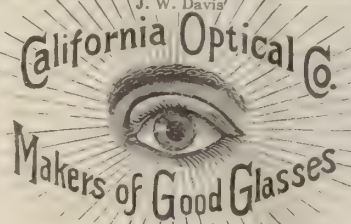
Schumann-Heink for Charity

San Francisco has a warm spot in its heart for the world's great songbirds and the world's great songbirds reciprocate the esteem and affection in which they are held by the music lovers of this city. From Lotta to Tetrizzini many artists have paid their tribute of affection to San Francisco, and now comes the most be-

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OPEN EVENINGS

loved of them all, the darling, buxom Schumann-Heink, the greatest living contralto and perhaps the greatest that ever lived; now comes Schumann-Heink in the goodness of her heart to give us a great treat for sweet charity's sake. Engaged by Impresario Greenbaum for two "pop" concerts at the Exposition Auditorium, the thought came to her to give one of them without profit to herself, "for," she said, "this is a city that loves to hear me sing." So she sent for Mr. Greenbaum and told him what she wished to do. "I wish to give all the net profits of my first concert to charity," she said. "To what charity?" Greenbaum asked in pleased surprise.

Madame Schumann-Heink, who is a great mother as well as a great singer, at once thought she would like to do something for children. "For the little ones," she said. And then and there it was decided that one-half the net profits of her first concert should go to the orphaned children of the war victims of her native country and that the other half should go to the destitute children of San Francisco. This half will be handled by a committee of local women. A big programme has been arranged for this occasion. It will comprise four scenes from Wagner operas, Schumann's "Woman's Love and Life," a cycle of eight exquisite vocal gems and a group of favorite songs to be sung in English. Eula Howard Nunan will contribute a group of piano numbers and Miss Edith Evan will be the accompanist. The concert will take place on Sunday afternoon, November 26.

A Cliff House Renaissance

The Crane touch is already in evidence at the Cliff House. I mean the subtle touch that Mrs. Douglas Crane instinctively imparts to whatever she takes an interest in. Now we all take a sentimental interest in the picturesque landmark towering above the rocks that the seals have made famous, and whatever helps to make it worthy of the tradition that has clung to it through the years is sure to get much local applause. This is what Mrs. Crane is doing. She has assumed the direction of Cliff House affairs, not merely to improve the character of its hospitality but to render it in every sense a more attractive resort. Already one is sensible of an improvement in the service and of an improvement in the tone and style of the entertainment. San Francisco has set the pace in many forms of diversion, and I fancy that the Cliff House will shortly develop some new ideas in the world of entertainment for Mrs. Crane is a woman of originality with a keen eye

for talent. The other night she introduced a new dancer at the Cliff, a pretty girl, a favorite of the Muse of the many twinkling feet. She is a true artist of temperament who expresses lyrical moods with a perfect precision of grace and beauty.

Davidson Causes Excitement

Davidson's well known curio shop across the street from Old St. Mary's is going to receive a lot of attention from local and visiting connoisseurs, collectors and lovers of the antique, the unusual and the rare during the next few days. For Davidson announces that he is going to sell off all the treasures he has assembled from the four corners of the earth during the past ten years. It will be a clean sweep, and the prospect of good bargains is exciting all our dilettanti and our cognoscenti. Antique jewelry, unique silver ware, Sheffield plate, curious brasses, exotic bits of vertu, historic pieces in precious metals, to say nothing of cameos, ivory miniatures, etchings and so forth—all are to be disposed of. And the reason is interesting. Davidson heard some time ago, in that mysterious manner in which collectors get wind of things, that a French family of old and noble lineage was compelled to sell the accumulated treasures of centuries. It is hardly necessary to explain that this family has felt the pinch of the war and needs money more than it needs heirlooms. Davidson who was familiar with the collection, promptly made an offer for it. The offer was accepted. Not having the money to finance so large a deal, Davidson decided to dispose of his present collection. By so doing he will also make room for the collection that is now awaiting his orders in France. Immediately after the sale he will go to Europe, to return laden with items that will make collectors' mouths water. Meanwhile the mouths of collectors are watering at the thought of the more immediate opportunities presented by the approaching sale.

At Hotel Oakland

Invitations were sent out by the directors of the Oakland Real Estate Board for an elaborate dance at the hotel on Friday. The dance was planned as a compliment to the visiting women delegates to the California State Realty Federation, in session at the Hotel Oakland November 16, 17 and 18. Men of prominence from all over the State were present at the convention, accompanied by their wives. Some of the patronesses were Mesdames Frank C. Havens, Duncan McDuffie, Frank Proctor, Arthur H. Breed, Harold Havens, Dennis Searles, Stuart

Hawley, Wickham Havens, Frank K. Mott, M. J. Laymance, Percy Murdock and Henry Anderson Laffler. The committee in charge included Henry A. Laffler, Fred E. Reed, Glenn Barnhard, Walter H. Leimert, A. J. Gelderman

At the Cecil

Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt gave a dinner Sunday in honor of Mrs. J. Franklin Bell. Major General Bell who has been in Los Angeles returned Monday to Fort Mason. Captain and Mrs. Thomas, U. S. A., sailed this week for Manila where Captain Thomas will be stationed. They have been at the Cecil for the past six weeks. A delightful dinner was given by Major and Mrs. Gibson Monday. Mr. and Mrs. John Charles Doyle of Los Angeles presided over a handsomely appointed dinner Thursday. After a delightful sojourn of two weeks in Southern California, Mr. and Mrs. Turner have returned to their apartments. A group of friends enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. Tompkins at dinner Wednesday. Colonel and Mrs. R. M. Schofield of the United States army are stopping. Colonel Schofield will take Colonel William Hart's place in the quartermaster's department. Colonel Hart will leave shortly for his new station in Seattle.

Thanksgiving and Techau's

Techau Tavern which has come to be known as "the place to go," has made special arrangements for the accommodation of the many who will be on hand Thanksgiving night. It is suggested that the regular patrons of the Tavern get in touch immediately with the management and reserve their tables for that night. The Tavern now boasts of the best entertainment to be found any place in town. Just as it has always been famous for its good food and excellent service, the Tavern spares no expense to obtain the best talent. It is very proud of its Jazz Orchestra. For the coming week the Show Girl Revue will again have new gowns and new songs; the La Boheme Perfume Dances will be continued; the orchestral numbers will all be new and there will be many delightful surprises. Douglas 4700 is the telephone number.

"Father, what do they mean by gentlemen farmers?"

"Gentlemen farmers, my son, are farmers who seldom raise anything except their hats."

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The Stage

Two Stars in Vaudeville

There are two different sort of women at the Orpheum this week, both of whom please the audience very much. One is Sophie Tucker and the other is Josie Heather. Each has individuality of a distinctive kind. Sophie Tucker is typical of American vaudeville, and Josie Heather is the typical London musical hall vocalist. The former is breezy, almost boisterous, and her humor is broad. There is nothing of subtlety in her performance. She is at times grotesque, and she has a rollicking way with her that appeals to the gallery. But for that matter her appeal wins response from all parts of the house. They like Sophie Tucker at the Orpheum and they like her ragtime band, and Sophie apparently loves the stage-centre, for she spends a lot of time there returning to it on the slightest provocation and proving herself a very resourceful performer. Josie Heather has a limited supply of material, but all that she has is good. And subtlety is one of its qualities. Josie has a dainty way with her and her personality has something of the savour of her songs. Another clever little play is given at the Orpheum this week. It is called "Cranberries," and it was written by Everett Ruskay, the author of "The Meanest Man." In vaudeville, by the way, we are getting much better drama than formerly, and vaudeville audiences appear to like it better than some of the things that are more characteristic of the vaudeville style of entertainment. Perhaps vaudeville is now going through a process of evolution. Perhaps the funny team sparkling with persiflage from the comic papers is losing its grip.

—T. F. B.

The Symphony Concert

Debussy, Tschaiowsky, Mendelssohn—these were the names that were writ large on last week's programme of the San Francisco Symphony concert. And a glorious concert it was. Director Hertz brought it through brightly, crisply, with plenty both of force and delicacy. Never did I hear a more beautiful rendering of Tschaiowsky's symphony—the Pathetic. It was as though the whole orchestra had come into the closest sympathy and intimacy with the composer's spirit and intention. There was abundant rhythmical flow in this concert and the



MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK AND YOUNGEST GRANDCHILD

The ever-popular contralto will give two concerts in the Exposition Auditorium on Sunday afternoons, November 26 and December 3

symphony seemed charged with dynamic notes of far-reaching meanings, such as are to be found only in the master lines of poetry. As to the Debussy number, his Iberia—well, there were times when Debussy was almost wholly engrossed with the undiscovered possibilities of harmony, and I think that when he was composing his Spanish images such was the case. He may have had wonderful things to say, but certainly he did not say them in plain language. In music I love the language that any plain mind with the instinct of beauty in it can understand

—The Music Lover.

"Hobson's Choice" at Cort

"Hobson's Choice," described as a comedy of genuine humor, sentiment, pathos and laughter, will be the offering at the Cort under the direction of the Shuberts for two weeks commencing Monday evening, with the original New York cast and production direct from one year's run in New York, Boston and Chicago. It is the work of Harold Brighouse and was staged by B. Iden Payne. The cast is the original New York company, and includes the following: Viola Roach, Galwey Herbert, Lionel Bevans, Marshall Vincent, Phyllis Birkett, Venie Ather-ton, Warren F. Hill, James C. Malaidy, Noel Tearle, Esther Mendel, Rhoda Beresford and Thomas J. Donnelly.

"Fair and Warmer" Coming to Cort

With a spectacular New York success to its credit, "Fair and Warmer" comes to the Cort on Monday evening, December 4, following the engagement of "Hobson's Choice." Selwyn and company will present this Avery Hopwood farce with an excellent cast of funmakers. "Fair and Warmer" made one of those successes along Broadway that run up the standard for all later attractions. It is said that "Baby Mine" and "Twin Beds," the funniest farces of recent years, have been outdistanced by "Fair and Warmer." The scene built around the inexpert making of a cocktail puts the audience practically into hysterics.

Farce Success at Alcazar

Belasco and Mayer have secured another big New York comedy success for the Alcazar, and on Monday night "Marrying Money" will begin a week of hilarious fun with all the clever members of the Alcazar players in roles that afford them exceptional opportunities. Eva Lang, John Halliday, Evelyn Duncan, Louise Brownell, Henry Shumer, Alexis Luce, Henry Hall and others in the cast will be seen to advantage. A splendid scenic production has been specially built for this comedy.

Seventh Week of "Intolerance"

The seventh week of "Intolerance" at the Columbia commences at the Sunday matinee. This wonderful attraction is making a record outdistancing anything in the theatrical annals of this city. At every performance many are unable to secure admission, and present indications are that the remaining performances will hardly suffice to accommodate all who desire to see the D. W. Griffith colossal spectacle.

Sarah Padden at Orpheum

Sarah Padden, the distinguished legitimate actress, and a thoroughly capable company will present "The Clod," a one-act play by Lewis Beach at the Orpheum next week. It proved the greatest success the Washington Square

Players have had. Miss Padden has the exacting role of a dull-minded Tennessee mountain woman of Civil War time and she is said to give a performance that dominates the little play. "The Clod" tells of the momentary awakening of a woman from the lethargy brought about by a humdrum, uneventful life and her relapse into the sluggish channels of her previous existence. "The Dancing Girl of Delhi," an Oriental fantasy of the Mohammedan court, staged and produced by B. C. St. Denis on a scale of great magnificence, will be presented by Vanda Hoff supported by Betalo Rubino and company. While presenting Ruth St. Denis and company at the Exposition last year Mr. St. Denis became interested in the dancing of a little California girl, Miss Vanda Hoff, who was engaged to lead the ballet at the Court of the Universe. Her dancing created such a sensation that Mr. St. Denis engaged her as one of the principal solo dancers for his sister's company for a tour of America. In every city visited Miss Hoff received such praise from the press that when Mr. St. Denis decided to produce "The Dancing Girl of Delhi" he engaged Miss Hoff to create the feature solo dances in it. Raymond and Caverley, the two popular German comedians, are without equals in their particular line of vaudeville. A local writer called them "Wizards of Joy" and they have always retained that description of their act. The Four Readings are sensational jugglers of human beings. John Geiger has a musical instrument that answers questions and says little witticisms. This of course is trick playing. Josie Heather, the winsome English comedienne; Everett Ruskay's delightful skit "Cranberries;" and Sophie Tucker, "the Mary Garden of Ragtime," and her five kings of syncopation will complete this bill.

Columbia Attraction "Garden of Allah"

This Liebler and Company production is coming to the Columbia, playing only the larger cities en route, as it is of such proportions that the average stage cannot accommodate the immense properties utilized in its presentation. "The Garden of Allah" is conceded to be the most absorbing of Robert Hichens' stories. It was dramatized by himself, with Mary Anderson



EULA HOWARD NUNAN

The petite princess of the piano who will play solos at the Schumann-Heink concerts on November 26 and December 3

as collaborator. Sarah Truax, William Jeffrey, Howard Gould, Albert Andrus, James Mason and others appear in the leading roles. There are twenty native Arabs, camels, horses, donkeys and goats used.

The Schumann-Heink "Pop" Concerts

Next Monday morning at Sherman, Clay and Co.'s and Kohler and Chase's, the box offices will open for the two popular concerts to be given by that glorious artist Mme. Schumann-Heink at the Exposition Auditorium on Sunday afternoons, November 26 and December 3. Schumann-Heink amply proved at the Beethoven Festival last year that her wonderful voice and artistic method of using it made her singing in this big building the bright particular success of the occasion. Every word and every note could be heard in every seat in the building. The first concert will be given in the cause of sweet charity. Entirely unsolicited the artist will give one-half of her net profits to the aid of orphan children of war victims in her native land and the other half will be handed to a committee of women to use in connection with charity work among the destitute children of San Francisco. A colossal programme has been arranged for this occasion which will include four scenes from Wagner operas, Schumann's "Woman's Love and Life," a cycle of eight exquisite gems and a group of favorite songs to be sung in English. Eula Howard Nunan will contribute a group of piano numbers

and Miss Edith Evans will be the accompanist. The farewell concert on December 3 will offer what the singer calls "the songs that my public seem to love best." The list will include many works with which the name Schumann-Heink is identified and which no one living can interpret as she interprets them. Popular prices will prevail at both these events and this means that reserved seats may be secured Monday at \$1.50, \$1.00 and 50 cents.

Duncan Dates Cancelled

Owing to an accident received while rehearsing Isadora Duncan has been compelled to cancel her entire tour for the present. Mr. Greenbaum announces that he will return all funds received through mail orders immediately.

The Chamber Music Society

The Chamber Music Society of San Francisco will give its second concert and the first one of its matinee series in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis Hotel on Tuesday afternoon, November 28th, at 3:15. Mr. H. B. Crandall, the solo clarinetist of our Symphony Orchestra, will assist on this occasion when the programme will include the "Quintet" for clarinet and strings by Brahms. Tickets will be ready Monday at the Greenbaum box offices.

Miss Pastori to Sing

Iole Pastori, a San Francisco girl, is to be heard in concert. She is the daughter of the

well known Madame Pastori whose villa has contributed so much for years to the pleasure of San Franciscans. Iole was given tuition by her mother, and this foundation was found, later, to be correctly laid. Then came a period of serious work under one of the world's great teachers and preparations for the debut in Italy. The war, however, changed all that. Miss Pastori returned to California. Assisted by Eugenia Argiewicz-Bem, the Polish violinist, and with Uda Waldrop at the piano, Miss Pastori will give a concert under the direction of Frank W. Healy at Scottish Rite Auditorium Monday evening, December 6, and San Franciscans will have an opportunity of judging her voice.

The Symphony's "Pop" Concert

The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra's innovation of giving "pop" concerts in addition to the regular Friday and Sunday symphonies, after the fashion of the leading orchestras of the East, has met with the hearty approval of local music lovers, as was evidenced by the capacity house attracted to the first of these affairs two Sundays ago. Director Alfred Hertz and the officers of the Musical Association were delighted at the interest shown. The second "pop" is scheduled for Sunday afternoon, at the Cort, and Director Hertz has prepared a programme of light music that promises a delightful feast. The concert will begin at 2:30 o'clock sharp; the entire organization of eighty musicians will be utilized, and Alfred Hertz will conduct. The programme comprises four numbers, the first being Haydn's exquisite Symphony in G Major, No. 13. A group of three Hungarian dances by Brahms will follow. Max Reger's arrangement of Schubert's entr'acte and ballet music from "Rosamunde" is certain of popular appeal. Another happy selection on Hertz's part is the prize song from Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," Wilhelm's paraphrase being employed. The overture to Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" will bring the concert to a glorious conclusion. The prices at the



SARAH PADDEN

The favorite legitimate actress next week at the Orpheum



SCENE FROM "HOBSON'S CHOICE"

The comedy success at the Cort Theatre

"pop" concerts range from 25 cents to \$1.00, and tickets are on sale at Sherman Clay excepting Sunday, when they may be had at the Cort box office. It should be remembered that neither guarantors' nor subscribers' season tickets are issued for the "pops," that the entire house is at the disposal of ticket purchasers, and that first come first served. The third pair of symphony concerts will be given on Friday afternoon, November 24, and Sunday afternoon, November 26, at the Cort, the programmes being identical on both occasions: Beethoven, Symphony No. 7, A major, Op. 92; Cesar. Franck, Symphonic poem "Les Eolides;" Strauss, tone poem "Death and Transfiguration," Op. 24.

Fox Trot on Ice at Winter Garden

The fox trot, as danced on the ice by those wonderful exponents of skating, Norval Baptie and Gladys Lamb, is one of the most novel and attractive exhibitions ever offered in San Francisco and patrons of the Winter Garden are warm in their applause every afternoon and evening when this novelty is introduced. These skaters, with their fetching ballet of four nimble ponies, have been a big feature at the Winter Garden since the opening, and the announcement that their engagement will close next Monday will bring regret. They will go direct to New York where they have been engaged at the principal rink of the metropolis. The Winter Garden management, however, has no end of features in store for patrons. Cassara's band plays the right kind of music for skating every afternoon and evening. Next Tuesday evening at 8:30 sharp the second championship game of ice hockey will be played, the contesting teams being the Canadians and the Indoor Yacht Club.

Tickets Ready Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase for



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Versatile Ventriloquist

EDITH CLIFFORD & HARRY MACK in Polite Comedy; ELSIE WHITE in Characterizations; and HARRIS & KRESS: Chapter Three of "A LASS O' THE LUMBERLANDS"

Joe Bransky at Pantages

Joe Bransky is not a soda-fountain mixologist. He's a vode-vel topnotcher. Next week, however, Joe will mix and serve, three times a day (and four times Sunday) for the delectation of Pantages patrons, "A Nut Sundae—With Music." Bransky is aided in his task by a bevy of lively girls. Fun and melody predominate, and plot isn't in the argument at all. Other features on next week's bill will be Sherman, Van and Hyman in versatile entertainment stunts; the three Mori brothers in Japanese specialties; Valentine Vox, a clever ventriloquist; Edith Clifford and Harry Mack in "he-and-she stuff;" Elsie White in character impersonations; and Harris and Kress in novelty singing, dancing and roller skating Chapter three of "A Lass o' the Lumberlands" will complete the bill.

At the St. Francis

Clever and beautiful Lenore Ulrich, whose work in "The Bird of Paradise" made her famous, is the star at the Theatre St. Francis for the week commencing Sunday, November 19. She will appear in "The Intrigue," a powerful and sensational international drama in five excellent acts. There are six people in the cast. The play tells a thrilling story of love and sacrifice. The United States War Office declined to purchase a marvelously powerful X-ray gun, the invention of a young American scientist. He took the invention to the heads of the warring European nations, proved its worth and immediately found himself enmeshed in the far-reaching net of the foreign secret service. Before the terrible engine of destruction was added to the great conflict, a ravishingly beautiful countess, the emissary of a rival country, entered into the inventor's life and enforced him to make a heroic decision—a sacrifice that served her country and firmly welded their love. A new and clever comedy; another reel of the famous and beautiful pictures of the Exposition; a new travelogue; and the splendid music by the fine orchestra under Jaulus and Polak will complete what is probably the finest amusement programme in the city next week.

An Extremist

They were discussing love and the extraordinary things which that powerful emotion compels otherwise sensible people to do. Mr. Simpkins was mentioned as an instance.

"An extreme case, his is," said Robbins. "He is so much in love that he has become a postman so he can get the girl's letters an hour or two earlier."

They sat looking at her engagement ring. "Did your friends admire it?" he tenderly inquired.

"They did more than that," she returned. "Three of them recognized it."

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Entr'acte and ballet music, "Rosamonde".....Schubert-Reger
Prizesong, "Die Meistersinger".....Wagner-Wilhelm
Overture, "Merry Wives of Windsor".....Nicolai
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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—It was an irregular and unsettled market in Wall Street the past week, and while some of the stocks were going up, others were going down. Steel common made a new high record, selling above 125, and the copper shares under the leadership of Utah, made some new high records. At the advance there was heavy profit taking, as well as some short selling by the professional element, who were dissatisfied with the election results. Some of the specialties like the equipment stocks were in good demand early in the week, on reports that the railroads had distributed numerous orders for equipment. The automobile shares were inclined to sag, and considerable weakness developed in Maxwell and Studebaker. The gossip is that there is an over-production in this line, and that the automobile shares have seen their best. Railroad shares of the better grades have not advanced with industrials. Their gross earnings are breaking all previous records, and comparisons are now being made with a period of great prosperity and heavy traffic last year. Net earnings do not show corresponding gains and costs of maintenance and operation are going up faster than gross receipts on account of the high cost of labor, coal, etc., and the railroads face still higher wages after the first of the year. They are buying cars and other equipment more liberally. The public has been buying low priced rails because such companies have been reporting gains in net earnings. Industrials and copper shares were bought by those who believe that the tariff can make no difference while the war lasts. There is also a widespread belief that peace will bring new business in great volume to this country for at least two years after the war ends.

Wheat—The wheat market is erratic, inasmuch as it responds more readily to bullish influences than to those which are bearish. For the last three weeks price control has lain in effectual advices of drought in Argentina, but when this condition is reported as having been entirely relieved, there is not only no reaction, but renewed strength is manifested in all futures. This would indicate that there was both intention and desire to create new high price levels, regardless of changed surroundings. It also encourages the belief that if there had not been any moisture deficiency, the quotations would have been advanced to their present levels on some other theory representing conditions which justified them. In other words, a loss of 400,000,000 bushels of wheat in our territory, as compared with last year, and a further contraction in South America and other exporting countries, with the great European conflict spreading, fostered and encouraged in the minds of many local operators, a strong faith in \$2 wheat, and they are willing to support their opinions in adding to their lines so long as the price remained under their convictions of

a justifiable basis. We should therefore advise purchases on all weak spots.

Corn—Great strength has also been running in this commodity, with every evidence in the market of foreigners buying the futures and also liberal buying by brokers acting for export houses and in sufficient volume to absorb all offerings. The outside investment buying, however, has been very light, owing to the high price at the beginning of the new crop season. The demand for corn in the sample market has also been exceedingly good, with prices higher, and with a continued good demand and no large increase in offerings from interior points, corn values are likely to work still higher, but extreme caution should be exercised in buying.

Cotton—The cotton market proved to be a scalping affair the past week, prices at times being both strong and weak. Reactions, however, did not go very far, and whenever the market became depressed, spot interests, as well as houses with Liverpool connections, became good buyers, and the market immediately righted itself. There is very little in the news market-wise; picking has been completed in some sections of the belt, and the ginning figures are anxiously awaited from month to month. Other news seems to count for nothing, as the situation is so strong from a supply and demand standpoint that other factors only have a temporary effect on the market. We have repeatedly stated that the price of cotton was not dependent upon either political party but upon supply and demand. We know beyond question that the supply available is insufficient, and the holders of the actual stuff will dictate prices for the remainder of the crop. While the last ginning figures indicate a yield barely in excess of 10,250,000 bales (exclusive of linters), we are bullish cotton based upon a crop as large as last season. Of course, if it turns out smaller, our position will be strengthened and our forecasts of 25-cent cotton become more of a possibility. Exports continue far in excess of last season, but are curtailed by lack of freight room and scarcity of cotton. The market looks good to us, and no matter who sells or buys it, we expect to see very much higher prices.

"I studied painting abroad," said the artist, with conscious pride.

"That explains it," said his rustic critic. "I knew I had never seen a cow like that in this country."

Things We Never Hear

"Wife, I believe you need a new gown."

"No, I did not resign. I was fired."

"Your bill is very reasonable, indeed, doctor."

"I've just permitted you to call, Mr. Spendar, because you bring so many presents."

"I did not marry him for love; I wanted a position in society."

"It was not hard luck. We were defeated because they were the better players."

"I did not run because so many friends urged me to: I wanted the office."

"I cannot answer. I never talk with customers while shaving them."

"None of our children ever say cute things."

"The plumbers have always been fair with us."

"Our car has cost less than we expected."

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JUNE 30TH, 1916:

Assets	\$63,811,228.81
Deposits	60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
Number of Depositors	68,062

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P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock P. M. and
Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8
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SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 35966; Department No. 16.

CARRIE E. BRIDGE, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

The People of the State of California:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of CARRIE E. BRIDGE, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at a point on the Westerly line of Devisadero Street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet six (6) inches Northerly from the Northerly line of Eddy Street; and running thence Northerly along said line of Devisadero Street twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle Westerly one hundred and six (106) feet; and thence at a right angle Southerly twenty-four (24) feet; and thence at a right angle Easterly six (6) feet; and thence at a right angle Southerly one (1) foot; and thence at a right angle Easterly one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 508.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be met in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of November, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk

Memorandum

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of November, A. D. 1916.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Delia Elizabeth Traynor, sometimes known as Delia E. Traynor, sometimes known as Delia Traynor, sometimes known as D. E. Traynor; 1207 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.

George Traynor, 1207 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Mary Traynor, sometimes known as Mary Traynor, 1207 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Roman Catholic Archbishop of San Francisco, a corporation sole, 1100 Franklin Street, San Francisco, Cal.

City and County of San Francisco, a Municipal Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.

John H. McLaughlin, address unknown.

T. W. HUBBARD,

Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES H. WITHAM, deceased.—No. 21,039; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, HEBER W. WITHAM, Administrator with will annexed of the estate of CHARLES H. WITHAM, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with will annexed at the office of Harry I. Stafford, rooms 504-518 Grant Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES H. WITHAM, deceased.

HEBER W. WITHAM

Administrator with will annexed of the estate of
Charles H. Witham, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 18, 1916.

HARRY I. STAFFORD,

Attorney for Administrator,
504-518 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of A. W. FINN, deceased.—No. 21,623; Dept. 9. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. W. FINN, JR., Administrator of the estate of A. W. FINN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Harry I. Stafford, Rooms 504-518 Grant Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of A. W. FINN, deceased.

A. W. FINN, JR.,

Administrator of the estate of A. W. Finn, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, November 18, 1916.

HARRY I. STAFFORD,

Attorney for Administrator,

504-518 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-5

NOTICE UPON FILING OF PETITION TO ASCERTAIN RIGHTS AS HEIRS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 16068, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALFRED E. OVEREND, deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: William J. Hynes, the Administrator of the Estate of Alfred E. Overend, deceased, and to Harry S. Overend, Edward Overend, Jennie N. Gilbert, Elizabeth C. Hart, the Administrator or Executor of the estate of Robert A. Overend, deceased, E. M. Leonard, as Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of Ida Overend Mann, deceased, Walter S. Overend, Jane Couture, Sister Matilda Overend, Elizabeth Fleming, Oscar Overend, Jennetta C. Brosse, Elizabeth C. Hall, Nettie C. Treller, William Guthrie, Margaret Guthrie Johnston, Maria Guthrie Hawley, Daniel Guthrie, Samuel Guthrie, Peter Guthrie, Alice Guthrie Simpson, Ellen Clark, John Guthrie, Hannah Guthrie, William Guthrie, George Edward Jack, Elizabeth J. Unwin, Ida A. Hadley, Mandora Hunter, Effie C. Hickey, William E. Guthrie, Anna M. Thompson, Mrs. Isabelle Barnes, Mrs. Lillian Belle Overend Pitt, John F. Overend, Miss E. O. Morris, Sophie Overend, and Patrick Guthrie and Madge Overend.

You and each of you are hereby notified:

That on the 28th day of September, 1916, Robert M. Overend, one of the heirs at law of Alfred E. Overend, deceased, filed his petition in this court praying that the rights of all persons interested in the estate of said Alfred E. Overend, deceased, be ascertained and declared by this court, and that it be determined to whom distribution should be made;

That, so far as known, the following is a description of the real estate whereof said deceased died seized or possessed, to-wit:

Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Seventeenth Street with the Easterly line of Ord Street (formerly Clara Avenue); thence Easterly along the Northerly line of Seventeenth Street Forty-five (45) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Forty-five (45) feet to the Easterly line of Ord Street (formerly Clara Avenue); thence Southerly along said last named line One Hundred and Ten (110) feet to the point of beginning; being part of Horner's Addition Block Number 202.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Calhoun Street distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Northerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Calhoun Street with the Northerly line of Green Street; thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Calhoun Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; thence at a right angle Easterly Ninety-one (91) feet and Eight (8) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; and thence at a right angle Westerly Ninety-one (91) feet and Eight (8) inches to the Easterly line of Calhoun Street and the point of beginning; being part of 50 Vara Lot Number 187.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Franklin Street, distant thereon One Hundred (100) feet Northerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Franklin Street with the Northerly line of Page Street; thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Franklin Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Seventy-five (75) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Seventy-five (75) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Easterly line of Franklin Street and the point of beginning; being part of Western Addition Block Number 71.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Mimosa Path, distant thereon Thirty-eight (38) feet and Eight (8) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Rose Hill Nook; thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Mimosa Path Thirteen (13) feet; thence Easterly Sixteen (16) feet and Six (6) inches; thence Southerly Fourteen (14) feet and Five (5) inches; thence Westerly Sixteen (16) feet and Six (6) inches to the point of beginning; being situated in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Jones Street, distant thereon Sixty (60) feet Southerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Jones Street with the Southerly line of Washington Street; thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Jones Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Northerly Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Easterly line of Jones Street and the point of beginning; being part of 50 Vara Lot Number 832.

Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the Easterly line of Church Street with the Southerly line of Twenty-seventh Street; thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Church Street Fifty-one (51) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Easterly Eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly Fifty-one (51) feet and Six (6) inches to the Southerly line of Twenty-seventh Street; thence Westerly along said line of Twenty-seventh Street Eighty (80) feet to the point of beginning; being part of Horner's Addition Block Number 57.

Commencing at the point of intersection of the Easterly line of St. Charles Street with the Northerly line of Central Avenue, running thence Easterly along said Northerly line of Central Avenue, One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet to St. Charles Street; thence at a right angle along the Easterly line of St. Charles Street One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet to the point of commencement.

The first six parcels of real property hereinabove described are situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; while the seventh parcel hereinabove described is situated in the City of Alameda, County of Alameda, State of California.

That the said Harry S. Overend, Guy R. Overend, Charles P. Overend, Frederick M. A. Overend, Edward Overend, Jennie N. Gilbert, Robert A. Overend, now deceased, Elizabeth C. Hart, Ida Overend Mann, now deceased, Walter S. Overend, Jane Couture, Sister Matilda Overend, Elizabeth Fleming, Oscar Overend, Jennetta C. Brosse, Elizabeth C. Hall, Nettie C. Treller, William Guthrie, Margaret Guthrie Johnston, Maria

Guthrie Hawley, Daniel Guthrie, Samuel Guthrie, Peter Guthrie, Alice Guthrie Simpson, Ellen Clark, John Guthrie, John Guthrie, Hannah Guthrie, William Guthrie, George Edward Jack, Elizabeth J. Unwin, Ida A. Hadley, Mandora Hunter, Effie C. Hickey, William E. Guthrie, Sophie Overend, as assignee of Robert M. Overend, and Madge Overend, as assignee of Walter S. Overend, are the only persons who appeared and claimed any interest in said estate, in the course of the administration of the same, up to the time of the making of said order;

That you, and all other persons not named, who have or claim an interest in said estate, are cited to appear before this court, at the courtroom thereof, located in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of December, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and exhibit, in the manner provided by law, your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in said estate, and show cause why such petition should not be granted.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 4th day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California.)

H. I. MULCREVY,

Clerk of the Superior Court.

By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

JEREMIAH V. COFFEY & EDWARD I. COFFEY,

E. M. LEONARD,

Attorneys for Robert M. Overend.

569 Mills Building,

San Francisco, California.

10-7-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 76,577; Dept. No. 10.

WALTER A. BAIRD, Plaintiff, vs. GRACE M. BAIRD, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:

GRACE M. BAIRD, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ARCHIBALD J. TREAT,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

624 Monadnock Building,

San Francisco, California.

10-21-9

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTON CROPP, deceased.—No. 21712.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, J. F. HUMBURG, Administrator of the estate of ANTON CROPP, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Andros & Hengstler and Golden W. Bell, Room 722 Kohl Building, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTON CROPP, deceased.

J. F. HUMBURG,

Administrator of the estate of Anton Cropp,
deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, November 18, 1916.

ANDROS & HENGSTLER,

GOLDEN W. BELL,

Attorneys for Administrator,
722 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of HENRY A. BRUCE, sometimes known as and called H. A. BRUCE, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administratrix of the estate of HENRY A. BRUCE, alias, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administratrix at the office of Jos. P. Lucey, 712-717 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of HENRY A. BRUCE, alias, deceased.

VIOLA I. LUCEY,

Administratrix of the estate of Henry A. Bruce,
alias, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 21, 1916.

JOS. P. LUCEY,

Attorney for Administratrix,

712-717 Chronicle Bldg.,

San Francisco, Cal.

10-21-5

NOTICE OF TRUSTEES' SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE TERMS and under the authority of a certain deed of trust executed by JOHN HAYES of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the party of the first part, to L. W. LOVEY and WALTER E. DORN, the parties of the second part, and H. GOLDSMITH, the party of the third part, dated the 14th day of October, 1915, and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of October, 1915, in Liber 902 of Trust Deeds, page 167, H. Goldsmith, the holder of the promissory note, to secure the payment of which the aforesaid deed of trust was executed, declares that default has been made in the principal and the interest of said promissory note as therein provided, and requests and directs that said L. W. Lovey and Walter E. Dorn, said trustees, sell the real property in said deed of trust and hereinafter more particularly described, to satisfy the amount due and owing on said promissory note and the accomplishments of the trusts in said deed of trust contained;

Now, said L. W. Lovey and Walter E. Dorn, trustees in said deed of trust named, do hereby give notice that on Monday, the 11th day of December, 1916, at 9:30 o'clock a. m. of that day, at 1101 Hearst Building, corner Market and Third Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, that they will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, the following described real property, or such part or parts thereof as they shall deem necessary to sell in order to accomplish the objects of said trust, namely:

That certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

BEGINNING at a point on the Southwest line of Fourteenth Avenue, Southerly, distant two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet Southeasterly from the South-easterly line of Hawes Street; running thence South-easterly along said Southwest line of Fourteenth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly one hundred (100) feet to the Southwest line of Fourteenth Avenue, to the point of beginning. BEING Subdivision of Block 284 South San Francisco Homestead and Railroad Association.

Deed of which real property was recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in Book 809 of Deeds, page 376, on the 5th day of August, 1914.

Terms of Sale.—Cash in gold coin of the United States; ten per cent (10%) payable to the undersigned on the fall of the hammer; balance on delivery of deed, and if not so paid, unless for want of title, ten (10) days being allowed for search, then said ten per cent (10%) to be forfeited and the sale to be void.

Taxes to be pro-rated.

L. W. LOVEY and
WALTER E. DORN,
Trustees.

L. W. LOVEY,
Attorney-at-Law,
1101-5 Hearst Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

11-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES M. COSTELLO, deceased.—No. 21681; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of JAMES M. COSTELLO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES M. COSTELLO, deceased.

ELLEN MARY COSTELLO,
Executrix of the last will and testament of
James M. Costello, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 11th, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

11-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JENNIE MARION DOWNER, deceased.—No. 21584, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of JENNIE MARION DOWNER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the office of her attorneys, Asher, Meyerstein & McNutt, 110 Sutter Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JENNIE MARION DOWNER, deceased.

HARIETTE GILMAN CASWELL,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Jennie
Marion Downer, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 21, 1916.

ASHER, MEYERSTEIN & McNUTT,
Attorneys for Executrix,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

10-21-5

NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE APPOINTED FOR THE HEARING OF PETITION FOR AN ORDER DIRECTING EXECUTOR TO CONVEY LAND IN CONFORMITY WITH THE CONTRACT MADE BY DECEASED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Probate No. 18960 N. S.; Dept. No. 9.

In the matter of the Estate of JULIA ANN HOBBOSE, sometimes known as JULIA A. HOBBOSE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the above-entitled estate that a verified petition has been filed by Dennis F. Riordan, Executor of the last will and testament of Julia Ann Hobbose, sometimes known as Julia A. Hobbose, deceased, praying for an order of said Superior Court directing such Executor to convey certain real property belonging to said estate to one Josef Orvar Olsson in performance of a written contract made by said deceased in her lifetime, has been filed in said Superior Court and that Monday, the 27th day of November A. D. 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M. of said day, and the court room of Department No. 9 of said Superior Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been by said Court appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest said petition by filing his objections in writing and show cause if any he has why said petition should not be granted.

Said real property is described as follows:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at a point on the westerly line of Thirty-fifth (35th) Avenue distant thereon Two Hundred and Seventy-five (275) feet northerly from a point formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Thirty-fifth (35th) Avenue and the northerly line of Ulloa (formerly "U") Street; running thence northerly and along the westerly line of Thirty-fifth (35th) Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at a right angle southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the westerly line of Thirty-fifth (35th) Avenue and the point of commencement. Being part of Outside Lands Block 1162.

Dated at San Francisco this 20th day of October, 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By C. M. GALLAGHER, Deputy Clerk.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 20, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,

By C. M. GALLAGHER, Deputy Clerk.

O'GARA & DE MARTINI,

Attorneys for Executor,

550 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

10-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTONIE GENEVE, deceased.—No. 21,508; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of ANTONIE GENEVE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTONIE GENEVE, deceased.

VICTOR G. BONALY,
Executor of the last will and testament of Antonie
Geneve, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 21, A. D. 1916

A. COMTE, JR.,

Attorney for Executor,

No. 333 Kearny St.,

San Francisco, California.

10-21-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 77699; Dept. No. 15.

EMMA H. LAWRENCE, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY LAWRENCE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: HARRY LAWRENCE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 31st day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

ROBERT H. BORLAND,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

105 Montgomery St.,

San Francisco, California.

11-11-10

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 35910.

MAY E. BRIDGE, a widow, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

T. W. HUBBARD, 1003 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California: To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of MAY E. BRIDGE, a widow, plaintiff, filed with the clerk of the above-entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this Summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

PARCEL NO. 1.

BEGINNING at a point on the westerly line of Stockton Street, distant thereon eighty (80) feet and two and one-fourth (2 1/4) inches southerly from the point formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Stockton Street with the southerly line of Sutter Street; and running thence southerly along said line of Stockton Street nineteen (19) feet and nine and three-quarters (9 3/4) inches; thence at a right angle westerly sixty (60) feet; thence at a right angle northerly nineteen (19) feet and nine and three-quarters (9 3/4) inches; and thence at a right angle easterly sixty (60) feet to the point of beginning. Being a portion of Fifty (50) Vara Block No. 168.

PARCEL NO. 2.

COMMENCING at a point on the westerly line of 29th Avenue distant thereon two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet northerly from the northerly line of Fulton (formerly D) Street, and running thence northerly along the said westerly line of 29th Avenue fifty (50) feet; thence at a right angle westerly one hundred twenty (120) feet; thence at a right angle southerly fifty (50) feet, and thence at a right angle easterly one hundred twenty (120) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Outside Lands, Block No. 409.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that the plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple as absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consists of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the Seal of said Court this 8th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

MEMORANDUM

The first publication of this Summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 16th day of September, A. D. 1916.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Mercantile Trust Company of San Francisco, San Francisco, California; Savings Union Bank and Trust Company, San Francisco, California; City and County of San Francisco, a municipal corporation, San Francisco, California.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

9-16-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUST ROHLER, also called AUGUST ROLLER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will of AUGUST ROHLER, also called AUGUST ROLLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Wm. Loewy and Walter Loewy, Room 507, 201 Sansome Street (Royal Insurance Building), which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AUGUST ROHLER, also called AUGUST ROLLER, deceased.

JOSEPH H. HECK,
Executor of the last will of August Rohler, also
called August Roller, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 28, 1916.

WM. LOEWY and WALTER LOEWY,
Attorneys for Executor,
201 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

10-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE D. HIBBARD, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of GEORGE D. HIBBARD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Campbell, Weaver, Shelton & Levy, 659 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE D. HIBBARD, deceased.

C. W. HIBBARD,

Administrator of the estate of George D. Hibbard,
deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 4, 1916.

CAMPBELL, WEAVER, SHELTON & LEVY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
659 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

11-4-5

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

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SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 25, 1916

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IN THIS ISSUE:

The Latest Hearst Film

The Manufacture of Opinion

Battle Dreams—A War Sketch

Alvah Wilson on Hotel Psychology

Colonel Baker's Tribute to Belle Cora

Miss Hager's Quest of Blingum Goats

The President and the Supreme Court

The Ship's Dog—A Character Study

Willis Polk Discusses the Pacific-Union Holdup

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVIII

San Francisco, November 25, 1916

No. 1266



SARAH TRUAX

As Domini Enfelden in "The Garden of Allah" coming to the Columbia Theatre Monday, December 4, for a limited engagement

TOWN TALK

Published Weekly by
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Theodore F. Bonnet.....Editor
John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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We decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exceptions. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

The President and the Supreme Court

The *New York Times* is glad to feel that the defeat of Mr. Hughes has taken the Supreme Court out of politics. "It means," says *The Times*, "that the Justices of the Supreme Court are to regard themselves as incapable of political ambitions." It would be well were this the case, but we do not perceive in what respect the defeat of Mr. Hughes has affected the Constitution or changed human nature. Nor do we perceive any reason to rejoice over the redemption of the Supreme Court from politics while Presidents have the power to fill the vacancies with an eye on a second term. Before rejoicing let us hope that Mr. Wilson may now withdraw his opposition to the single term sentiment of his party that once was permitted to crystallize with his acquiescence. We believe he has done more than any of his predecessors to strengthen intelligent men in the belief that before doing anything else with our Constitution we should make a second term in the White House unavailable to ambitious politicians. So it is with a sense of relief that, in realizing he may have several vacancies to fill in the Supreme Court before the end of his second term, we know he will not be likely to aspire to a third term. At any rate, of this we may be certain, he will not have to reckon with Ohio. Many people were amazed at the vote of Ohio. Evidently they have forgotten about the shrewd politics played in Ohio by Mr. Wilson. He made several appeals to the sympathy of a very powerful element in Ohio. One of them was made when he appointed Newton D. Baker Secretary of War. It was supposed that Baker was appointed because he was a sentimental idealist, like Mr. Wilson. But he was more than that; he was an advocate of single-tax. He was a *protégé* of Tom L. Johnson. He inherited the Johnsonian mantle as Mayor of Cleveland. One of the vacancies in the Supreme Court Mr. Wilson filled by the appointment of a Cleveland lawyer by the name of Clarke. The news came out of Washington at the time that Mr. Clarke was one of the best orators in the country, but let us not be misled. Mr. Wilson does not confound oratorical ability with the qualifications of a jurist.

Justice Clarke of our Supreme Court by grace of Mr. Wilson is a single-taxer, a disciple of Henry George and Tom L. Johnson; so also is Mr. Brand Whitlock of Ohio who was appointed Ambassador to Belgium. Thus we see that while other folk were figuring on New York, the unsophisticated professor from Princeton was reckoning on Ohio and making sure of the faddists who are quite numerous in the Buckeye State. The President may be able to give us a single-tax Supreme Court before the end of his term, but fortunately the exigencies of the times are no longer clamoring for great orators.

—*—

The "Movie" Theme

A motion-picture called *Intolerance* is said to have had much influence on the minds of voters in the recent campaign. We have no doubt that such was the case. A pictorial argument is the only kind that some minds are capable of grasping. And we know that conceptions are formed through the eye quicker than through the ear. An idea is more quickly conveyed by illustration than by mere verbal discussion. The ugly idea of intolerance has been presented in many spoken dramas, but never has it been made so impressive, never has it so quickened the imagination as in the picture on exhibition at the Columbia Theatre. The creator of this picture is deserving of very high praise, since many of the people impressed by the sermon that he transmits through the film might never have had their minds rendered accessible to the lesson thus inculcated. In all probability they are not much given to meditation. The theme, in all probability, it would bore them to hear discussed. Yet intolerance is an evil that cannot be dwelt upon too often. It is the greatest curse of every age and of every state. Not many people appear to be aware that there is no kind of reform by which intolerance might be justified! It is the sin against Love and Light—the sin that called forth from Christ the sternest denunciation that ever fell from his lips. For one of the forms of intolerance is the sin of imputing evil motives to actions and beliefs because our own beliefs are too narrow to include them. It is excellent to wish to purify and reform others, but it is hateful to try to impose our beliefs on others. Now, it is very hard to avoid the spirit of intolerance, so many reformers there are who tempt us to deride and vilify them and thus wrong ourselves, for it is our duty to do our best to understand even our opponents, not only to tolerate their point of view but to acquiesce in the possibility of its being held. After all the great object should be to increase happiness. Some folk profess this object, but they demand that the happiness be increased according to their formula.

—*—

The Progress of Single Tax

Thus far very little attention has been paid to the spread of the single-tax doctrine in this State. How many people

have paid any attention to the vote the tax proposition received at the late election? The average man regards single-tax as a joke, taken seriously only by vacant minds. But as a matter of fact the danger is taken seriously by the soberest and most thoughtful minds that reflect on the present facilities for encouraging all forms of State lunacy. Bankers spent considerable money in the recent campaign circulating printed matter with a view to informing people of the economic evils that would flow from the system of taxation that was advocated by Henry George and Leo Tolstoy. Yet the proposition received a pretty good vote. Out of 124,750 people who voted on single-tax, 51,491 were in favor of adopting the amendment. How many will be in favor of it at the next election? The single-tax propaganda is not diminishing the number of Henry George disciples. Whatever gives promise of hastening the millennium grows more popular every day. It was with the millennium in view that we brought the government back to the people, giving them the initiative and referendum to solve all their problems. And now if Sockless Jerry Simpson were to revisit the glimpses of the moon he would have a walk-over in any Progressive convention.

—*—

A State Welfare Campaign

Thus we are informed by our precious native son: "The question of wet or dry has not been finally settled in California." This is an assertion in which most of us will concur. Hardly any question has been settled in California; for such is the blessing of government-brought-back-to-the-people by their most beloved statesman, that rocking the boat has become a continuous performance in the sanest of all commonwealths. Even the question of single-tax has not been settled in California, and as time runs on we may adopt a three-platoon system in San Francisco, for according to the sage of the nation society has determined that an eight-hour day is the limit, and therefore a two-platoon system means an anachronism in the matter of hours. The question of wet or dry settled? We should say not. And if the men who still cherish the hope of preserving the State from irreparable damage value our advice they will immediately take the question of wet or dry out of the hands of both interests—wet and dry—and give it the recognition it deserves as a vital economic question, hardly of less importance in this State than the question of single-tax. To save the State from the calamity that professional prohibitionists are striving to consummate it is important that a campaign of education should be conducted by men in nowise connected with the liquor interests, by men who are known to be sincerely interested in the welfare of the whole State, its moral as well as its material welfare. To this end a committee of fifty or one hundred representing all sections of the State should be organized at once, and it should begin a campaign with a plan for the regulation of the liquor interests. It is not to be

gainsaid that men in the liquor business are responsible for abuses that should be abated. The remarkable thing is that there is so little foundation for the complaints of the professional agitators who go about promoting drunkenness under the guise of prohibition and pretending to believe that the laws that spread hypocrisy and make profitable an illicit traffic in drugs and liquors are conducive to temperance. But there is much room for reform in the liquor business, and all the people cognizant of this fact are not fanatics. It appears that there are honest prohibitionists in bad company, though of course this is a paradox, for is a man really honest who, in his zeal for prohibition, would confiscate a vineyard in California where laws have been passed to encourage men to buy vineyards and make wine? This, however, is not a question that greatly concerns the average righteous unit of the body politic in these days of great moral issues. "Swat your neighbor" is the slogan of the hour, and the only way to dissuade the envious from principles that inspire the average hateful reformer is to induce them to consider whether in injuring the object of their spite they might not also injure themselves.

The Manufacture of Opinion

Fragments of philosophy in the form of proverbs and aphorisms are not reliable guides, for usually they go more or less beyond the strict truth. But it is not the only objection to aphorisms that the facts they embody are enunciated in a more unqualified manner than the truth

warrants. It is a more important objection that they are sometimes garbled. Thus we find a contemporary giving the weight of Lincoln's authority to the assertion that you cannot fool the people all the time. Now aside from the fact that this is not at all what Lincoln said, the bit of philosophy that he did give utterance is to misleading. It is interpreted as proof of a great man's faith in the common sense of the populace, but assuredly it is not complimentary to the dear people to say that they are not all to be fooled all the time; nor, conceding this to be true, is it to be concluded that the populace will take good care of itself in the long run. We are reminded of an observation made by the late "Barney" Murphy, a wise philosopher of the homespun school. Addressing a friend who had said that a certain rogue would never be able to fool him again, Senator Murphy remarked: "Don't be so sure; he'll fool you again, but he'll not fool you in precisely the same way." This is true of the dear people—they are not to be fooled all the time, that is, not in precisely the same way. But the people are always to be suggestionized; whether for good or ill depends on the motives of the minds in the background. Lincoln had much faith in the majority, but he had not gone far enough in the study of the science of government to learn that it is generally the minority that rules. Minorities are constantly turning themselves into majorities. From the days of Rousseau it has been the theory of wise men in Europe and in this country that democracy is the best government when based upon

some method of representation in which the will of the majority prevails. The fact remains, however, that Pope had the right idea when he wrote:

Let fools for forms of Government contest;
Whatever is best administered is best.

The will of the majority prevails almost everywhere but that will is generally the result of suggestion that is not always disinterested. In Europe the king is responsible to those he governs and is clearly recognized as an instrument of public sentiment. But he may wish to exploit his people for his own ends, as, for example, in war. Then he embarks on a long process of influencing their minds by what is called "the process of non-rational inference." And, as we have lately seen, this is a pretty effective process. As a matter of fact, so easy is it to fool the people that manufacturing public opinion is a very simple process, for political opinions are the result not of reasoning tested by experience, but of unconscious or half-conscious inference fixed by habit. A little while ago we saw tracts of thought manufactured in this country for the purpose of rousing us from the lethargy into which we had been plunged by Carnegie and Bryan and their peace propagandists. Even President Wilson sat up and took notice and put through a bill to increase our defense establishment. Political opinions can be created by a constant repetition of posters and advertisements. At present the indications are that we shall soon be governed by the men that make the movies. Let us hope they will not find it to their taste to fool us all the time.

Perspective Impressions

Dr. Aked couldn't come back.

The impossible Bryan denies that he is dead politically, but that deceives nobody.

Note of alarm: Let's not have a new church every time the pews have a row with the pulpit.

Billy Sunday will preach in Wall street, and will doubtless find the commercial atmosphere congenial.

By the way, what about our own little grocery trust right here in San Francisco? Is anybody investigating it?

Nothing remarkable about a girl breaking the flying record. All females go up in the air, and some never come out of the clouds.

The situation seems to have been thus: some of the congregation were heart-aching for Aked and others were head-aching from him.

The W. C. T. U. says women's dress is immodest. The W. C. T. U. is always a year or two behind the times. Immodesty is not vogue this season.

Most of the rewards of art are garnered by the art dealer.

War widows are coming to America in search of second husbands. Girls, how about a protective tariff?

We have been shown how to save the city a million a year. But who cares? Certainly not those who voted for the two-platoon system.

The yellow fever was banished from the Canal Zone, but Colonel Goethals has been afflicted of late with another plague. The professors are buzzing.

The wolves of Alaska are maddened by hunger. The wolves of the industrial world are licking their chops, and hunger doesn't worry them at all.

A little while ago we heard of a sugar magnate who was drawing down a small fortune from his selling agent. Now comes the retail grocer who was getting rebates. Apparently there are many margins of profit along the line in handling the necessities of life. The railroads are not the only sinners.

Things are going just as serenely as if Eva Tanguay had never been here.

Knowing Dr. Jordan and other wise professors we sympathize with Colonel Goethals.

Those who lost a night's rest on election night are wondering why they got so excited.

With the cost of living going up it may be worth while finding out all about the case of the sugar king who was getting rebates.

Remember the people who used to complain that the World's Fair paths hurt their feet? Wonder what they're complaining about now?

There was a newspaper tong war in this city a little while ago. All of a sudden it petered out, but not before there had been some shooting up the town. Isn't there to be anything done about it? Are the moralists of the press privileged to hire newsies to go to battle, murder and sudden death? What about the moralists of the pulpit whom the moralists of the press incite to indignation whenever an editor works himself into a grouch against gambling or the red light district?

Varied Types

308—ALVAH WILSON

By Edward F. O'Day

"Pardon me for pointing."

If you have never seen him say if you have missed one of the sights of San Francisco. Yes, you must see him say it, not merely hear him. "Pardon me for pointing" is for the eye more than for the ear. It is drama first, music afterwards. The words count, and the intonation is important; but it is the manner that scores. No other can say "Pardon me for pointing" in his manner. No other has his manner. Manner is the breath of his personality. He is as full of manner as an eggshell is full of egg. Shall I attempt to show you that manner of his as he disengages his famous "Pardon me for pointing?" I cannot do it. The staccato speech is unutterable on paper; the widespread grin that accompanies "Pardon me for pointing," and the infectious laugh that follows it are inimitable, indescribable, unique. "Pardon me for pointing" has a gesture that eludes adjectives, a humor that won't be pinned down. Sometimes "Pardon me for pointing" is jolly, sometimes sly, with a wink in it; always it is illuminating, significant—not the idle patter of small-talk but the pregnant shibboleth of worldly wisdom.

I take it that you know of whom I speak. You must know him, or confess yourself a dweller outside the walls. He hasn't been here as long as Lotta's Fountain or Telegraph Hill; he doesn't circulate as much as Spring Valley; or make as much noise as a ferry boat in the fog—but ever since he has been in the midst of us his presence has been perceptible and his influence palpable to such a pleasant extent that we shouldn't like to think of doing without him. Just go into any crowd of good fellows and request three cheers for Alvah Wilson; if you don't get them with vim, vigor and a tiger I'll pay off your election bet!

"Alvah Wilson of Harrisburg, Pa.—a large P and a small a" is the way the assistant manager of the St. Francis Hotel describes himself. That phrase, like "Pardon me for pointing," is so closely associated with Jim Woods' lieutenant that when people pass through Harrisburg they think of Alvah Wilson. Evidence that people do pass through Harrisburg—no doubt without stopping—comes to Alvah Wilson on an average of three times a week. Harrisburg reminds them of Alvah Wilson, and they forthwith write him a postcard. Alvah Wilson has more postcards from Harrisburg, Pa., than any other man in the world. That is one of his minor distinctions.

But I am not going to catalogue Alvah Wilson's minor distinctions, or his major distinctions either; there are too many of them. How-

ever, there are certain things which cry aloud to be said about this American Quaker from Harrisburg, Pa., who looks like a count from Vienna. And one of the most striking is that Alvah Wilson has worked under Mine Host James Woods four separate times. Life has had a way of taking Wilson by the hand and leading him far afield from Jim Woods, but luck has always brought him back again. You may draw from this what inference you please, but if you conclude that there is a certain tie of affection uniting the two men, a bond which many business men would pronounce silly, useless and unbusinesslike since it is not measurable in dollars and cents and cannot be regarded as a negotiable asset—in other words, if you conclude that Jim Woods loves Alvah Wilson and that Alvah Wilson loves Jim Woods, you won't be going very far wrong.

Alvah Wilson started business life as a youngster behind the cafe cash register in the Sturdivant House, New York. Thence he went to the Kensington at Saratoga in the role of cashier. At Saratoga he met Jim Woods. Jim Woods at that time was younger in years but not in appearance than he is today. Alvah Wilson had a little more hair on the top of his head than he musters now. The two men took a fancy to each other. Woods was at the Grand Union for the summer, but with the approach of winter he turned his steps toward New Orleans and the Hotel St. Charles. He asked Alvah Wilson to go with him, and Alvah was delighted to go because the new position meant to opportunity to learn the hotel business from "the front of the house," as they say. Before that he had been behind the scenes, and he doesn't like seclusion. Alvah's celebrated manner was perhaps not perfect at that time, but it existed and was being cultivated rapidly. It impressed a great New York banker who asked Alvah if he didn't want to quit the hotel game and try finance. Alvah thought he did, so he entered one of the biggest national banks in the metropolis. He stayed a year. The time clock regularity of banking irked him; the thought of passing his life in the midst of long columns of figures horrified him. He quit. Only one incident stands out in Alvah Wilson's mind when he thinks of that year of banking: the momentous occasion when he was brought up on the carpet by the president of the bank and requested to explain how he, a bank clerk getting forty-five dollars a month, could live at a fashionable hotel, wear clothes made by a fashionable tailor and take his luncheon at the fashionable restaurant frequented by the officers of the bank. Alvah Wilson was not dependent upon his salary for the luxuries which he permitted himself; but he saw no reason to explain his private affairs to the mere president of a bank. So he left the bank in the lurch, and took a European trip with his mother and father. The experience of being a guest at the great hotels of the old world only stimulated his professional interest in the business. Neither banking nor travel could destroy the old lure. On his return he joined the staff of the Auditorium Annex in Chicago. Then Jim Woods who was running the Wolcott in New York sent for his friend and made him room clerk. Next he became steward and buyer for the Antlers at Colorado Springs. Meanwhile Jim Woods came to the St. Francis, and quite naturally, asked

for the services of Wilson. It was nice, being assistant manager of the St. Francis under Jim Woods, but the chance to be manager of the big Adolphus at Dallas was too much of a temptation to resist. However, he got tired of that responsibility, and for the fourth time joined up with Jim. And he's with him now.

Hotel psychology is one of Alvah Wilson's specialties. He could write a book on it, but never will, because hotel men don't write books, not even hotel booklets. But to hear Alvah Wilson discourse on the subject is one of the privileges of life hereabouts.

"A hotel," says Wilson, "is an inanimate organization. It must be vitalized by personality. And it takes its personality from the personnel of the staff. A hotel is what its staff is; neither more nor less. Curiously enough, people do not think of hotel men as men pursuing a career. They would smile if you spoke of the hotel man as a 'professional.' Yet success in the hotel business is only reached through years of study. The hotel man must study many things; the more he knows in all branches of learning the better for him. Yet though he possess college degrees that bespeak years of solid bookish application he cannot hope for success in the hotel world unless he has read deeply and with understanding in the greatest book of all, the book of human nature. To read a man's character in his countenance is all in the day's work with a hotel clerk; and likewise, to read a man's wants. Hotel service is not merely the instant gratification of a guest's desires; it is also the anticipation of his unspoken wishes. The hotel man has a lot of thinking to do: he must do his own and the guest's also. To make a mistake is inexcusable; but this need not terrify him too much, for human nature is not cruel, and the inexcusable things are readily condoned provided good will went with the mistake and good humor follows it."

Alvah Wilson went East this summer to represent the St. Francis at the National Hotel Men's Convention. On his way back he stopped off at Dallas and other cities of Texas to pass the time of day with some of the pals he made when he was managing the Adolphus. He was interviewed by the reporters. One of them asked him what was his great ambition in life. Quoth Alvah:

"To be president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and board of directors of the Good Cheer Society."

Does it sound like a pretty speech signifying nothing? Not to those who know Alvah Wilson. The Wilsons of Harrisburg are an old family, and they possess a family crest though Alvah keeps it dark. On that crest is the motto "Res non Verba." And in spreading the propaganda of good cheer wherever he goes Alvah Wilson specializes in deeds not words. But he's a modest man, and perhaps I'm drawing too much attention to him. Pardon me for pointing.

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Battle-Dreams

"You have been dreaming," said the night nurse gently, "just a bad dream. Try to forget it."

The soldier who had come to the ward that morning from France gazed at the night nurse with eyes full of doubting. He seemed scarcely to hear her. When the sunlight makes patterns on the ward floor because it has come to it through the broad fans of the chestnut trees and when the murmur of bees on the flower-beds in the garden is just audible, it is possible for a man to forget—no matter what his eyes have seen, his ears heard, and his hands accomplished. It is possible, too, at high noon when there is bustle in the wards and the dinners are trundled in on the hand-barrows. In the dawning, they say, it is not possible; and at night the darkness gathers shadows which go up and down, whispering.

The doctor called the soldier's dreams "battle-dreams," but the shadows were not dissipated thereby. When the nurse moved away down the ward under the dim lamps, the shadows came again and the soldier's ears were strained to catch their whispering. They spoke to him at first in a small voice, because the presence of the nurse had frightened them. It was like the sound of the guns, he thought, when they are far away and the wind blows strongly; yet he seemed to catch now and then a crisp laughter, like the tick-a-tack of a machine gun, which showed that the shadows were drawing nearer.

The nurse switched out the lamps, all but one, which was heavily shaded. She went to the pantry to prepare food for those patients who had been ordered it at short intervals. So the gloom and silence of the ward were deepened and the wounded man could see quite distinctly the strange country in which he found himself. He was sailing on a great river, and the shadows were gathering on one of the banks. The banks were very high and he

thought they resembled the sides of his trench out in Flanders. On the No-Man's Land in front of the trench, though, there were flowers growing, poppies and yellow cornflowers. The shadows did not come to the bank and so he could not see them well; but he heard the sound they made, their whispering and their strange, dry laughter. Right in the prow of the boat before him was another shadow, all bent, like a witch-hag, and huddled. The shadows were whispering together and the sound was heavy, like the sound of great birds which pass in the night. He was a countryman from the North and he knew the sound; it was the wings of the wild geese, which go northward in the springtime. Then there was the sucking sound made by the river under its overhanging banks. The shadows moved like the ripe corn in his father's fields when the wind plays with it; but he could hear that they were whispering and laughing while they moved.

The grinding of a taxicab's gears on the hill outside of the hospital roused the wounded man and he rolled uneasily from one side to the other. He heard the driver push the lever home and the grinding sound became a shrill metallic buzz, which caused him to duck his head. He raised his head again to see if the great shell had worked havoc among the shadows. They were whispering together angrily, hissing like snakes. He could hear the snapping of their jaws, like the tick-a-tack of the machine guns in the early morning, when they are licking their lips.

So he laughed and his laughter brought the nurse back again to his side; and her cool fingers on his brow drove the shadows far away. But again, when she left him, they came, and their whispers woke the hag-spirit which sailed with him on the river so that she laughed shrilly as men laugh sometimes in the heat of battle. The laughter of the hag-spirit went down

into the heart of the soldier, swifter than an ill-desire, till his body grew cold with it, and he trembled greatly, while sweat came on his brows. The laughter of the hag-spirit rose in a fierce crescendo and the soldier knew that he had heard that sound, in his trench at the dawn, when they shelled the enemy's line before the attack. The hag-spirit gathered herself up and stood out-stretched against the sullen sheen of the river—fleshless arms like a cross of woe against the leaden sheen of the river.

Then the nurse, moving from bed to bed up the ward, saw the soldier start upright and caught the gleaming of his eyes. He shouted and his words were strange words. For he would follow the hag-spirit, stretched like a cross of woe, to the place of the shadows, which mocked him in their fullness of laughter. And in his spirit he called on the morning that it should not be darkened, and on the young stars for light. And he came leaping in red fields, and there was great heat; he could feel the breath of those that whispered upon his cheeks. They had eyes which shone in the darkness.

* * * * *

The night nurse took his clenched hands and laid him back gently on his bed. She smoothed his brow with her fingers, marveling at the price that must be paid for a man's honor. "You have been dreaming," he said again, "just a bad dream. Try to forget it."

But how shall the soldier forget, who has heard the voice of the morning when the sunrise is made dark by clouded smoke? He may forget when the sunlight makes patterns on the ward floor and the humming of bees comes in across the flower-beds, or at high noon, when they bring the dinners from the lifts. In the dawn he cannot forget; and at night the darkness gathers shadows which go up and down, whispering.

The Ship's Dog

Writers who praise very justly the crews of those thousands of steam trawlers and drifters which are now auxiliary to the British navy have generally ignored an indispensable part of each vessel's complement—the ship's dog. This neglect may be due to a predisposition of landmen, who are accustomed to look upon the dog as a noble animal; and there is nothing noble about the ship's dog—externally, at all events. Appearances are against him. So far from his being a gentleman, he is, like Launce's dog Crab in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," outside the pale of canine culture. In short, he is "an unmitigated bounder," and the worst of it is that he knows it and rejoices in it. "Check" is stamped upon his visage. To him there is not so very much difference between a kick and a kind word. Both are in the ordinary day's routine. The kick diverts his attentions momentarily to someone else; the kind word increases his presumption beyond human endurance. Nothing in the world would make him order himself lowly and reverently towards his superior.

Your sailor dog Crab is always a mongrel, partly because seafaring men love plain things and partly because he has strong "in'ards" and is never, never sick at sea. When his ship is returning to port he is the first to sight, or

rather to sniff, the land. He is on the lookout in the bow among the ropes and chains, whose running coils he has learnt dexterously to evade. His nostrils dilate joyously and he raises aloft in the breeze a tail which in its day has obviously taken many strange craft in tow. His ears are cropped and his face blotchy. If Nature has manifestly intended him to be white the Devil takes a tar-brush and puts an appropriate bar sinister across his left eye. On the other hand, if his parents had yearned for a jet-black chip of the old block, by a similar infernal intervention he will have tawny eye-brows, a soiled shirt-front and one white sock. His caricature of a face is what naturalists call "protective," for if you thrash him casually to ease your temper you laugh and pat him instantly because "he's such a rummy little beggar." The rope's end and he are old acquaintances, but castigation and execration are easy enough for him to bear so long as he knows at the back of his mind that there is a tousle-headed, grimy-faced, greasy-fingered "son of a cook" in the galley, and that the mate himself has a soft spot in his hard heart somewhere—as witness the ridiculous little cork jacket and the miniature lifebuoy that hang beside Crab's bunk near a steam-pipe.

Crab never grumbles, and he is seldom out

of health. When he is he chews oakum as a substitute for grass and thus regains an appetite which would flabbergast the Kennel Club. He will gnaw a crust that has voyaged half-round the world; he will heave in a yard

(Continued on Page 18.)

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The Spectator

Two Graves

Once again we are told the story of the hanging of Charles Cora by the Vigilantes of '55, and as is usually the case with this story it was retold with many inaccuracies and with the omission of an important historical fact of which it is well to be reminded. The story was retold apropos of the finding of Charles Cora's grave in a neglected corner of the Calvary cemetery just south of Geary street. Not more than a block away from this spot lies the body of Colonel E. D. Baker which the people of Oregon have more than once expressed a wish to transport to the State which he represented in the Senate of his country when he enlisted for the Civil War wherein he was killed. Baker's connection with the Cora case, or rather, what came of it, is the historical fact whereof I think it well to be reminded. For Baker was a great, a good and a brave man who died a hero, a martyr to his patriotism, and his experience in this city points a moral which the community never should be permitted to forget. Of this experience General John A. Collins wrote thus:

"Some years ago the people of San Francisco chased away a man who took refuge in the mountains of Nevada. He was afterwards brought back from the sacrificial heights of Stone River, a mangled and speechless prophet of freedom, and fifty thousand people laid him tenderly on the altitudes of Lone Mountain within hearing of the eternal dirges of the ocean—while his glorious words echoed and still echo from the valleys and mountains of the San Joaquin to the sources of the Columbia: 'Years ago I took my stand by Freedom, and where in youth my feet were planted there my manhood and my age shall march.'"

The Quarrel

When Colonel Baker took refuge in the mountains of Nevada it was because of the frenzy of the populace of this city. He had defended Charles Cora; and the jury after listening to his eloquent plea in behalf of the defendant disagreed. When Cora was hanged by the Vigilantes people were in a rage against Baker and he left town. Poor Cora! What a cruel piece of injustice was the hanging of that unfortunate creature! As he was one of the two men on whom the Vigilantes first visited their indignation when they started in to clean up the town, it has been generally assumed ever since that he was a very bad man typical of the evil element that gave the tone of lawlessness to the community. The truth is quite to the contrary. Cora was an ignorant, inoffensive Italian, who lived with a dancer in the Blue Wing dance hall but neglected to marry her. This was the topnotch of his offending until one night he had the indecency to take her to the theatre. In this way he outraged the sensibilities of a southern gentleman, General William H. Richardson, who held a Federal job. General Richardson was United States marshal for California. Evidently in those far-off pioneer days there were men who were greater sticklers for the proprieties than are to be found in this more law-abiding period. At any rate there were forms of licentiousness quite common now, that were intolerable then. General Richardson took occasion in the theatre to voice a loud protest against the presence of Cora's mistress. The men met between acts and quarreled. They met again and Richardson, who was a big,

powerful man with a reputation as a gun-fighter, bore down on Cora in a threatening manner. Cora drew his gun and killed his assailant.

The Eulogy of Belle Cora

Cora was tried, not by a professional jury but by a jury of representative citizens, some of whom bulked large as honorable men in the subsequent history of the State, and notwithstanding the difference in station between Richardson and Cora, notwithstanding the intense hostility of the press, the jury failed to agree. Six voted for a verdict of manslaughter, four were for murder in the first degree and two were for acquittal. Nevertheless when the Vigilantes went looking for victims Cora was high up on the list. It was known at the time that they were also incensed against Colonel Baker. Incensed were these moralists because of the sentiments Baker uttered in the trial regarding Belle Cora, the mistress of the defendant. He spoke as follows:

"I will now proceed to grapple with the great bugbear of the case. The complaint, on their side, is that Belle Cora has tampered with the witnesses. Mr. Bryne has chosen to declare that the line of defense was concocted in a place which he has been pleased to designate as a haunt of sensuality. In plain English, Belle Cora is helping her friend as much as she can. It may appear strange to him, but I am inclined to admit the plain, naked fact; and in the Lord's name, who else should help him? Who else is there whose duty it is to help him? If it were not for her, he would not have a friend on earth. This howling, raging public opinion would banish every friend, even every man who once lived near him. The associates of his life have fled in the day of trouble. Sunshine friends, who basked in the noontide of its beaming, have vanished in the hour of its decline. It is a woman of base profession, of more than easy virtue, of malign fame, of a degraded caste,—it is one poor, weak, feeble, and, if you like it, wicked woman,—to her alone

he owes his ability to employ counsel to present his defense.

"What we want to know is, what have they against that? What we want to know is, why don't they admire it? What we want to know is, why don't they admit the supremacy of the divine spark in the merest human bosom, as if to teach that there is good in things most evil? The history of this case is, I suppose, that this man and this woman have formed a mutual attachment, not sanctioned, if you like, by the usages of society,—thrown out of the pale of society,—if you like, not sanctioned by the rights of the Church. It is but a trust in each other, a devotion to the last, amid all the dangers of the dungeon and all the terrors of the scaffold. They were bound together by a tie which angels might not blush to approve. A bad woman may lose her virtue; it would be infinitely worse to lose her faith according to her own standard. If you mean to say that it is a reproach to this man that he has one friend, and that a woman, to stand by him, I say that that is, perhaps, her greatest virtue. A man who can attach to him a woman, however base in heart and corrupt in life, is not all bad. A woman who can maintain her trust, who can waste her money like water to stand by her friend, whether that friend be her lover or paramour, amid the darkest clouds that can gather, that woman cannot be all evil; and if, in vice, and degradation, and pollution, and infamy, she rises so far above it all as to vindicate her original nature, I must confess that I honor this trait of fidelity. That she might go far in the defense of her friend, no man can doubt. If I were charged with the crime of murder, and my friends, insects born in a summer's beam, were to flee from me, if my good name stood me in no stead, if I were bound at the altar, if the sacrificial priest were to have his arm bared and knife brandished to strike—my wife would stand by me, and if she should bribe a juror, would I condemn her? Would you? The rigid moralist would condemn, and the stern judge would punish, but her act

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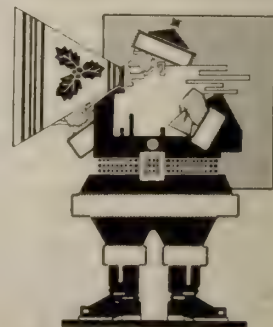
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would accord with the principles of human nature—irrepressible, uncontrollable, higher than all law.

"That a woman should, in adversity and bitterness, and sorrow and crime, stand by her friend in the dungeon, on the scaffold, with her money, and tears, and defiance, and vengeance, all combined, is human and natural. This woman is bad; she has forgotten her chastity—fallen by early temptation from her high estate; and among the matronage of the land her name shall never be heard. She has but one tie, she acknowledges but one obligation, and that she performs in the gloom of the cell and the dread of death; nor public opinion, nor the passions of the multitude, nor the taunts of angry counsel, nor the vengeance of the judge, can sway her for a moment from her course. If any of you have it in your heart to condemn, and say 'Stand back! I am holier than thou,' remember Magdalene, name written in the Book of Life.

"I feel prouder of human nature. I have learned a new lesson. Hide him in the felon's grave, with no inscription consecrated to the spot; and when you have forgotten it, and the memories of the day are past, there will be one bosom to heave a sigh in penitence and prayer, there will be one eye to weep a refreshing tear over the sod, one trembling hand to plant flow-

ers above his head. Let them make the most of it. I scorn the imputation that infamy should rest on him for her folly and her faith. Let them make the most of it, and when the great Judge of all shall condemn,—when, in that dread hour, you and I and she shall stand at the common tribunal for the deeds done or aimed to be done at this day,—if this be remembered against her at all, it will be lost in the record of a thousand crimes perpetrated by high and noble souls. Let a man who feels in his heart no responsive type of such traits of goodness, of truest courage in darkest destiny, let that man be the first to put his hand to the bloody verdict. Beyond this there is nothing more to be said. The imputation on our witnesses is that they went to Belle Cora's. The imputation on their witnesses is the same thing. What then? It proves nothing.

"There is public opinion now; there was no such thing as genuine public opinion at the time of the homicide—it was bastard. It is now calm, intelligent, reflecting, determined, and just. If you mean to be the oracles of this public opinion, in God's name, speak! If you mean to be priests of the divinity which honest men may worship, answer! If you are the votaries of the other, you are but the inflamed Cassandra of a diseased imagination and of a prurient public mind. If of the former, I bow at your feet, in honor of the mysteries of your worship. Against this man the public press, so potent for good, so mighty for evil, inflames and convulses the public mind and judgment. There is not one thing they have said that is in accordance with truth and justice; there is not one version they have given that is based on testimony and facts."

The Latest Hearst Film

Not so long ago William R. Hearst told a Californian friend that his moving picture enterprises were of more importance than his publishing business. Those who are familiar with the film business indorse the statement. Hearst controls some film companies and is heavily interested in others. He has this advantage over all other movie men that he can advertise his films all over the country free of charge, using for this purpose not only his string of newspapers but also his International News and Photo Service. The way he advertised his latest film "Patria" is a case in point. It was more extensively advertised prior to its presentation than Griffith's "Intolerance" was, and

whereas Griffith spent a fortune advertising "Intolerance," the advertising of "Patria" cost Hearst nothing; at best, he took money out of one pocket and put it in the other. The colored pictures of Mrs. Vernon Castle in various patriotic poses which appeared on the cover of the Hearst Sunday supplement for several weeks made a part of this advertising campaign. When the picture was shown for the first time at the Ritz-Carlton in New York Monday night, a large assemblage of more or less distinguished people was on hand to see it. They were personally invited by Mr. and Mrs. Hearst, and they must have been well aware that they were helping to advertise the film. Preceding the first unreeing of the picture Mrs. Hearst gave a dinner in honor of Mrs. Vernon Castle. Mrs. Hearst is interested in all her husband's business ventures, and leaves no stone unturned to help him. In this dinner party were Ethel Barrymore and her husband, the Oliver Harrimans and other fashionables. Arthur Brisbane was there, and stayed to see "Patria." This makes the third moving picture he has seen in his life. At a dinner of the moving picture magnates not long ago Brisbane was introduced as the guest of honor and the "greatest editor in the world," and proceeded to make a speech roasting the moving picture business. He said he had only seen two pictures, and both were given at Mr. Hearst's home, so he had to watch them or be impolite. Unlike Mrs. Hearst, Brisbane is not always in sympathy with Hearst's enterprises; but he aids them nevertheless. The dinner party was written up and the account put on the I. N. S. wire together with an account of "Patria" which shows that it is a wild jingo melodrama. It would be interesting to hear what Brisbane thought of it.

"The Sun" Falls Down

There was a time when the "Questions and Answers" column of the New York Sun was as nearly infallible as anything human can be. If the genius who presided over this column could not answer a question correctly he did not answer it at all; he passed it up to the readers of The Sun, and among those readers there was always somebody with the bit of information required. But The Sun's question-answer was rarely stumped. Whoever that genius was, he has disappeared since Frank Munsey bought The Sun. In the "Questions and Answers" column of Sunday, November 12, appeared this: "I cannot find in Tennyson the line, 'When



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Roland to the dark tower came." To which the new question-answerer replied: "Aren't you thinking of Byron's 'Childe Harold'?" I can imagine Charles Dana, Hazeltine and all the other dead and gone literary lights of The Sun turning over in their graves at that reply. The person who wrote to The Sun was not thinking of Byron; he mistook for Tennyson's a line of Shakespeare's which inspired one of Robert Browning's most wonderfully imaginative poems. "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came" may be found in "King Lear." It is quoted by Edgar in the midst of his pseudo-ravings, but from what ballad Shakespeare borrowed it (if any) commentators have never been able to discover. Who Childe Roland was, and what was the Dark Tower are speculations that have always fascinated Shakespearian students. They fascinated Browning, and he wrote a poem which describes Childe Roland's journey to the Dark Tower. The poem ends when Childe Roland's journey ends, and it ends with the line from Shakespeare, "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came." It looks as though Frank Munsey himself is now answering The Sun queries.

The Pacific-Union Hold-Up

"Hello, Willis, just talking about you."

It was the day after the hold-up in the Pacific-Union Club. The Man Who Winds the Ferry Clock was talking it over in the pendulum room with his friend Senator Gus Hartman when the distinguished architect, Mr. Polk, entered.

"Talking about me, eh?" he said. "What were you saying about me?"

"Oh," said the clockwinder, "I was just wondering whether you had anything to do with it."

"M'm," muttered Polk.

"But the Senator said that when you wanted to tap the club you rebuilt it."

Polk chuckled.

"Of course," the clockwinder continued, "I didn't suspect you of designs on the cash-drawer, but I thought you might have gone up there to give them a thrill."

"Just my luck!" Willis exclaimed. "The first time anything startling ever got by the hat boy and I wasn't there!"

Some Intimate Details

"I see from the papers," said the clockwinder, "that it is the supposition of the detectives that the leader of the bandits was somebody on familiar terms with the club."

"Yes," said Polk. "He must have been close up. That's evident from the fact that he picked out Lansing Mizner. The papers have given us some thrilling details. Here's Tom Barbour represented as showing his presence of mind by dropping his wallet into 'a convenient ash-can.' That ash-can is one of the ornaments of the club. On the whole it must have been a great show, but it's rather humiliating to think the bandits got away without anything. The next thing we know one of The Bulletin's ex-convicts will write a homily on the futility of undertaking to separate the idle rich from their money and point to the sorry experience of enterprising bandits in our financial centre of relaxation."

"Well," said the clockwinder, "it was a rash undertaking, wasn't it? Considering how easy it is to put it over with the income tax-jimmy and the inheritance tax-gouge, why take any

chances where it's so easy to stage a screen scene or slip your purse into an ash-can?"

"Nevertheless," said Polk, "for the honor of the club I wish the bandits had encountered a bunch of Dan Jacklings. Still, there is some consolation in this, that the affair shows what a libel it is on the members of the club to refer to them as wax figures. I'll bet the bandits think they ran up against some pretty live wires."

Sadakichi Lectures

Sadakichi Hartmann exhibited what has been called "the most mysterious personality in American letters" for the delectation or a select gathering of highbrows in Paul Elder's lecture room last Friday afternoon. "Poe, Whitman and Myself" was the title of Sadakichi's discourse, and the soft pattering of white kid gloves every now and then indicated that the highbrows enjoyed Sadakichi and themselves. The highbrow who goes to lectures is a highbrow apart; she is doubtless the most serious highbrow of them all, for her countenance expresses a solemn—at times a grim—determination to be improved intellectually. Sadakichi would probably admit that there is ample room for the intellectual improvement of the lecture-going highbrow; but not regarding the work of improvement as his special duty, he confines himself to amusing and being amused. Sadakichi, it was evident, had the time of his life last Friday afternoon. The combination of grin, chuckle and giggle which is part of his mysterious personality, was much in evidence throughout the lecture. I suspect that most of the time he was amusing himself at the expense of the highbrows who had come to take him seriously. He refused to be taken seriously. Sadakichi is the Eva Tanguay of American letters; he doesn't care. He spoofed his audience for an hour and a half. It was what may be called, with apologies to the highbrows, "great stuff."

A Whitman Anecdote

There was, for instance, Sadakichi's anecdote about Whitman. Sadakichi said he had known the "good gray poet" for several years. He described going to see him one day, and told of Whitman sending him out to buy salmon and California claret, a circumstance which should appeal to the Home Industry League. He described Whitman sitting at his window and waving salutes through it to the whole world. But he said that nobody ever passed in the street outside except an occasional woman with a baby or a peddler selling collar buttons. "I remember one day when a peddler passed selling collar buttons," said Sadakichi, and the highbrows leaned forward eagerly, for they sensed the coming of a new Whitman anecdote. "Whitman," continued the lecturer, "leaned out of the window and asked how much the collar buttons were. The man said, two for five cents. 'Well, I don't want any,' said Whitman." As the highbrows would not say, that is "some anecdote." Sadakichi is rich in obiter dicta. Thus, he spoke of Caruso "who looks like a coachman even when he's dressed like a prince." And he referred to tourists as "damned tourists," adding that he didn't like them. He read Poe's "The Tell-tale Heart" and Whitman's "The Mystic Trumpeter," as well as some of his own poetry, concluding with an Aubrey Beardsley ballad. "I know what he reminds me of!" exclaimed one fair auditor after the lecture: "his

face is a compromise between Fritz Kreisler and Doctor Cook." Which is interesting, for perhaps Sadakichi has in that "mysterious personality" of his something of the artist and something of the charlatan.

Art and Stitches

"It was the Call of the 9th November, I believe, which stated that Mr. J. Nilsen Laurvik had proposed that sewing circles be started in the Art Association through its Auxiliary, whom he addressed. Really he should be stopped. The Tribune of Oakland ran an editorial on the subject under the title 'Quick, Watson, the Needle!' Thus begins one of my artist correspondents, and proceeds: 'The San Francisco Art Association will create sewing circles through its Women's Auxiliary if the advice and suggestion of its director, J. Nilsen Laurvik is followed. How splendid! Think of it! Sewing circles! Our originality is once more to rock the world. The needle—and not the etching needle at that—is to raise us to esthetic heights of creation, pinnacles of appreciation as yet unknown to painting, needlework and sculpture. And this is no idle dressmaker's dream. How full of possibilities the prospect—stitches for all the reckless members: the feather stitch, the hem stitch, the stitch in time, the lazy daisy (a beautiful stitch), the walking stitch, the running stitch, the stitch in the side. Then the results! Who cannot see the devoted members! First gaze on their director in a senatorial toga of subdued egg dust color, with a classic border of the well known Greek scissor design, all hand stitched. Imagine Charlie Dickman in a close fitting alpaca piped with bias folds of passementerie, all hand made. And Amedee Jouillin in a shimmering chenille appliqued with antimacassar, all from the members' needles. Ah, splendid thought! On, art lovers! To the shroud! A marvellous shroud—for the San Francisco Art Association.'

The Younger Painters

The San Francisco Art Association is holding its annual jury exhibition at the Palace of Fine Arts. This exhibition is interesting, first because it is so good; and second, because the "old guard" of painters is conspicuous by its absence. The old names that we have been in the habit of looking for at all local exhibitions are not to be found here. There are some names which are familiar, and a great many which are altogether strange to art lovers. All are the names of young men and young women. It would seem that our art colony has been growing by leaps and bounds; it would seem also that the oldsters had better look to their laurels, for they are going to have lively competition from these newcomers.

Helen Keller's Romance

Helen Keller is deaf, dumb and blind; but these disabilities did not prevent her from experiencing and inspiring love. It seems that she and her secretary, a newspaperman named Peter Fagan, fell madly in love with each other. The news leaked out when Fagan applied for a marriage license in Boston. It was immediately denied by Miss Keller and by Fagan, and denied most heatedly by Mrs. Macy, the instructor who taught Miss Keller to overcome her infirmities. Said Mrs. Macy: "The story that my pupil of 27 years is to marry her secretary or anyone else is an abominable fabrication."

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tion. I have been with Miss Keller almost continuously since I first saw her in her home in Tuscumbia, Ala., 27 years ago, and during that time she has scarcely been out of my sight." This indignant statement may or may not shed some light on a blighted romance. It has been explained that Mrs. Macy is opposed to Helen Keller marrying anybody, not because she is selfish in the matter, but because it would hinder the girl's further development. But does not Mrs. Macy's denial of the engagement story give us a hint as to her state of mind? To Mrs. Macy the story is "an abominable fabrication." No story about Helen Keller's engagement would be an "abominable" fabrication unless it reflected on Miss Keller, and this particular story does not. The incident will cause some people to think that while Mrs. Macy once served Miss Keller, Miss Keller is now serving her; and that Helen Keller has become so important to Mrs. Macy that Mrs. Macy won't let her lead her own life. Mrs. Macy is in an unfortunate position; people may suspect her of having crushed a romance for her own ends. That there was a romance nobody now doubts.

Peter Pan Is Dead

The boy for whom Barrie wrote "Peter Pan"—the boy who was, in a sense, the original of "Peter Pan"—has been slain in battle. We learn this from an article on Barrie written for the New York Times by the poet Joyce Kilmer. When "Peter Pan" was first produced in London, this boy was sick and could not attend the theatre, so Charles Frohman arranged a special performance in his bedroom. Kilmer gives the origin of the name Wendy in the play. William E. Henley was a close friend of Barrie. Alice, Henley's little daughter, was a favorite of Barrie's, and she tried to call him "Friendly," but the nearest she could get to it was "Wendy." She died, and Barrie perpetuated her memory in his masterpiece.

"Blinker" Anticipated K. C. B.

Frank Mulgrew went through some old clippings the other day, and came across a political squib written for The Examiner by Al ("Blinker") Murphy on the occasion of Judge Maguire's nomination as the Democratic candidate for Governor. The squib indicates that Al Murphy thought of K. C. B.'s stunt a good many years before K. C. B. broke into the newspaper game. Here is the account of the convention: The convention met. Mr. McNab spoke. Thin Joe Dwyer spoke, and O'Brien spoke. Thin Major Harney spoke, and Gallagher talked back.

Thin Jim Phelan spoke, And McNab spoke, And Vogelsang spoke, And Edelman spoke, And Cassin spoke, And Dwyer called Sam Brauhart a liar.

And Billy Fut called McNab a liar. And Dockweiler called Everybody a liar. Thin Sullivan spoke, And Doolan spoke. Thin McNab said that Mike Tarpey lied, And Fitzgerald spoke. Maguire was nominated, And spoke. Thin John P. Dunn spoke, And Dooley he spoke, Thin John Gaffey spoke, And Max Popper spoke. Clitus Barbour, he chewed. Thin John Gaey spoke, And Donohue and Shay and Fay and Foley and Jim Phelan, And Cassin and McCray, And O'Sullivan, Hennessey, Fennessey, Ahern and Ryan O'Leary, O'Meara, O'Neill, Coffey, Conley, Conologue, Reddy, Rourke And Murphy, they all spoke. And the convention was over. Adjourned.

Tom Hill's "Last Spike" Again for Sale

Thomas Hill's famous painting "Driving the Last Spike," said to be "the greatest portrait study in the world," is again for sale. Some years ago when J. E. Williamson, administrator of the Hill estate, sold Mr. Hill's private collection of some two hundred canvasses including the "Spike" to David Hewes, California pioneer, it was rumored that the "Spike" and possibly the entire collection would be presented to an art museum to be founded by Mr. Hewes near San Francisco. However, Mr. Hewes passed away before his plans could be worked out, if such they were. Now that the Hewes estate is in process of settlement the court and executors (Senator F. P. Flint and Donald Barker of Los Angeles, Granville D. Abbott of San Francisco and Carl H. Abbott of Oakland) have ordered the entire collection which is now on exhibition at 532 Sutter street, sold at once. It is doubtful if the collection will be purchased by one person, so the paintings will probably be widely scattered at the end of the sale, especially as all unsold pictures are to be sent East. It would seem that the "Spike" especially should remain in San Francisco and it is to be hoped that some public-spirited citizen or citizens will individually or collectively arrange to purchase it and place it in the Park Museum or Exposition gallery where it belongs. The "Spike" was once offered to San Francisco by the Hill heirs, but the money could not be raised at that time. However, as the executors of the Hewes estate seem to be willing to give San Francisco preference in se-

curing this masterpiece, it can doubtless be secured for much less at this time. It is not probable that this portrayal of an event so closely connected with the history of California will be allowed to leave San Francisco when there are so many wealthy citizens who are amply able to purchase it and present it to the Museum.

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Miss Hager's Dogs

It seems that the dogs which Miss Alice Hager has been keeping at her place in Burlingame are badly behaved dogs. These dogs annoy Miss Hager's neighbors. All the misconduct of the dogs is not specified by the complaining neighbors, but the blanket indictment accuses them of offending the "delicacy, comfort and morals" of the neighborhood. This would indicate that they are naughty dogs. But I hesitate to indorse the charges made against them because I don't want to give any dog a bad name. The depth of their iniquity I am unable to plumb, but I hazard the guess that these dogs are thieves, and that their burglarizing of bones, etc., constitutes an offense against the morals of Burlingame. I suppose too that they bark and yelp, thereby causing discomfort. As for their offenses against delicacy, well, all dogs are pretty rude in their manners. In other words, these dogs seem to be like all the other dogs in the world; but it may be that their offenses are accentuated because there are so many of them. Miss Hager is a breeder of dogs, and keeps a stock that is constantly replenished. The offenses of a single dog are usually such as may be discreetly overlooked, especially after he has been taught house manners; but the offenses of a whole kennel are doubtless pretty trying to the neighbors. Mind you, I am only speculating about these things. I make no direct assertions. The proverb says that every dog has his day, and if one of Miss Hager's dogs ever gets his day in court I don't want to be sued for libel. I trust I exhibit a dogged determination to be fair.

Dogs and a Goat

When the people of Burlingame threatened to get rid of Miss Hager's dogs she advertised her home for sale, announcing in the advertisement that a Japanese, Chinese or negro might buy it at a bargain. You may imagine what a pretty to-do that kicked up among the neighbors. That to them was a worse offense than any canine offense against delicacy, comfort or morals. Miss Hager has explained the insulting words: "I put them in to get their goats." Well, she got them. Miss Hager, therefore, is not only a breeder of dogs but also a collector of goats. It's pretty hard to get ahead of Miss Hager; and in the present contest between her and the neighbors she seems to have scored most of the points. In fact she has won on everything but the essential matter, for it looks as though the dogs will have to go.

Having Fun with Society

Do you ever see a little monthly called "The Annals of the Hotel St. Francis?" If not, you miss some pretty breezy stuff. This brochure is edited by Guy S. Rowell, publicity director for the big hostelry. Mr. Rowell has a pretty taste in illustration, and wields a pen which refuses to take the serious line. In the last issue of "The Annals" under the head of "Educational Stuff," Mr. Rowell has something to say about the Cubist-Futurist ball given at the St. Francis some time ago. I must quote it, so that my readers may see how Mr. Rowell pokes fun at our solemn society people:

"The Cubist-Futurist ball has made its splash and passed on. This was one of the most picturesque affairs ever staged at the St. Francis, but its name was not near comprehensive enough. It should have been called The Futurist-Pastist-Cubist-Angularist Ball, judging from types of femininity on display. Some of the participants were true cubes, heads and all. Others were so conspicuously angular they should have had representation in the title. One beauty (newspaper variety) had cords in her 'swan-like' neck that stood out like buttresses to a cathedral, and old dog Tray could curl up between them for a nap, and her shoulder blades stuck up like the dorsal fins of a shark. The Futurists were there all the way. Chauncey and Percy trailed along, trying to read the crystal in their eyes, and taking a slant down behind the scenes whenever they could find an excuse to

hover over them. The Pastist bunch struggled hard to be in the running. A few widows (sod) were holding their own fairly well, and the grass variety were also in the game, usually with lone but specially ardent admirers. But the antique maiden, she who had already garnered her hay crop unaided and alone, but was still stalling along behind a coat of kalsomine and a pint of chestnut stain in an effort to convey the impression that the pasturage was still green, was the castor oil in the coffee. Of course, with this representative following, the ball was a tremendous social success."

Miss Ryer at the Horse Show

Miss Doris Ryer, the daughter of Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and the fiancée of young Lewis Nixon of New York, was much admired on the opening afternoon and evening of the Horse Show at Madison Square Gardens, I learn from Eastern newspaper notes. Her afternoon costume was mignonette chiffon velvet with sable. Her evening gown was of white with lines of white crystals on the skirt and a garniture of geranium pink and old blue on the bodice. She wore a magnificent ermine cloak. She was with the Lewis Nixons, and her beauty won many encomiums.

At the Opera

Among the ladies who shared attention at the Metropolitan Opera premiere with Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. Ned Stotesbury, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr., Mrs. Goelet, Mrs. E. H. Harriman, Mrs. Vincent Astor and other notables were Mrs. Dan Jackling and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels. The sisters were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Gary who also entertained the Brazilian Ambassador and his wife Mme. da Gama.

The Hawaiian Craze

The World's Fair at Chicago conferred upon the United States a varied assortment of crazy cults, principally oriental, and a sinister lot of bad-acting cultists, mostly dark-skinned and turbaned. The World's Parliament of Religions at Chicago did the country a lot of harm. What does the country owe to the Panama-Pacific Exposition? Well, it owes many good things, and at least one thing of doubtful benefit. This contribution came from the Zone. I refer to

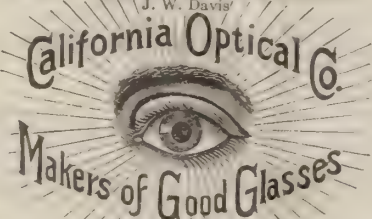
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the current craze for Hawaiian music and the hula hula. We don't notice this craze so much in San Francisco where we've always been used to the dreamy Kanaka with his plaintive chant and his ukulele, and to the Kanaka girl shaking her grass skirt and wiggling her body in the hula hula; but the rest of the country, particularly New York, seems to have gone mad over these importations from the Paradise of the Pacific. The musical flivver (the ukulele) is heard everywhere in the East, and in the resorts where the pace is fast the hula hula is the dance of the hour. The Honolulu houris who performed on the Zone nearly all drifted to the East, and most of them found dancing engagements in the all-night cafes of New York. The character of the hula they dance depends on the character of the resort they dance in, and on the lateness of the hour. A lot of bankers who used to be office boys and are so proud of it that they formed a club, gave their annual jollification in a Sixth-avenue restaurant a few nights ago, and the scene of revelry included this picture: "Girls of the tenderloin in evening dress dancing with impressive-looking men, while a certain hula-hula dancer disported for their edification." I read also of a projected party to be given by well known men about Broadway in honor of the Hawaiian dancers. Doraldina, Luanna and Veronica, three hula hula girls who are starred in as many New York cafes, are to be the principal guests; they all hail from our Zone, I believe. An observing critic writes that "Doraldina's dancing is growing more fiery as the nights go by, and her uncanny skill in keeping her body in perfect time makes her the idol of the sun-dodgers who seek amusement from 1 a. m. to 4 a. m."

Graceful Tributes from McCormack

When St. Edward's church is numbered among the architectural features of San Francisco we shall have also a memento of John McCormack, the great lyrical artist. St. Edward's church is to be the centre of a new parish recently created by Archbishop Hanna, of which Rev. P. L. Ryan, long identified with the Catholic Humane Bureau, has been appointed pastor. The church will be erected at California and Laurel streets. John McCormack and Father Ryan are old-time friends, and the tenor has donated to the church a memorial window to be dedicated to St. Cyril, the patron saint of one of the two lovely children who have crowned the happy marriage that he counts his greatest blessing. It is said that it would be hard to find a great singer who has not a deep religious feeling, and certainly McCormack is one who delights in praising Him "from whom all blessings flow." No wonder he is able to play

on our emotions. He is a man full of tender sentiment. Besides providing for a beautiful work of art which will be a tribute of paternal love and affection he enlisted the services of Father Ryan to distribute for him fifty dollars worth of tickets for the charity concert of his distinguished fellow-artist, Mme. Schumann-Heink. The tickets will be distributed among the little ones of the Humane Bureau which has been Father Ryan's special care since its inception. For this same occasion McCormack bought one hundred dollars worth of tickets from Manager Greenbaum. Thus did the singer pay graceful tribute to a noble woman and at the same time do much toward gladdening the heart of many a poor child in San Francisco.

At Hotel Oakland

The annual doll show for the benefit of the West Oakland Home took place Thursday, Friday and Saturday. It will be brought to a close Saturday evening with an elaborate dinner dance. Mrs. Landers Redman is chairman of the committee in charge of the dinner dance and Mrs. A. M. Beebe of the music. Reservations are being made for Thanksgiving dinner. People on both sides of the bay have found the hotel a delightful place to partake of their Thanksgiving meal, and this year plans are being made on a larger scale than ever before. Mrs. L. Langley who has made her home for several years past in Scranton, Pa., is at the hotel for a protracted stay. Mr. C. H. Mitchell is down from Alaska to visit Mrs. Mitchell. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Vale of Kenosha, Wis., with their two children and maid will remain for some time. Mrs. I. M. Blackman and her mother Mrs. E. P. Reynolds have taken apartments. Lieutenant A. S. Boyd of Panama is at the Oakland during his furlough.

Winter Season at Tavern

The social aspect is brightening as the days grow shorter. In fact it may be said that this week saw the curtain rung up on the formal winter season. Every night this week saw considerable social animation at the Techau Tavern and at times the largeness of the gatherings exceeded the capacity. One can always find happily constituted people at the Techau Tavern and there is profound satisfaction in the knowledge that in addition to the best dinner there is refined entertainment of the most pleasing variety.

An Invaluable Recipe

A young fellow, who has not long been married, usually confides his troubles to a friend whose matrimonial experience covers a period of twenty years.

One day the former remarked very despond-

ently: "I said something to my wife she didn't like, and she hasn't spoken to me for two days."

The eyes of the old married man brightened. "Say, old top," he exclaimed eagerly, "can you remember what it was you said?"

What It Was

The District Trustee was addressing a school in Ohio.

"Children," said he, "I want to talk to you a few moments about one of the most wonderful, one of the most important organs in the whole world. What is it that throbs away, beats away, never stopping, never ceasing, whether you wake or sleep, night or day, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, without any volition on your part, hidden away in the depths, as it were, unseen by you, throbbing, throbbing, throbbing, rhythmically all your life long?"

During the pause for oratorical effect a small voice was heard:

"I know—it's the gas meter."

Banker (to applicant for clerkship)—Have you had any experience in a bank?

Applicant—Yes, sir, I was a depositor in one, until the cashier ran away with all the funds.

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McCormack in the Auditorium

By Helen M. Bonnet

All who have traveled even but a little way on the right pathway of the vocal art must have been deeply impressed last Sunday by the great object lesson in bel canto given by John McCormack at the Exposition Auditorium. Popularly John McCormack is regarded as a great ballad singer. It was his singing of simple Irish songs that first won his popularity for him, but his success in this narrow range of vocalism he owes to the perfection he attained in all the essentials of the art itself. He is one of the world's greatest lyrical artists. Never was his great art so clearly made manifest as last Sunday when, with his precious throat far from being in its normal condition, he sang before an immense audience a programme by which he tested the acoustics of the city's great auditorium, giving us a wonderful exhibition of the serene application of knowledge to time, place and condition. It was a great feat, and the singer came through it with perfect mastery of his medium. The artist held his standard high. There was no inclination for risks or experiments. What he accomplished was the result of the power of pure tone production. There was no straining of physical power, nothing but correct accent and phrasing. Of the carrying quality of his soft tones the audience was convinced in the very first phrase of Handel's "Sleep." As each word, each syllable fell distinct from his lips, and the limpid legato phrases

curved lovingly through the immense space, even the musically unlearned must have been thrilled at once by the beauty and power of the performance. It was like a voice from a far-off world ringing out mystical and soul-reaching, transporting us to the enchanted shores of a world of bliss, there to be heedless of the calls and duties of the morrow. But John McCormack was not heard at his best last Sunday. He is a singer with an extensive repertoire, and his gamut is wide. Whether in operatic arias, classic song dramas or the songs of the people of many lands he is the peer of any artist on the stage. His tongue is as familiar with the languages of Italy, France and Germany as with English, and nobody else in the whole wide world can roll off the beautiful, indescribable brogue like him; he knows how to exalt his hearers spiritually or to steep them in old-fashioned humor and homely sentiment and he can infuse into his tones the blazing color of romance, but Sunday he had no inclination for displaying his capacity. His whole programme was one of opalescent tints. Only two or three times, as in a moment of "The Singer's Consolation" and in the climax of "The Bitterness of Love" had we a touch of the flame that sometimes leaps from the singer's soul. But for the cold, what lights and shades he might have given us! But the touch of Irish comicality was there. O, the delicious

humor of him, the tender blarney, the lilting love and the heart-wringing sorrow! The singer's most impressive number was Schubert's "Ave Maria." I believe that one of the joys reserved for Sir Walter Scott's millennium was that John McCormack should sing Schubert's setting to this "Hymn to the Virgin."

In addition to McCormack last Sunday we had his friend Donald McBeath, the young violinist, who will one day, I am sure, be giving concerts of his own. This young man has poetic insight, a lovely tone and a genius for work. I believe that Kreisler himself would have applauded the Rondino had he been there. Another personality on the programme was Edward Schneider, emperor of accompanists, who was there to sustain the singer, to reinforce him, to restrain, to be the tower of strength that he has been acknowledged to be by every illustrious singer whose good fortune it has been to sing with him.

My only disappointment at the concert was the audience. It was a great occasion, but the audience failed to rise to it. They love McCormack, they all could hear him, they knew the strain he was undergoing, but they were positively phlegmatic. Is the house so large as to make the contagion of sympathy impossible? This is a question for psychologists.

The Stage

"Hobson's Choice" a Delight

There isn't an aitch in the whole four acts. Aitches are disregarded in Lancashire; they are dropped and never picked up again. But with its defective alphabet Lancashire manages to get along very well, having a great deal to say and saying it with point and good humor. This play of Lancashire folk which was written by a dramatic critic might serve as a model to many American playwrights who complain when American dramatic critics find their plays crude and ill-made. It is a fact that some dramatic critics know how plays should be built, and Harold Brighouse, the dramatic critic who wrote "Hobson's Choice" is one of them. He wrote it for the British public which is much more exacting in the matter of dramatic art than the American public. We must express our gratitude to the American producers who imported it, permitting us to duplicate the hours of pleasure we extracted from that other British-made comedy "Bunty Pulls the Strings." "Hobson's Choice" is the reverse of slipshod; its every scene speaks eloquently of careful writing and unwearying revision, and yet it does not smell of the midnight oil, does not exhibit the labor of the file. It is fresh, easy, apparently spontaneous in its march of incidents, its development of character, its succession of good lines. The English company plays it very well indeed. It will not do to miss "Hobson's Choice." If you miss it you must be silent when the conversation turns on the neglect of good plays.

—The First Nighter.

The Schumann-Heink Concerts

This Sunday afternoon in the Exposition Auditorium Mme. Schumann-Heink will give a programme of song, assisted by Eula Howard Nunan, solo pianist, and Edith Evans, accom-

panist. The diva will donate her share of the profits to the relief of orphans and distressed children in San Francisco and in her native land. The programme will include scenes from four of the Wagner music dramas, the eight gems which comprise the Song Cycle "Frauenliebe und Leben" by Schumann, and a group of miscellaneous songs by Rogers, La Forge, Ardit, Malloy and Weatherly. The second Schumann-Heink concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, December 3, when a programme of the artist's favorite songs will be given. Among these will be Schubert's "Die Forelle," "The Erl King" and "Du bist die Ruh," Hugo Wolf's "Heimweh," Bach's "My Heart Ever Faithful," Beethoven's "Ich Liebe Dich," gems by Strauss, Loewe and other masters besides a group of popular songs like "The Rosary," "The Cry of Rachel," "Down in the Forest," "Dawn on the Desert" and that dainty melody of Delibes' "Good Morning, Sue." Popular prices will prevail. Box offices are open at Sherman Clay and Kohler and Chase, also at the Auditorium on Sundays after ten a. m.

The Chamber Music Society

The second concert of the season by the Chamber Music Society of San Francisco will be given Tuesday afternoon, November 28, at 3:15 in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis. Next to our Symphony Orchestra, this is our most important musical organization. The society will have the assistance of H. B. Randall, clarinetist, on this occasion. A String Quartet by Haydn, the Quintet for clarinet and strings by Brahms and the Quintet for piano and strings by Franck will be the programme. Tickets may be had at the usual music stores and on Tuesday afternoon at the door. Miss Eda

Beronio is in charge of the management for Mr. Greenbaum.

Final Week of "Intolerance"

It is to be regretted that the Columbia finds it impossible to extend the engagement of "Intolerance" and that Griffith's spectacle will have to close its engagement with the 111th presentation, taking place on Sunday night, December 3. Hundreds have been turned away the last few nights unable to secure seats.

"Garden of Allah" Coming to Columbia

That romantic drama of desert mystery "The Garden of Allah" comes to the Columbia on Monday night, December 4, for an engagement of three weeks. The story is that of a young Trappist monk, ardent and imaginative, who has listened too eagerly to tales of the outside world. He ends by renouncing his vows, and makes his way to the desert, hoping to find peace. On its border he meets a young woman, they fall in love and marry. Then they go into the desert where they find happiness for a time. But the young monk is discovered by a man who persuades him to confess to his bride. The story ends with the monk's return to his monastery. Prominent in the cast are Sarah Truax, William Jeffrey, Howard Gould, Thaddeus Gray, James Mason, Albert Andruss, Leo de Valery and Pearl Gray. The dramatization is by Robert Hichens who wrote the novel, assisted by Mary Anderson de Navarro.

"Yellow Pawn" at Theatre St. Francis

"The Yellow Pawn," with Wallace Reid, Cleo Ridgley and Kuwa in the stellar roles, will be the attraction at the Theatre St. Francis commencing Sunday. The play has to do with the

intrigues of a district attorney, jealous of his wife's fascination for a young artist, and the "third degree" methods he employs to send an innocent man to the gallows. Wallace Reid and Cleo Ridgley are too well known to need much mention. Their work in this thrilling drama is better than anything they have done before. Kuwa, a Japanese who is the only rival in acting to his famous contemporary Sessue Hayakama, has a very important role in "The Yellow Pawn." The St. Francis announces also a comedy featuring tiny little Hughie Mack, and another reel of the famous Exposition pictures. The orchestra under Jaulus and Polak will continue to charm.

Iole Pastori's Concert

Iole Pastori, a California girl, protegee of Madame Matzenauer, mezzo soprano of the Metropolitan, returned home recently and on Monday night, December 4, at Scottish Rite Auditorium, will make her debut as a professional singer in her home city. Eugenia Argiewicz-Bem, the Polish violinist, will divide the programme with Miss Pastori. Uda Waldrop will be at the piano. Frank W. Healy will be in charge. Miss Pastori was born with a voice. Her mother Madame Pastori, before she located in California to establish the Pastori Villa at Fairfax, was an Italian prima donna. As a pupil of Madame Delia Valeri of New York Miss Pastori recently sang before Caruso, Polacco, Bodansky and other prominent people of the Metropolitan. These artists were at the reception given Caruso by Dr. Marifoti, and Miss Pastori was the "guest" singer. She sang "Mi Chimano Mimi" from "La Boheme" with such art as to stir her hearers to enthusiasm. On

November 1 Caruso wrote to Miss Pastori from New York: "I wish you all success in your concert, and I am sure that the public of San Francisco will appreciate your artistic efforts." Seats will go on sale Wednesday at Kohler and Chase and Sherman Clay. Mail orders, with funds, addressed to Frank W. Healy, care Kohler and Chase, will be filled before the opening of the box office.

Second Week of "Hobson's Choice"

"Hobson's Choice" will begin the second and last week of its engagement at the Cort tomorrow evening. The company which Messrs. Shubert sent here is the original English company which played "Hobson's Choice" in England all last year. It includes Viola Roach, Galwey Herbert, Marsgall Vincent, Lionel Bevans, Rhoda Beresford, James J. Donnelly, Venie Atherton, W. F. Hill, Esther Mendel, Phyllis Birkett, James C. Malaidey and Noel Tearle. There will be a special Thanksgiving matinee next Thursday.

"Oh, the Women!" at Pantages

"Oh, the Women!" They'll "get theirs" at the finale of every show at the Pantages Theatre next week, for that's the title of the merry musical comedy that will head next week's bill, commencing with Sunday's matinee. Florence Moore, Harrington Reynolds and Robert Finley assume the leading roles, and reports wafted down from the far north have it that it's a bouquet of satire and irony—also that it makes due allowance for the fascinations of the fair sex. Princess Jue Quon Tai, Chinese mezzo soprano, is another feature on next week's menu. She is a sweet singer and a remarkably

comely young woman as well, with plenty of vivacity and "pep." Other features in what looks—on paper—like a decidedly good bill are a rural comedy skit "The Toll Bridge," presented by James Grady and his company; Warren and Templeton in typical song-and-dance "stuff;" Ollie and Johnny Vanis, slack-wire artists; George Stanford, an out-of-the-ordinary whistler; and chapter four of the film serial of the tall timber "A Lass o' the Lumberlands."

The Third Pair of Symphonies

Friday's admirable symphonic programme of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra will be repeated Sunday afternoon at the Cort under the direction of Alfred Hertz. This will be the regular Sunday symphony of the third pair. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony which Wagner termed the "apotheosis of the dance," and in which Alberti found an expression of German jubilation at being delivered from the yoke of France, will again be the first number. The Cesar Franck symphonic poem "Les Eolides" will follow. It is rarely given. The concluding number, Richard Strauss' tone poem "Death and Transfiguration," has been heard here fairly frequently. Seats may be obtained at Sherman Clay excepting the day of the concert, when they may be had at the Cort. Conductor Hertz has arranged another feast of light music for the third "pop" concert which will be given at the Cort on the afternoon of Sunday, December 3. Liszt's First Rhapsodie will open the programme, and afford excellent opportunity to several members of the orchestra to show their ability as soloists. Grieg's Lyric Suite will follow. Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" is another excellent number. The Meditation from Massenet's "Thais" is certain of popular approval. Louis Persinger's violin art will again be disclosed in this number. The pathetic, temptuous, overpowering "March Slav" by the great Russian composer Tschaikowsky will end the programme.

Craig Campbell at Orpheum

Craig Campbell, the distinguished tenor who



CRAIG CAMPBELL

The distinguished tenor next week at the Orpheum



WALLACE REID AND CLEO RIDGLEY

In "The Yellow Pawn" at the Theatre St. Francis commencing Sunday

has already made himself famous on the concert and musical comedy stage and has won unqualified praise from the foremost critics of the East, will be heard at the Orpheum next week in a programme which includes "Che Gelinda Manina" from "La Boheme," "I Hear You Calling Me" and the delightful old Scotch song "Bonnie Sweet Bessie." His accompanist Roland Warner is a soloist of ability. Bert Fitzgibbon, "the Original Daffy Dill," will present what is termed a "nut" act. He is an eccentric singing comedian. James Mullen and Alan Coogan name their act "Odd Nonsense." Their character songs and eccentric comedy and dancing reach a high standard. Leonard Gautier's Animated Toyshop is calculated to bring joy to the hearts of children of all ages. Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Wilde, famous English shadowgraphists who hail from the London Coliseum, will introduce a clever, novel and diverting performance. Bernard Riggs and Myrtle Ryan will appear in a comedy skit by June McCree called "Disturbing the Peace" in which they sing, talk and play the piano. The only holdovers will be "The Dancing Girl of Delhi" with Vanda Hoff and company, and Sarah Padden in Lewis Beach's one-act play "The Clod."

"Fair and Warmer" Next at Cort

Avery Hapwood, master of farce, ran his own record up with "Fair and Warmer," the bubbling, hilarious farce which Selwyn and Company will present at the Cort on Monday, December 4, following "Hobson's Choice." Mr. Hopwood's admirers, dating from "Seven Days" and "Nobody's Widow," two great successes of former seasons, found in his latest work the same sparkle of line and cleverness of characterization which had graced the others, with an added ludicrousness of situation. The scene built around the inexperienced making of a cocktail puts its audiences almost into convulsions. The long runs achieved by "Fair and Warmer" in the Eastern cities, and the boosting it has received from everyone who has seen it, have stimulated public interest in its coming.



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(Continued on Page 18)

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And Sunday Afternoon, Dec. 3, at 2:30 Sharp

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CESAR FRANCK.....Symphonic Poem, "Les Eolides"
STRAUSS..Tone Poem, "Death and Transfiguration"

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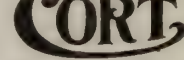
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Evenings: 25c, 50c and 75c. Matinees: 25c and 50c

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—It was a big broad bull market in the industrial list the past week and the copper shares had the call. Talk of mergers in the metal issues had uncovered their enormous resources, and their earnings are so large that no one can tell when this advance will cease. With spot copper selling at 35 cents and the futures at 32 cents, and with a continual demand at this price, current prices are warranted. However, markets of this sort have many reactions, and it is well to guard against over-indulgence in commitments. Steel stocks came to the front with Lackawanna steel selling well above par, and the big steel corporations selling dangerously near the 130 mark. The steel companies are so prosperous that their plants are running day and night, and in some instances are actually turning away business. The big Steel Corporation has already paid two extra dividends, and no doubt they will pay another at their next quarterly meeting. The Republic Iron & Steel Co. is also in a prosperous condition. At their meeting last week they declared the regular dividend on the preferred stock, and also paid up all the back dividends on this issue. A prominent director says, if the war continues, his company will earn \$70 per share on the common stock and will be in a position to pay dividends early next year. Railroads are being neglected, due to the attitude of some of the large corporations against the Adamson law. Some of the railroad officials have come out openly, saying their company will fight this law to a finish. Under the circumstances there is no inducement to buy railroad stocks notwithstanding the enormous earnings until this eight-hour law question has been definitely settled. However, railroad stocks at their present dividends are assured, and no doubt something more favorable will turn up to give them an advance as their position is sound, judging from their quarterly reports. Some of the specialties like Central Leather and the oil stocks came in for their share of speculation. The former company is very prosperous, and rumor of an increased dividend is the basis for the present price. The oil stocks are beginning to be attractive, as the present price of oil is very satisfactory, and the earnings of the different oil companies are showing up handsomely. On the whole, we believe, barring occasional setbacks, due to an overbought condition, that the market will sell very much higher.

Wheat—After selling very close to the \$2.00 mark, May wheat turned lower on lack of export demand and further peace talk. Amid all the speculative iridescence, there looms conspicuously a factor or two which in the present revelry of prices should not be overlooked or underestimated. One of them is the evident intention of other exporting nations to take advantage of cereal price altitudes in this country. So generally has this project been pro-

moted that we awake to find Argentine wheat at our very doors, and Australia loading vessels destined for United States ports of entry. It is well enough for different interests to explain that it is simply an experiment in building up our grades to the standard of the foreigner, but the cold fact remains that it was sent here because abnormal prices could be secured and that more will follow, and that, view it as you will, it is a serious condition. Australia is taking a prominent place in the lists of wheat-raising nations, and besides her last year's surplus, has a prospect of 35,000,000 bushels in her February assemblage. Another possibility is an embargo now so earnestly demanded by the milling interests. The Administration will doubtless be governed by its Agricultural Department head, and if it finds our bread and seed menaced, all wheat, regardless of ownership, will be commandeered, and prices will be drastically lowered. If there is no necessity for such action, present price levels are not justified. Would be satisfied with speculative profits for a time.

Corn showed some strength in the early part of the week's session. At this juncture, realizing set in, and the market took on a heavy appearance, sustaining a considerable decline, but recovering nearly all the loss near the end of the week. The primary movement is about of the same volume as last week's, but country offerings were said to be considerably freer from some sections of the corn belt. Argentine conditions are discouraging, and prices there were reported as quite a little higher. There was not thought to be much export demand today. We believe the level of prices is high enough should the movement in corn counterbalance the foreign demand.

Cotton—Now that our early prediction of 20 cent cotton has been fully realized, we feel it our duty to warn our friends not to follow the advance further until the market has had a good weeding out, or until it demonstrates its ability to absorb the spot cotton that is for sale in the South at 20 cents. We are not bearish, but believe the technical position unhealthy, inasmuch as there is practically no speculative short interest and such a very small amount of cotton hedged. We are informed that many American mills have contracted for their requirements up to June 1st, and in a number of cases, are speculating in contracts on the bull side. Although we are bullish ultimately, and look for higher prices later, a careful review of the present situation compels us to warn our friends against taking the bull side for the moment. We may be a little premature, but the time is not far distant when the bulls will grow tired and try to liquidate their holdings.

"Why don't you join our literary club?"

"I don't play cards or dance the modern dances."

"I suppose it takes a certain amount of tact to get into society," said the Climber.

"Yes, one must know just whom to snub," replied the Woman Who Had Arrived.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTON CROPP, deceased.—No. 21712.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, J. F. HUMBURG, Administrator of the estate of ANTON CROPP, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Andros & Hengstler and Golden W. Bell, Room 722 Kohl Building, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTON CROPP, deceased.

J. F. HUMBURG,

Administrator of the estate of Anton Cropp, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, November 18, 1916.

ANDROS & HENGSTLER,

GOLDEN W. BELL,

Attorneys for Administrator,

722 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-5

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Assets	\$63,811,228.81
Deposits	60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
Number of Depositors	68,062

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P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock P. M. and
Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8
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STAGE

(Continued from Page 16.)

style peculiarly her own and is grace personified. The capable and courteous instructors at the Winter Garden are the busiest men in town these days, for apparently the whole populace has gone skating mad, filling the rink at the daily sessions, morning, afternoon and evening. Cassasa's band plays at the afternoon and evening sessions, and also Saturday and Sunday mornings. The hockey game next Tuesday night between the Olympics and Indoor Yacht Club will doubtless attract another immense audience.

Abe and Mawruss at Alcazar

For Thanksgiving week, beginning Monday night, the Alcazar has secured that successful comedy "Potash and Perlmutter," written from the stories of Montague Glass which appeared in the Saturday Evening Post. No comedy in recent years has made such a hit. The two leading parts will afford Henry Shumer and Alexis Luce an opportunity to appear in stellar roles and likewise given free rein to their talent for clever character acting. Miss Eva Dennison, a charming young leading woman, has been specially engaged to play the chief feminine role in this clever comedy. The production will be one of the most striking the Alcazar has presented during the year.

The Ship's Dog

(Continued from Page 7)

of untearable gristle as if he had a windlass in his stomach; or, he will crunch a dozen or two of the ship's cockroaches as though they were so many cracknels. He seldom sets foot on shore except when he is invited to follow the captain to the Blue Anchor of an evening. There, lying amid sawdust and spittons, he growls intermittent approval of his master's opinions. Apart from a display of the rough-and-ready chivalry of the sea when he falls in with some canine belle of the town, he holds no acquaintance with his tribe ashore. His contempt is undisguised for those landlubber whelps who slink around butchers' shops or play the chiffonnier in refuse heaps. Just now he is beginning to lose his temper with dog shirkers, for he is convinced that he is "doing his bit" on the high seas; and his whiskers have the wry and salt look of a fellow who has chivied U boats through the North Sea spume. Clearly, by his countenance, he has resolved never to be taken prisoner. Should his ship go down in action he will be found—no doubt with his little cork jacket on—bidding defiance to the Hun with a dying bark which hasn't got an "h" in it. Crab may be "an unmitigated bounder" and "a rummy little beggar," but he has a true British heart all the same, and—as he would say with his inimitable wink—"Don't you forget it!"

The Gentle Cynic

When the world owes a man a living he has a life job as a collector.

Money talks, but it doesn't always speak when it is spoken to.

A woman has no right to question the love of a husband who is willing to wear the neckties she buys him.

Man wants but little here below, but he frequently wants a fresh supply of it.

Strangely enough, it takes a mighty dull man to be a bore.

There is plenty of room at the top, but you can't made the small potatoes believe it.

Many a man aspires to be a political leader when even his dog won't follow him.

NOTICE UPON FILING OF PETITION TO ASCERTAIN RIGHTS AS HEIRS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 16068, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALFRED E. OVEREND, deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: William J. Hynes, the Administrator of the Estate of Alfred E. Overend, deceased, and to Harry S. Overend, Edward Overend, Jennie N. Gilbert, Elizabeth C. Hart, the Administrator or Executor of the estate of Robert A. Overend, deceased, E. M. Leonard, as Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of Ida Overend Mann, deceased, Walter S. Overend, Jane Couture, Sister Matilda Overend, Elizabeth Fleming, Oscar Overend, Jennetta C. Brosse, Elizabeth C. Hall, Nettie C. Treller, William Guthrie, Margaret Guthrie Johnston, Maria Guthrie Hawley, Daniel Guthrie, Samuel Guthrie, Peter Guthrie, Alice Guthrie Simpson, Ellen Clark, John Guthrie, Hannah Guthrie, William Guthrie, George Edward Jack, Elizabeth J. Unwin, Ida A. Hadley, Mandora Hunter, Effie C. Hickey, William E. Guthrie, Anna M. Thompson, Mrs. Isabelle Barnes, Mrs. Lillian Belle Overend Pitt, John F. Overend, Miss E. O. Morris, Sophie Overend, and Patrick Guthrie and Madge Overend.

You and each of you are hereby notified:

That on the 28th day of September, 1916, Robert M. Overend, one of the heirs at law of Alfred E. Overend, deceased, filed his petition in this court praying that the rights of all persons interested in the estate of said Alfred E. Overend, deceased, be ascertained and declared by this court, and that it be determined to whom distribution should be made;

That, so far as known, the following is a description of the real estate whereof said deceased died seized or possessed, to-wit:

Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the Northernly line of Seventeenth Street with the Easterly line of Ord Street (formerly Clara Avenue); thence Easterly along the Northernly line of Seventeenth Street Forty-five (45) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly One Hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Forty-five (45) feet to the Easterly line of Ord Street (formerly Clara Avenue); thence Southerly along said last named line One Hundred and Ten (110) feet to the point of beginning; being part of Horner's Addition Block Number 202.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Calhoun Street distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Northernly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Calhoun Street with the Northernly line of Green Street; thence Northernly along said Easterly line of Calhoun Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; thence at a right angle Easterly Ninety-one (91) feet and Eight (8) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; and thence at a right angle Westerly Ninety-one (91) feet and Eight (8) inches to the Easterly line of Calhoun Street and the point of beginning; being part of 50 Vara Lot Number 187.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Franklin Street, distant thereon One Hundred (100) feet Northernly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Franklin Street with the Northernly line of Page Street; thence Northernly along said Easterly line of Franklin Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Seventy-five (75) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Seventy-five (75) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Easterly line of Franklin Street and the point of beginning; being part of Western Addition Block Number 71.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Mimosa Path, distant thereon Thirty-eight (38) feet and Eight (8) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Rose Hill Nock; thence Northernly along said Easterly line of Mimosa Path Thirteen (13) feet; thence Easterly Sixteen (16) feet and Six (6) inches; thence Southerly Fourteen (14) feet and Five (5) inches; thence Westerly Sixteen (16) feet and Six (6) inches to the point of beginning; being situated in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Jones Street, distant thereon Sixty (60) feet Southerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Jones Street with the Southerly line of Washington Street; thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Jones Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Northernly Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Easterly line of Jones Street and the point of beginning; being part of 50 Vara Lot Number 832.

Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the Easterly line of Church Street with the Southerly line of Twenty-seventh Street; thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Church Street Fifty-one (51) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Easterly Eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly Fifty-one (51) feet and Six (6) inches to the Southerly line of Twenty-seventh Street; thence Westerly along said line of Twenty-seventh Street Eighty (80) feet to the point of beginning; being part of Horner's Addition Block Number 57.

Commencing at the point of intersection of the Easterly line of St. Charles Street with the Northernly line of Central Avenue, running thence Easterly along said Northernly line of Central Avenue, One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet to St. Charles Street; thence at a right angle along the Easterly line of St. Charles Street One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet to the point of commencement.

The first six parcels of real property hereinabove described are situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; while the seventh parcel hereinabove described is situated in the City of Alameda, County of Alameda, State of California.

That the said Harry S. Overend, Guy R. Overend, Charles P. Overend, Frederick M. A. Overend, Edward Overend, Jennie N. Gilbert, Robert A. Overend, now deceased, Elizabeth C. Hart, Ida Overend Mann, now deceased, Walter S. Overend, Jane Couture, Sister Matilda Overend, Elizabeth Fleming, Oscar Overend, Jennetta C. Brosse, Elizabeth C. Hall, Nettie C. Treller, William Guthrie, Margaret Guthrie Johnston, Maria Guthrie Hawley, Daniel Guthrie, Samuel Guthrie, Peter Guthrie, Alice Guthrie Simpson, Ellen Clark, John Guthrie, John Guthrie, Hannah Guthrie, William Guthrie, George Edward Jack, Elizabeth J. Unwin, Ida A. Hadley, Mandora

Hunter, Effie C. Hickey, William E. Guthrie, Sophie Overend, as assignee of Robert M. Overend, and Madge Overend, as assignee of Walter S. Overend, are the only persons who appeared and claimed any interest in said estate, in the course of the administration of the same, up to the time of the making of said order;

That you, and all other persons not named, who have or claim an interest in said estate, are cited to appear before this court, at the courtroom thereof, located in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of December, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and exhibit, in the manner provided by law, your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in said estate, and show cause why such petition should not be granted.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 4th day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California.)

H. I. MULCREVY,

Clerk of the Superior Court.

By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk,

JEREMIAH V. COFFEY & EDWARD I. COFFEY,

Attorneys for Robert M. Overend.

569 Mills Building,

San Francisco, California.

10-7-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 76,577; Dept. No. 10.

WALTER A. BAIRD, Plaintiff, vs. GRACE M. BAIRD, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GRACE M. BAIRD, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ARCHIBALD J. TREAT,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

624 Monadnock Building,

San Francisco, California.

10-21-9

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NOTICE OF TRUSTEES' SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE TERMS and under the authority of a certain deed of trust executed by JOHN HAYES of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the party of the first part, to L. W. LOVEY and WALTER E. DORN, the parties of the second part, and H. GOLDSMITH, the party of the third part, dated the 14th day of October, 1915, and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of October, 1915, in Liber 902 of Trust Deeds, page 167, H. Goldsmith, the holder of the promissory note, to secure the payment of which the aforesaid deed of trust was executed, declares that default has been made in the principal and the interest of said promissory note as therein provided, and requests and directs that said L. W. Lovey and Walter E. Dorn, said trustees, sell the real property in said deed of trust and hereinafter more particularly described, to satisfy the amount due and owing on said promissory note and the accomplishments of the trusts in said deed of trust contained;

Now, said L. W. Lovey and Walter E. Dorn, trustees in said deed of trust named, do hereby give notice that on Monday, the 11th day of December, 1916, at 9:30 o'clock a. m. of that day, at 1101 Hearst Building, corner Market and Third Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, that they will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, the following described real property, or such part or parts thereof as they shall deem necessary to sell in order to accomplish the objects of said trust, namely:

That certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

BEGINNING at a point on the Southwest line of Fourteenth Avenue, Southerly, distant two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet Southeasterly from the South-easterly line of Hawes Street; running thence South-easterly along said Southwest line of Fourteenth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly one hundred (100) feet to the Southwest line of Fourteenth Avenue, to the point of beginning. BEING Subdivision of Block 284 South San Francisco Homestead and Railroad Association.

Deed of which real property was recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in Book 809 of Deeds, page 376, on the 5th day of August, 1914.

Terms of Sale.—Cash in gold coin of the United States; ten per cent (10%) payable to the undersigned on the fall of the hammer; balance on delivery of deed, and if not so paid, unless for want of title, ten (10) days being allowed for search, then said ten per cent (10%) to be forfeited and the sale to be void.

Taxes to be pro-rated.

L. W. LOVEY and
WALTER E. DORN,
Trustees.

L. W. LOVEY,
Attorney-at-Law,
1101-5 Hearst Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

11-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES M. COSTELLO, deceased.—No. 21681; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of JAMES M. COSTELLO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES M. COSTELLO, deceased.

ELLEN MARY COSTELLO,
Executrix of the last will and testament of
James M. Costello, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 11th, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

11-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JENNIE MARION DOWNER, deceased.—No. 21584, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of JENNIE MARION DOWNER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executrix, at the office of her attorneys, Asher, Meyerstein & McNutt, 110 Sutter Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JENNIE MARION DOWNER, deceased.

HARRIETTE GILMAN CASWELL,
Executrix of the last will and testament of Jennie
Marion Downer, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, October 21, 1916.

ASHER, MEYERSTEIN & McNUTT,
Attorneys for Executrix,
110 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

10-21-5

NOTICE OF TIME AND PLACE APPOINTED FOR THE HEARING OF PETITION FOR AN ORDER DIRECTING EXECUTOR TO CONVEY LAND IN CONFORMITY WITH THE CONTRACT MADE BY DECEASED

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Probate No. 18960 N. S.; Dept. No. 9.

In the matter of the Estate of JULIA ANN HOBBOSE, sometimes known as JULIA A. HOBBOSE, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the above-entitled estate that a verified petition has been filed by Dennis F. Riordan, Executor of the last will and testament of Julia Ann Hobbose, sometimes known as Julia A. Hobbose, deceased, praying for an order of said Superior Court directing such Executor to convey certain real property belonging to said estate to one Josef Orvar Olsson in performance of a written contract made by said deceased in her lifetime, has been filed in said Superior Court and that Monday, the 27th day of November A. D. 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock A. M. of said day, and the court room of Department No. 9 of said Superior Court, at the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, have been by said Court appointed as the time and place for the hearing of said petition, when and where any person interested may appear and contest said petition by filing his objections in writing and show cause if any he has why said petition should not be granted.

Said real property is described as follows:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at a point on the westerly line of Thirty-fifth (35th) Avenue distant thereon Two Hundred and Seventy-five (275) feet northerly from a point formed by the intersection of the westerly line of Thirty-fifth (35th) Avenue and the northerly line of Ulloa (formerly "U") Street; running thence northerly and along the westerly line of Thirty-fifth (35th) Avenue Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle westerly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet; thence at a right angle southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle easterly One Hundred and Twenty (120) feet to the westerly line of Thirty-fifth (35th) Avenue and the point of commencement. Being part of Outside Lands Block 1162.

Dated at San Francisco this 20th day of October, 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By C. M. GALLAGHER, Deputy Clerk.

Endorsed: Filed Oct. 20, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,

By C. M. GALLAGHER, Deputy Clerk.

O'GARA & DE MARTINI,

Attorneys for Executor,

550 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

10-28-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of AUGUST ROHLER, also called AUGUST ROLLER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will of AUGUST ROHLER, also called AUGUST ROLLER, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of Wm. Loewy and Walter Loewy, Room 507, 201 Sansome Street (Royal Insurance Building), which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of AUGUST ROHLER, also called AUGUST ROLLER, deceased.

JOSEPH H. HECK,

Executor of the last will of August Rohler, also
called August Roller, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, October 28, 1916.

WM. LOEWY and WALTER LOEWY,

Attorneys for Executor,

201 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

10-28-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 77699; Dept. No. 15.

EMMA H. LAWERENCE, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY LAWERENCE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: HARRY LAWERENCE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 31st day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

ROBERT H. BORLAND,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

105 Montgomery St.,

San Francisco, California.

11-11-10

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 35966; Department No. 16.

CARRIE E. BRIDGE, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

T. W. HUBBARD, 1003 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of CARRIE E. BRIDGE, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at a point on the Westerly line of Devisadero Street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet six (6) inches Northerly from the Northerly line of Eddy Street; and running thence Northerly along said line of Devisadero Street twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle Westerly one hundred and six (106) feet; and thence at a right angle Southerly twenty-four (24) feet; and thence at a right angle Easterly six (6) feet; and thence at a right angle Southerly one (1) foot; and thence at a right angle Easterly one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 508.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of November, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of November, A. D. 1916.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Delia Elizabeth Traynor, sometimes known as Delia E. Traynor, sometimes known as Delia Traynor, sometimes known as D. E. Traynor; 1207 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.

George Traynor, 1207 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Marie Traynor, sometimes known as Mary Traynor, 1207 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Roman Catholic Archbishop of San Francisco, a corporation sole, 1100 Franklin Street, San Francisco, Cal. City and County of San Francisco, a Municipal Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.

John H. McLaughlin, address unknown.

T. W. HUBBARD,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

1003 Phelan Building,

San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES H. WITHAM, deceased.—No. 21,039; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, HEBER W. WITHAM, Administrator with will annexed of the estate of CHARLES H. WITHAM, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with will annexed at the office of Harry I. Stafford, rooms 504-518 Grant Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES H. WITHAM, deceased.

HEBER W. WITHAM,

Administrator with will annexed of the estate of
Charles H. Witham, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 18, 1916.

HARRY I. STAFFORD,

Attorney for Administrator,

504-518 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of A. W. FINN, deceased.—No. 21623; Dept. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. W. Finn, Jr., Administrator of the estate of A. W. FINN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Harry I. Stafford, Rooms 504-518 Grant Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of A. W. FINN, deceased.

A. W. FINN, JR.

Administrator of the estate of A. W. Finn, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, November 18, 1916.

HARRY I. STAFFORD,

Attorney for Administrator,

504-518 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-5

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30TH ANNUAL EDITION FOR 1917

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RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$23,975,110.87
U. S. Bonds	1,991,600.00
Other Bonds and Securities	2,161,806.90
Capital Stock in Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco	120,000.00
Customers' Liability under Letters of Credit	969,418.64
Cash and Sight Exchange	12,881,598.85
	\$42,099,535.26

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	3,671,678.43
Circulation	1,985,195.00
Letters of Credit	984,197.04
Deposits	33,458,464.79
	\$42,099,535.26

OFFICERS

WM. H. CROCKER.....	President	G. W. EBNER.....	Assistant Cashier
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVIII. No. 1267

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 2, 1916

PRICE, 10 CENTS

IN THIS ISSUE:

Our Enthusiasms

How to End the War

The New Peace Movement

Social Negligence at the White House

War—A Short Story by Jack London

Dr. Woods Hutchinson in Praise of Alcohol

The Battle of the Marne, by Hilaire Belloc

Police Censor Talks of Nudes in the Movies

Read The November Lantern

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(The Service Station is open)
 (Employees are now ready to
 serve customers.)

WESTGATE
CLIFF - MOUNTAIN VIEW

John Calverton

11. 11. 14

24-10-1957

丁巳仲夏

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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Journal of Management Education 30(6)p.789-804

Journal of Management Studies, 1987, 20(6), pp. 631-642

Printers and Publishers

1. The survey is a good one, with something more than mere profit. Whether it is a survey of the market or the quality of the work, it gives the people a chance to see the results of their efforts.

1. The first step in the process of identifying a problem is to determine the nature of the problem. This involves gathering information about the problem and its causes. The next step is to identify the stakeholders who are affected by the problem. This involves identifying the individuals or groups who have an interest in the problem and who may be affected by the solution. The third step is to develop a plan of action. This involves identifying the steps that need to be taken to solve the problem and the resources that will be needed to implement the plan. The final step is to implement the plan and monitor the results. This involves putting the plan into action and tracking the progress of the solution. If the solution is not working, it may be necessary to revise the plan and try again.

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Four Routes East!

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1900

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E. coli

10. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1934, 102, 1000.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVIII

San Francisco, December 2, 1916

No. 1267

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John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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Our Enthusiasms

For the thoughtful mind and for all who are temperamentally inclined to meditation it would be instructive to recall the new movements of a year or so ago that now are dead. It might be beneficial to society. It might serve to restrain society, to deter people from headlong flight to perfectibility. Society is too easily betrayed into enthusiasms. It is in the midst of enthusiasm that people are given to fanaticism and all sorts of excesses and excitements. Emerson says that nothing was ever achieved without enthusiasm. He might have added that nothing is so contagious as enthusiasm especially in feverish stages. All our "new movements" are quickened by enthusiasm, and often much damage is done and much time lost before the first energies subside in futility. Consider the Positivists, the vorticists, the Futurists, the new spelling movement and the Mann Law. What about the principle of the minimum wage? Not long ago it was about to solve the problem of prostitution. Think of all the catholicons loudly advocated by our Progressive politicians and moralists in the past few years. Some of them, crystallized in laws, are now tormenting us and we are waiting for the inevitable reaction to end them forever. It would indeed be well for us occasionally to ponder our late enthusiasms and consider the individuals by whom they were inspired and fostered. For the "new movement" individual is a person of perennial activity.

How to End the War

Great is our faith in the power of petition. It was to be expected that before the end of hostilities we should petition the belligerents of Europe to call off the dogs of war. This we are now urged to do by a body of men calling themselves the American Neutral Conference Committee, which appears to be composed not wholly of visionaries. They tell us this is the

psychological moment for neutrals to intervene, or, at least, to mediate in the interest of peace. This may be so. At all events it will do no harm to circulate a petition. Doubtless a petition will be more kindly received than was the Ford invasion of Sweden, especially if it appears that something practicable is the motive. Now, something practicable may be aimed at. Why not undertake, for example, to get the belligerents to agree on some plan to settle the question as to the origin of the war. This question, says Chancellor Von Bethmann-Holweg, "must be considered when peace terms are discussed." Then, he adds, "Germany will be entitled to ask for guarantees against future attacks if the war was really forced upon Germany." Why wait till peace terms are discussed? Why not hasten the discussion of peace terms by submitting the question to an international court at once? The Chancellor is right in saying that the question is bound to have a very great effect on peace terms. It is having a very great effect right now. Each side is blaming the other for starting the war; both are not lying; the truth is not a difficult matter to establish to the satisfaction of intelligent neutrals; then why prolong the business of crimination and recrimination? Why not have both sides submit all the evidence that is now in the custody of the Chancelleries? Whatever will tend to make the whole matter clear, not merely to neutrals but to the peoples who are doing the bidding of their respective governments, will greatly tend to bring the war to a close. This being so, if the object of the Neutral Conference Committee is to mould public opinion in Europe its logical course is first to inform public opinion in precisely the way we suggest. Failing to do this it may incur suspicion of its neutrality, for despite what Chancellor Von Bethmann-Holweg says the Allies profess not to believe that he really desires to have the question of the origin of the war settled.

The British View

How important this question of the origin of the war is anybody may perceive by reading almost any piece of literature now coming out of Europe on the subject of war. Chancellor Von Bethmann-Holweg speaks of the question as though its importance were a discovery of his own. As a matter of fact it has been a subject of debate from the beginning. According to the Allies the whole explanation of their determination to "fight to a finish," as expressed by Lloyd-George, is that Germany deliberately started the war in pursuance of a national policy that must be extinguished. If it can be shown that this is all balderdash, what excuse will

the Allies have for fighting to a finish? The whole matter is discussed from the Allies' standpoint in a pamphlet by William Archer recently published by the British Government. It is addressed to "Neutral Peace-Lovers" and is entitled "A Plea for Patience." He says that to impatient neutrals this is the maddest of all wars and Europe seems like a vast lunatic asylum in which legions of homicidal maniacs have broken loose. This, he says, is not true. Declaring that it is abundantly clear that responsibility for the war does not lie at the door of the Allies, he goes on to argue that before the war Germany was the one great stronghold of the war ideal; that she had built on the basis of her experience from 1864 to 1871 a philosophy of war as the loftiest and most exhilarating of human activities. After dwelling on her colossal preparations for war through the years, Archer argues that the war is the sanest of wars "inasmuch as it is demonstrating with a conclusiveness hitherto undreamt-of the hopeless lunacy of the German militarist creed." "Germany," he asserts, "is now listening to the only form of argument to which her intelligence was accessible." But the German mind as a whole is yet to be convinced that Germany started the war. There are Germans quite convinced to the contrary. Their convictions on the subject of the war are just as strong as Archer's. Must all belligerents wait until the end of hostilities for the truth?

Just Before the Break

Discussing the origin of the war two weeks ago Chancellor Von Bethmann-Holweg said that it was made unavoidable by the Russian mobilization ordered on the night of July 30-31. Is this the truth? If so it is very important that it should be made known to the world. We do not mind saying that we had a far different conception of the origin of the war. If Russia was responsible for the war, if her order of mobilization was like a bolt from the blue, the Neutral Conference Committee should seek to make the facts clear in France and England so that the fighting men of those countries might realize how foolish it would be to insist on fighting Germany to a finish. From the sources of information on which we have depended, (diplomatic correspondence) long before the night of mobilization Russia had signified a willingness to enter into a general conference, and Foreign Minister Von Jagow rejected Lord Grey's proposal for a conference on the ground that "it would be too like a Court of Arbitration." As early as July 27 Lord Grey was pleading for a conference and Minister Von Jagow said that if Russia mobilized only in the south Germany would not mobilize, but Rus-

own inclination was so complicated that it might be difficult to trace her intention. "Germany," he said, "would have to be very careful not to be taken by surprise." Meanwhile Serbia had replied to Austria's ultimatum, allowing for its everything but giving her own consideration but agreeing to submit the dispute for arbitration (the demand by which the Austrians to participate in initial investigations) to the Hague Tribunal. When Foreign Minister Von Jagow refused Lord Grey's proposal for a conference the latter suggested that the Serbian reply be treated as a basis of negotiations. On July 28 after more useless conversation Russia notified in the same day notified Germany that she had no aggressive intention toward Germany and had not recalled her Ambassador from Vienna. Again Von Jagow refused to participate in a conference though the Russian Ambassador agreed that Russia would stand aside and let the other Powers handle the situation. Von Jagow was urged to advise Austria, but he replied that he was afraid that any suggestion of advice might lead Austria to precipitate matters, which in the light of the suprem-

acy that Germany has exercised in European affairs during the war seems like a joke. On July 29th Lord Grey again pleaded for a conference and asked Germany to suggest some method to avoid conflict. On July 30th Austria were making complete, not at two o'clock in the morning the Germans, realizing that Russia really meant business, begged Minister Sazonov to "make an offer to Austria." He did. He said that if Austria would "eliminate demands which violated the sovereignty of Serbia Russia would stop all military preparations." Meanwhile, according to British authorities, news was received in England of secret military preparations in Germany, and the French Ambassador in London furnished evidence to Lord Grey that German mobilization began on July 31st. Whatever the truth, Lord Grey went the French Ambassador that if he would not suggest any reasonable proposal which made it clear that Germany and Austria were striving to preserve the peace of Europe he would go to the length of saying at St. Petersburg and Paris that if Russia and France would not accept it he would have nothing to do with the consequences. These arose conversations between Austria and

Russia and the Czar gave his personal promise that while they continued no Russian should cross the frontier. The conversations were in progress when a telegram was received in London from Von Jagow that Grey's appeal to Germany to make a proposal of some kind could not be answered because Germany had just sent an ultimatum to Russia requiring her to demobilize within twelve hours. On August 1st Lord Grey warned Germany against violating the neutrality of Belgium and urged her to stay her hand. Back from Berlin came a wire from Von Jagow: "The twelve hours are up and Germany is now at war with Russia." This in brief is the story of the crisis as told in official documents. Of course Germany may have further evidence to offer, but thus far we have received no hint of it. Nor have we heard anybody deny that Lord Grey repeatedly urged a conference of the Powers both before and after mobilization. However, Lord Grey is now accused in Germany of having plunged Europe into war and there is much bitterness against him among the masses. What a great thing it would be to make the truth clear to all the world!

Blessed are the Peacemakers

By Gilbert K. Chesterton

Let him and a broken heart
I saw my people's woe and woe,
Shed a man's soul is torn apart
By nature with our rebellion.

I know, though many a sacred day
"Ours and yours are one for ever"
King Constantine and Jesus
Told us the truth: but I know

I know that the world is not
"Ours and yours are one for ever"
King Constantine and Jesus
Told us the truth: but I know

Thanked us for our thanks, O Jesus
O thousandfold and frozen folk,
But Jesus and Jesus of our time
The world is the world is the world.

What then is this world of ours?
The world is the world of ours,
But as a man's soul is torn apart
By nature with our rebellion.

What then is this world of ours?
The world is the world of ours,
But as a man's soul is torn apart
By nature with our rebellion.

Perspective Impressions

Automobile accidents continue to increase to his for the man without a car.

The government should be the sponsor of all studies of human behavior.

If a man could be seen in person and thought would have had the human mind open.

Among the things which should be done for the teaching of Law and Order in San Francisco.

The creature submitted to even with a few minutes without the challenge to make a good job of life.

Speaking of shopping with him, he said, "I have never seen a man who has not been to the store."

This is the time for President Wilson to say, "I am not a great man, but I am a great man."

The House has passed a bill to increase the number of members of the House of Representatives.

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The world is the world of ours,
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Varied Types

309—PETER PESHON

By Edward F. O'Day

Just because Venus is "naked to the visible eye" it doesn't follow that Corporal Peter Peshon indorses her as a nude masterpiece of art. Corporal Peter Peshon has seen many naked Venuses in his time, but has remained calm. Venus cannot feaze him. He has Venus's number. She's a strictly commercial Venus, naked in the interest of the box office receipts. You see, Peter Peshon is no Tannhauser; he's a policeman.

To appreciate the thoroughly cold and unsympathetic treatment which Corporal Peshon extends to Venus, it is necessary to know that this hundred-eyed Argus who censors moving pictures for the police department is no Puritan, no slab-sided, lantern-jawed, fussy-nosed holier-than-thou, no pharisee or sadducee, no canter, no snuffling slinger of homiletic hot-air. He's just a good-natured, laughing policeman, with a policeman's clear eye, common sense and big heart. He has morals, but they are not ingrowing; so when they hurt him he is able to keep the agony to himself. Nevertheless, when Venus sheds her peplum and her zone and her chiton—if those are the proper boudoir terms—Peter Peshon gives her "the once-over," "the up-and-down," the "north-to-south," and if she can't justify her nakedness he lands on her like a ton of bricks.

Take the most recent occasion of Venus's self-exposure. I refer to "The Lure of Venus," a film advertised for presentation at the Empress. This was a local product, a work of home industry. It sprang from the quivering brain of Miss Lolita Perrine, and was concocted in the Marin hills and at the Portals of the Past in Golden Gate Park. In this film Venus sheds all her impedimenta; it's the best thing she does—but not the only thing, for she also permits a modern and very ardent youth to fall in love with her. A great deal of the picture is devoted to this youth's amorous efforts to "get Venus to go with him," as Peter Peshon aptly expresses it. And after she goes with him, and turns him down, he lavishes more amorous effort to get her back again.

"They claim this picture is a work of art," says Peter Peshon. "If you'll pardon my saying it, it's rotten."

Not Venus alone but all her nymphs also doff their smocks for this picture. The scenes in front of the Portals of the Past are quite free from the encumbrance of costume.

"They could be pinched for taking that picture in the park, let alone for showing it," says Corporal Peshon.

However, the mounted police were not around, so the picture was filmed without hindrance. I thought, when Corporal Peshon told of the way it was introduced to the public, that a great deal of ingenuity was displayed in handling this ticklish part of the business; but Peshon tells me the same thing has been done time and again.

"These raw pictures don't come from the regular releasing companies. They are usually made by fly-by-night companies and are put out by some little exchange that isn't particular. The first thing they do with one of these raw pictures is to have a private view. They send out invitations to clubwomen and to ministers like Dr. Aked and to men like Isidor Jacobs

who pretend to know all about art and everything. You see how this works. You're invited to the private view. You feel complimented. You're an authority. Now, if the picture is raw or rotten, you're not going to say so to the person who made it and then did you the honor of submitting it to your judgment. So you say nice things about the picture—and when the producer gets into trouble later on, he becomes very indignant and says that this clubwoman or that society lady or Isidor Jacobs saw the picture and considered it a work of art. See how the scheme works out? When one of these private views is given I begin to smell around for something rotten. It's because something's rotten that the private view is necessary. I don't mean to say that you or I would fall for this private view scheme, but club women do, and the kind of men I've mentioned."

Isidor Jacobs was one of the specialists who private-viewed "The Lure of Venus" and pronounced it a work of art. Among the women who agreed with him were prominent members of the New Era Club. Then Peter Peshon had a private view all by himself.

"There was a close-up of Venus that was one of the rawest things I ever saw in the line of moving picture nakedness," says Corporal Peshon. "I told the agent that the picture wouldn't go."

The agent pointed out that "the best people in town" had pronounced the film a work of art. Peshon was not impressed.

"As I understand art," says Peshon, "it's the work of man's hand, not the work of a machine. A photograph is mechanical, and when it's the photograph of a naked woman it's usually raw. A beautiful painting of the nude is altogether different."

Appeal was taken from Corporal Peshon to Chief White. The chief saw the picture and refused to interfere with his censor. Privately he told his censor that he thought the picture was n. g. The controversy was on the verge of a court action when Peshon and I talked about it.

"How about people who make pictures of this kind and insist that they've turned out a work of art?" I asked. "Are they sincere?"

"It's all the bunk," said Corporal Peshon. "They're after the box office receipts. It's the same with those who say these pictures teach a great moral lesson. The more you hear about moral lessons in connection with moving pictures the more apt you are to find that the film is nasty. Not long ago I put the crusher on a film called 'The Unpure.' 'The Unpure!' Can you beat that for a title? It was on the 'Damaged Goods' order. A lot of it was devoted to scenes in Bartlett alley, cribs and so on. I told the producer it wouldn't do. 'But,' he said, 'we showed this picture for five weeks in Los Angeles and packed 'em in. It teaches a great moral lesson.' 'Maybe it does, in Los Angeles,' I told him, 'but not here.' So I closed it up."

I asked Peshon about a film that was shown recently on Market street, the lobby of the moving picture house flaunting life-size photographs of a naked woman to advertise the attraction.

"Oh, that's 'Purity,' with Audrey Munson, the

World's Fair model," he explained. "That was the last picture we censored before the Board of Censorship went out of business. The heroine is an artist model who poses for a sculptor—but she poses sideways or with her back to the audience, so it isn't very objectionable. Just the same we made them cut all those poses to a flash. I ordered the manager of that theatre to take the objectionable pictures out of the lobby. He pretended he didn't understand me, and left one in—a full-length nude—but he draped a piece of cheese cloth over it. Can you beat it?"

"Do people like the risky pictures?"

"They eat 'em up. If the word gets around that a picture may be suppressed they stand in line to get in and see it before it's taken off. All sorts of people—nice people, you'd call them; not men alone, but women. It just seems as if human nature likes to go to the bad."

"What about the plea of the managers—that they give the public what it wants?"

"Well, a certain sort of public wants that stuff, if it can get it. That stuff appeals to the bad in human nature. But the managers who produce good pictures are giving the public what it wants too. You can see that from the way the public patronizes their shows. The established film companies and the high class theatres know that it pays to be decent. The worst they do is to show vampire pictures—'The Wolf Woman' and pictures like that—which are sometimes pretty raw, but in a high class way. But there are certain managers and certain fly-by-night agencies that are always trying to put something over. They know they can make a quick clean-up with a raw picture."

"Suppose there was no censorship here—what would be the result?"

"Without police regulation things would be very bad. As it is, I have to watch some of the houses constantly. I'm trimming objectionable features out of films all the time. The film people have no real censorship of their own, and you can't trust all the individuals because a lot of them are not on the square. The fact that the National Board of Censors passes a film doesn't necessarily mean that I'll stand for it. Of course I have to be liberal. And I have to remember that if I make a fuss about a picture, and the producers take the matter into court and beat me, I've given the picture a lot of free advertising."

"What pictures do you enjoy most?"

"Say," said Corporal Peshon, "I've been on this detail for five years. Do you think I go to the movies when I'm off duty?"

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WAR

(Now that Jack London's work has so suddenly come to an end there will be much discussion concerning his place in literature. London was so prolific, his output was so great, that many of his books were lacking in literary finish. The demands of his popularity were exigent, and his work suffered. Doubtless some of his stories will endure, but which stories? It is for the future to answer. But a story like the following will enforce attention when final critical judgment comes to be passed upon Jack London. It displays the literary form of which London was master when he wrote with care. So far as known it has not been published in this country. It was contributed to the London Nation five years ago.—Editor's note.)

By Jack London

I.

He was a young man, not more than twenty-four or five, and he might have sat his horse with the careless grace of his youth had he not been so catlike and tense. His black eyes roved everywhere, catching the movements of twigs and branches where small birds hopped, questing ever onward through the changing vistas of trees and brush, and returning always to the clumps of undergrowth on either side. And as he watched, so did he listen, though he rode on in silence, save for the boom of heavy guns from far to the west. This had been sounding monotonously in his ears for hours, and only its cessation would have aroused his notice. For he had business closer to hand. Across his saddle-bow was balanced a carbine.

So tensely was he strung that a bunch of quail, exploding into flight from under his horse's nose, startled him to such an extent that automatically, instantly, he had reined in and fetched the carbine halfway to his shoulder. He grinned sheepishly, recovered himself, and rode on. So tense was he, so bent upon the work he had to do, that the sweat stung his eyes unwiped, and unheeded rolled down his nose, and spattered his saddle pommel. The band of his cavalryman's hat was fresh-stained with sweat. The roan horse under him was likewise wet. Even the birds and squirrels did not dare the sun, but sheltered in shady hiding-places among the trees.

Man and horse were littered with leaves and dusted with yellow pollen, for the open was ventured no more than was compulsory. They kept to the brush and trees, and invariably the man halted and peered out before crossing a dry glade, or a naked stretch of upland pasturings. He worked always to the north, though his way was devious, and it was from the north that he seemed most to apprehend that for which he was looking. He was no coward, but his courage was only that of the average civilized man, and he was looking to live, not die.

Up a small hillside he followed a cowpath through such dense scrub that he was forced to dismount and lead his horse. But when the path swung around to the west, he abandoned it, and headed to the north again along the oak-covered top of the ridge.

The ridge ended in a steep descent—so steep that he zigzagged back and forth across the face of the slope, sliding and stumbling among the dead leaves and matted vines, and keeping a watchful eye on the horse above, that threatened to fall down upon him. The sweat ran from him, and the pollen-dust, settling puny in mouth and nostrils, increased his thirst. Try as he would, nevertheless the descent was noisy, and frequently he stopped, panting in the dry heat, and listening for any warning from beneath.

At the bottom he came out on a flat so densely forested that he could not make out its extent. Here the character of the woods changed, and he was able to remount. Instead of the twisted hillside oaks, tall straight trees, big-trunked and prosperous, rose from the damp, fat soil. Only here and there were thickets,

easily avoided, while he encountered winding, park-like glades, where the cattle had pastured in the days before the war had run them off.

His progress was more rapid now, as he came down into the valley, and at the end of half-an-hour he halted at an ancient rail fence on the edge of a clearing. He did not like the openness of it, yet his path lay across to the fringe of trees that marked the banks of the stream. It was a mere quarter of a mile across that open, but the thought of venturing out in it was repugnant. A rifle, a score of them, a thousand, might lurk in that fringe by the stream—and he the naked man.

Twice he essayed to start, and twice he paused. He was appalled by his own loneliness. The pulse of war that beat from the west suggested the companionship of battling thousands; here was naught but silence, and himself, and possible death-dealing bullets from a myriad ambushes. And yet his task was to find what he feared to find. He must go on, and on, till somewhere, some time, he encountered another man, or other men, from the other side, scouting, as he was scouting, to make report, as he must make report, of having come in touch.

Changing his mind, he skirted inside the woods for a distance, and again peeped forth. This time, in the middle of the clearing, he saw a small farmhouse. There were no signs of life. No smoke curled from the chimney, not a barnyard fowl clucked or strutted. The kitchen door stood open, and he gazed so long and hard into the black aperture that it seemed almost that a farmer's wife must emerge at any moment.

He licked the pollen and dust from his dry lips, stiffened himself, mind and body, and rode out into the blazing sunshine. Nothing stirred. He went on past the house, and approached the wall of trees and bushes by the river's bank. One thought persisted maddeningly. It was of the crash in his body of a high-velocity bullet. It made him feel very fragile and defenseless, and he crouched lower in the saddle.

Tethering his horse in the edge of the wood, he continued a hundred yards on foot, till he came to the stream. Twenty feet wide it was, without perceptible current, cool and inviting, and he was very thirsty. But he waited inside his screen of leafage, his eyes fixed on the screen on the opposite side. To make the wait endurable, he sat down, his carbine resting on his knees. The minutes passed, and slowly his tenseness relaxed. At last he decided there was no danger; but, just as he prepared to part the bushes and bend down to the water, a movement among the opposite bushes caught his eye.

It might be a bird. But he waited. Again there was an agitation of the bushes, and then, so suddenly that it almost startled a cry from him, the bushes parted and a face peered out. It was a face covered with several weeks' growth of ginger-colored beard. The eyes were blue and wide apart, with laughter-wrinkles in the corners, that showed despite the tired and anxious expression of the whole face.

All this he could see with microscopic clearness, for the distance was no more than twenty

feet. And all this he saw in such brief time that he saw it as he lifted his carbine to his shoulder. He glanced along the sights, and knew that he was gazing upon a man who was as good as dead. It was impossible to miss at such point-blank range.

But he did not shoot. Slowly he lowered the carbine and watched. A hand, clutching a water-bottle, became visible, and the ginger beard bent downward to fill the bottle. He could hear the gurgle of the water. Then arm and bottle and ginger beard disappeared behind the closing bushes. A long time he waited, then, with thirst unslaked, he crept back to his horse, rode slowly across the sun-washed clearing, and passed into the shelter of the woods beyond.

II.

Another day, hot and breathless. A deserted farmhouse, large, with many outbuildings and an orchard, standing in a clearing. From the woods, on a roan horse, carbine across pommel, rode the young man with the quick black eyes. He breathed with relief as he gained the house. That a fight had taken place earlier in the season was evident. Clips and empty cartridges tarnished with verdigris, lay on the ground, which, while wet, had been torn up by the hoofs of horses. Hard by the kitchen garden were graves, tagged and numbered. From the oak tree by the kitchen door, in tattered, weather-beaten garments, hung the bodies of two men. The faces, shrivelled and defaced, bore no likeness to the faces of men. The roan horse snorted beneath them, and the rider caressed and soothed it, and tied it farther away.

Entering the house, he found the interior a wreck. He trod on empty cartridges as he walked from room to room to reconnoitre from the windows. Men had camped and slept everywhere, and, on the floor of one room, he came upon stains unmistakable where the wounded had been laid down.

Again outside, he led the horse around behind the barn, and invaded the orchard. A dozen trees were burdened with ripe apples. He filled his pockets, eating while he picked. Then a thought came to him, and he glanced at the sun, calculating the time of his return to camp. He pulled off his shirt, tying the sleeves and making a bag. This he proceeded to fill with apples.

As he was about to mount his horse, the animal suddenly pricked up its ears. The man, too, listened, and heard, faintly, the thud of hoofs on soft earth. He crept to the corner of the barn and peered out. A dozen mounted men, strung out loosely, approaching from the

(Continued on Page 18.)

FOR MEN

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The Battle of the Marne

(Hilaire Belloc, the noted military expert, has given to the world between book covers the story of the Battle of the Marne and it is attracting a great deal of attention. Generally the Battle of the Marne is regarded only as the main incident of the early weeks of the war. As a matter of fact it was a gigantic battle that will rank in the history of centuries with Chalons and Tours. It was in this battle that the Allies parried the thrust that was aimed at the heart of Europe. That blow was carefully calculated and it was almost successful. In the following article Mr. Belloc summarizes the story of his book.—Ed. Town Talk.)

The Battle of the Marne stands in the history of this great war somewhat as does the Battle of Blenheim to the last wars of Louis XIV; the first operations of Fabius to the great duel between Rome and Carthage; the episode of the Armada to the Spanish power in the north of Europe; the raising of the siege of Vienna to the historic duel between the Turks and Christendom; the closing of the Hudson Valley by Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga to the American War of Independence.

But the Battle of the Marne has these two peculiarly dramatic qualities not found, I think, in any other campaign. First, that it transformed the whole quality of the war: not only its direction but its method. Secondly, that this transformation was effected within the limits of one clearly defined action between great armies regularly deployed and fighting out an issue by a trial of skill.

The first thing to seize in the story is the proportion between the two combatants. When the Germans invaded France they put across the Rhine altogether something like two million men. The nature of the operation was that of a line swinging upon a pivot. The pivot being roughly the area which was called in the Middle Ages "The Three Bishoprics," Verdun, Toul and Metz, and the extremity running as the line swung from Liège in a quadrant down to about thirty miles from Paris. If you take a compass and put the fixed point about half-way between Metz and Nancy, and move the revolving point from Liège to Senlis, you obtain roughly the movement of this great swing.

The necessity of garrisoning and holding down Belgium, the lengthening communications, the retention of perhaps four divisions by the fortress of Maubeuge, and sundry other details left available upon the German line by the date September 1 and 2, more than seventy full divisions, say, counting all arms and details, well over 1,400,000 men, apart from independent cavalry.

What force was available to check the invasion and to meet this deployed army?

Official statistics are lacking, but a sufficient number of descriptions have been permitted by the French Government to appear for a rough statistic to be available, and we may count the number of divisions opposed to the Germans when the action began as about fifty.

The nearest calculation I could myself make (it is not to be taken as strictly accurate, of course, but we shall not know the exact figures until after the war) would give the German deployed force 75 divisions, apart from independent cavalry, and the Allies 51. At any rate, the first thing we have to notice in the action is the overwhelming superiority of the invaders. It is extremely important to note this as matter of general history, because it makes the Battle of the Marne unique in history. There have been plenty of cases in history of a smaller force defeating a larger one, but, save in the case of the Marne, it has always been due, I think, to one of two causes, or to both combined: either the material, human and mechanical, was markedly better on the victorious side, or the vanquished were caught in an unfavorable disposition, bunched, or not fully deployed, or surprised.

There was indeed an element of surprise in the Battle of the Marne but it was a local surprise. The battle as a whole was expected by the superior force to take place where it took place and was engaged by that force fully deployed. It suffered defeat because its inferior opponent was commanded with an elasticity and rapidity of military intelligence far superior to its own.

When the great swing of the invasion had reached, by the end of August, a line stretching in a great arc from Lorraine to the countryside from 30 to 40 miles northeast of Paris, the manoeuvres planned to form the next phase of the conquest would seem to be as follows:

The German commanders intended to bring very heavy pressure to bear in the neighborhood of the pivot near Nancy, where they believed the mass of the Allied forces to be grouped. That was their first error, for, as a matter of fact, the mass of the Allied forces was not grouped towards the east, but the whole line was fairly well distributed in strength from east to west.

While this pressure was being exercised in the first days of September upon the eastern end of the Allied line, near Nancy, thereby still further drawing the forces of the Allies eastward and correspondingly weakening the western end, the western extremity of the German line was to curl round and envelop the Allies. It would be the better able to do this (the German commanders supposed) not only because the Allies were supposed to be normally weak at this point, but also because this extreme "marching wing" of the Allied retreat—the very end of which was originally the British contingent (about 5 per cent of the whole)—had suffered more losses, and was naturally more disorganized and fatigued than the centre which had had to retreat through a shorter space, and the eastern or right wing which had hardly moved at all.

The order of battle at the moment when the issue was at hand was as follows:

On the German side the armies were numbered from the German right to the German left (that is, from west to east) in regular order, the 1st Army under Kluck stretching from round about Compiègne to the middle Marne, somewhat north of Chateau Thierry; the IInd Army under Beulow came next in order, and reaching the escarpment of the plateau that overlooks the Plain of Champagne; the IIIrd Army (in which the Guard seems to have acted as a sort of independent body, but which was mainly composed of Saxons) advanced across the Plains of Champagne, on the west side of that wide territory. Next to them the IVth Army, principally composed of men from Würtemberg, occupied the eastern part of the Plain of Champagne. The Vth Army, commanded by the Crown Prince, ran through the Argonne and round Verdun; the VIth Army, drawn up in a sharp angle with the Vth based upon Metz and facing Nancy, and the VIIth Army continued the line down along the frontier of the Vosges.

The Allied force was similarly counted from right to left (that is, in their case, from east to west), though not in quite so regular a fashion,

and that for reasons which will presently be described.

This Allied army consisted also of seven groups, each of course smaller than the German group opposed to it.

The 1st faced the German VIIth Army on the Vosges line; the 2nd, under Castelnau, faced the VIth German Army in front of Nancy; the 3rd, under Sarraill, faced the Crown Prince; the 4th was mainly in front of the Württembergers, though its extremity was opposite a portion of the Saxons. Then came a gap in the enumeration, which it is exceedingly important to note. A new army, recently formed during the retreat, was drawn up in the southwestern part of Champagne and on the escarpment which overlooks that plain, with its centre at the little market town of La Fère Champenoise. I should only confuse the reader by going into a discussion of what official number it bore, for there is still a dispute on this, but we will call it the Army of Foch, from its commander.

Next, along towards Paris, was the 5th Army under Desperere, reaching to within about a day's march of Paris. Lastly, in front of Paris, with headquarters at Melun and mainly grouped around Rozoy, was the British contingent under Field Marshal Sir John French.

The reader will note that the French just before the action had formed this new army under Foch, and set it standing in the gap between the 4th and 5th. It was part of that general French strategy which depended for the meeting of a superior force upon retaining a considerable reserve in hand. Such a reserve is called "the mass of manoeuvre" by the French, and the theory of its use is that you swing it in when an action is actually in progress, providing an element of surprise against the enemy. The disadvantage of such a system is of course that you have to take the first shock with numbers far less than the total at your disposal, and thus risk defeat before your mass of manoeuvre can be brought into play. The advantage of the system is that if you can swing in your mass of manoeuvre at the right time and at the right place, it gives you initiative over the enemy, and, as I have said, the element of surprise as well is upon your side.

This mass of manoeuvre was in part represented by the new army under Foch, put into the centre between the 4th and 5th. But another moiety of it was designed to act in another and more significant part of the field.

If the reader will look at the map he will see that the left of the Allied line, and all the space in front of Paris and to the northeast between Paris and Kluck, lay apparently unguarded. Now it was into this space that an army already numbered and beginning to be gathered was to be swung. It was called the 6th Army, and the command of it was given to General Maunoury, who acted under the orders of General Gallieni, the governor of Paris. The tactical theory which the French general staff and General Joffre, the commander-in-chief, were working upon, was this: They would not gather any considerable force in front of Paris under the name of the 6th Army until

(Continued on Page 16)

The Spectator

Our Bent toward Self-Deception

Foresight is not yet popular in this country when it is exercised on enterprises that give our well known sentimentalists free play. With us a knack for the detection of cant is oftentimes a dangerous gift, and too much common sense is frowned upon. We don't like to have the hot air let out of our pretty balloons. We are a very credulous people. There are millions of Americans who would rather cherish a virtuous dream than cope with the inevitable evil of the workaday world. These good folk know just how they'd like the world to be, and they get angry if you drop a hint concerning the remoteness of the millennium. They are therefore wax in the hands of fantastic idealists and brummagem Quixotes—yes, and meddlesome altruists and high-class bunco-steerers. If your heart is in the right place, or thought to be so, you are not blamed much in our country for misplacing your brains, or for not having any. "He meant well" is a general absolution liberally distributed among mischief-makers, even though these sinners make no promise of repairing the damage they have done. Let an American undertake some gigantic task of eradicating moral or physical evil, and no matter how small his chance of success, he will win acclaim on all sides. Those who dare point to the futility of his endeavor will suffer unpopularity and have their motives impugned. Cleaning the Augean stables was a job for Hercules; but we Americans would not only honor a pigmy for attempting it, we'd be angry with those who forecasted his failure. We are the prey of a flabby emotionalism which tells us that when we're right we're bound to win. Like Sir Galahad we boast that our strength is as the strength of ten because our hearts are pure. Optimism is splendid, of course; but American optimism is fifty per cent hysteria.

The New Peace Movement

These thoughts were suggested by consideration of the new movement to give Europe peace. Because of certain American characteristics at which I have hinted this movement is almost criticism-proof. To take up this movement, look at it from all sides, weigh the worth of the men who are prominent in it—in a word, to criticize it, is to be tarred immediately with the black stick of suspicion. We all love peace. We all want to see Europe at peace. Indeed, many of

us who don't talk much about it pray for that consummation every Sunday when we go to church. But to hesitate when impulsive peace apostles rush into direct action is immediately to incur the charge of loving war and hating peace. Not to see eye to eye with the "forward looking" enthusiasts who have schemes for imposing peace on the warring nations is to invite the accusation that you prefer munition-prosperity to peace. Try to point out to these propagandists that the nations of Europe—or some of them—are making war for the purpose of enforcing peace, and you are answered with a sneering smile. For these peace propagandists are not the most tolerant people in the world; and the more peace-loving they are in their professions the more furiously angry they are apt to get when you refuse to swallow their projects whole. And yet the Ford apostles of peace were just as enthusiastic, just as confident of success and just as insistent in claiming universal approbation for their peace endeavors as are the present peace enforcers. Those who first pointed out the absurdity of Henry Ford's self-imposed mission were regarded as very wicked persons, were even taunted with being in the pay of munition manufacturers. Even when the flivver joyride to Armageddon had become an international joke, there were plenty who still pinned their faith to it. Today there is not a Ford peace apostle in America (including Dr. Aked) who does not admit that the cruise of the Oscar II was foredoomed to failure. It is not profitable, however, to ask Americans to benefit by that experience.

Peace Apostles in England

From Professor Pope of the University of California who is the spokesman of the California leaders in the present movement for peace-by-petition, we learn that there is "specific encouragement" for the movement from "a considerable number of members of Parliament." He names Bryce, Morley, Burns, Trevelyan, Snowden and Lowes Dickinson. He says also that "the Union of Democratic Control in England is circulating a petition calling upon the government to state its terms of peace and to open negotiations at the earliest possible opportunity." How about all this? Lord Morley is a pacifist who withdrew from the British Cabinet at the outbreak of the war. Burns,

Trevelyan and Lowes Dickinson are pacifists. As for Snowden, his pacifism is so pronounced that it has been characterized in the British press as treason to his country. And when I say that these men are pacifists I mean that they are so much in favor of peace as to be out of sympathy with their country's cause. Surely these are not the men from whom encouragement should be sought by peace-lovers in neutral nations. Professor Pope attaches importance to the attitude taken by the Union of Democratic Control. It has been publicly charged in England that that organization was formed to procure a dishonorable peace with the Central Powers. Its secretary is E. D. Morel. He has been called a "paid agent of Germany" by Cecil Chesterton, the editor of The New Witness, and has not sought satisfaction in a libel suit, though challenged to do so. Morel and Philip Snowden are closely associated in Union of Democratic Control activities. Would not the movement for peace start under better auspices if its British indorsers were men and organizations fighting and working for their country, instead of against it? Most of these that Professor Pope has named are about as popular in Great Britain as "slackers" and conscientious objectors. In quite a different class is Father Bernard Vaughn who says that there can be no stable peace in Europe unless the war is fought out to its bitter end; and Lord Northcliffe who has made this statement: "The suggestion that Great Britain should consider peace can only be regarded as hostile. Our citizen army is only now ready for war. There are no peace discussions in this country at all, and there will be none while Germany occupies any portion of the allied territory." Here is a statement which directly challenges statements made by Professor Pope. It was in the face of similar statements that Henry Ford persisted in his ridiculous attempt.

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The Ancient Cult of Peace

I quote from that fascinating book of Arthurian romance, "The High History of the Holy Graal:"

Messire Gawain rideth thoughtful and down-cast through the forest, and seeth a knight coming along the way he came. And in strange fashion came he. He bestrode his horse backwards in right outlandish guise, face to tail, and he had his horse's reins right across his breast and the base of his shield bore he topmost and the chief bottom-most, and his spear upside down and his habergeon and chausses of iron trussed about his neck. He seeth Messire Gawain coming beside the forest, that hath great wonderment of him when he seeth him. Natheless, when they draw nigh, he turneth him not to look at Messire Gawain, but crieth to him aloud: 'Gentle knight, you that come here, for God's sake do me no hurt, for I am the Knight Coward.' 'By God,' saith Messire Gawain, 'you look not like a man to whom any ought to do hurt!' And, but for the heaviness of his heart and the sore wrath that he had, he would have laughed at his bearing with a right good will. 'You wish for naught but peace,' saith Messire Gawain. 'By S. James,' saith the Coward, 'therein you are quite right, for of war cometh naught but evil; nor never have I had no hurt nor wound save some branch of a tree or the like gave it me, and I see your face all seamed and scarred in many places. So God help me, of such hardiesse make I but small account, and every day I pray God that He defend me.'

"The High History of the Holy Graal" was written about the year 1200, and in those simple times, it may be noted, those who wished "naught but peace" and prayed God for it were rudely denominated cowards.

Dr. Hutchinson's Double-Edged Argument

"Drink is Losing Long Hard Fight." So runs the headline of an article in The Examiner by Dr. Woods Hutchinson, who is described as "the world's foremost writer on medical subjects." Thus does Dr. Hutchinson reflect an opinion to which many people have given utterance since the late campaign. Prohibition has been making such great headway that even brewers and liquor dealers fear that the water wagon is the fate of the nation. But Dr. Hutchinson does not say that Prohibition is winning the hard fight over drink. He holds that the Demon Rum is dying of inanition, as it were; that people are simply refraining from liquor because it is not good for them; not that it is unmoral to drink but that it decreases our efficiency. According to the Hutchinson argument soberness is the logical inclination of a materialistic people. There is something in this argument, but not as much as appears at first blush. At any rate it does not follow that as a consuming passion for success is conducive to soberness drink is eventually to lose its hard fight. True, this is a materialistic age and we are all crazy for success, for that is our god, but as a scientist Dr. Hutchinson knows that among the inevitable things in this world is reaction. Even now there are idealists complaining of the materialism of the age. Efficiency is not all there is to life, as some folk are discovering, and there is such a thing as being efficient on too long a stretch. Evidently Dr. Hutchinson himself realizes this for he says: "If alcohol has any place at all in the

rational scheme of things it is as an aid to rest, not to work: as a relaxant, not as a stimulant. As a putter-on of the soft-pedal, a shock absorber, a non-conductor in the path of business currents of thought and worry after the day's work is over, it may have some utility in the future scheme of things."

Expert Anti-Prohibition Testimony

Dr. Hutchinson I gladly hail as "of counsel" in an argument that I have been making for several years in favor of drink. The evils of drink are not to be gainsaid. No intelligent man will challenge the assertion that drink, like sex, and other things for which we are indebted to God, is the cause of much that is bad. The only thing to be said for drink is that the bad it does, like the evil due to sex, is more than offset by the good. I have pointed out on the authority of the world's greatest psychologists that the progress of the world has been largely due to alcohol and that without the joy and relaxation that drink gives us, without those moments in which it enables us to forget the worries and anxieties that reduce the distance to the grave, efficiency would be a matter of very short duration. And here comes Dr. Woods Hutchinson corroborating all that I have said. The average prohibitionist tells us that alcohol is a poison, having no merit at all. And apparently Dr. Hutchinson, being a narrow-gauge scientist with a single track mind has something of the same notion, else Hearst wouldn't have him on the payroll. But here he is making out a case for alcohol and doing it, I infer, inadvertently. For if alcohol is an aid to rest, a relaxant, a putter-on of the soft pedal, a shock-absorber, a non-conductor in the path of business currents, assuredly Dr. Hutchinson will not hold with that other single-track mind and multiple-tongue philosopher, Dr. Jordan, that it ought to be banished from the scheme of things. This is indeed an age of efficiency, an age wherein the struggle for success is incessant; and every day men are dropping in their tracks from overwork. And all the while doctors are prescribing rest and relaxation, and men cannot get rest or relaxation because they have business anxieties on the brain. What we really need in this life is an occasional jag or at least an occasional dip into convivial company where men have a holy horror of the water wagon. Meanwhile we shall go on, meeting occasionally the drunk who beats his; also attending the funeral of the friend snatched by the heels in the prime of life and offering words of solace to the widow and the orphans. Such is efficiency.

Where It Succeeds

I am not at all afraid that the Demon Rum will join the down-and-out club. Dr. Hutchinson does not alarm me when he points out that

drunkenness is decreasing. I agree with him, but why doesn't he tell the truth—that drunkenness is decreasing, as Herbert Spencer pointed out many years ago, not as a result of prohibition but as a result of the silent processes of change in the social order? It would be frank of him to say that it is decreasing not on account of, but in despite of, prohibition. Why not tell the truth about prohibition as a great economic evil. With all the vast destruction of property and of revenues the consumption of liquor has never as yet been lessened in this country. Here are some facts to which the attention of the whole country should be invited. Since 1895, shortly after the Anti-Saloon League started its activities, the national per capita consumption of all liquors has increased from sixteen gallons to over twenty gallons. Yet twenty-four States have outlawed the "drink traffic," as it is called. In the first three months of the present year the consumption increased about 70,000,000 gallons as compared with the same period last year. From this it is clear that "liquor is not losing its long hard fight." But what is the explanation of these figures that seem to point a paradox? The explanation is that while prohibition outlaws the drink traffic, it does not outlaw drink. The so-called dry States have not prohibited drink; they have merely altered the channels through which the consumer may obtain liquor. The shipment of liquor in most cases and the carrying of liquor in all cases into prohibition States are legal, and so with all the vast destruction of property and of revenues the Demon Rum is as robust as ever. Not only that: the mail order channel of supplying liquor, which is the Anti-Saloon League mainstay, floods the prohibition States with far more liquor than was sold through local retailers. It is a well known fact that the wettest places in the country and the hardest to keep sober in are the dry States. Nevertheless prohibition is a huge success. Proof of the efficiency of the Prohibitionists is probably to be found in their bank accounts.

Such an Appropriate Gift

In recognition of his help in making Oregon "bone dry" the Prohibitionists have given Governor West a present. And that present took the form of—a loving cup! The Portland Spectator is satirical about the gift. It points out that in all ages the loving cup has played an important part when men assembled to "put down" liquor. But this sort of fun-poking will be lost upon the Oregonian Prohibs. If they had a sense of humor they wouldn't be Prohibs.

The Limit of Urban Life

"I saw Jake Gottlob on Broadway yesterday," writes an occasional correspondent from the big metropolis, "and he's crazy to get home. Says there's too many people here to suit him. Wants to get back to a quiet place, I suppose."

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SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS

One hears a great deal from New York nowadays, so many San Franciscans are there wallowing in the unprecedented prosperity of the times. Singularly enough the big city is not so attractive to some of them as formerly. From the big city comes the cry of many voices: "It's too crowded." This is no joke. New York itself, I am told, is worried at the congestion of the streets. How to handle the traffic on the narrow strip of land called Manhattan has been a serious problem for many years; now there are clamors on all sides for its solution. It is not merely the problem of going to and returning from business; to get along the street at all has become a nerve-racking business. Every minute on Broadway and Fifth avenue is like the vicinity of Lotta's Fountain on New Year's Eve. It's a tough job to go from your hotel to a theatre. To go shopping is a task to be braved only by persons with muscles and nerves of steel. Some relief is to be sought by a subway the full length of Broadway, and now the blasting on this job is to be heard all through the night in all the big hotels and occasionally there are seismic disturbances. Living in New York at this time is something like life in the trenches, but O, the money that is there!

Rank Plagiarism

Alvah Wilson, assistant manager of the St. Francis, always introduces himself as "Alvah Wilson of Harrisburg, Pa." The other day he was found in the St. Francis lobby with a New York paper in his hand and a look of indignation on his face. He pointed to this item in a political interview:

"Are you going to be Secretary of State in the Wilson Cabinet or only minister to Dahomey?" McCormack was asked.

"For the next four years," was the answer, "I shall continue to be Vance McCormack, address Harrisburg, Pa."

"Vance and I went to school together at Harrisburg, Pa.," complained Wilson, "but that's no reason why he should steal my stuff."

Bruce Nelson's Exhibit

It was getting so that art lovers, after one glance at a picture, would say: "Hello! here's a Bruce Nelson." They said it with quickened interest, and then they examined the picture closely, nodding and smiling their satisfaction, drawing off to admire the general effect and coming near to study the brush strokes. These Bruce Nelsons were marines: the ocean breaking on a rocky coast, or sliding up the glistening sands, or the blue waters of the bay of Monterey lying quite still in their irresistible beauty. Bruce Nelson's marines have been taken to the hearts of art lovers; also—and this is quite important, bought numerous for the walls of the homes of art lovers. There is no doubt that Bruce Nelson might have gone on painting marines, selling them and waxing in popularity for some years to come. But Bruce Nelson is a young man, with a young man's healthy distrust of repetition. Bruce Nelson is an artist not only of great painting ability but also of high common sense. He desires not only to develop but also to expand. It pleases him to have people say at the first sight of a picture: "Hello! here's a Bruce Nelson;" but he'd prefer to have them say, after studying a picture with interest and finally looking for the name of the painter: "Why, it's by Bruce Nelson." There's quite a difference between the two remarks. So Bruce Nelson who loves to paint marines and has learned to paint them so well that art lovers want them, has deliberately turned away from the ocean and the bay of Monterey and de-

voted himself to painting hills and trees. I am sure it cost him an effort. We like to do what we know we can do well; and tackling something new means travail of mind and hand for the conscientious, aspiring painter. Well, you have only to examine Bruce Nelson's latest exhibition to know that he has been completely justified by the result of his determination to avoid specializing. This latest exhibition is now being studied by art lovers in one of the downtown art shops of Sutter street.

Pictures That Are Poems

For five years now Bruce Nelson has opened an exhibition in November; it is not saying too much to state that art lovers have come to expect these shows of his, to look to them for the stimulation of their enthusiasm for art. They have never been disappointed, and they won't be disappointed this year. Bruce Nelson, this year, has permitted himself three beautiful marines. The rest of the pictures are concerned with the hills and trees about Palo Alto, and the apple and cherry orchards about Saratoga. One of the details which made Bruce Nelson's marines admirable was his patient conquest of the difficulties that surround the painting of rocks. To make a rock stand out from the flat surface of the canvas is comparatively easy for a good painter who knows how to manipulate light and shadow; it is in reproducing the color and "rockiness" of the rock that he must extend himself. With trees, particularly with the delicate foliage of fruit trees, the problem is reversed, and is a more difficult problem. The color and outline of the tree are easy enough; but with the light playing at every angle on a myriad leaves it is very hard to suggest the bulk of the trees, to paint it round, not flat. With this problem Bruce Nelson has coped in his characteristically sincere fashion, and he has mastered it. But these are technicalities, and I walk insecurely among them. Let me rather emphasize the beauty of these pictures. They are alive with beauty in every leaf; they glow; they do devout homage to nature in her wonderful mystery of blossom-time. Bruce Nelson is a poet, and his brush is lyrical. What George Sterling would do with words he has done with pigments. Do not miss this exhibition wherein you may see Bruce Nelson annexing to himself a new do-

main of inspiration and consolidating his position among the best of our younger painters.

Giving Credit to Spain

Who discovered the circulation of the blood? The answer is, William Harvey; and this answer is assumed to be correct. But now comes Mr. J. C. Cebrian, the well known San Franciscan, and states that this answer is not correct, that William Harvey did not discover the circulation of the blood, that the discovery was made by a Spaniard before William Harvey was born. Mr. Cebrian became possessed of this interesting and important information by chance. He was reading a Spanish translation of Camille Flammarion's book "God in Nature." In this book the French astronomer credits Harvey with the discovery of the circulation of the blood; but the Spanish translator of the book wrote a foot note in which he expressed surprise that Flammarion should fall into this error, and pointed out that the first enunciation of the great principle was made by Francisco de la Reina in his treatise on veterinary surgery, published in 1536. This statement interested Mr. Cebrian so much that he sent to Spain for a copy of de la Reina's book. It is extremely rare, but nevertheless he managed to obtain a copy. Sure enough the book bears out the claim made for its author. This book is called "Libro de Albeiteria" or Book of Veterinary Surgery. The circulation of the blood is clearly set forth in chapter 94. De la Reina published his work in 1532, with subsequent editions in 1552, 1564 and 1580. William Harvey was born in 1578, and published his alleged discovery in 1628. De la Reina's book has been presented by Mr. Cebrian to the library of the University of California where those who are interested in this matter may consult it.

The early bird, having captured the worm, yawned.

"Inasmuch as I have had to stay up all night to accomplish this feat, I guess I'll go to bed," he murmured drowsily.

"Now," said the Sunday school teacher, "can any of you tell me what sins of omission are?"

"Yes, ma'am," came the answer. "They are the sins we might have committed and didn't."

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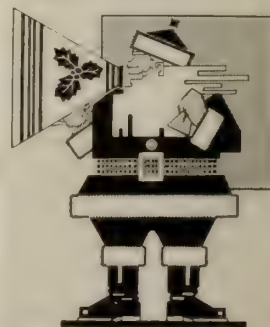
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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Not a Social Administration

There was considerable rejoicing in Washington when the rumor got about that President Wilson was to have an inaugural ball. Washington likes an Administration that goes in for social activity, and the rest of the country does not disapprove. The rejoicing has already ceased. It seems that President Wilson will be socially negligent, as in the past. It is announced that there is to be no New Year's reception, and in all probability no inaugural ball. Social activities will be confined, it is said, to those affairs which must be given in accordance with White House custom. Otherwise there will be nothing doing. The elimination of the inaugural ball is the greatest blow to Washington society. In that set the question is being put, whether the recent condemnation of the inaugural ball by a convention of Methodists was the reason for calling it off. The Methodists not only went on record against having this ball, but they insulted the President's wife by calling her a social climber. Washington is wondering whether the President has swallowed the insult, and made up his mind that it is expedient not to offend the Methodists. The query of the moment is, Is the President too proud to dance?

Past Social Glories

This Administration will never be spoken of when the talk is of social brilliance at the White House. The three administrations most talked about as brilliant are those of Grant, Roosevelt and Taft. It is well known that Mrs. Grant thoroughly enjoyed the social side of the White House, and sustained it with a lavishness that had never before been attempted. Perhaps it never has been since, because the standard of elegance changes with the years, and during the Grant administration it meant a wonderful display, a great variety, and an outlay of flowers and food that was overwhelming in quantity and cost. During the Roosevelt administration there were more men of note, more men of distinction, men who stood in the world for famous things accomplished, who were entertained at the White House, than in any other President's time. The occasion may have been informal or formal—a luncheon, a great reception, or musicale, or dinner—but there were always persons present who meant something distinguished in art, literature, science,

religion, government, education, or some branch utterly new, perhaps. But the President never missed one of them who happened to come to Washington, and the entertainments during his administration are therefore unique for their interesting guests as well as brilliant ones. There has never been maintained, from every point of view, a more elegant social life in the White House than during the Taft administration. It had a dignity and certain magnificence which distinguished it from the day of the inauguration to the "election party," the night President Taft got the returns of his defeat. Even then, when the entertaining might fall off in its character, on the last lap of an administration, it blazed up even more gorgeously, and with all the careful elegance that made the social side of the Taft administration historic.

A Collector of Heirlooms?

"The handsome home of Miss Phelan, adorned with heirlooms and objects of art collected by the hostess on her several trips to Europe"—

Thus I read in a column devoted to society news the other morning. The reporter paid tribute to Miss Mollie Phelan for the taste she displayed in furnishing her new home in Washington street, so I cannot believe that the intention was to say what actually was said in the lines I have quoted. I take it that only the awkwardness of the reporter's pen was responsible for the idea conveyed, namely, that Miss Phelan collected her heirlooms in Europe. Naturally one doesn't shop for heirlooms. One doesn't find one's heirlooms in curiosity shops or at auctions. One inherits them. And that of course is the way in which Miss Phelan got hers, not by collecting them on her several trips to Europe.

Mrs. Carolan's Songbird

It was M. Criticos, the singing teacher of Paris, who discovered Mrs. Frank Carolan's voice. Not only that, he trained it for her and for the pleasure of her friends. There is evidence at hand that Mrs. Carolan believes in reciprocity. She has just discovered the voice of M. Criticos' daughter. Not only that, she is mothering the young songbird in New York, and one of these days will give New York music lovers an opportunity to be critics of Miss Criticos. Miss Criticos is at the St. Regis with

Mrs. Carolan, and after a New York debut she will probably come to California with her wealthy patroness.

Hints from Paris

"Wide skirts are getting a little narrower," writes a sojourner in Paris who simply refuses to devote all her letters to war talk. "And they are getting longer, not much, but a little longer. The general effect in Paris just now gives you the impression that more color is worn than usual, but it is all subdued; here and there a flash of brilliant rose or blue or green breaks forth, but is soon lost in the common neutrality. From being almost infinitesimal, hats are become very large. Muffs are no longer gigantic but are now neat little barrel-shaped hand-warmers. The silhouette of my lady is straight and slim, with some fullness near the ankles and rather a voluminous hat." These observations were borne out by what was seen, in the way of the latest evening gowns from Paris, at the Charity ball last week. There were a number of these imported gowns, and without exception the skirts were longer and narrower than is the case with American-made gowns.

Schumann-Heink's Gifts to Our Charities

Local charities for children benefited to the extent of over twelve hundred and fifty dollars by the generosity of Mme. Schumann-Heink who divided the profits of her concert last Sunday between the orphans of her native land and the poor children of San Francisco. Through her manager Will L. Greenbaum the diva sent checks for liberal amounts to the Catholic Humane Bureau, children's ward at the City and County Hospital, free ward for children at the Mount Zion and Children's Hospitals, the Associated Charities, Hebrew Board of Relief, Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Congress of Mothers' Philanthropic Department, Mrs. Goodfellow's Thanksgiving Fund, Fruit and Flower Mission, Baby Hygiene under charge of the Woman's College Alumni, Occidental Kindergarten Christmas Festival and the children's ward at the Isolation Hospital.

Martin's Home-Coming

Joseph Martin, the ice magnate, got back from New York last week and as soon as his office staff learned of his presence they pre-

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pared to give him a surprise. Early Saturday evening they took possession of his apartments on Powell street and proceeded to celebrate his return. There were forty of them, and among them was some happy talent that improvised a fine entertainment—literary and musical. Mr. Martin was given the time of his life; so he said, and this notwithstanding the fact that he had spent several weeks in New York, not all of them in the financial district nor in a study of the munition market. For one of the purposes of the trip was relaxation, and Joseph Martin has many friends in the great metropolis who have lots of time to entertain in a social way.

Miss Scott's Original Enterprise

Miss Clara Scott's ability as a painter has won applause in the studios and other haunts of the discriminating. But this charming San Francisco girl is not content to use her artistic talent; she seeks an outlet for her energies in business as well. This takes the form of an original enterprise. There are play brokers who act as intermediaries between playwrights and managers of theatres; there are literary brokers who have the entree to editorial sancta and facilities for "placing" novels, short stories and poems. Why should not the painters have a broker too? Miss Scott asked herself the question, and saw no objection. She put the question to artists like Maynard Dixon, Henry Breuer, Gottardo Piazzoni, Rollo Peters, Lee Randolph, Percy Gray, Lucia Matthews, Joe Mora, Ralph Stockpole and Armin Hansen; and they answered her with enthusiasm. The result is that Miss Scott has furnished a beautiful studio in the Gaffney Building, 376 Sutter

street, where she is now acting as broker for these and other artists. The original jewelry designs of Daisy Erb who carried off grand prize for her exhibit in the Varied Industries Building are works of art; that accounts for Miss Scott's willingness to be Miss Erb's broker too.



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AMELIA STONE
Next week at the Orpheum

The Minetti Quartet

The third concert of the twenty-third season of that pioneer chamber music organization—the Minetti Quartet, will take place Monday afternoon, December 4th, at the home of Mrs. Joseph D. Grant. Among the patronesses are Miss Lena Blanding, Mrs. Walter Bliss, Mrs. A. B. C. Dohrmann, Mrs. I. W. Hellman Jr., Mrs. Selah Chamberlain, Mrs. G. C. Boardman, Mrs. Marcus Koshland, Mrs. E. W. Newhall, Mrs. John Rothschild, Mrs. M. C. Sloss and Mrs. Stanley Stillman.

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The Stage

"The Clod" and Others

Described on the Orpheum programme as "the original daffy dill," Bert Fitzgibbon justifies the description, and the result is entertainment of the kind one might expect from a joyous victim of paresis. But there is method in Fitzgibbon's derangement. As a daffy dill he blooms like a hothouse plant much to the joy of the audience. Among other newcomers at the Orpheum is Craig Campbell who is described as a distinguished tenor. However distinguished he may be, certainly he is no tenor, but he has a good voice of baritone quality and sings well. The holdovers this week—"The Clod"—are more to my liking than the new talent with all its cleverness. Surely the dancing girls of Delhi will bear more than one inspection across the footlights, and as to "The Clod" it is the most impressive of all the fine little dramas that have come to the Orpheum of late. In this play Lewis Beach, the author, gives us the "punch" but in this instance the "punch" is the essence of the drama. It is not, as is often the case, merely the unexpected, it is the means of revealing to us the soul of the principal character. Sarah Padden does an excellent piece of acting in this little play. She gives us a notable illustration of the power of restraint.

—T. F. B.

Great Symphonic Music

Beautiful music, all bearing a veritable relation to life, music to vivify and quicken, to woo and to ravish—such was the feast of harmony that Conductor Hertz and the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra gave us for the third pair of concerts. As the season runs on one feels that each pair of concerts is a little more delightful than the immediately preceding ones. The orchestra seems to become more satisfying and the programme more to one's taste. What a gripping variety of music there was in last week's feast, including as it did Beethoven's seventh symphony, Cesar Franck's "Les Eolides" and the Strauss canticle of mortality, "Death and Transfiguration!" In all this is music of burning beauty, of ecstatic conviction. It is infused with passion and romance, with gaiety and melancholy; and even in the charnel-house music of the great Munich tone-poet there is exaltation. Never has the orchestra given a more satisfying, a more thrilling performance than in this series of masterpieces.

—The Music Lover.

Powerful Photo Drama Well Acted

It's fine, these days of "sex" plays and trash, to see one photodrama which proceeds convincingly, consistently and ably to a logical climax, with every "situation" pertinent and every actor interpretatively perfect. Such a photodrama is "The Yellow Pawn," playing this week at the Theatre St. Francis. The principal roles are those of Wallace Reid, Cleo Ridgley, George Webb and Tom Forman, and looming high in the histrionic firmament is Kuwa, a Japanese who bids fair to take the palm from his famous contemporary, Sessue Hayakawa. Kuwa is clever, able and wonderfully sympathetic in his important role. Needless to say, Wallace Reid and his fair support Cleo Ridgley, make the most of their opportunities. "The Yellow Pawn" is not a play for a milk-and-water person to enthuse about—but as a forceful, familiar "triangle" drama, with two logical tragedies in it, it is good roast-beef diet. And when you realize that Cecil De Mille directed it, and that Wilfred

Buckland was art director, you know that it is technically perfect. Next week's bill had not been announced at the moment of writing, but one can be sure it will include an exceptional feature picture. —The Second Nighter.

Schumann-Heink

Long ago the superlatives descriptive of the flawless art of Mme. Schumann-Heink were worn threadbare, but the art that evoked them remains of perennial freshness. Mme. Schumann-Heink seems never to get beyond the fullness of her zenith, and as I heard her Sunday at the Auditorium, it occurred to me that her skill as an artist might enable her to remain there forever. She is past grand mistress of the art of delivering the messages of great composers. There is no human emotion, from the darkest tragedy to the frothiest gaiety that is beyond her power of expression. In the Wagner group she proved that she was still the greatest of all the Wagnerian singers. As to the Schumann cycle "Woman's Love and Life" it would be impossible to describe the sensations created by the transports of vocal music. After evoking the tears of the audience in La Forge's "Before the Crucifix," she sang the dainty "Danny Boy" of Weatherly, sang it with exquisite beauty. Then as she sang Hugo Wolff's "Heimweh" one felt that into her heart had come the deep sorrows of her native land. The closing number was a dashing, gay "Bolero" by Arditì abounding in flashing cadenzas and rippling trills and these were given with a wonderful flexibility that any coloratura soprano might envy.

Percy Grainger, Pianist and Composer

Percy Grainger, the young Australian pianist and composer, will soon be with us. Manager Greenbaum has arranged to have Grainger make his debut as soloist at the next pair of Symphony concerts on December 8 and 10. He also announces that two recitals will be given at Scottish Rite Hall on Thursday night, December 14, and Sunday afternoon, December 17. At each concert Grainger will play a number of his own characteristic compositions, rare works of Grieg and standard works and novelties by Bach, Schumann, Brahms, Chopin, Ravel, Albeniz and others. Mail orders may be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman Clay. Box offices will open at the usual stores Monday, December 11.

Schumann-Heink's Farewell

A fine program of song has been arranged for Schumann-Heink's farewell concert in the Exposition Auditorium this Sunday afternoon at 2:30. She will sing "The Erl-King," and Hugo Wolf's "Longing for Home." Also Strauss's "Dream at Twilight," Schubert's "The Trout," "The Rosary" and "Down in the Forest." Other favorites are "My Heart Ever Faithful" by Bach, "I Love Thee" by Beethoven, "Ah Mon Fils" from Meyerbeer's "Le Prophete," Loewe's "Mother at the Cradle," "Dawn in the Desert" by Ross, Mary Turner Salter's "The Cry of Rachel" and Delibes' "Good Morning, Sue." Eula Howard Nunan will play Chopin numbers.



HENRY STOCKBRIDGE AND LOTUS ROBB
In the farcical triumph "Fair and Warmer" at the Cort

the Rialto." Ralph Dunbar's Maryland Singers are a quartet of charming girls, also a banjo virtuoso. George McKay and Ottie Ardine will have a singing and talking skit "On Broadway." Harry Tate's "Fishing" is a scream. He has a company of six. Leonard Gautier's Animated Toyshop, and Bert Fitzgibbon, the original daffy dil, will be the only holdovers.

"The Garden of Allah" at Columbia

"The Garden of Allah," dramatized from Robert Hichens' story by Hichens himself, assisted by Mary Anderson of Navarro, comes to the Columbia for three weeks beginning Monday night. It is a wonderful drama, and a series of stage pictures. The principals of the big cast are Sarah Truax, William Jeffrey, Howard Gould, James Mason, Albert Anruss, Leo de Valery and Pearl Gray. There is a small army of Arabs, Algerians, Kabyles and Mozabites—over one hundred people in all.

Miss Pastori's Concert

A concert will be given by Iole Pastori, lyric soprano, and Eugenia Argiewicz-Bem, violinist, at Scottish Rite Auditorium next Monday at 8:30 p. m. Frank W. Healy is in charge of the business details. Uda Waldrop will be at the piano. Miss Pastori has a well-trained voice, and has earned the plaudits of Caruso, Polacco, Matzenauer and others. Eugenia Argiewicz-Bem is thought much of by Kreisler, Godowsky and Hoffmann. The programme: Concerto in E minor, Jules Conus, first time in San Francisco, Eugenia Argiewicz-Bem; Aria, Mi chiamano Mimi, from "La Boheme," Puccini, Iole Pastori; (a) Albumblatt, Wagner, (b) Scherzo Tarantelle, Wieniawski, Eugenia Argiewicz-Bem; (a) Romance, Debussy, (b) Un doux lien, Delbruck, (c) Nina, Pergolesi, (d) La Foletta, Marchesi, Iole Pastori; Aria, D'amor sull' ali rose, from "Il Trovatore," Iole Pastori; the Grove Song from Bohemian Club play, "Nec Natama," 1914, words by J. Wilson Shiels, music by Uda Waldrop.

Russ Dancers at Pantages

Next week's bill at Pantages will feature Horelik's Imperial Russian Dancers in "The Gypsy Camp," with the accent on the dancing of Mlle. Tatiana and Mlle. Natcha, steppers of note and ability. Another special attraction will be Schepp's animal circus, with stunts by dogs, cats, ponies and monkeys. For jaded baseball fans there will be diamond nonsense dished up by Frear, Baggett and Frear. Howard and Field present a charcoal sketch in the role of "the dining car minstrels." Oscar Lee is a violinist with a yodel attachment. Santucci makes an accordion do his every bidding. The bill includes chapter five of "A Lass o' the Lumberlands."

At Hotel Oakland

On Monday evening Mr. Dave Perkins entertained a party of friends at dinner. Afterwards Mr. Perkins and his guests witnessed the opening of the Bishop Playhouse. On that evening also Mr. J. F. Carlston was host to a number of friends at dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Mitchell Potter who have been in the East for the past month are expected to return to California in time for the Christmas holidays. Mrs. Potter will be remembered as Miss Mabel Thayer before her marriage last summer. Mr. and Mrs. Potter will have apartments at the Oakland during their sojourn.

The Techau Tavern

Maintaining in every respect its high reputation the Techau Tavern's Thanksgiving celebration evidenced to the many friends and

patrons of this famous establishment the fact that nothing is ever left undone to provide for their pleasure, comfort and convenience. No social affair of this season can boast of a larger proportion of smart people than that which assembled Thanksgiving at the Tavern. There were special entertainment features and social dancing which commenced at seven o'clock and continued throughout the evening.



MME.

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assisted by
EULA HOWARD NUNAN, Pianist

and
EDITH EVANS, Accompanist

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Thursday Evening, December 14

and
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3RD "POP" CONCERT

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Sunday, December 3, at 2:30 Sharp

PROGRAMME:

Rhapsody, No. 1 Liszt
Lyric Suite, Op. 54 Grieg
"Invitation to the Dance" Weber-Weingartner
Meditation from "Thais" Massenet
March Slav Tschakowsky

PRICES: 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s except concert day; at Cort Theatre on concert day only.

NEXT—4th Pair Symphony Concerts, December 8 and 10
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For the New Year

Manager Will L. Greenbaum's promises for the new year indicate an unusually brilliant and varied season. Between January and May he will bring a list of attractions such as this city has never before seen in a season. Greenbaum's promises are always kept, unless death or sickness intervenes. His first offering will be the Diaghileff Ballet Russe, an organization of nearly two hundred headed by Nijinsky.

Second Week of Glass's Play

"Potash and Perlmutter" has scored a great hit at the Alcazar with Henry Shumer and Alexis Luce in the two main roles and Miss Eva Dennison playing "Miss Goldman." It will be continued next week. Following it David Belasco's newest play "The Empress," adapted from the Hungarian, will be staged for the first time with Ola Humphrey (Princess Hassan) in the name role.

The Symphony's "Pop" Concert

A delightful "pop" concert is scheduled for

Sunday afternoon at the Cort. Alfred Hertz will conduct, the complete orchestra will participate, and the entire house will be at the disposal of ticket purchasers, for neither guarantors' nor subscribers' season tickets have been issued for the "pop" series. The first number is Liszt's First Rhapsody, which allows several opportunities for soloists. Grieg's Lyric Suite will follow, Hertz employing the orchestra arrangement made by Grieg himself. Weingartner's free arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" is the third number. The Meditation from Massenet's "Thais" and the "March Slav" conclude the concert.

Fourth Pair of Symphonies

The fourth pair of symphony concerts which will be given on Friday, December 8, and Sunday, December 10, will disclose Percy Grainger, the distinguished young Australian pianist and composer, as soloist. Mr. Grainger has never appeared west of Chicago, although his appearances with the leading orchestras of the East have been a series of triumphs.

Grainger will not only offer the Grieg concerto in A Minor, Op. 16, but his new suite, "In a Nutshell," will be given by Hertz and the orchestra, with Grainger at the piano. This novel offering was the feature of the Norfolk, Connecticut, Festival early in the year. Another interesting number is Schubert's Fifth Symphony in B Flat, which is not on record as having been given before in this country.

Great Farce at Cort

Selwyn and Company are sending to the Cort beginning Monday their latest farce "Fair and Warmer" by Avery Hopwood. It had a two-season run in New York. The "cocktail" scene was generally described as the most uproariously funny scene in years. In the cast are Lotus Robb, Henry Stockbridge, Raymond Walburn, Betty Ross Clarke, Arthur Larson, Betty Blye, Ezra Walck and Joseph A. Bingham.

Stone and Kalisz at Orpheum

Amelia Stone and Armand Kalisz will reappear at the Orpheum after an absence of three years, in a new operetta "Ma'mzelle Caprice." The book is by Edgar Allan Woolf and the lyrics and music by Mr. Kalisz. Will H. Davis comes as musical director. Ray Samuels, "the blue streak of vaudeville," will sing a number of new songs in her ingratiating way. Bert Savoy and Jay Brennan will present an incident of Broadway's night life, "On



SARAH TRUAX

Who plays one of the leading roles in "The Garden of Allah" at the Columbia Theatre



IOLE PASTORI

Lyric soprano who will be heard in joint concert with Eugenia Argiewicz-Bem, the Polish violinist, at Scottish Rite Auditorium next Monday at 8:30 p. m.

The Battle of the Marne

(Continued from Page 7.)

the battle was actually joined, and until Kluck was engaged in his turning movement. But when Kluck was so engaged, and when he was thoroughly committed to his turning movement with his flank therefore exposed against what appeared to be an empty or, at any rate, poorly furnished space, the French would pour into the space one division after another, even swinging several by rail from the extreme eastern part of the line, and unexpectedly swelling therefore the 6th Army, which would thus grow to great strength suddenly upon Kluck's exposed flank, be numerous enough to envelop Kluck, and thus by an element of surprise defeat all that western end of the German line. Such a defeat would involve at the best the rolling up of the German line beyond, and, at the least, a general German retirement.

The day upon which it was calculated that Kluck's swerving round would have proceeded far enough for the French counter-attack to begin was Sunday, the sixth of September, and the plan was for the whole of the Allied centre and left, including the British contingent, to go forward from dawn on that day; to take the shock of the German armies and hold them, while Maunoury upon the left came in by surprise and caught the German right under Kluck at a disadvantage, getting upon its flank and behind it.

All the plans were drawn up then for Sunday the sixth as the common moment when the centre and left of the Allied armies should make their supreme effort to defeat the invader.

Meanwhile there had been fought in front of Nancy a great action which is the preliminary of the Marne, and one of the main causes of the battle taking the form it did.

It will be remembered that the German commanders wrongly believed the French 2nd Army under Castelnau in front of Nancy to be very strong, and the rest of the Allied line correspondingly weak. They proposed before Kluck's great turning movement began to attack Castelnau with their VIth Army, in front of Metz and to drive him back beyond Nancy, thereby throwing the whole French right into confusion, and at the same time further weakening the rest of the line by drawing French forces in defense of this vital eastern sector. Castelnau stood the shock of this attack along the crest of a line of hills which covers Nancy from the neighborhood of that town to the neighborhood of Pont-a-Mousson. This line of hills standing between the Moselle and the Seille is called in the French army the Grand Couronne, which means the "great hornwork," a metaphor taken from artificial fortification because the range stands out like a hornwork in front of a fortified place. The evening of the last day of August and the first day of September were taken up in this German effort against the Grand Couronne, and by the sixth of September, when the Battle of the Marne elsewhere was already engaged, the Germans gave up the effort there and admitted defeat.

They had been foolish enough to use from first to last on this restricted field something like 15 or 16 divisions, a fifth of their whole force. The presence of the Emperor denoted the great importance attached to success in this field by the enemy, and Castelnau's successful resistance with an extraordinarily small force for such a purpose was the first defeat the Prussian-commanded German army had suffered within living memory.

While that struggle of the Grand Couronne was in progress Kluck, 150 miles away to the

west, was beginning his great turning movement and therefore exposing his flank.

Already upon the 2nd of September, the anniversary of Sedan, the change of his direction was noted by the air service of the Allies; by the 3rd it was in full swing, and Kluck's vast body of a quarter of a million men no longer faced southwestward towards Paris but was for the most part in column hurrying southeastward across the Marne to engage the British contingent and the French 5th Army which lay south of that river. He proposed to defeat this extremity of the Allied line, and so to envelop the whole.

Although the general plan had been laid for the 6th, the Sunday, Gallieni, the governor of Paris, already believed as early as Friday, the 4th of September, that the moment had come to strike, and there followed a change of orders never completely explained, and likely to be the subject of much historical discussion in the days succeeding the war.

The general orders had been (as I have said) to wait until the 6th before attacking, under the belief that not until the 6th would Kluck be so deeply engaged on the one hand, or Maunoury sufficiently reinforced on the other, to make the surprise attack upon the German flank a success. But the French army in front of Paris attacked not on the 6th but on the 5th. Whether they attacked too soon, or whether the general plan would have been a day too late, will form the matter of debate for the future. Those who support the early attack complain that the French 5th Army and the British contingent, by not engaging the German army in front of them until the next day, the 6th, compromised the success of Maunoury. To which the reply is that the very heavily tried marching wing of the retreat, of which the British had been the most exposed and had had to do the heaviest fighting against the great superiority of enemy numbers (and on the top of that in danger the whole time of envelopment) could not possibly strike until the appointed hour of the 6th, and were further bound by general orders not to strike before.

The first shots fired by Maunoury's outposts against the flank guard—which Kluck had left north of Meaux (and which consisted of the IVth German reserve corps)—were fired about noon of Saturday, September 5th, and at that moment the Battle of the Marne proper may be said to begin. All the rest of Kluck's army, save this flank guard north of Meaux, was by this time well south of the River Marne, as was also the next army along, the IInd German army under Beulow, and the two together were advancing at top speed to engage the British and the French 5th Army, who stood in front of them.

Kluck was apprised of Maunoury's attack; guessed its importance with a sureness of judgment, and took his new dispositions with a rapidity of decision which military history will always praise. Before he could be compromised by the general attack preparing for the morrow, the 6th, he had begun to withdraw men back across the Marne to reinforce his flank guard. All that Sunday, the 6th, though Maunoury's army was being reinforced as rapidly as could be, Kluck still withdrawing men across the Marne, was swelling his forces to the north of that river and against Maunoury to numbers already superior and rapidly becoming greatly superior to the increasing but less rapidly increasing force of Maunoury in front of him. Meanwhile the Allied forces south of the Marne launched, as the general order had arranged, upon this Sunday the 6th, pressed the retiring Germans, and began to fight their way up northwards.

But Kluck's move had the start by 24 hours. His rearguards were sufficient to save the countermarch northward of his army as a whole; that army rapidly proceeded first to engage with superior numbers and next to threaten the envelopment of Maunoury, the 6th French Army, by stretching further round to the north and west of it. This counter-envelopment by Kluck of what it had been hoped would be Maunoury's own envelopment of Kluck filled the 6th, the 7th and 8th of September, the Sunday, Monday and the Tuesday, and by the 9th, the Wednesday, had so far proceeded that the situation of the French 6th Army was extremely critical. By that day the British contingent and the French 5th Army had indeed reached, and in places were passing, the River Marne. Those, therefore, who judge superficially of military affairs by mere advances or retirements might have believed this right wing of the German forces to be already defeated. It was not. On the contrary, it looked very like enveloping and defeating the French 6th Army, and then being in a position to roll up the Allied line progressively.

But during the evening of this same Wednesday the 9th, and the night between that day and Thursday the 10th, a complete change came over the situation. On Thursday, the 10th, the French 6th Army were surprised to observe that their enemies who 12 hours before were pressing them with such success and putting them in immediate danger of defeat, had retreated. The whole of Kluck's great force had been faced roundabout, and was marching back northward and eastward by the way it had come, and that with a precipitation that marked the gravest necessity. What had happened? Why was Kluck thus compelled to a sudden retirement with the British contingent and the French 6th Army at his heels?

The reply to that question is the key to the Marne. The German line had been pierced in its centre, fifty miles away to the east.

This central field fifty miles away to the east concerned the army of Foch on the one side, the Prussian Guard and the Saxons on the other. When news had come of Kluck's dilemma; of the surprise attack affected by the French 6th Army, and of the doubtful struggle raging west of the Ourcq, north of Meaux in front of Paris, the German commanders justly decided that a very violent effort against the French centre would redress everything if it were successful. The forces they massed, the vigor of their attack were such, that in the course of those three days, while the battle was raging evenly along the whole of the rest of the line, the weaker army of Foch was pressed back and back, until by the morning of Wednesday the 9th, its extreme right was actually ten times behind the positions the French had occupied upon the 6th, when the battle opened.

There was here something which may be compared to the pressure which breaks a bough or an elastic band. The place where the most violent pressure was applied receded further and further, so that the line took the form of a

(Continued on Page 18)

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The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—It was an industrial and metal market the past week, and the rails were neglected. U. S. Steel again led the list, selling up near the 130 mark, and making a record price. The minor steel shares were also active, and higher, with Lackawanna Steel showing the best again. There is nothing new in these steel issues. Their earnings are tremendous and the mills are not only running full capacity but are running night and day. It is said that most of the steel companies have orders on their books that will insure them a record business well up into 1917. The copper stocks came to the front again, and Utah Copper led the list, selling up to 129. The balance of the copper shares were strong and higher, but there were frequent reactions during the week of two to three points, only to be followed by advances which kept the market churning. Copper metal is in good demand at around 35 cents and while the production is increasing all the time, the demand seems to take care of it all, and the price seems to strengthen rather than weaken around this level. Of course there is coming a time when the production is going to overtake the consumption as every copper mine in the United States is making special effort to get the metal to market, but as yet this condition has not made itself felt. A good many traders are inclined to take profits in the copper stock at this level, and while this is going on, another group of traders are more than willing to take advantage of the declines brought about by this class of selling, to take on copper shares, believing as they do, that with the tremendous earnings these copper companies are making, that the stockholders will come into a nice cash dividend in the near future. Railroad earnings are showing up remarkably well, as the Atchison report would indicate. It showed a net increase for October of \$1,726,329. However, there is no inducement for the trader to enter the rails when he can pick up from five to ten dollars a share overnight by buying the industrials. There is exceptionally good buying going on in Hide & Leather, and our advices are that the preferred stock will be put on a 7 per cent basis about January 1st, and that the back dividends will be taken care of in the way of new stock or bonds. This stock looks very attractive and we predict much higher prices for it. Taking the market as a whole, we believe it is destined for much higher prices, but at the same time we cannot refrain from again cautioning against an over extension of commitments. This is what happened recently, and may happen again, under inflation.

Wheat—Talk of an embargo on wheat which is being published daily in all the papers throughout the country, was the dominant factor in the wheat market the past week, and made for lower prices. All other news was ignored. In markets as nervous as wheat at the present time,

and in which individual success has been long continued, there is always an inclination to exaggerate whatever is favorable to a sequence. Rumors of export takings have always been particularly potent as a price irritant, and no doubt have been colored to self-interest, but the seasoned trader will always allow for a certain per cent of over-enthusiasm in acute speculative situations, and thereby avoid the usual unpleasant consequences. The cash interest on the Board of Trade are as influential and as prominent as any in the world, and they are saying now that cash wheat is not in urgent demand at the present time, and in fact, they call it "neglected." The paucity of the clearances demonstrates the truth of their statements. We think it would be better for all concerned if further appreciation would be delayed until February or March, but so long as heavy interests absorb everything offered, even to the extent of all December and July deliveries, little encouragement can be expected from operations on the short side of the market. We believe that purchases will be found profitable if initiated on the reactions.

Corn—While the situation in this grain is differently construed, it must be difficult to adjust the relationship of supply and demand accurately, and it is only upon a knowledge of this kind that speculative operations can be safely constructed. One of the peculiarities of the grain business is the necessity of meeting contracts at maturity, and this impossibility has been the cause of the highest prices for corn ever known in this market. Every shipper who sold for forward delivery relied upon a normal movement to the primary centers during the summer and fall, from which they could select the quantity and quality sold to Eastern clients. There was climatic opposition during the summer, and after husking, the car shortage loomed up as an obstacle to the marketing of either old or new grain. In consequence, the competition for the little offered became so keen that prices unheard of before were asked, and offered. We look for a freer movement and lower prices in the near future.

Cotton—The breaks of \$5 per bale during the week eliminated a great many small bull traders and created some little short interest in the market. The decline was checked on Friday morning when about 20,000 December notices were stopped by a Wall Street firm supposedly for several large spinners. The fact that the issuance of these notices did not bring about further weakness, encouraged some of the big local bulls (who were getting decidedly shaky), to support the market. However, the confidence of the public has been rudely shaken by the recent decline. There are also indications of a let-up in the wild and excited buying of cotton goods, and sober-thinking merchants are advising caution in following advance. Not-

withstanding all this, the fact remains, nevertheless, that the crop this year is only around eleven million bales, and if the present consumptive demand continues, we will need at least sixteen million bales. There is only one way to check the consumption, and that is for the price to advance to a point where consumption will be curtailed through economy. With the present general prosperity throughout the United States that exists at the present time, it does not look as if the buyer would hesitate to take cotton even at 25 cents per pound. Of course, we will have setbacks from time to time, but there will be no break of consequence, and we believe cotton should be bought on all reactions.

Redd—You say he ran into debt when he got his car?

Greene—Yes; that was the first thing he ran into.

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Assets	\$63,811,228.81
Deposits	60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
Number of Depositors	68,062

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PRIVATE WIRE COAST TO COAST

War

(Continued from Page 6)

opposite side of the clearing, were only a matter of a hundred yards or so away. They rode on to the house. Some dismounted, while others remained in the saddle, as an earnest that their stay would be short. They seemed to be holding a council, for he could hear them talking excitedly in the detested tongue of the alien invader. The time passed, but they seemed unable to reach a decision. He put the carbine away in its boot, mounted, and waited impatiently, balancing the shirt of apples on the pommel.

He heard footsteps approaching, and drove his spurs so fiercely into the roan as to force a surprised groan from the animal as it leaped forward. At the corner of the barn he saw the intruder, a mere boy of nineteen or twenty, for all his uniform, jump back to escape being run down. At the same moment the roan swerved, and its rider caught a glimpse of the aroused men by the house. Some were springing from their horses, and he could see the rifles going to their shoulders. He passed the kitchen door, and the dried corpses swinging in the shade, compelling his foes to run around the front of the house. A rifle cracked, and a second, but he was going fast, leaning forward, low in the saddle, one hand clutching the shirt of apples, the other guiding the horse.

The top bar of the fence was four feet high, but he knew his roan, and leaped it at full career to the accompaniment of several scattered shots. Eight hundred yards away were the woods, and the roan was covering the distance with mighty strides. Every man was now firing. They were pumping their guns so rapidly that he no longer heard individual shots. A bullet went through his hat, but he was unaware, though he did know when another tore through the apples on the pommel. And he winced and ducked even lower when a third bullet, fired low, struck a stone between his horse's legs, and ricocheted off through the air, buzzing and humming like some incredible insect.

The shots died down as the magazines were emptied, until, quickly, there was no more shooting. The young man was elated. Through that astonishing fusillade he had come unscathed. He glanced back. Yes, they had emptied their magazines. He could see several reloading. Others were running back behind the house for their horses. As he looked, two, already mounted, came back into view around the corner, riding hard. And, at the same moment, he saw the man with the ginger beard kneel down on the ground, level his gun, and coolly take his time for the long shot.

The young man threw his spurs into the horse, crouched very low, and swerved in his

flight in order to distract the other's aim. And still the shot did not come. With each jump of the horse, the woods sprang nearer. They were only two hundred yards away, and still the shot was delayed.

And then he heard it, the last thing he was ever to hear, for he was dead ere he hit the ground in the long crashing fall from the saddle. And they, watching at the house, saw him fall, saw his body bounce when it struck the earth, and saw the burst of red-cheeked apples that rolled about him. They laughed at the unexpected eruption of apples, and clapped their hands in applause of the long shot by the man with the ginger beard.

The Battle of the Marne

(Continued from Page 16.)

great V, and was, upon the extremity of the V, upon the point of breaking. The moment of greatest danger was probably the morning and noon of Wednesday, September 9th. It is clear that if the French centre had finally given way, and the German army poured through, the failure of the attack upon the Grand Couronne and all the manoeuvres upon the west would not have counted. The Allied line being broken would have been utterly defeated.

But there was an element in the situation which decided the issue otherwise. All that fighting upon the Ourcq, the result of Maunoury's surprise attack, though conducted with such skill by Kluck and even shaping towards victory by that commander, naturally and necessarily congested the German forces up towards the western or right end of their line, where Kluck was fighting. His movement of great masses of men to the district north of Meaux in order to deal with Maunoury necessitated a corresponding traction all along the line. The various German commands had to close up by their right, and to be very carefully coordinated in their movement lest a gap should appear.

The French have used with regard to this effect of Maunoury's attack the metaphor of a leech: Maunoury's surprise having the effect of blistering and sucking up men towards it.

A better metaphor, perhaps, would be the metaphor of a piece of elastic which, as you pull it towards one end, necessarily grows thin in the middle.

At any rate, the great danger for the Germans was that this would mean some gap would appear even in their numerous line, and as a fact this gap did appear just on the critical day, Wednesday the 9th, in front of Foch. Foch, with a lightning rapidity of judgment which decided the whole issue, struck at once through the gap (which had opened in the Prussian Guard through the mishandling of that body just to the west of La Fère Champenoise) with his best division, the 42nd, which he had recalled from his extreme left for this special purpose. The 42nd division, and with them the two divisions of the French 9th corps, broke into the dislocated German line west of La Fère Champenoise upon the late afternoon of Wednesday, September 9th, just as a storm was breaking, and the Battle of the Marne was won. All through that night of furious rain the French poured through the gap, and the German forces upon either side retreated, at first in great confusion and with very heavy losses (the Guard lost more than half its guns) and reformed only 24 hours later, far behind.

The news seems to have reached Kluck about 8 o'clock in the evening, for that is the moment upon which, according to captured documents, he ordered the retreat. The whole German line fell back, pivoting upon the region round Ver-

dun, and it was hoped that the retreat might be pressed to the frontier and beyond. But, as we know, the enemy established trenches along the rivers Suippe and Aisne, dug himself in, and checked his pursuers. The Marne, therefore, failed to result in a true decision.

None the less, from that moment, say the third or fourth day of the pursuit, the 13th or 14th of September, the whole form of the war was changed. The enemy was pinned to lines from which he must henceforward try to break out.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE D. HIBBARD, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of GEORGE D. HIBBARD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Campbell, Weaver, Shelton & Levy, 659 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE D. HIBBARD, deceased.

C. W. HIBBARD,

Administrator of the estate of George D. Hibbard, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 2, 1916.

CAMPBELL, WEAVER, SHELTON & LEVY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
659 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-2-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 77699; Dept. No. 15.

EMMA H. LAWRENCE, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY LAWRENCE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: HARRY LAWRENCE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint. GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 31st day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

ROBERT H. BORLAND,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
105 Montgomery St.,
San Francisco, California.

11-11-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 76,577; Dept. No. 10.

WALTER A. BAIRD, Plaintiff, vs. GRACE M. BAIRD, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GRACE M. BAIRD, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ARCHIBALD J. TREAT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
624 Monadnock Building,
San Francisco, California.

10-21-9

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTON CROPP, deceased.—No. 21712.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, J. F. HUMBURG, Administrator of the estate of ANTON CROPP, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Andros & Hengstler and Golden W. Bell, Room 722 Kohl Building, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTON CROPP, deceased.

J. F. HUMBURG,

Administrator of the estate of Anton Cropp, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, November 18, 1916.

ANDROS & HENGSTLER,
GOLDEN W. BELL,
Attorneys for Administrator,
722 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-5

NOTICE OF TRUSTEES' SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE TERMS and under the authority of a certain deed of trust executed by JOHN HAYES of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the party of the first part, to L. W. LOVEY and WALTER E. DORN, the parties of the second part, and H. GOLDSMITH, the party of the third part, dated the 14th day of October, 1915, and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of October, 1915, in Liber 902 of Trust Deeds, page 167, H. Goldsmith, the holder of the promissory note, to secure the payment of which the aforesaid deed of trust was executed, declares that default has been made in the principal and the interest of said promissory note as therein provided, and requests and directs that said L. W. Lovey and Walter E. Dorn, said trustees, sell the real property in said deed of trust and hereinafter more particularly described, to satisfy the amount due and owing on said promissory note and the accomplishments of the trusts in said deed of trust contained;

Now, said L. W. Lovey and Walter E. Dorn, trustees in said deed of trust named, do hereby give notice that on Monday, the 11th day of December, 1916, at 9:30 o'clock a. m. of that day, at 1101 Hearst Building, corner Market and Third Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, that they will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, the following described real property, or such part or parts thereof as they shall deem necessary to sell in order to accomplish the objects of said trust, namely:

That certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

BEGINNING at a point on the Southwest line of Fourteenth Avenue, Southerly, distant two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet Southeasterly from the Southeasterly line of Hawes Street; running thence Southeasterly along said Southwesterly line of Fourteenth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northerly one hundred (100) feet to the Southwesterly line of Fourteenth Avenue, to the point of beginning. BEING Subdivision of Block 284 South San Francisco Homestead and Railroad Association.

Deed of which real property was recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in Book 809 of Deeds, page 376, on the 5th day of August, 1914.

Terms of Sale.—Cash in gold coin of the United States; ten per cent (10%) payable to the undersigned on the fall of the hammer; balance on delivery of deed, and if not so paid, unless for want of title, ten (10) days being allowed for search, then said ten per cent (10%) to be forfeited and the sale to be void.

Taxes to be pro-rated.

L. W. LOVEY and
WALTER E. DORN,
Trustees.

L. W. LOVEY,
Attorney-at-Law,
1101-5 Hearst Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

11-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES M. COSTELLO, deceased.—No. 21681; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of JAMES M. COSTELLO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES M. COSTELLO, deceased.

ELLEN MARY COSTELLO,
Executrix of the last will and testament of
James M. Costello, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 11th, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

11-11-5

NOTICE UPON FILING OF PETITION TO ASCERTAIN RIGHTS AS HEIRS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 16068, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALFRED E. OVEREND, deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: William J. Hynes, the Administrator of the Estate of Alfred E. Overend, deceased, and to Harry S. Overend, Edward Overend, Jennie N. Gilbert, Elizabeth C. Hart, the Administrator or Executor of the estate of Robert A. Overend, deceased, E. M. Leonard, as Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of Ida Overend Mann, deceased, Walter S. Overend, Jane Couture, Sister Matilda Overend, Elizabeth Fleming, Oscar Overend, Jennetta C. Brosse, Elizabeth C. Hall, Nettie C. Trell, William Guthrie, Margaret Guthrie Johnston, Maria Guthrie Hawley, Daniel Guthrie, Samuel Guthrie, Peter Guthrie, Alice Guthrie Simpson, Ellen Clark, John Guthrie, Hannah Guthrie, William Guthrie, George Edward Jack, Elizabeth J. Unwin, Ida A. Hadley, Mandora Hunter, Effie C. Hickey, William E. Guthrie, Anna M. Thompson, Mrs. Isabelle Barnes, Mrs. Lillian Belle Overend Pitt, John F. Overend, Miss E. O. Morris, Sophie Overend, and Patrick Guthrie and Madge Overend.

You and each of you are hereby notified:

That on the 28th day of September, 1916, Robert M. Overend, one of the heirs at law of Alfred E. Overend,

deceased, filed his petition in this court praying that the rights of all persons interested in the estate of said Alfred E. Overend, deceased, be ascertained and declared by this court, and that it be determined to whom distribution should be made;

That, so far as known, the following is a description of the real estate whereof said deceased died seized or possessed, to-wit:

Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the Northerly line of Seventeenth Street with the Easterly line of Ord Street (formerly Clara Avenue); thence Easterly along the Northerly line of Seventeenth Street Forty-five (45) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Forty-five (45) feet to the Easterly line of Ord Street (formerly Clara Avenue); thence Southerly along said last named line One Hundred and Ten (110) feet to the point of beginning; being part of Horner's Addition Block Number 202.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Calhoun Street distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Northerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Calhoun Street with the Northerly line of Green Street; thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Calhoun Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; thence at a right angle Easterly Ninety-one (91) feet and Eight (8) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; and thence at a right angle Westerly Ninety-one (91) feet and Eight (8) inches to the Easterly line of Calhoun Street and the point of beginning; being part of 50 Vara Lot Number 187.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Franklin Street, distant thereon One Hundred (100) feet Northerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Franklin Street with the Northerly line of Page Street; thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Franklin Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Seventy-five (75) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Seventy-five (75) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Easterly line of Franklin Street and the point of beginning; being part of Western Addition Block Number 71.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Mimosa Path, distant thereon Thirty-eight (38) feet and Eight (8) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Rose Hill Nock; thence Northerly along said Easterly line of Mimosa Path Thirteen (13) feet; thence Easterly Sixteen (16) feet and Six (6) inches; thence Southerly Fourteen (14) feet and Five (5) inches; thence Westerly Sixteen (16) feet and Six (6) inches to the point of beginning; being situated in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Jones Street, distant thereon Sixty (60) feet Southerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Jones Street with the Southerly line of Washington Street; thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Jones Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Northerly Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Easterly line of Jones Street and the point of beginning; being part of 50 Vara Lot Number 832.

Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the Easterly line of Church Street with the Southerly line of Twenty-seventh Street; thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Church Street Fifty-one (51) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Easterly Eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly Fifty-one (51) feet and Six (6) inches to the Southerly line of Twenty-seventh Street; thence Westerly along said line of Twenty-seventh Street Eighty (80) feet to the point of beginning; being part of Horner's Addition Block Number 57.

Commencing at the point of intersection of the Easterly line of St. Charles Street with the Northerly line of Central Avenue, running thence Easterly along said Northerly line of Central Avenue, One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet; thence at a right angle Northerly One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet to St. Charles Street; thence at a right angle along the Easterly line of St. Charles Street One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet to the point of commencement.

The first six parcels of real property hereinabove described are situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; while the seventh parcel hereinabove described is situated in the City of Alameda, County of Alameda, State of California.

That the said Harry S. Overend, Guy R. Overend, Charles P. Overend, Frederick M. A. Overend, Edward Overend, Jennie N. Gilbert, Robert A. Overend, now deceased, Elizabeth C. Hart, Ida Overend Mann, now deceased, Walter S. Overend, Jane Couture, Sister Matilda Overend, Elizabeth Fleming, Oscar Overend, Jennetta C. Brosse, Elizabeth C. Hall, Nettie C. Trell, William Guthrie, Margaret Guthrie Johnston, Maria Guthrie Hawley, Daniel Guthrie, Samuel Guthrie, Peter Guthrie, Alice Guthrie Simpson, Ellen Clark, John Guthrie, John Guthrie, Hannah Guthrie, William Guthrie, George Edward Jack, Elizabeth J. Unwin, Ida A. Hadley, Mandora Hunter, Effie C. Hickey, William E. Guthrie, Sophie Overend, as assignee of Robert M. Overend, and Madge Overend, as assignee of Walter S. Overend, are the only persons who appeared and claimed any interest in said estate, in the course of the administration of the same, up to the time of the making of said order;

That you, and all other persons not named, who have or claim an interest in said estate, are cited to appear before this court, at the courtroom thereof, located in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of December, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and exhibit, in the manner provided by law, your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in said estate, and show cause why such petition should not be granted.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 4th day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California.)

H. I. MULCREVY,

Clerk of the Superior Court.

By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk,

JEREMIAH V. COFFEY & EDWARD I. COFFEY,

E. M. LEONARD,

Attorneys for Robert M. Overend.

569 Mills Building,

San Francisco, California.

10-7-10

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 35966; Department No. 16.

CARRIE E. BRIDGE, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

T. W. HUBBARD, 1003 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of CARRIE E. BRIDGE, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at a point on the Westerly line of Devisadero Street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet six (6) inches Northerly from the Northerly line of Eddy Street; and running thence Northerly along said line of Devisadero Street twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle Westerly one hundred and six (106) feet; and thence at a right angle Southerly twenty-four (24) feet; and thence at a right angle Easterly six (6) feet; and thence at a right angle Southerly one (1) foot; and thence at a right angle Easterly one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 508.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of November, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of November, A. D. 1916.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Delia Elizabeth Traynor, sometimes known as Delia E. Traynor, sometimes known as Delia Traynor, sometimes known as D. E. Traynor; 1207 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.

George Traynor, 1207 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Marie Traynor, sometimes known as Mary Traynor, 1207 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Roman Catholic Archbishop of San Francisco, a corporation sole, 1100 Franklin Street, San Francisco, Cal. City and County of San Francisco, a Municipal Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.

John H. McLaughlin, address unknown.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES H. WITHAM, deceased.—No. 21,039; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, IEBER W. WITHAM Administrator with will annexed of the estate of CHARLES H. WITHAM, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with will annexed at the office of Harry I. Stafford, rooms 504-518 Grant Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES H. WITHAM, deceased.

IEBER W. WITHAM.

Administrator with will annexed of the estate of
Charles H. Witham, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 18, 1916.

HARRY I. STAFFORD,

Attorney for Administrator,
504-518 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of A. W. FINN, deceased.—No. 21623; Dept. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. W. Finn, Jr., Administrator of the estate of A. W. FINN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Harry I. Stafford, Rooms 504-518 Grant Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of A. W. FINN, deceased.

A. W. FINN, JR.

Administrator of the estate of A. W. Finn, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, November 18, 1916.

HARRY I. STAFFORD,

Attorney for Administrator,
504-518 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-5

SAN FRANCISCO BLUE BOOK

30TH ANNUAL EDITION FOR 1917

The Private Address Directory of Representative Families
CONTAINING OVER 50,000 NAMES AND ADDRESSES
EMBRACING IN DEPARTMENTS:

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SAN RAFAEL
BELVEDERE
ROSS VALLEY
MILL VALLEY



OAKLAND
PIEDMONT
BERKELEY
ALAMEDA
SACRAMENTO
SAN JOSE
PALO ALTO
LOS ANGELES
PASADENA
SANTA BARBARA
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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

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IN THIS ISSUE:

Why the War Goes On
The London Cabinet Crisis
A Budding Queen of Song
Revenue from the Prosperous
G. K. Chesterton—A Study
Meeting Prohibition Half Way
Mrs. Atherton's Early Reading
The Governor's Patronage Policy
Lloyd George as Harmsworth's Pet
Major "Charley" Stanton Going Away

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The London Cabinet Crisis

The crisis in the British Government about which, at this writing, there is much speculation has been in process of development for some time. It needed but little more muddling to bring it to a head, and the climax came when an outbreak occurred at Athens, adding to the consternation caused in London by the news from Rumania. The Allies have been guilty of a lot of blundering in the Balkans, but the worst of all was in the handling of the Rumanian situation. Nearly two months ago when the world was watching with eager interest the great conflict between Rumania and the Central Powers military strategists with the *Entente* agreed that it was of the utmost importance to repel the offensive organized by Hindenburg and directed by Falkenhayn and Mackensen, the two foremost generals of Germany. The results that may flow to the Central Powers, said the experts, are incalculable; the whole East would be in their hands; the boast that Moltke had beaten Mahan would come very near to fulfilment. On the other hand Rumania's victory would mean a death-blow to Hungary. King Ferdinand of Rumania sent a message to England in the middle of October praying that his country should not meet the fate either of Belgium or Serbia. At that time the *London Times* said that the defeat of Rumania would mean the consolidation of German mastery from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf and perhaps control of the Black Sea. Further, it was said by the London press that by the conquest of Rumania Germany would secure immense stores of corn, petroleum, benzine, mineral oils, salt and timber; also, a good railway system and the Danube as means of transportation, besides all the crops which the fertile soil of Rumania can produce. So the Allies were well aware of the nature of the catastrophe, but all the while they were frittering away time in Saloniki

while the King of Greece, according to British critics, was procrastinating in the interest of the Central Powers. To what extent the Asquith Government was responsible for delays when the Allies were marking time in Saloniki, we do not know, but assuredly at home the suspicion has been growing that the Empire was badly in need of a new deal in the council of State.

Why the War Goes On

The new peace movement started auspiciously by the Neutral Peace Committee under the direction of Professor Pope of Berkeley has been almost discouraged to the point of an untimely end. With all the "forward" looking men behind it, with all the academic instinct for psychological moments with which it was charged, it appears to have got off just precisely at the wrong time. The Teutons were once more enjoying their second wind. Breaking through the Balkans, with the fertile East within striking distance, the Teutonic mind was in a mood somewhat different from that which was induced by failure at Verdun and the Russian victories over Austria. As there is nothing so depressing as an empty stomach so too nothing is more elating than the prospect of a feast. Hence the new peace movement was psychologically ill timed. To make matters worse, the Allies had not been sufficiently licked. The Allies are incredible optimists. The 600,000 fresh troops contributed by Rumania brought them not profit but loss, yet they went on viewing the war through rose-colored glasses and arguing that though Germany was winning in the East she had lost her grip on the whole European situation. When Professor Pope and Dr. Jordan were starting the peace movement in San Francisco the strategists among the Allies were saying: "Only in one quarter is there for Germany a little hope; for us a little fear, and the name of it is not Rumania, but Poland; the Prussian is on his knees before the Pole, pleading for help." And thus both sides are in pursuit, not of peace but of triumph. Peace terms are not in sight. But the Peace Committee is not going to quit. While the Carnegie leg holds out to be pulled petitions for peace will continue in circulation. Apparently the only way to end the war is the Hearst way, the godlike way—by *ipse dixit*. According to Hearst the Hindenburg team has the decision in their bat bags.

Let Us Investigate

"Eat rice." This is the advice of Secretary Connolly of the local association of grocers. He informs us that rice is cheap and that it is good food and that it would

reduce the cost of living to eschew the things that come high and imitate the Chinese. This appears to be good advice, but we have no guaranty that the price of rice will not soar. Create but a very slight demand for anything nowadays and immediately it will appear as though there had been an enormous shrinkage of the supply. All the common articles of food are rapidly becoming inaccessible, and it is not because of a general scarcity. It appears to be due to a consensus of opinion among dealers in foodstuffs that this is a good time to get rich quick. Unprecedented prosperity has made the gouging of the consumer a national pastime. It is time to call a halt, a fact that the authorities in some States have realized, and they have got busy, but hereabouts there is general apathy among the officials whose duty it is to take cognizance of the criminality of the combinations that are raising the price of food. It would be easy to let in some light on this subject. We would suggest that light be sought from the officers of the Housewives' League who were driven out of business in this city about a year ago. They discovered a way of reducing the cost of living, and immediately they had a fight on their hands. The principal opposition they encountered was directed by the grocers' secretary, the gentleman who is now advising us to eat rice and who was in a great rage last week at a Mission grocer who had the independence to sell bread below the combination price. An effort was made by the Housewives' League to induce an investigation through the office of the Federal district attorney, but that functionary passed the matter up to the Department of Justice in Washington and nothing more was done. Now here is at least a "lead" for any zealous official who would like to make a public benefactor of himself. Surely it will do no harm to resurrect the defunct Housewives' League and get therefrom a little of the information that was obtained in the days when its fight for existence was on. Suppose it be shown that there is a powerful combination in restraint of competition in food right here in San Francisco; wouldn't it be worth while to put the combination under an official microscope?

Good News for Women

No longer need the women of this country worry over color effects in dress goods. The war, as we know, upset the dye industry, but it will soon be on its feet again. Long ago we were assured that what was done with dyes in Germany could be done in this country; and our chemists have "made good." Of course they could not be expected to do in two

years what it took European specialists forty years to do, but the results thus far are phenomenal. In the coming year 50,000,000 pounds of aniline dyes will be made in the United States, and in all probability a large proportion of the dyes used in America will continue to be made after the war. It all depends on what the Government may do for the industry. Presumably it will do what the Silk Manufacturers of America at their annual convention the other day resolved that it be asked to do—add a five per cent specific duty to the present 30 per cent ad valorem duty on imported dyestuffs. To be sure, President Wilson's constituents have an ancient prejudice against fostering and fattening infant industries, but the war has revolutionized American politics among other things, and now that women have greatly enlarged the army of European mechanics it will no longer be a sign of Republicity rapacity to approve a policy of Protection; especially not in the case of the dye industry, since munition factories can so easily turn to the production of dyes. Besides there is likely to be a very strong feminine movement behind the silk manufacturers, for according to Baroness Franzisca von Hederman who has made gowns for the Queen of England and several Teutonic royalties, America should be able to dictate to the world in fabrics and colors. She told the Silk Manufacturers the other day that from her observation she has concluded that the word "imported" as applied to silks would soon be obsolete in this country. Let us hope that our merchants with imported stocks on hand will take the tip, for a reduction in the price of silk goods right now might have an effect on the high cost of living. The tip from the Baroness appears to have come at a psychological moment, or at least in the nick of time. Furs are soaring like cotton, yet the trapping season has opened in New Jersey, and American manufacturers are proving themselves capable of a high degree of artistry. They transform Tommie or Tabbie or Br'er Rabbit into ermine, a coon into a mink; and at their hands the humble gray fox is raised to the rank of his patrician blue and black brethren, while the New Jersey swamp muskrat by a very simple process becomes Hudson Bay seal. The enterprise of the Yankee manufacturers of nutmegs is far from extinct.

Revenue from the Prosperous

Ours is a very prosperous country, but the per capita distribution of wealth is far from satisfactory. With all our laws, all our means of regulation and restraint the rich are growing richer and the poor are no nearer than they were a hundred years ago to a solution of the problem how to make both ends meet. There is only this good news to be disseminated—that we are making the preposterously rich sweat more than ever in their efforts to accumulate change wherewith to realize what appears to be the dream of many of them—a melodious jingle in their shroud-pockets. From the commissioner of Internal

Revenue we learn that in the fiscal year which ended June 30th there was an increase in corporation tax receipts of \$18,000,000 over the returns of the preceding year while the receipts from the individual income tax showed a jump of \$27,000,000. The increase in the income tax for the first quarter of the current fiscal year was \$730,000 over the same period last year. So we are doing pretty well. Considering in this connection that there are also many State tax collectors reducing the size of protuberant purses, it is clear that though our politicians are not improving the per capita distribution of wealth at any rate they are diminishing the evil of swollen fortunes. All things considered it would seem that they are on the right track, but all the while the cost of government is soaring like the cost of foodstuffs, and even the inheritance tax has done nothing for the average man. There is nothing for him but the satisfaction he may take in watching the process of separating the rich from their money. Doubtless much satisfaction of this kind is felt, for the inordinately rich are not growing more popular. It was bad enough when they were spending their money corrupting the government; it is worse now that so many of them have turned philanthropists to give rein to their hobbies; for the hobbies of some of them are dreadful nuisances.

Meeting Prohibition Half Way

How to stem the tide of prohibition is a question men are seriously asking one another these days; men who used to laugh at the fanaticism; who thought there were so many sane people in the world there was no reason to be apprehensive. Now they are not so sure that sanity is a characteristic of the disjointed times in which they live; or, at least, they are perceiving how hard it is to reason men out of a thing they have never been reasoned into. So let us do some reforming ourselves, they are saying. Let us make concessions, let us try to conciliate. This is the course recommended by men who have pondered the situation. They regard it as reasonable to assume that if an end be put to the things that are objectionable to Prohibitionists the people who have been voting for prohibition will abandon the movement. Unhappily experience does not confirm this assumption. We are told that the great object of the reformers is to abolish the saloon. Yet Oregon abolished the saloon, and then voted for the "bone dry" amendment which forbids a citizen to drink beer in his own home. We are told that regulation of the saloon would satisfy some reformers, but in Los Angeles where the saloon is under drastic regulations the people voted to make the town dry, and in Seattle where the saloon was regulated within an inch of its life the people voted for prohibition. But here in San Francisco where there is so much competition in the saloon business that it has ceased to be profitable, where it is generally affirmed that there are too many saloons, there has been a growth of wet sentiment. What is the explanation of

these anomalies? Nobody knows. The fact is that the prohibition question in all its bearings is a breeder of paradoxes: there is more drunkenness in dry States than in wet States; the consumption of liquor, as the record of the Internal Revenue office show, increases in proportion to the enlargement of dry territory. To account for these things nobody tries, and the least concerned about them are the professional prohibitionists. We are a very enlightened people to be sure, but we go on destroying property, like a war, and ignoring the obvious facts. However, it may not be unwise to assume that there are some people amenable to reason in this mad world to whom it would be well to appeal by reducing the objectionable features of a traffic against which a strong prejudice has been successfully cultivated. Angry opposition is fuel for every fanaticism. Conciliation wins in the long run. Though the professional prohibitionist is not to be conciliated all prohibitionists are not of the professional variety. We agree in a great measure with Mr. August A. Busch of the famous Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company, who for years has been preaching reform of the saloon. He is for strict enforcement of excise laws and for coöperation between manufacturers and the authorities with a view to driving disreputable saloon keepers out of business. It is the policy of the Busch company to refuse to sell beer to any saloon which the authorities think should be closed. Mr. Busch is of the opinion that eventually in this country the German saloon system will be established under which saloons will sell beer, light wines and temperance drinks. He believes that the saloon under those conditions will be far less objectionable than it is now and he is now building a public house in St. Louis which will be conducted on the German plan. Further, he is manufacturing a temperance drink called Bevo which contains only one-fourth of one per cent of alcohol. Here is a manufacturer who believes that prejudices are to be overcome by concessions and compromise.

To think right one must see right

Greater attention than ever is now given to the prescribing and making of proper glasses for it is a positively established fact that a person cannot do their best mental work when the eyes are strained. Everyone should have accurate and suitable glasses but they do not always realize how important it is to have them exactly right—not the "very near right" kind. Unsuitable glasses are a great handicap to those whose work depends largely upon their eyes.

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Varied Types

310—MAJOR CHARLES E. STANTON

By Edward F. O'Day

"How are you, Major?"

"Well as a man can be who is presiding at his own obsequies."

That's the way the Major expresses it, exaggerating the situation a little. The exaggeration is pardonable. You see, the Major is going away from San Francisco, and because he loves San Francisco as he loves no other city, his departure has induced the mood funereal. The mood is contagious, and all his friends—a legion hereabouts—have caught it. Not to put too fine a point upon it, the Major will be missed.

That's the worst of army life, as all your army friends have probably told you—you get attached to a place, and along comes the order from Washington to pack and be off to some other station. For six years the Major has been here as depot quartermaster. He was no stranger when he came, not by any means, and in six years one puts down a lot of roots into congenial soil. The Major has a choice circle of friends here. He is beloved in two clubs—The Family and the Olympic. No dinner where the good fellows get together is a success without him. Using the adjective in the best sense of its application I should say with conviction that Major Stanton is one of the most popular men in San Francisco.

Mindful of a soldier's lot the Major anticipated a change of station. He hoped that he might be sent from here to Honolulu. But the officer proposes, and the War Department disposes. The depot quartermaster at Governor's Island was transferred to Honolulu, and Major Stanton goes to Governor's Island. Aside from being quite a distance from San Francisco, Governor's Island is a nice billet. Indeed, none is considered nicer. The commanding officer of the army lives on Governor's Island, there is lots of social activity, and all that sort of thing. Besides, Governor's Island is right in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty, and now that the goddess has been all lit up you can sit on Governor's Island and bathe yourself in her electric splendor. Doubtless Major Stanton recognizes all these advantages. But he continues to love San Francisco.

Major Stanton has been eighteen years in the army. Eight years he spent in the Philippines, two in Chicago, and eight in our town, though not continuously. But those eight years are only a small part of Major Stanton's local experience. He came here first at the age of eleven. Major Stanton was born fifty-eight years ago in Illinois, and crossed the plains to Denver, a baby in arms. His father followed the Union Pacific roadbed as it was built westward, and was running the Railroad Hotel at Promontory, Utah, when that spot achieved fame as the site of the driving of the last spike that united the Union and Central Pacific. Ten-year-old Charlie Stanton was no mere spectator on that historic occasion, though you won't find his portrait in Tom Hill's picture. Charlie was a friend of Big Jule, the Frenchman who drove the U. P. engine, and had the freedom of the cab. He was in the cab when the two engines bumped their cowcatchers in token of the linking up of the two systems.

"Sharlie, you ringa da bell," said Big Jule; so when the champagne bottles were broken over the noses of the engines, Charlie started ringing the bell, and kept on ringing. Governor Stanford was making a speech a little way down

the track, but nobody could hear him on account of the clanging of the engine bell.

"Somebody kill that damkid," said somebody. And a strong arm yanked Charlie Stanton through the cab window and sent him flying through space.

"If I hadn't landed in a cinder heap I'd have broken my neck," says the Major.

When he was eleven Stanton made his first acquaintance with San Francisco. He entered the fifth grade at the Lincoln school. Miss Roper was his teacher, and "Old Whiskers" Marks was the principal. For further particulars consult any of the old Lincoln boys.

After a term at the Lincoln grammar Stanton went home—home was Nevada then—and in '73 he passed through San Francisco on his way to Santa Clara College. He stayed there three years. Father Varsi was president, and his teachers were Kenna, Dosella, Raggio, Leonard, Kelly and Penasco. If you think these are unimportant names, ask Downey Harvey, or Charlie Ebner of the Crocker National, or Billy Schofield (son of the general), or "Buck" (otherwise Romolo) Soto, the lawyer—they were schoolmates of the Major's, as were Mervyn Donahue, Alcide and Billy Veuve of San Jose, the Ryland boys, and Bob and Jim Enright.

From Santa Clara Major Stanton went back to Nevada, to no less a place than Pioche where he mined at the Raymond and Ely, doing a little of everything from running the elevator to timbering. And then he went to Yale.

At Yale Stanton's room mate was Will Harper of the publishing house. One day Will Harper and Charlie Stanton dined with Will's uncle Fletcher Harper.

"Are you related to Edwin M. Stanton, Lincoln's Secretary of War?" asked Fletcher Harper.

"He was my father's brother," said Charlie Stanton.

"Is that so?" said Fletcher Harper. "Well, your uncle came near hanging me once."

And he told the story. It was during the Civil War, when Fletcher Harper, a young man, was assisting his father in the management of Harper's Weekly. One day father and son were summoned to Washington to see Stanton. The War Secretary was in a towering rage.

"Are you two responsible for that?" he demanded, showing them a cartoon of Lincoln in Harper's Weekly.

"That's treason," Stanton continued when they had acknowledged responsibility, "and I warn you that if it ever happens again I'll hang you both higher than Haman's cat! Now get to hell out of here, and remember what I say."

Let us not tarry with Charlie Stanton while he goes broke farming in Minnesota, or sells mineral water in Idaho for Senator Clark, or holds political office in Salt Lake, or attempts, disastrously, to sell fire extinguishers in San Francisco. He determined to seek a paymaster's job in the army, and that brings us to another story involving his celebrated uncle Edwin. Stanton went to Washington to enlist the influence of his friend Senator Frank Cannon. Cannon made no headway at first. Then one day Stanton mentioned casually that he was the nephew of Lincoln's War Secretary. Cannon threw up his hands.

"And you kept it from me all this time!" he exclaimed. "I can get E. M. Stanton's nephew

appointed to anything in the gift of the President!"

Senator Cannon immediately made an appointment with President McKinley, and Stanton went with his sponsor to the White House, though without much hope; he had been there before, and McKinley had been cold.

"Mr. President," said Senator Cannon, "you will be interested in this young man when you hear that his father was the brother of E. M. Stanton."

"My boy! My boy! My boy!" cried McKinley with emotion, gathering Stanton to his breast. "I had the honor of receiving my commission as major from the hands of your revered uncle. I was at Steubenville last year when his ashes were interred beneath a fitting monument to his greatness. The soil of Ohio is hallowed by his clay. He was a small man in stature, but mentally a giant, and a perfect foil to the great Lincoln. And he was a fiery pepper-pot, a fiery pepper-pot!"

President McKinley said much more in eulogy of Steubenville's great son, and then:

"What was it you wanted?"

Stanton spoke of the paymastership.


"Certainly! Certainly! Anything! Anything for the nephew of that great man."

And so Paymaster Stanton was conferred upon his country. Who says republics are ungrateful?

I mentioned that Major Stanton held political office in Salt Lake. He was county clerk when the fees under the territorial system netted him \$18,000 a year; he was a member of the Constitutional Convention, and voted cheerfully and sincerely to abolish his snap; but when Major Stanton thinks of his political career he re-

(Continued on Page 18.)

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Perspective Impressions

Tosti, good-bye!

Entente aid for the littler allies always seems to come too late.

Say what you will about Constantine of Greece—at least he's trying hard not to be a king in name only.

The Chief of Police of Athens is named Zymbrakakis. Which reminds us that Gus White is not only a good chief but easy to pronounce.

Are food middlemen called jobbers because they job the ultimate consumer?

The U. S. army is trying to recruit 2000 musicians, doubtless to add them to the horrors of war.

Somehow or other Josephus Daniels seemed out of place at that Statue of Liberty celebration in New York.

The Sunday supplements are making a great fuss over the alleged discovery that Cleopatra was not good-looking. Well, what of it? Her face was not her fortune.

It's a wide continent, and K. C. B. doesn't quite get over.

About that baby born in an ambulance—if she's a brunette will they call her Black Maria?

The heat of the sun has just been found to equal 160 trillion tons of coal, but housewives will keep on paying coal bills just the same.

"Defective imagination" caused the war, according to Lecturer John D. Barry. This is the most imaginative explanation so far.

A scientist compares kissing to the stroking of a cat. Well, some women are cats, n'est ce pas?

It has been discovered that most of the dry States were Wilson States. No wonder the Democrats object to being called "Bourbons."

"When the war begins," said Lord Kitchener, "the Western Allies should be fit to make it decisive to the extent of at least driving the enemy on to his own soil." According to Kitchener, therefore, the war has not yet begun.

We sort of like Billie Burke better since she's had that baby.

The Allies seem to regard Greek neutrality as a new kind of Trojan horse.

The Japs are the only belligerents who have taken a place in the sun.

So Russia is to have the Dardanelles, but Germany has not yet consented to the transfer.

The strategy of the war appears to be largely a matter of achieving psychological effects among neutrals.

"The French," says an English writer, speaking of the Somme offensive, "are getting snugly ensconced in Sailly-Sallisel." Let us be careful of our pronunciation.

The State Board of Health is prosecuting commission houses for having large quantities of stale eggs in stock. Alas! there was once a use for stale eggs, but the bad actors have gone into the movies, and the films are missile-proof.

G. K. Chesterton

(With G. K. Chesterton's work we are all more or less familiar. Poet, essayist and critic, he is master of many literary forms, and he has won for himself an enduring place in English letters. In the following article Holbrook Jackson, editor of Today, the London weekly, tells us something of Chesterton the man. It was written apropos of Chesterton's assuming editorial command of the New Witness when his brother Cecil Chesterton enlisted and went to the front.—Editor's note.)

When Gilbert Keith Chesterton came to Fleet Street we were all wondering what would happen next; that is, before we read him, or heard him, or saw him—for all three were desired experiences. The burst of literary, artistic and patriotic enthusiasm of the Eighteen Nineties had collapsed in the trial and downfall of Oscar Wilde and the Boer War, and we had grown a little cynical. Then Chesterton happened. The big, jovial fellow and the Twentieth Century rolled into Fleet Street together. I won't go so far as to describe the circumstance as a good omen; but, anyhow, it was a good thing. It was good journalism. G. K. C. was symbolical.

He looked like a farmer's boy, and he grew more bucolic as the years passed. Immense and ungainly of figure, crowned by a vast head tousled over with colorless hair, it was as difficult to place him in the ordinary categories of men, as it was to place his work in literature. You said the one was journalism and the other was a man—and you were wrong each time. He was so much a man in the best sense of the word—so honest, so generous, and so courageous—that he was more than a man, as men are generally understood; and his writing was so much more than journalism, whilst remaining journalism all the time, that you did not know what to call it. You just liked it; and if you knew the man, you liked him too. And in those days, when he lived and worked in London, before his retreat to Beaconsfield, where he now lives, anyone might have met him at almost any hour in Fleet Street or its adjoining lanes.

Some writers are known best because of their books, and some books achieve fame because of their writers. But in certain unique cases the two are united. G. K. Chesterton is an example of the latter among twentieth century writers, as Charles Dickens is among nineteenth, and

Dr. Johnson among those of the eighteenth century. People want to know such authors as well as to read them. Their books may be said to fascinate without satisfying, by hinting at untold wonders of personal charm. Other books have similar effects, but disastrous results; for as a general rule it is hardly safe to meet your favorite writer in the flesh. The fact that a book is entertaining or interesting or lovable does not mean that its author possesses the same qualities. On the contrary, many a dull dog has written an amusing book, the most insufferable of bores can be interesting in words, and some of the most lovable of books have been written by people you would like to kick. As a working rule, then, my advice to those about to meet their favorite authors is—don't. But Gilbert Chesterton is an exception. He is one of the sights of London. American visitors of thirty years ago wanted to see the Queen or Mr. Gladstone: today they want to see Mr. Chesterton. They have read his books, seen his photographs, and been told that he is as disputatious as Dr. Johnson and as heavy as Daniel Lambert, and the three circumstances pull them irresistibly towards the one of the few contemporary men of letters who have become legendary during their own lives.

It is something to have become a sight; although it must be appallingly uncomfortable. But there is no escape for G. K. C.; he is as conspicuous as St. Paul's. See him walking down Fleet Street, and he becomes a new feature in the most characteristic and fascinating of all London's aspects. You think of Boswell's Johnson at such a moment, and other things in Chesterton remind you of that equally legendary personality. But the resemblance is generic rather than special. Both are weighty and argumentative, and there the resemblance ends.

Legendary as Samuel Johnson was during his own life, Boswell made him far more legendary after his death. Now Chesterton is his own Boswell; his books are frankly about himself. That is one reason why people are so anxious to see him. The act of reading him is to discuss with him. He talks less fluently than he writes, but his talking and writing are very intimately related. Learned though this talk is, it is less the talk of a scholar than that of an imaginative and easy-going person extremely interested in his own view of life. It has a cosmic relationship with everything from the table you sit at (for all good talk needs a table) to the trees and houses and lamp-posts outside, and the stars and the heavens above them. He himself has told us that the cosmos is comic; there is also a comic note in his talk. Not in its subject matter, which is always serious, but in its presentation. There is roister in his approach to the verities, and hilarity in the meeting. The words of Gilbert Chesterton do not carry with them the golden balance of dignity; they are drunk with his own personality; they reel and chuckle; they surprise by unfamiliar contexts, and turn from crazy lanes of delicious nonsense into unexpected highways of wisdom.

Gilbert Chesterton reminds you of the manipulator of a marionette show. His puppets are

(Continued on Page 18)

FOR MEN

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The Spectator

The Governor's Patronage Policy

Before going to Washington Governor Johnson will fill some important vacancies, concerning which there are many rumors afloat along with news of new deals to be made with a view to perfecting the machinery for control of State politics. One hears, for instance, that the local situation will be satisfactorily handled before the Governor goes away, and that in the adjustment of things both Mayor Rolph and P. H. McCarthy are to be reckoned with in a manner agreeable to their interests. From all the rumors relating to appointments it appears that the Governor will pursue the policy to which he has adhered since the beginning of his career, the policy of advancing men who have been associated with him from the beginning. As a politician the Governor is really singular in this, that he sticks to his friends and never bothers about conciliating his enemies. His associates come first in his affections, and he spends no time winning public applause by his appointments. When one of his appointments does win public applause it is wholly because of appreciation arising out of service in the Johnson administration. The Governor gives his friends a chance, and when they make good they are rewarded. This of course is as it should be; it is human nature at its best, but everybody familiar with the history of politics in California knows that after election the average politician has been in the habit of making new combinations and enlarging his circle of intimate acquaintances.

Heney's "Invite"

Democrats up and down the State are smiling rather sneeringly at the latest exhibition of Frank Heney's temperament. Heney got on all the front pages in California with the news of his "invite" to dine with the President; and then he got on the front pages again with the news of the pressing business which would prevent him from accepting. Incidentally there was a good deal of speculation as to just what Cabinet appointment the President would give Heney for a place card. It was free advertising for Heney's law practice. It showed what a great man, what an independent man Heney was. "Think of it! He could dine with the President if he wanted to, but he didn't want to. Heney must be a big man!" That is the impression Heney was willing to convey. And so the Democrats in the know are laughing at Heney. For the fact is that every Democrat who was prominent in the campaign got a similar invitation. The only distinction that attaches to Heney is that he alone rushed into print with his bid.

If the President Appoints Heney

Nevertheless, the news that the Hon. Francis J. may yet ornament the Cabinet in Washington is far from incredible. Mr. Heney would find much congenial company close to the Presidential elbow, and certainly the intellectual level of the Administration is not above the Heney brow. True, he is not of the Wilsonian type of statesman. There is nothing of the visionary in the Heney make-up; as an idealist he is given to no fanciful conceptions of life; he sees life whole and like his old patron, Colonel Roosevelt, he is above all things a practical man. But Heney was lucky enough to get into the Wilson fight on the recommendation of Congressman Kent, and the squire of Kent-

field made a big contribution to the campaign fund. Doubtless the former Congressman would be very glad to see the cantankerous little prosecutor in the Cabinet. The appointment of Heney would mean that the President was grateful to Kent.

Lloyd George, Harmsworth's Pet

Vague and far from satisfying is the news that has issued from London regarding the Cabinet crisis, but one may feel quite sure that Lloyd George is the storm centre. Lloyd George is the typical politician peculiar to no country but familiar in all countries, the man, who, unlike the typical statesman is concerned rather about the next election than about the next generation. In this country the general impression of George is that to him belongs the credit for all the big things that England has done in the war. This impression is due to the fact that he is the pet of the Harmsworth press. He is the hero of the London Times and of The Mail. A few weeks ago the Morning Post called attention to a scandalous piece of preference on the part of Lloyd George in relation to Lord Northcliffe, the owner of the leading London newspapers. At the end of July last the War Office informed the papers that had accredited correspondents representing them at Saloniki that these could no longer be permitted to act. The reason given was that there was already an accredited correspondent and two photographers and that their activities were sufficient for the need of the press. Later it was learned that one special correspondent was permitted to act for The Times and was given facilities denied to other London papers.

Corruption in War Time

Unquestionably Lloyd George is a man of great ability, and he would be of greater service to his country were he not distinguished for the practices of the selfish politician. It may be remembered that he was involved in the Marconi scandal some years ago. Of late the memory of that scandal has been revived by London journals, notably the New Witness, the weekly controlled by the Chestertons who made a cause celebre of the Marconi scandal. Some weeks ago, speaking of the Coalition Cabinet as a club the New Witness said: "Like a club it contains men of every sort of breed, down to the basest." According to the Chestertons it was very important to get rid of some of the members of this tight little club. The New Witness, by the way, has been carrying on a campaign against political corruption, charging that there has been very much dishonesty in the handling of contracts and commissions.

Where Gossip Is Dead

San Rafael has become a model village. It has been transformed by a decision in a slander case. For gossip is now worse than a dead art in the town that was made famous by Baron Von Schroeder. At least this is so among the clubmen of San Rafael. It has been so ever since Mr. Grady, the hay and grain merchant, obtained judgment for \$500 against Mr. Cheeda, the capitalist. Cheeda was sued for slander. He had said that Grady was involved in a little scandal that involved a young woman. He explained in court that he had merely repeated the story that was the topic of a quite romantic

piece of town gossip. Not an adequate defense, ruled the court. The whole town sat up and took notice that, according to judicial interpretation of the statute, to push a story along is almost as bad as inventing it. At any rate it is just as dangerous. It cost Cheeda \$500 merely to assist in the circulation of the story about Grady, and now even men that are execution proof cannot be induced to gratify curiosity. Surely a great change has come over San Rafael, for in the days of Baron Von Schroeder there was no town more prolific of racy stories.

Chase Challenged Laurvik

One of those who was to contribute to the postponed art symposium in memory of William M. Chase, was J. Nilsen Laurvik, director of the Art Association. And among those who would have been present to hear Laurvik speak are several artists who know of an extraordinary incident which involved Chase and Laurvik. Laurvik came to the Exposition as director of the Norwegian exhibit in the Palace of Fine Arts. On account of this position and as an art critic of note he was appointed to the jury which made the Fine Arts awards. William M. Chase was also a member of the jury. During one session of the jury Laurvik indicated a certain picture as being worthy of a medal. In the opinion of Chase the picture was worthless, and he said so bluntly. Laurvik stood his ground. Chase became very angry, but kept a curb upon his fury, and in that formal manner for which he was well known challenged Laurvik to retire with him to some secluded spot and decide the controversy by a fist fight. Laurvik declined to settle an artistic difference

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in that manner. This incident, I am sure, has not affected Laurvik's attitude toward Chase as a factor in American art.

Mrs. Atherton's Early Reading

Gertrude Atherton enlivens an Eastern literary symposium with some notes on her early life. As she tells things which I have not seen in print before I must quote her:

"I was practically raised on the Atlantic Monthly. That and the Nation were the only two subscribed for periodicals in my home, and when I was 14 my nose was put to the grindstone of solid reading. My grandfather had an old library inherited from his father and crammed with such airy nothings as Hume, Thiers, Rollin, Plato, Herodotus, Xenophon, Thucydides to mention but a few I can recall offhand. I was put at each of these in succession for two hours every evening. After I married (with no interval) I fell into the hands of a learned lawyer who lived near my country place. The same diet continued until I was avoided as an unnatural bookworm and both my mentors plumed themselves upon the certainty that I would first astonish the world in the pages of the Atlantic Monthly. Nor did I for one moment dream that any other destiny shaped my future. And yet what happened the moment I stopped writing little experimental essays and found a real story? I found myself the natural product of California, a shockingly new State, which snapped its fingers in the face of the East and all its traditions. Its history had insensibly moulded my plastic mind, its atmosphere impregnated my being to the core. Not that I learned much of the real California in my home. My grandfather was a pillar of the church and never mentioned 'early days' any more than he would have hunted out old blankets full of scarlet fever germs and shaken them in my face. We had family prayers twice a day, grace before meals, and Sunday school and church were my protesting lot. My ancestors on both sides were from New York and New England. When I began to write for publication I was as anxious to please my grandfather as to follow along the only lines I knew. And yet when the first story burst out of my callow skull it violated every tradition, it expressed myself and a section of the country that was rabidly new and might never have held communication with New York and Boston.

It was by no means worth the execration it received, for it, was quite without value and as crude as paint."

Elinor Glyn, Shaw and Hearst

Mr. Hearst cannot stomach some of George Bernard Shaw's work, but he swallows Elinor Glyn whole. Elinor's latest novel appeared serially in Mr. Hearst's Cosmopolitan. The first installment of that novel gave a detailed description of a vulgar intrigue between an English nobleman and a working girl. Some of the details were so indecent that they were "deleted by the censor" when the novel was published in book form by a well known publishing firm. On the other hand, Mr. Hearst's Chicago Examiner cannot stand for Shaw's play "Mrs. Warren's Profession." This play was given in Chicago recently, but only after the Chicago Examiner had protested at the top of its virtuous voice. Perhaps if Shaw had written this play for publication in Mr. Hearst's Cosmopolitan it would have been received as readily as Elinor Glyn's nasty novel.

William Greer Harrison

To reach old age in comfort and tranquillity, to be able to celebrate one's last birthday surrounded by one's offspring and friends almost at the moment when life's shadows meet eternity's day—what more could any man ask? Surely the wind-up of William Greer Harrison's career was precisely as it might have been prayed for by himself. His was indeed the happy ending. He spent none of his time essaying new means of resisting the frigidity of old age, but by customary and congenial methods he kept his mind and heart in parallel vigor, apparently free from sad and melancholy prospects of decay. The dailies having told us how much the Olympic Club was indebted to William Greer Harrison during the years when he was president, I think that something should be said of the club's appreciation, since the manifestation of it was most gracefully and touchingly revealed. Rightly considered a club is many a man's family circle wherein he finds both friendship and sympathy, but a club as an institution is like a corporation, though it may have a soul. Even in a club a man may survive sentiment. Happily this was not so in the case of William Greer Harrison and the Olympic Club. Yet the club in late years was not what it was in the days of Mr. Harrison's active participation in affairs. The active members of the club he was president of were numbered by the hundreds, many of whom dropped out at the time of the fire. The membership is now in the thousands. Mr. Harrison himself ceased to take much interest in the club when he passed out of the presidency shortly after the fire. He spent most of his time among his old cronies at the Bohemian Club. He was seldom seen in Olympia. But he had made tra-

dition for the club, and he lived in tradition and he was remembered for the big things he had done. Then he met with reverses, and though he continued to spend his time in Bohemia he was remembered with affection in Olympia. He was remembered with lovingkindness, as I think events have shown, and there is so much beauty in lovingkindness that I think we should take notice of those events.

At the Wind-Up

William Greer Harrison, as I have said, met with reverses. After the fire he lost the agency of the Thames, Mersey Insurance Company. Presently he was unable to live as formerly. He became an insurance solicitor, but he did not meet with much success. When a man passes the three score year and ten mark he finds that his friends and acquaintances are greatly diminished in number. But, as I have observed, Mr. Harrison was remembered in Olympia. He was remembered especially by the men of the directorate. They regarded him as a benefactor whom the club should always delight to honor. Realizing that the veteran athlete whose enthusiasm of other days had so often been reflected in the affairs of the club was becoming a stranger to its precincts they undertook to revive his interest therein by showing that he was gratefully remembered for the services he had rendered. This they succeeded in doing by many little acts of courtesy, and about two years ago, to lighten his burdens, they created for him the office of librarian and appointed him thereto on a salary, at the same time providing that he should make the club his home. So during the closing years of his life William Greer Harrison enjoyed his ease in the midst of books, his home a club where his friends circulated, where he was envired with all manner of appurtenances dear to an athlete's heart. A contented mind, the greatest blessing that a man can enjoy in this world, was Mr. Harrison's at the end of his days, thanks to the sentimental club in Post street.

A New Olympic Home

The Olympic Club, by the way, is about to make another contribution to the architectural beauty of San Francisco. Although the club has a pretty fine home, a little finer in the matter of the luxuries it affords, than any club in the country, its directors are not satisfied. The Post street club building was designed to carry three more floors, but from motives of discretion and finance it was deemed advisable to be satisfied with the present height of the building. The motives have vanished. The success of the club since it emerged from the post-earthquake shack has surpassed the dreams of the most optimistic enthusiasts of other days. The club now having over three thousand members, its quarters have become somewhat cramped; so up will go the deferred stories accord-

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ing to original design. The directors have so decided. They see their way clear; so clear that after enlarging the building until it becomes something like a monumental edifice giving a new slant to the city's skyline, it is now easy for them to fancy some new wrinkles such as an outside field and a country club. When the building is enlarged the club will have a dining-room in glass covering the whole roof.

Anna Bremer's Exhibition

The color problems of still life continue to fascinate Anne Bremer, but she has been feeling strongly the attraction of out-doors. The result is that among the twenty-eight canvases she is exhibiting at Hill Tolerton's beautiful gallery, 540 Sutter street, there are a number of landscapes. Miss Bremer, like all of our painters, has felt the charm of Monterey; but she has been painting also at Belvedere and Bolinas. One of these landscapes which has been bought for the Walter Collection of the Art Association, illustrates the qualities which make artists so interested in Anne Bremer's work. It is called "Green Gables," and in it Miss Bremer has painted trees of a delicate green against the white background of a barn wall. Artists will tell you how successfully she has handled a difficult problem of color in this picture. Another landscape that compels interest is called "Across Carquinez Straits," and to turn from this to the painting of the beach at Bolinas, a work to which Miss Bremer has given, for title, a line from Keats' last sonnet, is to realize the versatility of her brush. In "Golden Glow" Miss Bremer exhibits at its highest her skill in the painting of flowers. The picture is admirably named, for it glows with the warmth of yellow chrysanthemums. There are appealing pictures of children in this exhibition; notably that called "Florrie and her Green Boat" for which the granddaughter of Dr. Florence Ward posed unconsciously. Miss Bremer's art always commands the attention of those who know, and these are saying that she never had a better exhibition.

"The Californiacs"

I suppose Inez Haynes Irwin invented that word "Californiacs," but even if she did not she has made it her own through her clever and amusing explanation of its meaning. A Californiac is one who thinks that California is the finest place on God's earth, that California, like the racehorse Macaulay immortalized, is "first, and the rest nowhere." Mrs. Will Irwin's essay on Californiacs was published in *Sunset*. A. M. Robertson obtained permission to make a little book of it, and it is now out in a handsome dress of blue and buff and gold, with a colored reproduction of a Keith painting for frontispiece. I am not afraid to foretell that this will be one of the most popular Christmas books in California, for its subject is attractive, it wears holiday clothes, and the price is only "six bits," as a Californiac would say. San Franciscans who are Californiacs will feel good when they discover by reading the essay that for Mrs. Irwin California means San Francisco and little else. She is quite rhapsodic about our burg, going to lengths of praise which only the most hardened Californiacs hereabouts would dare equal. Mrs. Irwin has discovered many wonderful things about California, not least note-

worthy being the discovery that Sam Berger is at heart a poet; but if she has discovered Los Angeles she has not deemed the discovery worth mentioning.

Sadakichi's Favorite Author

Highbrows have heard Sadakichi Hartmann read from Poe and Whitman; soon they are to have a chance to hear him read from his favorite author. You may have one guess as to who that is. Right! Sadakichi's favorite author is Sadakichi. Those who were considered equal to the digestion of strong meat were notified the other day that Sadakichi was going to give two readings, one of his "Buddha" and one of his "Confucius," but the time and whereabouts of the affairs were kept dark. Only this was vouchsafed: "Each reading will occur in a different place, and subscribers will be notified in due time by special message where and when." It reminds you of the way gamblers arrange their sittings when they fear the police. Why all the secrecy? Well, "Buddha" at least is said to be a "capricious" work, something like the suppressed "Christ." Meanwhile it is not a dark secret that Sadakichi will read from the innocuous poets of California next Wednesday evening in the St. Francis Blue Room.

Jack London's Will

Why should Jack London's first wife and his children be expected to tell the public what they think about Jack London's will? A will becomes a public document when it is filed, but what the heirs think about its provisions is nobody's business but their own, unless they take steps to contest the will. Yet here we have the newspapers intruding upon the first Mrs. London and the two young London girls at the time of all times when they are entitled to seclusion, intruding upon them with impertinent demands for expressions of opinion concerning the will of the dead writer. This is an indecency which is probably unknown outside American journalism—and of course there are many American papers which are incapable of it. The only safeguard against it is silence, and it is sometimes exceedingly difficult to be silent in the presence of a reporter who has been ordered by his city editor to "keep at it till you get the story."

Slevin's Mysterious Mission

"Jim" Slevin, hall-marked as the only man who ever took moving pictures of Pope Pius, arrived in town a few days ago and told the reporters of a mysterious mission he had undertaken in Mexico on behalf of Pope Benedict. Such a mission would seem to indicate that Slevin is very "close up" at the Vatican, for the Papacy does not usually choose a young layman as its confidential nuncio or messenger. There were some few San Franciscans who must have read of Slevin's return with mixed feelings—they invested money in his moving pictures of the Pope. Those who made a study of the pictures here stated that there seemed to be only one actual moving picture of Pope Pius, and that was taken at such a distance that it was difficult to distinguish his features. The films were not a success, either here or in New York; hence the lamentations of those who put money into the enterprise.

The Naughty Friars

The Friars of New York who are first cousins of the Lambs, dedicated a dinner the other night to the honor of Enrico Caruso. Victor Herbert and George Cohan did their best to make the affair worth while, but Raymond Hitchcock and Will Rogers made impolite speeches while Irving Berlin contributed a vulgar parody. Spaghetti inspired a number of witticisms, and the monkey house was not forgotten. One of the speakers referred to Caruso as "the distinguished wop." That was not a nice thing to say about a great singer who, as Editor Patrizi has informed us, is doing much for his war-stricken country. The affair has caused quite a bit of noise in New York, and people are asking why the Friars started out to honor the tenor if they couldn't go through with the job. What Caruso thinks about the affair would probably not look well in English.

Varney Gaskill's Death

A generation has grown up to which the name of Varney Gaskill means nothing, and yet it was a name of many associations a few years ago. That was in the good old days when Varney Gaskill did not spend all his time in the Union-League Club but circulated wherever a man 'bout-town felt it necessary to be seen. Gaskill was a member of the famous California Commission which made the money fly and the wine flow to the end that our State might be fittingly represented at the World's Fair in Paris. Many a story came floating over ocean and continent about that junket de luxe. The ending of Varney Gaskill's career reminds me a good deal of the close of "Billy" Barton's. Gaskill rarely left the Union-League, as Barton rarely left the Bohemian; and both men seemed in some sort to outlive their merry companions of earlier days, though as a matter of fact many of these survive—the illusion of their passing being created by the staidness which has come upon them with age.

Wine as a Christmas Gift

It has become quite a popular thing for Californians to send typical Californian products to their Eastern friends as Christmas presents. Every year the quantity of oranges, raisins and wines thus sent is increasing greatly. Most acceptable of all in this category of gifts is a case of good California wine. I hear that there have been already a great many such shipments of Cresta Blanca wines and Paul Masson champagnes. Indeed, the Cresta Blanca people declare that these Christmas shipments now constitute an important feature of their business. Their shipments are much larger this year than ever before. A Christmas present of this sort serves a twofold purpose: it gives great pleasure to the recipient, and it helps to advertise the resources of our State. The Cresta Blanca people, by the way, carry large stocks of all their lines in New York and Chicago, and guarantee prompt delivery.

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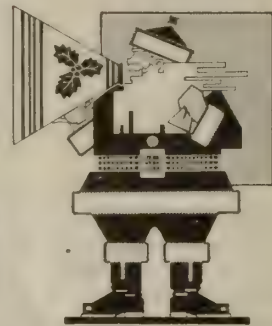
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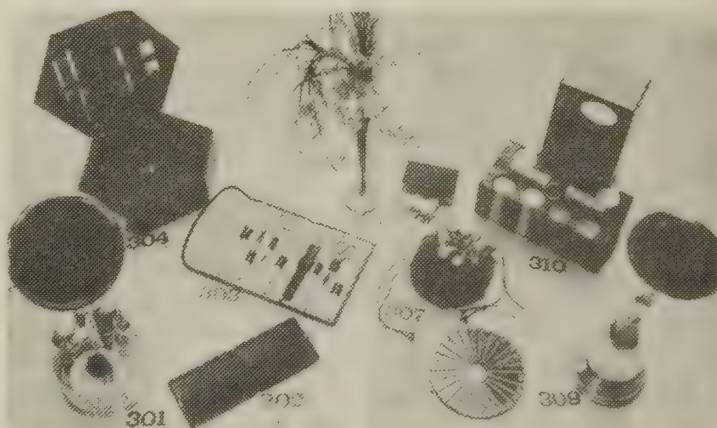
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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

She Photographed Royalty

One of the ablest newspapermen working in this city from 1903 to 1906 was Frank H. Hamilton. He served on The Examiner and The Bulletin. During the Christmas holidays of 1906 he was taken suddenly ill at the home of James Tufts in Alameda, and died before most of his friends had heard of his indisposition. About a year before his death Frank Hamilton married Miss Pauline Kruger of Minneapolis who had an enviable reputation in Eastern art circles. They were very happy. The widowed Mrs. Hamilton was shown much kindness by the friends of her husband, but she could not bear her grief in the midst of strangers, so she returned to Minneapolis. Shortly afterwards her friends here heard that she was earning her living by making fine photographs. And some time later word came that she had gone to Europe and had been appointed court photographer in Vienna. Mrs. Hamilton held this distinguished position for eight years, and is now in New York raising funds for the favorite war charity of the new Empress Zita. This charity is called the "War Sponsorship," and its object is to enable widowed and impoverished mothers to keep their children.

The Simplicity of Royalty

"The principal thing that distinguishes royal from ordinary persons is the simplicity of the former," said Mrs. Hamilton a few days ago when interviewed for the New York Times. "The royalties with whom I have come in close contact in Austria are all devoted to the simple pleasures of family life. The feverish pursuit of amusement shown by cosmopolitan fashionable society is unknown to them. The daughters of the houses of Hapsburg and Bourbon could give valuable lessons in modesty and gentleness to our New York girls." Concerning the Archduchess Zita, now Empress of Austria, Mrs. Hamilton said: "Instead of living in her palace she spent most of her time with the Emperor who has just died. He seemed to want her. It was the old story of the revivifying influence of youth. The new Emperor is an enormous favorite in his regiment. These two young people fixed it all up between them, and then told the folks about it. Isn't that a democratic way in which to go about getting married?" Concerning Franz

Joseph she said: "His attitude toward his people had, since the beginning of the war, been one of affectionate solicitude." And concerning the whole royal household: "The sacrifices which all the members of the imperial family have made for the nation during this period have been the greatest human notes in the tragedy."

Mrs. Jackling's "Rig"

On a recent Saturday afternoon Mrs. Daniel Jackling appeared at the Hotel Ritz in New York, and although it was a special occasion and there were other wonderful costumes to be seen, Mrs. Jackling scored the hit of the sartorial pageant. I read in a New York paper: "Mrs. Dan Jackling of San Francisco trotted out for inspection the most stunning rig in her new wardrobe and succeeded in making a sensation." But the writer defeats our curiosity by not describing the "rig" in detail.

And Helene Crocker's

Mrs. Jackling's friend Helene Irwin Crocker also has a New York sartorial triumph to her credit. She was at the Metropolitan a few nights ago, and her gown was described as "one of the smartest seen in a long time." Of this gown we are given a general idea—it was black velvet with ermine shoulder straps. Templeton Crocker's wife was in a box with Mrs. C. B. Alexander and her daughter Harriet who is engaged to Winthrop Aldrich. Harriet wore a Greek dress with a violet drapery over one shoulder, also a fillet.

A Strange Disappearance

Those who know Lady Hesketh and who have heard her speak with deep feeling of the wounded soldiers convalescing in her country home in England, are of the opinion that her sorrow over the loss of her son has done much to spur her on in her work of mercy. There seems to be no doubt that Lady Hesketh's son is dead. Were he living he would be fighting for his country, for he was a soldier. Lieutenant Frederick Fermor-Hesketh was the second son of Sir Thomas George Fermor-Hesketh and Lady Fermor-Hesketh. He was, as all San Franciscans know, a grandson of William E. Sharon, United States Senator from Nevada. He was educated at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst and at Trinity College, Cambridge.

At the time of his disappearance he was 28 years old, and was commissioned in the Ninth Lancers. He left his mother's residence at Easton Neston, Towcester, in the afternoon, saying that he would return for dinner. The last seen of him was on the following morning when he landed from a steamer at Kingstown, Ireland. A world-wide search was instituted, but this failed to uncover any clew to his whereabouts. When it became apparent that he was lost beyond all ordinary probability of discovery his name was stricken from the rolls of the British army.

Cliff House Activities

There was a gathering of good fellows on Friday, December 2, when Mr. Harry Hunt entertained at the Cliff House for Congressman Conry from Boston. Among those assembled at the festive board were Charles Fickert, Judge A. J. Fritz, Joseph H. Deering, William F. Humphrey and Samuel M. Shortridge. The Dolce Far Niente Club has been reorganized and the Garden Room at the Cliff House has been the setting for two enjoyable dinner dances accompanied by excellent programmes of singing which were greatly appreciated. Among those who had parties were: Dr. and Mrs. Francis Wakefield, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Fickert, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Davidson, Mrs. William Cluff, Mr. and Mrs. George McGowan, Baron and

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Baroness Von Brincken, Captain Lent Reite, Captain and Mrs. George Bauer, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Crane, Mrs. Douglas Crane, Mr. Edgar Walter. Miss Irene La Cour who dances every evening at the Cliff House is attracting quite a lot of attention by her original dance conceptions. Her "Dance of Diana" is a fine example of the new school of dancing. Madame Schumann-Heink gave her great praise the other evening when she danced the "Hungarian Gypsy Dance."

Russian Ballet and Ball

Bakst research is bringing forth costumes for the "Prince Igor" spectacle and Russian ball to be held at the St. Francis on Monday evening, December 18, and demure society buds and dignified matrons will come forth on that night looking like gorgeous speckled birds and haughty sultanas. Every tone used by Bakst will be spilled upon the living canvas, and the affair promises to be a riot of color. Preceding the ball there will be forty minutes of ballet and the uncanny music of "Prince Igor," the Russian opera by Borodine. There are only a limited number of "Igor" scores in the country and its strains are a rare treat to those versed in the newest of modern music. All this is to help raise the mortgage on the McKinley orphanage on Nineteenth street, in debt on account of recent street work. Among the players will be Kajetan Attl with his harp and C. Dematrio, violoncellist of the Symphony Orchestra. Those who act as patronesses and have taken tables and boxes are the Messrs. and Mesdames: Joseph D. Grant, Daniel T. Murphy, Abraham Stern, George A. Pope, William Cluff, George Whittell, A. W. Scott Jr., Alphonse Judis, William H. Crocker, Phoebe A. Hearst, William Hart Wood, Baldwin Wood, I. N. Walter, John Walter, Nat Messer, Richard McCreary, George T. Marye, Henry Clarence Breeden, Edward De Witt Taylor, James L. Flood, C. Frederick Kohl, Frank Judge, John Tonningson, George McGowan, Henry T. Scott, William Delaware Nielson, Wickham Havens, James Jordan, the Baroness Rosenweig, Lady Thomas Fermor-Hesketh and Mayor and Mrs. James Rolph Jr.

Mrs. Richards' Hotel Schools

The many pupils of Mrs. Harriet A. Fay Richards' Hotel St. Francis private school were greeted by a veritable "crush" audience at their exhibition in the ball-room of the Fairmont last Saturday afternoon. The occasion was the Fete D'Automne held under the auspices of Grace Cathedral Guild. A charming programme was given consisting of specially good things in the way of folk dancing, fetching ensembles, Brownie songs and minuets, with recitations interspersed. Over a hundred children from both the Oakland and the Hotel St. Francis schools participated in the affair,

reflecting great credit on Mrs. Richards as an educator with unique modern methods. Among the patronesses were Mrs. Jesse Lilienthal, Mrs. A. H. Giannini, Mrs. L. G. Williams, Mrs. Frank Havens, Miss Marie Withrow, Mme. Golla Condory, Mrs. Lee Febiger and Mrs. J. Wilmer Gresham. Mrs. Richards' private schools have grown rapidly. The one at the Hotel St. Francis occupies four large rooms with more than eighty pupils in kindergarten, primary and grammar grades. This modern school includes daily French and folk dancing classes with clay modeling and class dancing weekly. While these hotel schools are a positive boon to children of the guests yet they are not exclusively for such children. Families from the best residential districts have enrolled their small sons and daughters in the schools, thus taking advantage of this novel and successful "Richards system." The management of the Hotels St. Francis and Oakland are to be congratulated on having schools of this tone which give an educational atmosphere to their splendid hostelries.

At Hotel Oakland

Mrs. J. R. Christy was hostess at a dinner party last Saturday night. The following were her guests: Miss Ghirardelli, Mrs. Stanley Powell, Mrs. John Snyder, Mrs. K. Maxwell, Mrs. Robert Christy, Mr. Stanley Powell and Mr. John Snyder. Mrs. Daniel Easterbrook was hostess at a dinner party Friday evening. Her guests were: Mrs. Whitehead, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. Standish, Mr. Dyer, Mrs. Storrer, Mr. Coghill, Mrs. Barnhart, Mr. Whitehead, Mrs. Rothsinger, Miss Smith, Mr. Storrer, Mrs. Dyer, Dr. Rothsinger, Mr. Standish and Mr. Barnhart. The writing room on Friday night last was the scene of a birthday dinner given by Mrs. James A. Bayliss. After dinner the guests enjoyed dancing. This Friday Mr. and Mrs. Raymond T. Vent gave a dinner party and dance in the rose reception room in honor of their daughter Miss Betty Vent. About thirty guests were bidden.

Beringer at Santa Rosa

The semi-annual examination of the music students of the Ursuline College in Santa Rosa was held on Thursday last. Joseph Beringer of San Francisco, the official examiner of the college, devoted the day to the interests of pianoforte playing. Preceding the examination Mr. Beringer delivered a lecture, taking for his subject: "Incidents in the Life of Johann Sebastian Bach."

The Ever Popular Tavern

The Pall Mall cigarette dances, Foster and Orear candy dances, "La Boheme" perfume dances, informal social dancing, the new songs and ensemble numbers by the Show Girl Review, and the excellent music of Gould's won-

derful "Jazz" Orchestra, continue to meet with the approbation of all at the Techau Tavern. The management, ever on the alert to please its patrons and friends, arranges for new features weekly.

At the Winter Garden

San Francisco and its suburbs have an acute attack of the skating fever, and all roads seem to lead to the Winter Garden whose spacious ice field and ideal appointments make it the Mecca for skaters. The management has left nothing undone to secure the comfort and enjoyment of its patrons, and that the public appreciates this is evidenced by the throngs in attendance morning, afternoon and evening. Novelty is the watchword at the Winter Garden and the exhibition skaters secured from time to time are always of the highest order of merit. At present the stars are Harley Davidson, the world's greatest skater, and Miss Ray Collins, the great Australian expert. Tuesday night a large and enthusiastic crowd of rooters saw the game between the Canadians and Pacifics. There is a great burlesque on the programme this Saturday night. Commencing Monday night there will be a six-day skating affair, with fifteen minutes of skating for prizes every night.

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A Budding Queen of Song

By Helen M. Bonnet

We have heard many renowned concert and opera singers from the stage of Scottish Rite Hall, and among them all there is not one to whose position in the world of song Iole Pastori may not aspire to climb. This young Californian who gave her first recital here last Monday night has one of the loveliest voices I ever heard. It is one of those rare, precious voices that linger in one's memory—clear, firm, warm, rich in a pure lyric quality throughout its extensive compass. Iole Pastori gave us on Monday night a little of the material out of which tradition is made. I feel that in days to come we shall be pleased to remember that this young Californian gave her first public concert right here in the city where there is so much pride of discovery. It was a pretty programme that she sang, and it revealed her as an artiste of taste and understanding. She sings an absolutely perfect legato, and she has the true Italian art of never interrupting the singing tone. Her lower and middle tones pleased me most. She sang nothing which explored the upper reaches of her voice, but the few high tones which were heard gave the agreeable im-

pression that there were many more above of equally luscious quality. "Mi chiamano Mimi" she sang with limpid tenderness and naïveté, with exquisite phrasing and tonal shading, and withal so much dramatic meaning that one at once fancied her in the role. Incredible as it may seem, (for she has not yet been abroad) all her songs gave evidence that her years of study have been well and profitably spent. Most fortunate has she been in her training. But above all it is for her voice that she is to be felicitated. It is a voice that would rouse an audience into a blaze of enthusiasm in simple heart songs or in those joyous rhythmical measures in which the listener is thrilled with florid embellishments. Miss Pastori's first programme contained no songs that permit of such appeal; but perhaps it is as well, for such numbers as she chose proved that she requires no adventitious aids to win the approval of those who truly understand the art of singing. Surely a girl of her temperament and intelligence is to be trusted to continue to develop in her own way, making the most of her great gift. It is a great many public appearances and some ex-

perience with fine orchestral accompaniment that give great singers skillful unconstraint, and our young singer will acquire this all in good time.

Miss Pastori has a pleasing appearance; she is of the buxom type, but hers is a young plumpness; she has also an individual simplicity and grace of movement. Not the least of her qualities is magnetic serenity, which at once set her anxious audience at their ease. There was one pretty incident which one might have expected only in the case of the heroine of many triumphal operatic and concert world tours. As the young songbird came upon the stage for her final group of songs and stood in the midst of gorgeous floral offerings, a small, modest bunch of violets kissed her shapely feet, seeming to claim comradeship with her. For the moment she seemed oblivious to her big audience and to the prelude. Smiling down upon the friendly blossoms, she bent low, gently gathered them into her pretty hands and held them there while she smiled again at her listeners and joyfully sang in pure, cameo-cut English "Spring Has Come."

The Stage

The Garden of Allah

Great is the garden of Allah and Robert Hichens is its prophet, that is to say Mr. Hichens has revealed to us the spell of the Sahara. He has taken us into the desert, and given us an inkling to its potentialities of charm. Seeing "The Garden of Allah" on the stage one feels something of the atmosphere in which the soul of the desert is bathed, and is enlightened as by a prophet. Doubtless the novel of which a pictorial transcript has been made for stage purposes is more illuminating than the play; doubtless it is a better medium through which to sense the mystery of the desert, but the play itself captures the imagination. Yet it is hardly drama. "No," said Robert Louis Stevenson, "I will not write a play for Irving, nor for the devil. Can you not see that the work of falsification which a play demands is of all tasks the most ungrateful?" Maybe as a novelist Robert Hichens shared the views of Stevenson. At any rate he has not given us a play as a work in the literary form. He has given us a big moving picture with elliptical dialogue. It is magnificent, but not drama. The dramatist's earliest difficulty—of telling his audience who every one is and just how things stand—he handles very cleverly but not as it would be handled by a craftsman of the stage. However, though I never read the novel I had no difficulty in following the thread of the story, but who is there that doesn't know the story? One of the peculiarities of the novel is that it makes everybody who has read it want to tell you all about it. Well, Hichens has stuck to his story in his play, though conceiving its incidents as they were narrated in the novel, and therefore his readers are not likely to be at all disappointed when they see these incidents portrayed on the stage.

—T. F. B.

The American Risqué

American writers have never cultivated the risqué. Washington Irving likes to hint at impropriety once in a while; but almost before you detect him in it his face is solemn again, and

his language moral. In a playful way John Godfrey Saxe tiptoes to the borderline now and then, but he never actually crosses it. Eugene Field could be naughty, and so could our own poet Louis Robertson, but never for publication. Now and then Elbert Hubbard printed a witticism which he had heard from some drummer. Brann the Iconoclast knew how to be coarse and humorous at one and the same time. But none of these was risqué. The risqué writer takes a chance, he hazards offending his reader, relying on his cleverness to win forgiveness. Unless he is clever as sin the risqué writer is inexcusable. Anatole France is risqué, and so was Marvel Prevost before he went to war. But racking my brains for living Americans who are risqué the only important name I can think of is Edgar Saltus. Perhaps Avery Hopwood who wrote "Fair and Warmer" thinks that he possesses the knack of the risqué. He should disabuse his mind of this error. Avery Hopwood deals in improprieties in this latest farce of his, but the risqué properly so called he has not mastered. Avery Hopwood does not hint at naughty things; he speaks them bluntly. There is no lightness in his step as he treads dangerous ground; he plods awkwardly. The obvious cannot be risqué, it can only be coarse. A risqué line leaves something for the mind to supply; but Avery Hopwood leaves no more to the mind than to the imagination. Fortunately for himself he is dealing only in mild improprieties in "Fair and Warmer;" were it otherwise this farce would be offensive. The characters are all very virtuous; you are never in any doubt on that score. Hence the verbal improprieties are like those bad things children hear and repeat in all innocence. To hear grownups talking in this fashion may take your breath away if you are prudish; more likely, however, you think it all quite silly. "Fair and Warmer" was not praised much by the flâneurs who went to see it Monday night. "It's fair, but I've seen warmer," said one. "It's fair, and warmed over," said another. But this was lobby chat. Inside the Cort the audible comment was all laughter. After all, these are mat-

ters of supply and demand. We like spice, but we have no cult of the risqué. Perhaps we don't think fast enough to warrant one.

—Edward F. O'Day.

Some Acts in Vaudeville

The most pretentious of the acts at the Orpheum this week is the only one that leaves me cold. There is good fun in all the rest, save the Maryland Singers who are serious and also sweetly reminiscent. They stir pleasant emotions when they sing you back to the days of the Mocking Bird and Old Black Joe. There is good fun in Harry Tate's burlesque of a fishing excursion, with its rich and nonsensical satire on the favorite diversion of the incorrigible sportsman who whips streams between drinks. There is good fun in Bert Fitzgibbon, who improves on his first week's idiosyncrasies; and Ray Samuels bubbles over with good fun and high spirits. Here is a woman with individuality of a kind the gallery likes. Very awkward of manner, her very awkwardness is her capital, and though she infringes the by-laws of deportment occasionally it is by way of expressing a crude personality in the raw. If the most pretentious of the acts on the bill was to me the least interesting it was probably because it raised my expectations too high. Expectations are not to be trifled with. Often they but lead to fatigue. But what is one to do when a vaudeville act is revealed through a big velvet curtain lettered in gold? Vaudeville people are not spendthrifts. They don't wilfully carry excess baggage, nor do they depend on non-essential details to carry them through. When the beautiful curtain went up and I saw the setting for "Ma'mzelle Caprice" my expectations continued to rise. Here they reached their highest elevation, for the operetta, though tuneful, is but a trifle with a thread of familiar romance woven into the fabric, and neither Amelia Stone nor Armand Kalisz succeed in putting it on a par with the trappings and gauds in which the Muse is decked.

—T. F. B.

Fun at Pantages

The "Three Dining Car Minstrels" played with the more successful companies during the by-gone years when this line of entertainment was in demand. They present a sketch so good and up to date that their act is the big hit of the Pantages programme this week. The names are Howard and Fields, and they speed good cheer with excellent music. "The Gypsy Camp" means gorgeous color, lively dancing and mysterious music. That W. Horelik and company has a set of the most talented dancers on the circuit today. Santucci has an accordion, and plays it wonderfully. Oscar Lee is a Swede who is a wonder at singing and yodling. The Schepps' comedy circus is a joy for the kiddies.

—The Second Nighter.

Grainger at the Symphony

Percy Grainger will again be the soloist with the Symphony Orchestra, directed by Alfred Hertz, Sunday afternoon at the Cort. The programme given Friday will be repeated in its entirety. The prices are half those charged on Friday. Although great interest attaches to Mr. Grainger's interpretation of the Grieg concerto in A minor, Op. 16, wherein he has won the acclaim of the world's leading musical critics, the important feature is his newest symphonic composition the suite "In a Nutshell," given for the first time in San Francisco on Friday. This suite was the sensation of the Norfolk, Connecticut, festival early this year, where it was given for the first time. Grainger makes use of many novel percussion instruments in the suite, in addition to the familiar xylophone, glockenspiel and celesta. The marimbaphone, marimba-xylophone, Swiss staff bells and nabimba are employed. Schubert's Fifth Symphony in B flat will also be repeated Sunday. Despite the fact that this exquisite sym-

phony is a hundred years old, the records do not show that it has ever been given in America.

The Fourth "Pop"

Conductor Alfred Hertz has arranged another delightful programme for the fourth "pop" concert, which will be given at the Cort on Sunday afternoon, December 17. These are to be the offerings: Overture "Marriage of Figaro," Mozart; Dream Pantomime "Hansel and Gretel," Humperkinck; British Folk-Music Settings, Percy Grainger; "Carmen" Suite, Bizet; Overture "Rienzi," Wagner. Tickets for the "pop" concert go on sale Monday at Sherman Clay.

Russian Ballet for New Year's Week

Fresh from triumphs in Spain, where they were received by King Alfonso and his court, the Diaghileff Ballet Russe which captivated all the European capitals before the war broke out, returned to New York where they have filled a wonderful and record-breaking engagement, the third within the year, and are now making a cross-continental trip, visiting the principal centers of art and culture. Their itinerary calls for six performances in San Francisco, starting on Tuesday night, January 2. The performances will be given under the local direction of Will L. Greenbaum. Waslav Nijinsky, the great Russian premier dancer who was held a prisoner in Austria at the time of the tour last year, will accompany the dancers in the dual capacity of artistic director and premier, and will appear in many of the ballets, one of which "Till Eulenspiegel," from the German folk-story, he recently produced in New York. The magnitude of this enterprise, the largest and costliest aggregation ever sent on tour, prevents any possibility of profit. None is expected. The only serious question is to limit the loss to what the directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company who are sponsors for the trip, consider

reasonable, which amount is variously estimated at from \$75,000 to \$100,000. The ballet brings a message from the old world to the new, and the Metropolitan Opera Company feels that the only way to present this message, the birth of a new art in dance, or popularly speaking, a correlation of arts, is to subsidize the company, thereby insuring perfect presentations, irrespective of financial return. It was this spirit which first made grand opera possible in this country. In round numbers, two hundred people are directly identified with the assembly of dancers, musicians and operating forces, and a special train of twelve cars is requisitioned to transport the participants and the decorations, scenery and costumes, the designs and paintings of Leon Bakst, whose mastery of color lately earned for him the Nobel prize. A dozen or more superb ballets will be given during the stay in San Francisco. They are the musical works, choreography and dramatic works of Rimsky-Korsakow, Tchaikowsky, Debussy, Liszt, Strauss, Schumann, Nijinsky, Bolm and other master-workers in the diversified fields of art. The ballets as they will be given here will be: "Till Eulenspiegel," "Scheherazade," "Prince Igor," "Les Sylphides," "L'apres midi d'un Faune," Schumann's "Carnival," "Sadko," "Cleopatre," "The Spectre of the Rose," "Thamar," "La Princess Enchantee" and "Papillons." Diaghileff's is a company of stars. Waslav Nijinsky is the greatest male esthetic dancer of modern times. Adolf Bolm is an inimitable mimic and pantomimist. There are also Lydia Lopokova whose naivete and charm delighted King Alfonso, Flore Ravelles, exotic beauty, Mmes. Pflantz, Frohman, Sokolova, Wassilewska and Mlle. Speciwewa who only appeared in the Imperial Ballet when the Czar was present until allowed to leave Russia for this engagement at the request of the American Ambassador. The costuming, stage settings, electrical effects, ensembles, musical features and accom-



GROUP OF SEA NYMPHS FROM "SADKO"

The under-sea ballet from Rimsky-Korsakow's opera of that name with Diaghileff Ballet Russe appearing week of January 2



PERCY GRAINGER

The sensational Australian pianist who will be heard in recital at Scottish Rite Auditorium Thursday night, December 14, and Sunday afternoon, December 17

paniments are indescribable and will be a revelation to theatregoers of the West. Nothing so wonderful has been shown in America before.

Second Week of "Garden of Allah"

Lieber Company's production of "The Garden of Allah," now at the Columbia, is about to begin its second week. The advance sale of seats is very large. Matinees are given Wednesday and Saturday.

Great Dancers at Orpheum

The headline attraction at the Orpheum next week will be Ivan Bankoff and Lola Girlie who have associated with Madeleine Harrison, the result being one of the most successful dancing combinations in vaudeville. Bankoff and Girlie are eminent dancers, and Miss Harrison is a solo danseuse of high rank. There is a corps de ballet of eight. Louis London who has a fine baritone, will present his character studies in different costumes. His "Come West, My Indian Squaw," his own composition, is rendered in Indian make-up. Joseph E. Bernard and Hazel Harrington, well known players, will present a one-act play by Willard Mack who wrote "Kick-In" and other popular playlets. Thea and Winnie Lightner and Newton Alexander are "A Jolly Trio." They have refined songs cleverly and delicately sung. Mlle. Doria, the Parisian pet player, is the authortss, producer and stage manageress of a skit called "In the Maid's Absence." The members of her company are all dogs. Amelia Stone and Armand Kalisz will appear in "Ma'mzelle Caprice;" McKay and Ardine will repeat their skit "On Broadway;" and Ray Samuels will sing new songs.

"The Empress" at Alcazar

A dramatic sensation will be the offering at the Alcazar Monday night when "The Empress" of Lengyel-Biro adapted by David Belasco is to have its premiere with Ola Humphrey (Princess Hassan) in the name role. The story deals with incidents in the life of one of Russia's greatest woman rulers, one hundred and fifty years ago. The play will be gorgeously costumed and the staging will be a masterpiece of correct detail. The scene of the entire play is laid in the private chamber of the empress.

Thrilling Film at St. Francis

Versatile Fannie Ward, supported by Jack Dean and a strong cast, will appear in "The Years of the Locust" at the Theatre St. Francis for the week commencing Sunday. The story has to do with a young woman unfortunately wedded to a swindling stock broker. There are unusual scenes which swiftly take the audience from the drawing-rooms of fashionable New York to the dirt and heat of a South African diamond mine. Other excellent features will be offered to balance the bill, and provide variety. The usual good evening music, under the direction of Jaulus and Polak, will continue to attract.

Second Week of Farce at Cort

"Fair and Warmer," Selwyn and Company's production of Avery Hopwood's farce which ran for two years in New York, and has been attracting big audiences to the Cort starts on its second week Sunday evening. In the cast are Lotus Robb, Henry Stockbridge, Betty Ross Clarke, Raymond Walburn, Betty Blye, Arthur Larson, Ezra Walck and Joseph A. Bingham.

Percy Grainger Piano Concerts

The name of Percy Grainger has been on the lips of music lovers all the past week, and everybody is looking forward to his two piano

recitals which have been arranged by Manager Greenbaum for Scottish Rite Auditorium next Thursday night, December 14, and Sunday afternoon, December 17. John F. Runciman, the famous London critic, wrote of Percy Grainger: "He is the one sunny composer living today," and the New York critics said his piano playing was like that of Paderewski when the famous Polish artist was about the same age. The Grainger programmes are entirely different from the usual run. Next Thursday's offerings: Organ prelude and Fugue in D major (arranged for piano), Bach-Busoni; Romance in F sharp, Schumann; "Ondine," Ravel; "To the Springtime," Op. 43, No. 6, Grieg; "In Ola Valley," Norwegian folk-song, Grieg; "Rotnamsknut" Halling, Op. 72, No. 7, Grieg; Variations on a theme by Paganini, Op. 35, Book 1, Brahms; Mock Morris Dance, Irish Tune from Derry, Gay but Wistful, The Leprechaun's Dance, March-jig "Maguire's Kick," Grainger. At the final concert on the 17th Grainger will play four organ preludes by Bach-Busoni; "Evening in the High Hills," "Jon Vestafae's Spring Dance" and "Deep in Thought I Wander," three Norwegian folk songs by Grieg; four old Dutch peasant songs and dances by Rontgen; "Barcarolle" and "Octave Study, Op. 25, No. 10" by Chopin; "Eritana" by Albeniz, Lullaby from "Tribute to Foster" by Grainger, "The Sussex Mummer's Christmas Carol" by Grainger and "A Reel" by Stanford-Grainger. Tickets for both concerts will be ready Monday morning at Sherman Clay and Kohler and Chase's. Mail orders immediately to Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman Clay, enclosing check or money order and self-addressed envelope, and orders will be carefully filled and mailed to sender.

Julia Culp Gave Concerts at Fifteen

The name of Julia Culp, the Dutch lieder singer, has come to stand for the highest expression of vocal art in the minds of the concertgoers of this country. Mme. Culp is a Hollander, born in Groningen in 1883. Her first song recitals she gave when but fifteen years of age, in Groningen and Amsterdam. Then she studied in the Amsterdam conservatory. At nineteen she made her debut in Berlin with great success, but having the opportunity of studying with Mme. Etelka Gerster she quitted public singing and took advantage of this chance. After two years of work with Gerster she made her reappearance, and since then she has been recognized as one of the world's greatest artists.

Race Track Skit at Pantages

The spicy flavor of the race track will pervade the topline sketch at Pantages next week, commencing Sunday afternoon. "The Two Pikers" will afford ample opportunity for the comedy talents of O'Neal and Walmsley and the daintiness of Hazel Kirke. Another act that guarantees pleasure is the return offering of Raul Pereira and his string sextet. Other items are: Adonis, plus his canine acrobatic understudy in an equilibrist act; Katherine and Gertrude Valerie, dubbed the "jazz sisters;" Dale, Farnsworth and Long, a lively vocal trio; "Happy Harry Hines" in vaudeville chow-chow; and chapter six of "A Lass o' the Lumberlands."

"Congratulations, my boy," said the attorney, "you have inherited a nice little fortune."

"Yes," assented the fortunate youth.

"I suppose you will pay a lot of your debts now?"

"I had thought of it, but concluded to make no change in my manner of living. I don't want to be accused of vulgar display."



Piano Recitals by

PERCY GRAINGER

Piano Virtuoso and Composer

SCOTTISH RITE AUDITORIUM

Next Thursday Evening, December 14,
And Sunday Afternoon, December 17

PRICES: Orchestra \$2, \$1.50, \$1.00; Balcony—entire—\$1.50. Tickets on sale next Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co. and Kohler & Chase.

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Week Commencing Sunday, December the 10th

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Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

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Melchior Lengyel and Ludwig Biro

with

OLA HUMPHREY

(Princess Hassan)

Specially Engaged to Create the Title Role

Supported by the Clever Alcazar Players

Letters

For Girls and Boys

A good story of camp and trail from the pen of Professor D. Lange is "The Lure of the Black Hills." It was not until the middle seventies of the last century that the "Bad Lands" and the Black Hills became known to the whites, while the region was held in superstitious awe by the Indians. That there was any treasure there was pure conjecture, though the mere possibility would be enough to lure prospectors. Professor Lange leads his readers in the footprints of a pioneer party of three men who had left the service of the American Fur Company at Fort Pierre with a view to mending their fortunes. Like other stories by the same author this is an Indian tale, but Professor Lange gives his attention not to wars and massacres but to the peaceful side and the home life of the Indians. There is abundant adventure.

"Yule-Tide in Many Lands" makes both a pretty and instructive addition to the library of any child, and one appropriate to the season. It is a joint production of Mary P. Pringle, a librarian, and Clara A. Urann, and if they have made any mistake in their work it is in not amplifying it to twice the size. In nine chapters there are included descriptions of the observances of the ancients, and of England, Germany, France, Italy, Russia, Scandinavia, Spain and America. Some of the best Christmas poems are also incorporated, and each chapter is accompanied by an appropriate illustration. Though the language employed is simple there is no "writing down," and the text is

the most youthful of readers knows that a boy hero is never long left in eclipse, however improbable the means by which he is restored to his proper place. So everything ends beautifully, but poor Dave has barely reached his legal majority, so it looks as if there were a long stretch of monotony for him if he is to survive to a normal age. Edward Stratemeyer is to this generation what Oliver Optic was to its grandparents.

Dr. William Byron Forbush set for himself a sizable task when he designed his "Young Folks' Book of Ideals," and it is to be hoped that the young will appreciate his effort to help, interest and please them. He has ranged the fields of work and sport, morals and manners. His points are illustrated by stories, but unlike every other author who has essayed to guide the young, he has not drawn upon the historical and often legendary past, but has found his material in the practical present.

Margaret Sidney's "Five Little Peppers" were introduced to the reading world a full generation ago. They were a family of five half-orphan children whose mother eked out a scanty livelihood for her brood, assisted by the efforts of the children themselves, but their contentment was in inverse ratio to their material possessions, and their cheerful acceptance of the inevitable, their makeshifts and contrivances for keeping the wolf at bay and extracting pleasure from trifles, has provided the author with material for twelve volumes. The books are not in serial order, but appear from time to time, usually dealing with some phase of life in the little brown house by the roadside. "Our David Pepper" is the latest edition to the set. The

lads about to face the world on their own responsibility, and give an insight into the workings of the various enterprises under government control.

Edna Brown cannot be too highly commended for her school stories which steer wide of major athletics and anarchy and therefore do not add to the perplexities of teachers. There is nothing improbable nor sensational about Edna Brown's stories. They are healthy and wholesome, and at the same time far from goody-goody.

Though "Top of the World Stories" is specifically dedicated to boys and girls, it will be hailed with delight by those of any age who have not outgrown fairy tales. These legends, stories and folk-lore tales have their habitat under the North Pole. They are translations from the Scandinavian tongues, not literal but sympathetically liberal. Gnomes and trolls, witches and wizards, enchantments and magic spells and all the supernatural beings that made the joy of the genuine fairy story are here. The illustrations are in color.

All these books are from Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.

First Fly—Get off of that flypaper and come with me.

Second Fly—No, I think I'll stick around a while.

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4TH SUNDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT

CORT THEATRE

Soloist—PERCY GRAINGER

Sunday, December 10, at 2:30 Sharp

PROGRAM:
SCHUBERT.....Symphony No. 5, B Flat
GRIEG.....Concerto in A Minor, Op. 16
PERCY GRAINGER...Suite, "In a Nutshell"
PRICES: Sunday, 50c, 75c, \$1; box and loge seats, \$1.50. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s except concert day; at Cort Theatre on concert day only.

NEXT Sunday, December 17 4TH "POP" CONCERT

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equally enjoyable by young and old. Time was when a book such as this would have been a treasured possession, to be carefully preserved and passed down to a new generation.

With the twelfth annual volume Edward Stratemeyer has brought his "Dave Porter" series to a conclusion, the juvenile hero having experienced every possible shift of fortune and species of adventure. In this last volume the particular complications arise through the evil deeds of another youth who bears so striking a resemblance to the bona fide David that even personal acquaintances are misled and the way is opened for deception and crime, but even

Peppers are too well known to the mothers, aunts and grandmothers who buy juveniles to need more than a mere mention.

"Dorothy Dainty's New Friends" is the thirteenth volume of Amy Brooks' series for little girl readers. The books are designed to interest children of ten years and thereabouts, and concern the doings, grave and gay, of a coterie of wealthy but well-bred children.

"The Boy with the U. S. Mail" is the latest addition to Francis Rolt-Wheeler's "U. S. Service Series." Though the books ought to interest any one, old or young, they are especially designed for the attention of the older

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The stock market is under two influences—first, actual conditions; secondly, those that are technical. The former are wonderfully good and the latter, so far as the industrial group go, are bad. The speculation which has been going on for some months, has been almost exclusively in the industrial list, and in stocks that money lenders are not accustomed to. Earnings have made advances in this group, which, while warranted under present conditions, look very high when we look back a year ago. Technical conditions often make ten point breaks and often check advances, but in the end actuals win out. Speculation is turning toward the railroads at last. The public begin to realize that this industry has been badly treated in the past and our legislators are beginning to realize that the biggest industry in the country must receive the consideration which is its due. An advance in rates is more than probable. There are very few railroads that are not selling lower than they did when earnings were very much less than they are today. The efficiency of management which has been accomplished by hard times, has given a value to these properties that they never before possessed, and sooner or later the public will realize this. If we get the right sort of speculation in the railroads, it will ease up the money situation in the industrial list, and we will get the kind of a market that the old-time speculator is accustomed to. We still favor the old favorites, Norfolk & Western, Chesapeake & Ohio and Western Union.

Wheat—Speculative opinions seem to be a little more evenly divided regarding the immediate trend of prices, but the exponents of still further appreciation are as rock-rooted in their faith of a \$2 quotation in the future as they ever were. The advantage was quite evenly divided last week, changes being few, but the bears made much of the fact that the advance had been interrupted, and at the same time confessing that the action held little comfort as yet. We imagine that the general liquidation of December contracts has much to do with the altered sentiment, and that with the expiration of the year, the bulls will find plenty of encouragement for another and a higher-priced campaign than yet seen. In the interim we think the market will hold around present figures, with more moderate fluctuations. It is impossible to foretell the effects of legislation regarding the commandeering of all the wheat now harvested in the United States. Its agitation will exercise a depressing effect, but on all the declines of consequence, we advise the purchase of May.

Corn—For the first time in two months this market was genuinely weak from start to finish. There were many reasons for the change, both in sentiment and action. One was the pronounced weakness in wheat, where liquidation

was on in full force, carrying the December future down 7 cents. There were rains in Argentina which were considered as very favorable for corn, and the South American markets were all lower, substantiating the return to good weather conditions. There was also a report from Nebraska that the hoof and mouth disease had again made its appearance, and if this is confirmed, it will add to the anxiety of the farmer to market his cattle and hogs, and leave so much more to be consigned. There was some mention of an export demand, but little attention was given. We look for further decline, but would not sell on the breaks.

Cotton—The cotton market seems to be marking time, waiting for the Government final figures which are due next week. A number of local statisticians have estimated the crop around 11,250,000 bales, and as the market has been bulled all along on small total crop figures, present prices will not hold should the Government figures exceed the 11,250,000 bales mark. Spot cotton in the South showed a little weakness at times, and the basis was lowered at most of the leading markets. When the price gets around 20 cents it induces considerable selling by the farmer, and especially so at this season of the year. The mills are running full time, and they report a good demand for their goods at full prices. The export demand for cotton would be urgent if ships could be obtained, but the ever present submarine activity has raised insurance rates to almost prohibitive figures. The market has had a decline of a hundred points from the top prices, and while this decline may extend some further, we believe any decline below the 20 cent level will only be temporary, and strongly advise the purchase of the May option.

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 20582; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of VINCENT MAZZALI, deceased.

JAMES A. STIDGER, the Administrator of the estate of VINCENT MAZZALI, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the seventeenth day of January, 1917, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10 Probate of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated: November 29, A. D. 1916.

E. P. MOGAN,
Judge of the Superior Court.

STIDGER & STIDGER,
Attorneys for Administrator,
628 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

HARRY GOTTESFELD,
EDWARD LANDE,
Of Counsel,
625 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

12-16-5

Aunt—My goodness, Eddie, why did you take the biggest apple in the dish?

Eddie—I was afraid some one else would get it!

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JANE McQUEEN, deceased.—No. 21551; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of JANE McQUEEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of T. J. Crowley, Esq., Attorney at Law, Rooms 509-511 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JANE McQUEEN, deceased.

DAVID W. McQUEEN,
Executor of the last will and testament of Jane McQueen, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., December 9, 1916.

T. J. CROWLEY,
Attorney for Executor,
509-511 Chronicle Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-9-5

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Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
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G. K. Chesterton

(Continued from Page 6)

ideas, and he is engaged in leading them a dance. A thought ceases to interest him unless he can make it caper. He believes that is their business—that it is, indeed, the condition of life:

Behold the simple sum of things
Where, in splendor spun,
The stars go round the Mulberry Bush,
The Burning Bush, the Sun.

Paradox and epigram are only the media of his idea-play; the plot is deeper. The Chestertonian philosophy, like the Italian Comedy, laughs only on the surface. Pantaloon and Harlequin are more than funny fellows, and nonsense is a vehicle which G. K. C. drives over the superstitions of modernity. The end of his comic philosophy is not, therefore, laughter, for however much he may protest against the seriousness of a well-meaning world, he also is serious even when he laughs loudest. "It is so easy to be solemn," he says, "it is so hard to be frivolous." Nietzsche would only believe in a God who could dance, Chesterton only believes in ideas that can dance. The religion that is not deep enough for frivolity is not deep enough for him. And that is the paradox of this master of paradox. He is one of the growing band of writers who are reasserting the claims of orthodoxy in religion and tradition, and, like his friend Hilaire Belloc he dauntlessly waves aloft the banner of the Past. His faith in the old formulas and dogmas is stated with such cheeriness that the old devotees must feel as though they were being robbed of their ancient harbors of gloom.

If he did not use the catchwords of Christianity you might take him for a Pagan, although he would be the first to discountenance such a conclusion. Paganism for him spells pessimism; Christianity, optimism. And the only Christianity is that which is orthodox or Catholic. Nevertheless, one could imagine him with Theocritus in Thessaly rather than with St. Francis in Assisi—that really is the paradox of G. K. C. Doubtless he could explain it away, and many another paradox as well, and doubtless he will. Did he not begin his literary career with "The Defendant," a volume which set out with engaging frankness and consummate skill to defend the indefensible? But even though he succeed in proving that black is white (and there are those who say he has done so) he would still have faith in the fact that black was black and white white, and that the one is good and the other evil, for although Chesterton began by defending the indefensible, it was only his method of proving his right to fight the battle of the eternally defensible. It is curious that such warfare should be necessary, but in an age which devotes half its time to letting the old things slide and the other half to the

introduction of new things which everybody needs and nobody likes, it ought not to be surprising.

One thing, however, is certain. Gilbert Chesterton may not have convinced his age of the necessity of a return to Orthodoxy, but he has succeeded in stripping that subject of the forbidding weeds which had gathered about it. He has made religious and political discussion interesting to many people who had long since grown out of the habit of such discussions. He has gone further: he has shown us that politics and religion are the only proper subjects for the discussion of sane men and women, and that the more serious the subject, the more room there is for humor and frivolity of expression. The necessity of having to prove that is, perhaps, the severest criticism he could pass on his age. "A man must be orthodox upon most things," he says, "or he will never have time to preach his own heresy." G. K. C.'s heresy is Orthodoxy—so heretical is it that many of his greatest admirers are among the very Heretics he has explained away in so many books. I have often heard sportsmen argue that the fox enjoys being hunted, and have generally winked my eye slow, as Uncle Remus would have done, at that amiable sophistry. But careful observation of the behavior of Chesterton's Heretics during the chase has almost won me over. Foxes may not like being hunted by an inferior pack, but I am now ready to believe that they get a subtle pleasure out of a run with the Pythley or the Quorn, and I am supported in this belief by the fact that the foxiest of Heretics enjoy a run with Chesterton as much as Chesterton enjoys a run with them. This may not be very complimentary to G. K. C.'s powers of persuasion, but it involves the far greater compliment of proving that our most entertaining controversialist has achieved the impossible—he has taught men to discuss politics and religion without wanting to murder each other.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 5)

members his first office, and a rude awakening from youthful pipe dreams of political importance. He had been elected city clerk of Salt Lake. This office included the lowlier one of dog-catcher (by proxy). One Galeazzi applied to City Clerk Stanton for appointment to the dog-catching billet. Stanton was troubled, and sought counsel of his political mentor C. C. Goodwin. (Need I add that Judge Goodwin is still a power in Salt Lake, a vigorous-minded octogenarian with a pen of gold?)

"Judge," said Stanton, "Galeazzi wants to be dog-catcher."

"Well, appoint him," said Goodwin.

"Yes," said Stanton, "but Gally's a tough nut, and might not be a credit to my administration. I must be careful of my reputation."

"Hell!" said Goodwin. "You lose the reputation you've got and it'll be the making of you!"

Galeazzi started dog-catching next morning. Stanton went into the army in '98. In 1901 he returned from the Philippines, and visited Salt Lake. It was his first reunion with his Utah friends since donning a uniform, and everybody turned out to greet and honor the conquering hero. Stanton admits that it was a proud occasion—until he met Judge Goodwin. "How are you, Charlie," said Goodwin.

"All right," answered Stanton in a hoarse whisper, "only I've caught a cold and can't talk."

"Great Heavens!" answered Goodwin, "think

of what a relief it would be to Salt Lake if you never talked again!"

You are right in inferring that Major Stanton is some talker. He's the fastest talker in San Francisco, but I never heard of anybody getting tired listening to him. It's genuine man-talk, the Major's, packed with anecdote, humor, mimicry and homely philosophy. And now he's going to Governor's Island. He goes with the ending of the year, and a sizable fraction of the city's bonhomie goes with him. Lucky Governor's Island! Good luck, Major! Hope to see you back with us soon!

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE D. HIBBARD, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of GEORGE D. HIBBARD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Campbell, Weaver, Shelton & Levy, 659 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE D. HIBBARD, deceased.

C. W. HIBBARD,

Administrator of the estate of George D. Hibbard, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 2, 1916.
CAMPBELL, WEAVER, SHELTON & LEVY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
659 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-2-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 77699; Dept. No. 15.

EMMA H. LAWERENCE, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY LAWERENCE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: HARRY LAWERENCE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 31st day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.
ROBERT H. BORLAND,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
105 Montgomery St.,
San Francisco, California.

11-11-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 76,577; Dept. No. 10.

WALTER A. BAIRD, Plaintiff, vs. GRACE M. BAIRD, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GRACE M. BAIRD, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.
ARCHIBALD J. TREAT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
624 Monadnock Building,
San Francisco, California.

10-21-9

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTON CROPP, deceased.—No. 21712.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, J. F. HUMBURG, Administrator of the estate of ANTON CROPP, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Andros & Hengstler and Golden W. Bell, Room 722 Kohl Building, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTON CROPP, deceased.

J. F. HUMBURG,
Administrator of the estate of Anton Cropp, deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, November 18, 1916.
ANDROS & HENGSTLER,
GOLDEN W. BELL,
Attorneys for Administrator,
722 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-5

NOTICE OF TRUSTEES' SALE OF REAL PROPERTY

IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE TERMS and under the authority of a certain deed of trust executed by JOHN HAYES of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the party of the first part, to L. W. LOVEY and WALTER E. DORN, the parties of the second part, and H. GOLDSMITH, the party of the third part, dated the 14th day of October, 1915, and recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of October, 1915, in Liber 902 of Trust Deeds, page 167, H. Goldsmith, the holder of the promissory note, to secure the payment of which the aforesaid deed of trust was executed, declares that default has been made in the principal and the interest of said promissory note as therein provided, and requests and directs that said L. W. Lovey and Walter E. Dorn, said trustees, sell the real property in said deed of trust and hereinafter more particularly described, to satisfy the amount due and owing on said promissory note and the accomplishments of the trusts in said deed of trust contained;

Now, said L. W. Lovey and Walter E. Dorn, trustees in said deed of trust named, do hereby give notice that on Monday, the 11th day of December, 1916, at 9:30 o'clock a. m. of that day, at 1101 Hearst Building, corner Market and Third Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, that they will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in United States gold coin, the following described real property, or such part or parts thereof as they shall deem necessary to sell in order to accomplish the objects of said trust, namely:

That certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

BEGINNING at a point on the Southwest line of Fourteenth Avenue, Southerly, distant two hundred and twenty-five (225) feet Southeasterly from the Southeasterly line of Hawes Street; running thence Southeasterly along said Southwest line of Fourteenth Avenue one hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Northwesterly one hundred (100) feet to the point of beginning. BEING Subdivision of Block 284 South San Francisco Homestead and Railroad Association.

Deed of which real property was recorded in the office of the County Recorder of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in Book 809 of Deeds, page 376, on the 5th day of August, 1914.

Terms of Sale.—Cash in gold coin of the United States; ten per cent (10%) payable to the undersigned on the fall of the hammer; balance on delivery of deed, and if not so paid, unless for want of title, ten (10) days being allowed for search, then said ten per cent (10%) to be forfeited and the sale to be void.

Taxes to be pro-rated.

L. W. LOVEY and
WALTER E. DORN,
Trustees.

L. W. LOVEY,
Attorney-at-Law,
1101-5 Hearst Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

11-11-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES M. COSTELLO, deceased.—No. 21681; Dept. No. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executrix of the last will and testament of JAMES M. COSTELLO, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at the law office of A. Comte, Jr., No. 333 Kearny Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which last-named office the undersigned selects as her place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JAMES M. COSTELLO, deceased.

ELLEN MARY COSTELLO,
Executrix of the last will and testament of
James M. Costello, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, California, November 11th, A. D. 1916.

A. COMTE, JR.,
Attorney for Executrix,
No. 333 Kearny St.,
San Francisco, Cal.

11-11-5

NOTICE UPON FILING OF PETITION TO ASCERTAIN RIGHTS AS HEIRS

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 16068, N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ALFRED E. OVEREND, deceased.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: William J. Hynes, the Administrator of the Estate of Alfred E. Overend, deceased, and to Harry S. Overend, Edward Overend, Jennie N. Gilbert, Elizabeth C. Hart, the Administrator or Executor of the estate of Robert A. Overend, deceased, E. M. Leonard, as Administrator with the Will Annexed of the estate of Ida Overend Mann, deceased, Walter S. Overend, Jane Couture, Sister Matilda Overend, Elizabeth Fleming, Oscar Overend, Jennetta C. Brosse, Elizabeth C. Hall, Nettie C. Treller, William Guthrie, Margaret Guthrie Johnston, Maria Guthrie Hawley, Daniel Guthrie, Samuel Guthrie, Peter Guthrie, Alice Guthrie Simpson, Ellen Clark, John Guthrie, Hannah Guthrie, William Guthrie, George Edward Jack, Elizabeth J. Unwin, Ida A. Hadley, Mandora Hunter, Effie C. Hickey, William E. Guthrie, Anna M. Thompson, Mrs. Isabelle Barnes, Mrs. Lillian Belle Overend Pitt, John F. Overend, Miss E. O. Morris, Sophie Overend, and Patrick Guthrie and Madge Overend.

You and each of you are hereby notified:

That on the 28th day of September, 1916, Robert M. Overend, one of the heirs at law of Alfred E. Overend,

deceased, filed his petition in this court praying that the rights of all persons interested in the estate of said Alfred E. Overend, deceased, be ascertained and declared by this court, and that it be determined to whom distribution should be made;

That, so far as known, the following is a description of the real estate whereof said deceased died seized or possessed, to-wit:

Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the Northernly line of Seventeenth Street with the Easterly line of Ord Street (formerly Clara Avenue); thence Easterly along the Northernly line of Seventeenth Street Forty-five (45) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly One Hundred and ten (110) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Forty-five (45) feet to the Easterly line of Ord Street (formerly Clara Avenue); thence Southerly along said last named line One Hundred and Ten (110) feet to the point of beginning; being part of Horner's Addition Block Number 202.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Calhoun Street distant thereon One Hundred and Thirty-seven (137) feet and Six (6) inches Northernly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Calhoun Street with the Northernly line of Green Street; thence Northernly along said Easterly line of Calhoun Street Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; thence at a right angle Easterly Ninety-one (91) feet and Eight (8) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly Twenty-two (22) feet and Eleven (11) inches; and thence at a right angle Westerly Ninety-one (91) feet and Eight (8) inches to the Easterly line of Calhoun Street and the point of beginning; being part of 50 Vara Lot Number 187.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Franklin Street, distant thereon One Hundred (100) feet Northernly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Franklin Street with the Northernly line of Page Street; thence Northernly along said Easterly line of Franklin Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Seventy-five (75) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Seventy-five (75) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Easterly line of Franklin Street and the point of beginning; being part of Western Addition Block Number 71.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Mimosa Path, distant thereon Thirty-eight (38) feet and Eight (8) inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Rose Hill Nock; thence Northernly along said Easterly line of Mimosa Path Thirteen (13) feet; thence Easterly Sixteen (16) feet and Six (6) inches; thence Southerly Fourteen (14) feet and Five (5) inches; thence Westerly Sixteen (16) feet and Six (6) inches to the point of beginning; being situated in Laurel Hill Cemetery.

Beginning at a point on the Easterly line of Jones Street, distant thereon Sixty (60) feet Southerly from the corner formed by the intersection of said Easterly line of Jones Street with the Southerly line of Washington Street; thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Jones Street Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Easterly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at a right angle Northernly Thirty (30) feet; thence at a right angle Westerly Sixty-eight (68) feet and Nine (9) inches to the Easterly line of Jones Street and the point of beginning; being part of 50 Vara Lot Number 832.

Beginning at the corner formed by the intersection of the Easterly line of Church Street with the Southerly line of Twenty-seventh Street; thence Southerly along said Easterly line of Church Street Fifty-one (51) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at a right angle Easterly Eighty (80) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly Fifty-one (51) feet and Six (6) inches to the Southerly line of Twenty-seventh Street; thence Westerly along said line of Twenty-seventh Street Eighty (80) feet to the point of beginning; being part of Horner's Addition Block Number 57.

Commencing at the point of intersection of the Easterly line of St. Charles Street with the Northernly line of Central Avenue, running thence Easterly along said Northernly line of Central Avenue, One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet; thence at a right angle Northernly One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet; thence at a right angle Southerly One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet to St. Charles Street; thence at a right angle along the Easterly line of St. Charles Street One Hundred and Fifty (150) feet to the point of commencement.

The first six parcels of real property hereinabove described are situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California; while the seventh parcel hereinabove described is situated in the City of Alameda, County of Alameda, State of California.

That said Harry S. Overend, Guy R. Overend, Charles P. Overend, Frederick M. A. Overend, Edward Overend, Jennie N. Gilbert, Robert A. Overend, now deceased, Elizabeth C. Hart, Ida Overend Mann, now deceased, Walter S. Overend, Jane Couture, Sister Matilda Overend, Elizabeth Fleming, Oscar Overend, Jennetta C. Brosse, Elizabeth C. Hall, Nettie C. Treller, William Guthrie, Margaret Guthrie Johnston, Maria Guthrie Hawley, Daniel Guthrie, Samuel Guthrie, Peter Guthrie, Alice Guthrie Simpson, Ellen Clark, John Guthrie, John Guthrie, Hannah Guthrie, William Guthrie, George Edward Jack, Elizabeth J. Unwin, Ida A. Hadley, Mandora Hunter, Effie C. Hickey, William E. Guthrie, Sophie Overend, as assignee of Robert M. Overend, and Madge Overend, as assignee of Walter S. Overend, are the only persons who appeared and claimed any interest in said estate, in the course of the administration of the same, up to the time of the making of said order;

That you, and all other persons not named, who have or claim an interest in said estate, are cited to appear before this court, at the courtroom thereof, located in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of December, 1916, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and exhibit, in the manner provided by law, your respective claims of heirship, ownership, or interest in said estate, and show cause why such petition should not be granted.

Given under my hand and seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 4th day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California.)

H. I. MULCREVY,
Clerk of the Superior Court.

By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk,
JEREMIAH V. COFFEY & EDWARD I. COFFEY,
E. M. LEONARD,
Attorneys for Robert M. Overend.

569 Mills Building,
San Francisco, California.

10-7-10

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 35966; Department No. 16.

CARRIE E. BRIDGE, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

T. W. HUBBARD, 1003 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of CARRIE E. BRIDGE, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at a point on the Westerly line of Devisadero Street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet six (6) inches Northernly from the Northernly line of Eddy Street; and running thence Northernly along said line of Devisadero Street twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle Westerly one hundred and six (106) feet; and thence at a right angle Southerly twenty-four (24) feet; and thence at a right angle Easterly six (6) feet; and thence at a right angle Southerly one (1) foot; and thence at a right angle Easterly one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 508.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be met in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of November, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of November, A. D. 1916.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Delia Elizabeth Traynor, sometimes known as Delia E. Traynor, sometimes known as Delia Traynor, sometimes known as D. E. Traynor; 1207 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.

George Traynor, 1207 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Marie Traynor, sometimes known as Mary Traynor, 1207 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Roman Catholic Archbishop of San Francisco, a corporation sole, 1100 Franklin Street, San Francisco, Cal.

City and County of San Francisco, a Municipal Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.

John H. McLaughlin, address unknown.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES H. WITHAM, deceased.—No. 21,039; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, HEBER W. WITHAM, Administrator with will annexed of the estate of CHARLES H. WITHAM, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with will annexed at the office of Harry I. Stafford, rooms 504-518 Grant Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES H. WITHAM, deceased.

HEBER W. WITHAM,

Administrator with will annexed of the estate of
Charles H. Witham, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 18, 1916.

HARRY I. STAFFORD,
Attorney for Administrator,
504-518 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of A. W. FINN, deceased.—No. 21623; Dept. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. W. Finn, JR., Administrator of the estate of A. W. FINN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Harry I. Stafford, Rooms 504-518 Grant Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of A. W. FINN, deceased.

A. W. FINN, JR.

Administrator of the estate of A. W. Finn, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, November 18, 1916.

HARRY I. STAFFORD,
Attorney for Administrator,
504-518 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-5

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVIII. No. 1268

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 16, 1916

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IN THIS ISSUE:

The State of War

The Fall of Barnum's

Roosevelt Preaching Culture

Francis J. Heney for Governor

The Interesting Career of Bonar Law

Seven Days' Leave— A War Sketch

A Japanese Nobleman's Tiff with a Federal Judge

"Honest John" McDougald Writes a Christmas Letter

Andrew Gallagher Fights Dynamiters in Labor Council

Captain Dollar Talks of the Dead Letter Seamen's Bill

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TOWN TALK

THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

Vol. XXVIII

San Francisco, December 16, 1916

No. 1269

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John J. Dwyer.....Business Manager

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The State of the War

Again the Central Powers have triumphed. Again the Allies have been outmaneuvered. This time a certain disillusionment has been felt among them. Therefore the suggestion from Germany that peace-terms be discussed seems to have been well-timed. What could be more disheartening than the recent experience of the Allies! When but a few months ago the Russians struck the first blow of the concerted offensive which promised so much, tearing a gap in the enemy lines in the East, sweeping away an intricate system of entrenchments and the forces that maintained it, a brilliant field opened to the imagination. Then the offensive opened at full tide. The Franco-British assault was launched, then came the Italian advance on the Isonzo, after which the Saloniki force stirred to life and fired Rumania. Immediately optimistic observers in England and France concluded that the final defeat of Germany was drawing nearer by leaps and bounds. About that time they began discussing the terms they would impose on a beaten foe. Now they realize what a toilsome journey is yet to be made. While the Allies were exercising their maximum pressure on all fronts the Central Powers were able to initiate and develop a new offensive and win some of the greatest victories of the war. They have accomplished what before seemed the impossible. Now it is realized that Rumania brought to the Central Powers not only great disadvantages but also a great opportunity. The German General Staff was quick to perceive that Rumania pointed a way to the Central Powers of wiping out a considerable part of the effect of the British blockade. Indeed a successful invasion and conquest of Rumania might not only enable them to get all the corn and oil they needed, it

would open up a new road to the heart of Russia. So Germany is far from beaten. But at the same time the Allies are far from disheartened. From recent London exchanges we learn that there is prevalent among the Allies the opinion that Germany is feeling her decline of manpower and that she was straining that power to the utmost in the Balkans with a view to reaching a position that might seem to justify her in trying to gain peace by barter—by exchanging her lost colonies for the European territory she has won. This is what the Allies have been calling an “inconclusive peace,” but now that the blockade has been broken they may change their views. Moreover Germany may win public opinion in the nations she is fighting and thus provoke serious complications. This may be her aim. If she is not successful it will be due to the deep resentment she has provoked by her ruthless methods.

Are We Approaching War?

Major-General Wood is quoted to the effect that there is no escape for us from the great war. We are bound to be involved he says, adding that while this is a fact well known to all the chancelleries of Europe we are not preparing for what appeared to him inevitable. How glad we should be then that Germany is now talking peace. It is not to be gainsaid that of late the problem of keeping us out of war seemed to be growing more complicated. There was a time when it was thought that if what appeared to be the worst ensued it would be enough to sever diplomatic relations with whatever nation we were at enmity, but the plot has been thickening, or, rather the situation has been taking on a new color. Hitherto we have been grounding our protests in self-interest, and we might have been too proud to fight for our selfish interests. Recently we have been protesting in the name of civilization and out of sympathy with others. Unfortunately it is not so plausible to be too proud to be of service to mankind; for this is the head and front of all the professed ideals of the present dispensation. When President Wilson protested in behalf of the Belgians he increased the difficulty of prolonging his reputation as a war dodger. We appear to be approaching a time when it will be up to Germany to keep us out of war. Germany may prove of course to Mr. Wilson's satisfaction that in this Belgian matter he is entirely wrong. But there is another matter that might develop a crisis. The Turks are again insisting on a “holy war.” They are reported to have ordered the slaughter of Christians by wholesale in Persia. Now it was easy to stand for the killing of a few nuns in Mexico, but

what will the American Bible Society say if our missionaries are put to the sword in Persia? Would the Bible Society permit the President to keep his record straight?

Our Several Peace Movements

Surely the belligerents of Europe will not be able to hold out forever against our Pacifists' appeal to their sweet reasonableness. Wait until our apostles of peace mobilize somewhere in Europe and open their academic offensive in the teeth of the enemy. Then shall we be encouraged to look forward to the end of the war. Peace movements are increasing rapidly, and by the time Pacifists have recruited all the minds accessible to appeals from the intelligentsia of pulpit, bema and academic grove, the belligerents, who are now somewhat inattentive, will sit up and take notice. There are now three separate and distinct peace movements under way. The one of which Professor Pope is director-general—the Neutral Peace Committee movement—is for the moment consuming more attention than the others, but quite as important is the movement for “durable peace,” as it is called, to which Dr. Jordan, one of its leaders, called our attention the other day. As well attempt to paint the lily or throttle the wild ass of the desert as try to hide the Jordan light under a bushel. That may not have been what Professor Pope was essaying, but he was crowding rivals out of the public prints when Jordan rushed in to inform us that he was stumping the country for peace. At the same time he said that presently he would go to the Hague, there to embrace the psychological opportunity. After Jordan came William J. Bryan to the front. Old Dollar Bill has become too stale and unprofitable for Chautauqua, but there is still money to be made inveighing against the Demon Rum, and the veteran mountebank is not going to let Billy Sunday get it all. In his enthusiasm for prohibition he has been neglecting peace, but seeing new movements threatening to interfere with his apostleship he has volunteered to lead the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ against old Mars. The parsons of the Federal Council lost no time in signifying their eagerness to be led. They are in favor of taking a joy-ride to all the capitals of Europe, there to propagate the “doctrine of love that Christ teaches.” Surely these peace movements are not to be resisted forever.

Our Metropolitan District

Our daily papers have been exulting over the growth of industry in the bay metropolitan district as shown by figures furnished by the manufacturing census bureau at Washington. The metropolitan dis-

tract comprising San Francisco and Alameda county has indeed been growing. In seven years there has been an increase of 28 per cent in the number of our industries, 17.4 per cent in the number of persons engaged in the industries, 19.6 per cent in the capital invested and \$33,193,718 in the value of products. This is gratifying news; as is also the news that while Oakland and contiguous territory is growing industrially, San Francisco is easily maintaining its supremacy as a manufacturing city. Some big factories have been established on the other side of the bay, and for this we have reason to be grateful; for the prosperity of the metropolitan district is a matter in which we are deeply concerned. A mere political subdivision is a matter of little consequence to big cities. The political consolidation of villages may rejoice the hearts of real estate boomers therein, making it easier to deceive for the purpose of vainglory, but no real substantial advantages flow therefrom. A community of interest is inherent in every particular section of the State even where towns are nothing more than neighbors, and there is certainly a community of interest between two cities separated by a small expanse of harbor; more so than between two interior villages which, though more than twenty miles apart, are designated the city of so-and-so. In our metropolitan district there is a community of interest between the principal towns that is not to be affected by anything like a parish pump sentiment. San Francisco and Oakland are mutually interested in each other's welfare. What happens to one is reflected in the other. Hitherto Oakland has won factories from San Francisco on account of the dominance of an arrogant and pestiferous unionism. This was made clear by the testimony taken before the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations. Happily the situation then existing no longer exists, and the change is as beneficial to Oakland as to San Francisco, for when factories were fighting shy of our labor unions, some were going farther away than San Francisco to locate. Oakland as well as San Francisco suffered in those days.

Roosevelt Preaching Culture

Now comes our one great national hero in a new role. Our Bombastes Furioso is now our prophet of culture. Behold Colonel Roosevelt, the apostle of esthetics! The Colonel is disillusioned. The election opened his eyes. He sees what effect the estimate of life in terms of material splendor and success has had on Democracy. Out of the cloudy regions of half-lights and dim shadows has come to him the realization of the fact that after all President Wilson's conception of public sentiment was indeed the right one. He perceives that since the days of the big stick a change has come o'er the spirit of the nation. We really didn't raise our sons to be soldiers. We have grown fat and flabby. We have soused ourselves in the philosophy of an epicene Christianity which

abhors unhappy endings in literature and denies the existence of pain. The effeminate ideal is the object of our worship and we have a smug enthusiasm for all the hypocrisies of life. Colonel Roosevelt has been probing into the problems of human conduct and the meaning of it all, and as a result he is preaching a national literature and a national art. He believes that through the cultivation of art we may redeem the nation. Now there is something in this, and we are glad to see the Colonel espousing the cause of culture. This he is doing in no spirit of priggishness or superiority. Would that more of our statesmen were inclined to become active in the same cause. Politics, it has been said, touch only the fringe of life. Beyond the hustings where corpuscles are expected "to shout," as we learned from President Wilson the other day, lie many desirable activities, many hopes. In the broad fields of thought and art there are still untilled acres where lost causes are to be upheld, victories worth while to be won. What do our politicians accomplish? They muddle things and quarrel over jobs. That is all. To each man remains the duty of saving his own soul, guarding his own intelligence and defending the shrines of truth and justice. Politicians, as a matter of fact, have never contributed to the progress of the world. Indeed a nation is in a bad way when it depends for defense on men who know nothing but politics; for men who permit themselves to be engrossed in politics are men who began their education at the wrong end. When the French were defeated in 1870 a symposium was held for the discussion of the causes of national failure. "We have been conquered," said a literary man in the group, "because we neglected the cultivation of the mind." If this dictum may not be accepted literally at any rate underlying it is a profound truth. It is not to be gainsaid that political excellence is not to be attained in a country that is more absorbed in politics than in art and literature; for it is through the things of the mind that we come to a proper appreciation of life. So, with Colonel Roosevelt in his present line of thought we are heartily in sympathy. We regard it as a line that he might pursue to much greater advantage to his country than could be derived from the political preachments he has made familiar to all the world. It might be well for him to suggest this line of thought to Mr. Wilson, who, as an historian, would surely perceive that the times of great national achievements were the times when great literature flourished. The Elizabethan age, for example, was the time of the Armada. Drake and Shakespeare were contemporaries. Again, when England crushed the power of Napoleon, William Pitt was in the midst of the romantic revival, and Wordsworth, Scott and Coleridge were contemporaries of Nelson and Wellington. The science of government itself was but one of the studies that flourished along with the march of the Renaissance through Europe, and when this Republic was founded the

men associated with the birth of a nation were not politicians. They were men of taste and learning in the arts, men like Benjamin Franklin, lover of literature. John Adams who wrote a three-volume *History of Republics*, Thomas Jefferson who was saturated in the polished literature of France and Alexander Hamilton who wrote English as it was written by Addison,

As to Orators

Does the gift of oratory connote marked ability? This is a question men are asking in England. It has been pointed out that some of the most brilliant orators in council have been proved by this harrowing war mostly wrong about almost everything that has mattered since August 4th, 1914. They were wrong about the intentions of Germany; wrong about the length of the war; wrong about compulsory service; wrong about Gallipoli. On the other hand the man most notably right was Lord Kitchener. He was right about almost everything, and he was no orator. He was not even a good debater. Indeed he was even unimpressive in his judgments and almost inarticulate in momentous discussion. The gift of oratory, as a matter of fact, signifies nothing in particular; neither marked ability, nor, as some folk think, mediocrity. There are men who have spent so much time cultivating the gift of oratory that they have neglected other things, but a man may be at once an orator and a statesman. History and literature tell us of many eminent orators who were also distinguished for statesmanship. But it is not to be gained that the average orator is precisely the average orator and nothing more; in other words, a man with a fatal thirst for emotional appeal and for the exaltation of loud acclaim. When this thirst is developed in the average man, he becomes the confirmed orator, and rapid and tragic is his downward course. There are confirmed orators we all know, unbridled darlings of the mob whose swan-songs we would listen to with rapture.

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Varied Types

311—CAPTAIN ROBERT DOLLAR

By Edward F. O'Day

Hair and whisker white as the foam of the wave, cheeks corned to pinkness by the brine of old ocean, eyes that shine like the sun on a morning sea—that's Robert Dollar. He has the smile that goes with an even temper, the gentleness that smacks of strength. And he is strong. Stronger physically than most men of his years, and mentally a hardy two-fisted fighter ready any day to tackle a national Administration or the embattled phalanxes of organized labor. Captain Robert Dollar is a force in the community.

He had been talking of big and little business, of the Panama Canal, of freight rates, of war conditions in the shipping world and of what might be expected after the war. He had been talking of the Law and Order campaign of the Chamber of Commerce, a campaign for the regeneration of San Francisco which he helped to launch. Then the La Follette-Furuseth Seamen's Law came into the conversation. I asked Captain Dollar how that celebrated law was working. He answered that it was not being enforced. The statement surprised me, and I asked for particulars. In reply Captain Dollar laid before me the details of an interesting situation.

"If you interview Senator La Follette or Andrew Furuseth," said Captain Dollar, "you will be told that the law is enforced and that it is a success. The truth of the matter is that the Seamen's Law is absolutely ignored. It is non-effective. Foreign ships are not examined at all, and there is so little attention paid to American ships that it is negligible.

"To show you what has taken place I'll give you an instance of the manner in which the law was applied when it was new on the statute books, and then we'll contrast that with what recently happened to one of my ships. It was either the Siberia or the Mongolia, but it doesn't matter which. She had cleared and was steaming out of port when she was overhauled by a launch carrying the Collector of the Port. Andrew Furuseth had gone before the Collector and made affidavit that the ship had not complied with the law. That is a right which the law gives any American citizen provided he acts six hours before the ship clears. Once the affidavit is made the Collector must act; he has no discretion in the matter. Well, the Collector stopped this ship and ordered an examination. The captain protested that he had complied with the law in every particular. The examination showed that the ship was short two quartermasters. The captain said he had signed the two quartermasters.

"But what became of them?" asked the Collector.

"I can tell you," piped up one of the crew. "The union labor launch came alongside last night, and the two quartermasters slid down a cable and went away in the launch."

"That ship was held up for two days. So much for the way the law was applied when it was new. Now for my own recent experience. One of my ships came into this port by mistake. She had a crew of Chinese who couldn't by any chance meet the language test, and she wouldn't have come in here were it not that a blunder was made. I thought, naturally enough, that she'd never get out of here, but we

prepared to do our best. You may imagine my surprise when I found that no attention was paid to her. No attempt was made to examine her. She was going to San Pedro, and I thought: Well, they'll let her leave San Francisco, and they'll lay for her in San Pedro. But at San Pedro no attention was paid to her. Then I became bold and tried an experiment. She was going to British Columbia for a load of lumber, but I could buy the lumber cheaper in the Columbia River. So I bought a cargo of lumber there, and sent the ship to the Columbia River. Again there was no examination, no interference whatever.

"That is the situation as it stands. You may be sure that if the law was enforced, even in spots, it would be enforced against me, for I fought against it all I could, and Furuseth owes me a grudge. If that law is not enforced against me it isn't enforced against anybody.

"What's the explanation? I don't know. But I am beginning to suspect."

Captain Dollar produced a recent issue of the Coast Seamen's Journal, and pointed to an article on "Department-Made Law."

"The Seamen's Union," he explained, "is protesting against the physical examination provision of the law, or rather, against the way in which that provision has been enforced. The law provides for a physical examination of seamen. The carrying out of this provision was left to the naval authorities. The examinations are made by naval doctors who don't care what happens, and they have made the examination a severe one. The result is that hardened and experienced old seamen have been unable to pass the examination. A defect in eyesight or in hearing or a crooked finger disqualifies them from earning their living at sea, while young whippersnappers who don't know anything about ships are able to pass the examination. So the Seamen's Union has been protesting against this part of the law. They call it "department-made." In other words, this part of their well-laid plans to control the seas miscarried. So I suspect that the word has been given out from somewhere that the entire law is to be ignored. You see, they cannot very well enforce one part of it and overlook another. So the law is become a dead letter. Is it not damnable that such a law should be passed, only to become a dead letter?"

"Of course, as conditions are at present it doesn't make any difference to ship-owners whether the law is enforced or not. They can comply with it just now, and still make big profits. Abnormal freight rates are prevailing, and ships can afford to operate under the Seamen's Law or any other restrictive law.

"Nobody fought this law harder than I did, but once it was signed by the President I certainly looked to see it enforced. I happen to know, by the way, that the President did not intend to sign the bill. But Gompers and Furuseth visited him on the third of March and were closeted with him for an hour and a half. The bill was the last he signed before midnight. As I say, I thought the law would be enforced, and in anticipation of its enforcement we moved our business to Vancouver. We are spending two hundred thousand dollars there on a saw-mill, and our payroll up there is about \$88,000

a month, principally for wages. That is California money, and it ought to be paid out here; it would be had it not been that I expected that this rattle-brained, impractical law would be enforced."

Captain Dollar is of the opinion that there is going to be a slump when the present abnormal conditions cease; but he thinks that the Pacific Coast will be affected less than other parts of the country.

"I think the Pacific Coast will come off better than other sections," he said. "For one thing, the lumber business is paralyzed. That is the one business which has not partaken of the general prosperity. Lumber is as cheap today as ever before. The car shortage helps to account for this; lumber can't be shipped overland. And it cannot go in ships, for the very good reason that there are no ships, and if there were, the freight rates are so high that low-grade freight cannot be moved profitably. The result is that the stocks of lumber in foreign countries are very low; foreign countries are getting along with a minimum of lumber. Even here in San Francisco there has not been as much lumber used as is generally the case. When the war is over, and the bottom drops out of freight rates, lumber will move. The foreign yards will stock up. That will mean brisk business on this coast. Again, thousands on thousands of men are employed in the Eastern States at abnormally high wages manufacturing munitions. When the war stops, and before the munition plants can be converted to other uses, these men will be out of jobs and will be walking the streets. We have not that condition to look forward to. Yes, I think that after the war we shall be better off than any other part of the United States. However, this is only my opinion, and I may be wrong."

Captain Dollar says that when conditions return to normal, and ships that are now taking advantage of the enormous profits to be made on the Atlantic begin coming through the Panama Canal to the Pacific Coast ports, San Francisco will witness an era of prosperity, and will reap the benefits to which we have been looking forward ever since the Canal was built.

And he thinks that San Francisco will be in a good position to take advantage of its increased opportunities, with the problem of unionism on its way to settlement. Captain Dollar was one of those who spoke at the mass meeting in the Merchants Exchange the day the Law and Order Committee of the Chamber of Commerce was organized.

"Since that day," he says, "not a single non-union man has been beaten up in San Francisco."

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Perspective Impressions

Professor Pope's peace crusade seems to be fizzling.

Why don't these San Francisco black-handers go home and do their fighting against the enemy?

A jitney bus driver has been assaulted and robbed by a passenger. It's usually the other way round.

Suggestion to Bill Bryan: Move the office of "The Commoner" to Westerville, Ohio.

San Jose is sending the President a box of prunes. Many people thinks he's full of them already.

Because of the blasphemous character of Billy Sunday's devil-drives they have been banned by Archbishop O'Connell of Boston. But Billy doesn't care, for with all his blasphemy, obscenity and general indecency he has the sanction and support of Baptist and Methodist parsons everywhere.

Kid McCoy's eighth wife is seeking a divorce. If imitation is the sincerest form etc., Mrs. McCoy VIII is flattering seven women.

Speaking of the garbage problem, why not incinerate some of our obuncous politicians?

Were any of those afternoon newspaper gunmen ever punished? Or was it just a private feud?

By the way, what has become of all the men who were dieting on the sour-milk microbe a little while ago?

And also, what about the Eureka parson of the Baptist persuasion who was recently pronounced deranged? The poor man had the good sense to run away before he was punished for imitating the Rev. Slaughter, and he has been shrewd enough to keep in hiding ever since, but is the church to neglect a good brother who lost his mind while laboring in the holy cause of prohibition?

It's a dull day when there isn't a crisis in Greece.

At last we've protested about Germany's conduct in Belgium. Better late than never.

Link Steffens explains the matter thus: While Americans are moral. Mexicans are esthetic. Those who take Link seriously are requested to study that dampfool statement.

Professor Pope cites Lord Bryce in support of the assertion that intelligent Englishmen are to be found in favor of peace. Isn't Professor Pope slightly disingenuous? Intelligent men everywhere are eager for peace. The rare bird is the Englishman in favor of an inconclusive peace.

Too bad that when General Funston got into trouble with the Baptist parson who insisted on holding revival meetings in camp he didn't have the power to ship the gentleman over the border to give the Mexicans the blessing that was denied our own soldiers.

Seven Days' Leave

By Charles Bernard

"Come here, you," said the sergeant of military police, as the mud-soaked, war-worn men jostled one another up the gangway at Folkestone. "Give up your white card here, same as you was told!"

"All right, matey," said the soldier quietly. "Seem a bit short-tempered over here." And after a pause, handing over the desired document, "Been getting much shelling round here lately?"

The "Red Cap's" face changed to the color of his hat, and he maintained a dignified silence as the happy crowd, bubbling over with joyous anticipation of a few days' respite from the unspeakable discomfort of a winter campaign in Flanders, took up the joke.

"Had much gas coming over these last few days?" "Got any dry billets about here?" And a host of similar questions, designed to pull the leg of the home-service man, were asked as the ship disgorged her cheerful cargo.

And then into the train. Many a hoary gibe at the shortcomings of the S.E.C.R. was repented of as we sank appreciatively into the cushions (cushions in a third-class carriage: understand that?), and we were wafted Londonwards in bogey-slung luxury.

"By Gee," remarked a Canadian corporal—who, like so many "Canadians," did not come from Canada, but from the States—as the clean, trim villas of some comfortable Kentish village were left behind, "I guess this train's some streak, boys, after France. I'm not wanting a better country for a residence than this little old monarchy if only the folks was awake. I guess I seen quite a little lot of different States and cities, but you can search me if I know what they want to fight for that Gott-darned desolation over there for."

Oh the freshness and dryness and brightness of it all, and the cheering quality about everything that we saw! A soldier at Shorncliffe with two girls—two real English girls—afforded an opportunity for a yell of delight from the whole train. Just to think of it! and we should

soon hear women speaking English. This came sooner than we expected. As our train slowed down somewhat at Herne Hill, giving the Canadian occasion to surmise, "Guess we'll not be so far from that large smoky town by now!" a local train was standing in the station and from a carriage-window came a scream: "Oh I s'y! 'Ave you all just come from Frawnce? Good luck to yer!" So we had heard it at last.

And then the shaded lights showed more frequent, and a confused blue-green glow told us of Brixton, and then over The River (capital T, please) and into Victoria at last.

A rush from the carriage-doors, a few ecstatic kisses for waiting wives and sweethearts, and in a few minutes no sign was left of the homecoming host save a queue of the improvident waiting their turn to change their money—English money is quite easily come by in the British army area.

Our shipmates disappear, a mixed-looking throng, some wearing a week's beards, officers and men alike caked with the stoneless clay of the trenches they had left only the evening before, others spick and span in finery cajoled bit by bit from some grudging quartermaster-sergeant during long weeks or months of preparation for this eagerly-awaited moment. The Underground, the welcoming tea-shops, the countless passing taxis, swallow them up, and London has taken her empire's sons to her heart.

And this happens every afternoon. What a mixture of familiarity and strangeness one experiences in the darkened streets! The unaccustomed peril of dense traffic, the easy pushfulness of the Cockney pedestrian, the unexpected clumsiness in such surroundings of the individual used now for many months only to the cobbled spaciousness of Flemish roads or half-deserted French villages. But none can realize the joy of this homecoming but he who has experienced it.

Seven days' leave!—it seems like a life-time

stretching out before you, and like a short dream when you return, weary with leave-takings and discomfort, to your homeless home in Flanders.

Some impressions are very strongly fixed in the mind after a week's stay in the old country. The first is pleasing in every way. The amazing cleanness, neatness, and orderliness of everything at home—the rows of pleasant, happy houses—no one ever builds two houses alike in provincial France. He just leans one up against another and adapts the shape of it according to requirements—the perfect surface of the streets and roads. In the old days we cursed at the least hump of inequality on these; now we know how good they are—the excellence and punctuality of train, tube, bus, and tram, the perfection of the drainage and sanitation—the generally superior and finished look of everything after poor old happy-go-lucky France.

Most gratifying, too, was the desire of everyone, especially the women, to welcome us and make us feel happy and at home; how great the pleasure of seeing the well-known faces and hearing the voices that we love! The sights and sounds and smells of home were far sweeter than we have ever realized before.

But there are signs of the times in England which we, with our recently acquired war-wisdom, see with misgiving. The most striking feature of all is the immense prosperity of London. "A good sign," you will say. Yes, if it is a real prosperity used to good ends. But it is very forcibly brought home to one familiar with wistful, widowed France that the

(Continued on Page 18)

FOR MEN

**Herbert's Bachelor Hotel
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The Spectator

The Fall of Barnum's

Barnum's license has been revoked! This may not mean much to you or me. Indeed as to you it may suggest nothing more than a mishap to a circus, for presumably you are but recently emerged from your salad days and you treasure no memories of the heyday of Barnum's. For many years—nigh on to a quarter of a century—Barnum's has been slipping into tradition. Indeed Barnum's—the Barnum's whose license has been revoked—began to slip in the days when that famous coterie known as the Old Bills crossed the bay to find seclusion at the Poodle Dog and the Pup. Oakland was becoming populous. Barnum's was in its glory when Oakland was but a village. Barnum's was as famous for its cuisine as was the Lamolle House of San Jose in that remote period when joyrides were taken in trains, when the gay dogs of San Francisco were young members of the bar and bench. There was atmosphere both at the Lamolle and at Barnum's and the bon vivant of San Francisco gladly went some distance to get it. It was thought prudent to go to Oakland for a good time, for Barnum's was off the line of travel and its waiters were as famous for discretion as was its chef for the dishes that a Brillat-Savarin might have applauded. What a vivacious book could be written to preserve the history that was made at Barnum's by our financiers of the Bonanza Days! Love affairs were not the only transactions pulled off at Barnum's. Big mining deals were put through there, and more than one contretemps furnished material for a French farce. I believe it was there that our foremost beau used to seek relaxation, and I have heard that some of the incidents of the famous Le Fevre case that shocked both sides of the bay had an echo or two in Barnum's. The gossip of the time was that when the husband of Dr. Stebben's daughter killed Le Fevre, he made a mistake, and that the famous beau was the man responsible for the domestic mix-up. Alas, how the old place has degenerated! The last drama of importance enacted there was the one in which Henry Dalton, Oakland's assessor, cut a big figure. It will be remembered that it was at Barnum's that a bribe was slipped unawares into Dalton's capacious inside pocket. And now Barnum's is to be closed. The proprietor has been charged with conducting a house of ill-fame. What a tragedy! A house of ill-fame, indeed! Rather a house of many fond memories, of glorious tradition. We have fallen upon evil Puritan times when only the parsons of the Slaughter and McLeod type are tolerated and defended for their unchastity. The shrine of Venus we abominate, preferring to substitute a more sacred shrine where little girls may be seduced by the professionally righteous. With both Bacchus and Venus banished we shall make fast time on the road to perfection, and now that the Red Light District is threatened with dissolution nature lovers will appropriately do their wooing in the parks.

Labor Turns Mooney Down

Some weeks ago The Bulletin gave one the impression that the State Labor Council had espoused the cause of our little crew of dynamers. It was so reported by The Bulletin, which of course would be delighted were such the case, for Mr. Fremont Older is Mooney's best

friend. Yes, the editor of one of the leading dailies of this city is a man of very broad sympathies. He has more intimate friends than those who have proved themselves worthy of his esteem by serving time in the penitentiary. He has a strong inclination to the society of men who are only on the road to the penitentiary; dynamiters and anarchists for example. Now Older did not tell the truth about the State Labor Council. It has not espoused the cause of the dynamiters; nor has the San Francisco Labor Council done so. An attempt was made the other night to get the support of our Labor Council, and it failed, but The Bulletin hasn't told us about it. Neither has any other San Francisco daily. It appears as though the turning down of the dynamiters was not welcome news to our daily press. The fight for them in the Labor Council was made by Labor Boss Johansen who argued that the unions should give them aid so that they might get a square deal from District Attorney Fickert who had been elected by the corporations. Supervisor Andrew Gallagher made an eloquent protest, and gave Mr. Johansen a pretty oratorical drubbing. He declared that the dynamiters were receiving an absolutely square deal and he denied that Fickert was a corporation official. "On the contrary," said the supervisor, "he is a Labor official. He was nominated at the request of the president of the Building Trades Council of which Mr. Johansen is an officer." Andy was supplied with data that quite overwhelmed the dynamiters' friend, and he urged the council to have nothing to do with the dynamiters as they were not representatives of Labor and should not be permitted to identify themselves therewith.

Heney for Governor

Francis J. Heney for Governor! How does that strike you? You may think it a little early to do any thinking about the next gubernatorial campaign, but Heney doesn't think so. I hear that he has been thinking about it a long time, and that he has made up his mind to grab the Johnson machine. His friends say he would rather get that machine than anything else and that he has already received the assurance that The Bulletin will support him; which means of course that Rudolph Spreckels will not regard a reconciliation as disagreeable. Now don't laugh at the programme. In these days of non-partisan politics Heney is far from being a dead one. Once a Democrat, then a Republican, later a Progressive, little Francis J. is again a disciple of Jefferson and fit as a fiddle. He is not to be grinned at. His shiftiness only shows that he has a passion for "service," and that's what the dear people like. Once upon a time politicians could not afford to be frankly false to principle but the dear, enlightened people have made it easy for them. The shifty politicians themselves being sensible of the only motives by which they are inspired, are ashamed of themselves and are not to be joshed about their past, but the dear public loves them for their devotion. Now Heney is very much beloved. When he was running for the Senate he came to the San Francisco county line with the highest vote. He is very strong in his new home. Being chemically pure himself, he is a man after the Los Angeles heart. Another circumstance in his favor is that both United States Senators represent the

North. It was to conciliate the South that Governor Johnson appointed his successor from Los Angeles thus making it a little easier for himself in his Senatorial campaign. Now how are you going to beat Heney?

Rolph versus Heney

Perhaps you will say you don't want to beat Heney. I say perhaps because I know that Heney's strength doesn't all lie in the South. The fact is Heney will be a hard man to beat everywhere but in San Francisco, a city somewhat sophisticated, from which Francis J. deemed it expedient to migrate. I am thinking of Heney as a hard man to beat without forgetting that Mayor Rolph is not without popularity. Mayor Rolph is popular outside of San Francisco. He could beat any ordinary man for Governor, but Heney is not an ordinary man. Heney is the shifty politician born to mature for this peculiar period in which the people bestow their affections with the greatest enthusiasm on the Heney type of man. Besides Heney's ambition has begun to flower just at a time when the men who are shrewd enough to realize the ugliness of his character are viewing Mayor Rolph with alarm. I mean the members of the Chamber of Commerce, a body that is now taking a deep interest in politics—in practical politics at that. From what they accomplished in the recent campaign it is clear that they are to be reckoned with, and surely their hostility to Mayor Rolph will not be to the disadvantage of the chemically pure citizen of Los Angeles.

"Honest John" Lucubrates

When it comes to writing letters "Honest John" McDougald, our City and County Treasurer, runs President Wilson a close second.

The Slogan of the Day Carries a Great Thought

"Safety First." You see it everywhere. Apply it to your own affairs—be safe. To you with your priceless heirlooms and your valuable papers of many kinds, it means a safe deposit box—beyond reach of burglars, fire, or careless hands.

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JOHN F. CUNNINGHAM

In output, be it understood; not in style, or even in grammar. If treasurers were bonded against mistakes in grammar "Honest John" would bankrupt his surety company. If "Honest John" left the city funds around as carelessly as he does his pronouns and verbs, the city would go broke. "Honest John's" sentences remind you of Anna Held's eyes: he can't make them behave. If "Honest John" met Goold Brown he wouldn't recognize him. Some busy men append to their letters the magic formula "dictated but not read;" "Honest John" ought to append to his "read but not corrected." "Honest John" has just been delivered of another epistolary brain child, and father and baby are doing as well as could be expected, considering the fact that "Honest John" never studied "The Complete Letter Writer" or the rules of orthography and syntax. It may be recalled that the last time "Honest John" broke silence and the rules of writing was when he pointed out that Charlie Schwab of the steel trust got a million per annum while he, poor "Honest John," only received the miserable honorarium of four thousand a year. He asked the voters to give him eight. They gave him—Hades. I believe the majority in favor of sticking to four thousand as the treasurer's salary was about sixty thousand. Nevertheless, if you don't judge by results, that was a great letter "Honest John" wrote. And now he has written another. I've read it. I'd rather read one of "Honest John's" letters than a novel by Harold Bell Wright or Gene Stratton Porter; for one thing, the letters are shorter. If that pre-election letter was a masterpiece, this one is a shay doov, as the French like to say.

He's Not Sore

You might think that "Honest John" would be put out, peeved,*miffed, aggrieved by the treatment he got at the election. Not a bit of it. "Honest John" has assimilated his punishment and comes up smiling. He bobs up serenely to announce that he isn't sore. "As the Christmas season approaches," says "Honest John" in his latest epistolary pronouncement which was manifested for the press, "I find my heart full of good will towards all the employees of our city, who will need their salaries to make their families and friends happy at this joyous season." I believe it was Sir Philip Sydney who said: "Look in thy heart and write." Of course "Honest John" didn't go to the knightly poet for permission to look in his heart. He just looked, with the result set forth. Being so full of good will "Honest John" has a suggestion to make: "In the name of Santa Claus I ask all the employees to hang up their stockings, and from the millions of dollars I find in my vault at this time I am ready to do my part in distributing some of this money in the homes of our people where it will do the most good, to provide for things that make life happy by presenting some token of love to the wife or the

sweetheart, filling the baby's stocking," and so forth. Now you'll admit that this is "uncommon generous" of "Honest John." He has the millions, and he's willing to disburse them. There are lots of millionaires who have the millions, but do they show this liberal spirit that breathes forth from "Honest John?" I should say not! Of course there is this trifling difference, that the money isn't "Honest John's," but let us not be censorious. There is a lot more in the letter that I have not room to quote, precious as it all is. But the pith of the epistle is that if the city departments will get their salary demands into "Honest John's" hands before Christmas, he'll honor them. "Honest John" couldn't make that suggestion without executing a grand flourish; and he can't execute a grand stand flourish without making himself ridiculous. So there you are. Merry Christ. "Honest John!"

What's the Matter with Bohemia?

What has come over the artists of the Bohemian Club? Where is their old time industry? Or if they continue to be industrious, where do they exhibit the fruits of their industry? The questions are called forth by the annual picture show which is a Yuletide event in the Bohemian Club. There was a time when this annual picture show was a great event not only in club circles but in art circles as well. The best pictures painted here during the year were to be seen on the walls of the jinks room. The show was a summing up of the year's art activities. This is no longer the case. The shows have been less representative every year. Either the painters who belong to the club do not paint very much, or else they are indifferent to the Bohemian exhibition and do not bother to send their latest canvases. This year it was necessary to display a number of old pictures in order to eke out the scanty collection of new works. Pictures by Jules Tavernier, Alexander Harrison, Emile Carlsen, Charles Dickman, Fred Yates, Thad Welch, Charles Robinson, Rollo Peters and Amedee Jouillin are in this year's show, but these are all old pictures. Some of them were borrowed for the show from owners who have had them in their homes for a long time. They shed no light whatever on the San Francisco art of 1916. They are interesting of course, but they are not new. The same remark applies to a good deal of the sculpture exhibited. Of course there are new pictures and new statues in the exhibition, but not as many as there should be. There are indications that some of the Bohemian artists have been hard at work this year—Spencer Macky, for instance. His "El Tango Argentine" is one of the most talked-of pictures. It is a striking study in yellow of a Spanish girl who reminds you of Carmen. She has "a strange and savage beauty; with each fault she unites a good point which comes out more by virtue of contrast." The pose is

full of nervous action. But Spencer Macky is a newcomer in Bohemia. Is it possible that the elder artists are growing tired? that they are not working as hard as they used to? that—horrid thought—too much club life has sapped their creative energy? We have a promising and industrious crop of young artists in town, but they do not show at the Bohemian Club. Most of them cannot afford to belong to a club.

Hermann Scheffauer Attacked

Germany, and German agents in this country have made every effort to discredit D. Thomas Curtin, the Boston writer who spent ten months in Germany and has been writing his impressions for the London Times. According to Curtin, Hermann Scheffauer, the poet who formerly lived in this city and who was married in London shortly before the war broke out, to Eethel Talbot, a talented English poetess, is one of those who are engaged in discrediting him, or attempting to do so. Curtin writes in the London Times: "Herman Scheffauer, as much an active agent as a spy in England, who had previously been deported from France, is among those the German Government is employing to attack the articles which German newspapers dare not reprint, and are only allowed to refer to in denials."

Truxton Beale, Editor

It will surprise many to learn that Truxton Beale has just appeared in the role of editor. His name appears on the title page of a new edition of Herbert Spencer's essays on "The Man versus the State." His editorial labors consisted principally in inducing several well known Americans to contribute critical and interpretative comments on the Spencerian text. The commentators are William H. Taft, Charles W. Eliot, Elihu Root, Henry Cabot Lodge, David Jayne Hill, Nicholas Murray Butler, E. H. Gary, Harlan F. Stone and Augustus P. Gardner. This is quite a flock of notables for our Truxton to be shepherding.

Spanish Art at Tolerton's

An exhibition of paintings by old Spanish masters opened in the gallery of the Hill Tolerton Print Rooms at 540 Sutter street on Monday to continue until January 5. Many of the most famous names in Spanish art are included in this exhibition, among them being Murillo, El Greco, Zuburan and Goya among the classics, and Zuloaga, the famous modern master, representing the art of today. There is a group of famous etchings by Goya in addition to his paintings. This is the first time that a truly representative collection of the masterpieces of Spanish art has been brought to California, and unusual interest is being manifested in the event

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by the art lovers of the community. Many prominent members of the Spanish colony in the city and the old Spanish California families were present on the opening day.

Bonar Law of Canada

Only a few years ago people in England were asking, "Who is Bonar Law?" so little was the man from New Brunswick known in some quarters outside of Westminster. He had just succeeded Mr. A. J. Balfour in the leadership of the Unionist party. The news was received both in the House and the country with an almost incredulous surprise. That was six years ago. Bonar Law has been plodding along in his unspectacular way ever since, and though his name has become familiar to us of late, very little is known of him in this country. People here were asking "Who is Bonar Law?" when they heard a week ago that Lloyd-George was eager for him as an associate in the conduct of the war. So as I happen to know something of him it may be worth while to tell something of his career. He is the son of the Rev. James Law, a Scotsman of piety and learning who was one of the most respected clergymen of Canada and whose dearest wish was that his son Andrew should follow in his steps to the pulpit. Andrew was going to school in Hamilton, Ontario, when a letter arrived from an uncle in Glasgow which changed the whole course of his life. The uncle was an iron merchant. "Send the boy over here," he wrote; "he will get a better education here and I will see to his future." Thus it was that one day in 1870 the boy crossed the Atlantic and took the first step on his way to fame and fortune.

His Going to Parliament

Law was educated at the Glasgow high school and thence he was translated to a stool in the office of his uncle's firm William Kidston and Sons. When he reached the early twenties he was the controlling spirit of the firm and was recognized as one of the "longest-headed" men in Glasgow. About this time he inherited from a rich relative a substantial legacy, more than sufficient to keep him in luxury for the rest of his life, but he stuck to business. He might never have entered the political arena had he not joined a debating club in Glasgow, where one day he was heard in a debate by Mr. Balfour the Unionist leader, who was so struck by the speaker's grasp of a difficult subject and the force and eloquence of his arguments that he asked to be introduced to him. In the conversation that followed Balfour convinced Bonar Law that Westminster was the proper sphere of his activity. Thus it was that in 1890, at the age of forty-two, the iron merchant took his seat in Parliament as Unionist member for the Blackfriars. A quite obscure person was the new member of Parliament when he took his seat. He gave the impression of being a shy, retiring man who would be content, indeed would prefer, to occupy a back seat in silence rather than descend into the arena of battle. Nobody had any suspicion of the fire and energy and cleverness that were behind his mild and somewhat commonplace exterior.

His Maiden Speech

Curiously enough Bonar Law made his first hit in Parliament in a debate with Lloyd-George.

Evidently at the start of his political career he meant to feel his way very carefully. His maiden speech was as modest as it was successful. It was a reply to a speech by Mr. Lloyd-George on the conduct of the South African war, a reply so masterly, so admirable in form and manner, that it roused the House, which had begun to listen with an air of polite boredom, to a pitch of enthusiasm rarely reached by a first effort, and when he resumed his seat it was amid a tumult of cheers, which brought a flush of surprised pleasure to his cheeks. The excellent impression he made was confirmed and strengthened by each later speech—on the Coal Duty, the Corn Tax, the Sugar Convention—speeches which revealed the Glasgow member as a man steeped to the finger-tips in the business aspect of things, with a quite uncanny skill in juggling with figures, a prodigious memory and a gift of clear exposition of the most complicated subjects. So rapidly did he establish his reputation as a debater and as a man of wide and profound knowledge, that within two years of taking his seat he was appointed Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade, an office for which his business training eminently fitted him, and in which he did excellent work until 1906 when, at the general election he was defeated in Glasgow, but soon found a seat in Dulwich.

An Anecdote

In Parliament few men were more respected by political foes as well as friends than Bonar Law, and indeed he is an antagonist to command respect, if only for the armory of facts and figures which he always carries into a debate. His keenest weapon is perhaps his deadly accuracy. Without a note to guide him he will reel off figures and facts calculated to bewilder the level-headed man with all the assistance notes can give him; and, so amazing is his memory, that it is said he has never been known to make a mistake. Occasionally a too confident member has tried to catch him tripping, but he never repeats the attempt. If his figures are questioned he will pause, with a patient and amused smile; he will put his hand into one or other of his pockets, produce a notebook, and after a moment's examination, answer: "No. I find I am quite correct. The figure is £4,236,527" (or whatever it may actually be), "precisely as I stated." If objection is raised to some date, statement or quotation, his hand dives once more into the pocket in which he has the information, and again the doubter is effectually silenced. He is right again. One of Law's most refreshing characteristics is his sense of humor, which is very marked, in spite, as some would ungenerously say, of the fact that he is a Scotsman. This humor finds its freest play in his election campaigns, and some very amusing stories are told of his handling of hecklers. At one of his meetings in Northwest Manchester a very pertinacious and offensive heckler insisted on getting a direct "yes" or "no" to his questions, and Mr. Law promised to answer as desired on condition that "yes" or "no" was given to a question he wished to put to his interrogator. "All right," said the heckler. "Well," said the candidate, "have you stopped beating your wife?" The man gasped in confusion and collapsed, while the meeting cheered with delight at the candidate's adroit use of the ancient jest.

Joffre and Boulanger

The vain, insincere political soldier of the eighties is not to be compared with the patriotic, unselfish hero of the Marne. Yet it is worth while ranging the name of the "brav" general" alongside that of "Grandpere Joffre," because the treatment meted out to the one and the other illustrates a remarkable change in the attitude of the French populace toward its idols. Boulanger was a fair soldier, but he was a political soldier, and therefore as dangerous in a large way as a "sea lawyer" is in a small way. The hero of the mob, he cultivated popularity with all the arts of a Rienzi, and his demagoguery became a menace to the republic. So he was deprived of his command, but continued in his self-seeking course, and there was a crucial time when he might have effected a coup d'etat. Charged with treason he turned tail and ran for his life, and it was only this inglorious action which showed the mob that their idol had feet of clay. And yet, when he blew out his brains melodramatically on the grave of his mistress Mme. de Bonnemains in Brussels he still had a large following which believed that he might have been the "savior of the state." The Boulanger hysteria was one of those outbreaks that used to be thought temperamental in Frenchmen. But was it an expression of the national temperament? If it was, that temperament has undergone a remarkable change. For Joffre is a greater popular hero than Boulanger ever was; and yet when it is seen that Joffre has given his best to his country the plans to "kick him upstairs" and put a younger and more aggressive man in his place excite no public indignation. This is one of those French mysteries which puzzle all but Frenchmen. Once a tawdry Boulanger could hypnotize his fellowmen; now a Joffre cannot move them from their conviction that the cause is everything, the individual nothing. Does it not seem that people rise to the level of their heroes, French people at least?

The Success of Papa

From Los Angeles comes the news that "Papa" has made a big hit at the "Little Theatre" down there. All the critics are praising "Papa" and the piece is on for a long run. "Papa" was written several years ago by that brilliant St. Louis woman Zoe Aitken, who is better known as a poet, having contributed some very fine poems to American literature. I am glad to hear of the great success of her first play, for I reviewed it when it was brought out between book-covers and pronounced it an exceptionally clever farce, one that would certainly win acclaim in the theatre. The play has been in the hands of nearly every manager in the country, and one after another turned it down, which was not astonishing, for anything unusual, anything that is in the nature of literature, is a puzzle to the average American manager. The play was put into the hands of John Drew and he puzzled over it for awhile and returned it. It seemed as if the play would have to go to England and make a success there before it would be vouchsafed production in this country. But the lady who opened the Little Theatre in Los Angeles saw the merit of the play and had the courage of her convictions. Now it appears that the play is so good that it almost plays itself. It has made a success even at the hands of a company of players hardly any better than amateurs.

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Beatty's Drinking Feat

Admiral Sir David Beatty who has been promoted to chief of Great Britain's naval forces at sea, is described as "a strange blend of pugnacity and piety." Americans take a particular interest in him because his wife is the only daughter of Marshall Field of Chicago. There is a good story told of Sir David's ability as a drinker. Shortly before the war he visited Petrograd and was lavishly entertained. Count Tolstoy, mayor of Petrograd, presented him with a silver gilt beaker enameled in colors, a perfect specimen of Russian goldsmithery. The beaker was handed to Sir David at the end of Tolstoy's speech, full to the brim with champagne. Beatty, rising to reply, raised the goblet to his lips and drained it to the health of the city of Petrograd at a single draught, a feat which staggered even the most famous Russian toppers present—and the Russian toper is a wonder at downing champagne. Beatty then returned thanks eloquently, and as calmly as if he had done nothing unusual. That feat of draining an enormous beaker at a draught was described in every newspaper in Russia; it made Beatty a Russian hero.

Franz Joseph and Kreisler

Fritz Kreisler knew the late Emperor of Austria well, and often played for him. The Viennese wizard of the fiddle has described the concerts he gave at Schoenbrunn: "Always, after the hifalutin music which his masters of ceremonies felt they must have on the court concert programme, he would come to me as simply as any child and in a half apologetic whisper, as if he were afraid of those same masters of ceremonies, ask me to play simple little tunes that he knew and understood."

The December Lantern

It has become quite the thing to give magazine subscriptions as Christmas presents, and I do not know of any subscription that would be more acceptable to a reader who likes literature as distinguished from piffle than a subscription to The Lantern. The price is a dollar and a half a year, an attractive figure for a Christmas remembrance. The donor of a year's subscription to The Lantern is bound to be remembered kindly throughout the year, for in all the nineteen months of its existence The Lantern has never failed of the high standard its editors set for themselves at the start. Take the December number which is now on the news stands: In addition to articles by the editors Theodore Bonnet and Edward F. O'Day it contains contributions by the great Russian story and play writer Anton Tchekov, by the famous British author R. B. Cunninghame Graham, by that thoughtful Irishman Desmond McCarthy, by the inimitable James Stephens; also poems by two of the foremost of living poets, John Drinkwater and Laurence Housman. Here is a feast indeed! In addition to these is a cheerful "browsing" sort of article by The Bookworm called "Historic Sayings." Mr. Bonnet's article this month is concerned with "Writers Who Are Loved," and among those he discusses is Cunninghame Graham who is represented in the same issue by a remarkable article on "El Tango Argentino." Cunninghame Graham spent years in the Argentine, so he writes of the tango from first hand knowledge. Mr. O'Day contributes to this number a few pages of fantastic nonsense called "Forward Looking Men." He threatens to continue this in future issues. Those who have not yet made the acquaintance of The Lantern should invest

fifteen cents in this December issue; they will not regret the small expenditure.

Cresta Blanca in Glasgow

The Corporation of Glasgow, Scotland, had its annual banquet on the tenth of November this year. This is the greatest public dinner of the year in the Scotch city. There were three hundred guests. The menu was the work of Glasgow's greatest chef. The wines were chosen with particular care. They were Cresta Blanca, Irroy 1906 and St. Julien. This was the first time that a Californian wine was used in a Glasgow banquet; previously French wines always had the call. The fact illustrates the widespread popularity of Cresta Blanca; Cresta Blanca wines are known throughout Great Britain, and recent orders have been filled for Greece, China, Japan, Manila, Cuba, Porto Rico, the Argentine and Central America. A number of these were ordinary shipments; quite a few, however, were Christmas shipments, for the fashion of sending Cresta Blanca abroad as a Christmas gift is spreading rapidly, and the firm has perfected its facilities for filling such orders promptly. A great deal of Cresta Blanca goes to all parts of America, also at the prompting of Santa Claus.

The Babytown Express

There are trains that roar and rumble at the call of human stress,
But the fastest and the gladdest is the Babytown Express.
It runs from Dawn to Twilight and you couldn't count the miles,
For the track is made of fancy and the ties are laid in smiles.
The good old backwoods pasture gate is train and engine, too,
With Bud, on top, as engineer, to make the choo-choo-choo!

Big Sis, the sweet conductor, takes the tickets on the way,

Collecting hugs and kisses from the ones who have to pay.
And sometimes, in a merry mood, she stops the train and then
Goes round among the passengers and takes the fares again.
It's funny how the tourists, too, are willing that she should,
Because it takes a lot of fares to make the service good.

The Babytown Express makes stops to gratify each wish;
It waits at Cookie Station and at Noodles-in-the-Dish.
The noon stop's Milk-and-Crackers and again at half past four
It halts at Bread-and-Jelly, nearest point to Kitchendoor.
The day's last stop is Twilight, where the evening shadows fall—
Then they tumble in the sleeper—train crew, passengers and all.

Crabshaw—The cost of most things has doubled on account of the war

Mrs. Crabshaw—Then you'll have to give me a hundred instead of the usual fifty for Christmas.

Gentleman (to butler who has just given notice)—But why do you wish to leave, Podgers?

Butler—I'd rather not say, sir.

Gentleman—But come, come, I insist on knowing.

Butler—Well, if you must know, sir, I've been here now for twenty years, and I'm absolutely sick of you and your family.

"You should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," admonished the physician.

The patient glanced around ruefully at his wife.

"If I had always followed that rule, Lizzie, where would you be?"

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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

When East Meets West

There is yet room for improvement in the terms of the entente cordiale that embraces Japan and the United States. Union labor in California has learned to tolerate, nay to cultivate the Japanese; but in places where one would scarcely look for such a manifestation Japophobia continues to be rampant. This disconcerting fact was illustrated at one of our big hotels during the visit here of the Marquis and Marchioness Mayeda. Never have a Japanese couple, titled or otherwise, attracted such favorable attention here as the Mayedas. The Marquis is a man of the world, perfectly at ease in his mastery of occidental manners. The Marchioness is charming, dashing, vivacious. Surely, one would think, these if any would disarm the Japophobe. But not so, as the following story shows. The scene was the elevator at the hotel. The Marquis and Marchioness, faultlessly attired in western evening dress, had left the dining room and were being lifted to their apartment. The manager of the hotel happened to be in the elevator too. Another guest, an American, entered the elevator, on his way to his apartment. He was overcoated and hatted. He did not unbonnet. The Marquis Mayeda turned to the hotel manager.

"Mr. Manager," he said, "I am used to seeing gentlemen take off their hats in the presence of ladies. Will you kindly request this gentleman to do so?"

The guest in question grew very red, but he did not remove his hat. The hotel manager did the only thing to be done in the circumstances; he did and said nothing. But as the American guest was about to leave the elevator at his floor, he turned to the Marquis Mayeda and said:

"It is my habit to use my own judgment in what I do."

I suppose it will be better if I refrain from telling who the American guest was. Suffice it that he is a judge, a federal judge. I don't want to cause a federal complication.

Miss de Young's Intentions

What secret, if any, is Miss Phyllis de Young concealing in that pretty head of hers? What delightful project is she discussing with her own heart? When her thoughts wander in

maiden meditation do they stay at home or wing their way swiftly to the other side of the continent? Her girl friends are dying to know. They suspect that vivacious Phyllis is no longer mistress of her affections, that these affections have been entrusted to a masculine custodian whose name will be revealed in due course and whose residence is in or near New York. Some of the girl friends have even been writing to Doris Ryer for information on this interesting subject. If anybody knows, it is Doris. Doris Ryer, the bride of Sherman Aldrich, is Phyllis' closest chum. If anybody besides her parents is in Phyllis' confidence it is Doris. Besides, Doris has been for a long time in New York, and New York is supposed to be the home of the young man, the mysterious, unnamed young man who is supposed to occupy so much of Phyllis' thought. Doris and Phyllis had a New York season together; also a very brilliant season at Newport. It is thought that Doris Ryer may have taken an active part in the encouragement of the romance, if romance there is. But Doris is mute. She won't tell; she is true to Phyllis. So the friends of Phyllis can only wait; but they are awfully impatient.

The de Young Girls

If Phyllis de Young has lost her heart to an Easterner the news, when made public, will not be received with unalloyed delight in this city. Mingled with felicitations will be regret that the lucky man is an Easterner. We won't regard with equanimity the prospect of losing Phyllis de Young. Her sisters Helen, Constance and Kathleen all married San Franciscans, and without effort have held as matrons the popularity which was theirs in the days of their belledom. Girls like the de Young girls are not so common that we can afford to lose one of them. They measure up to a very high standard intellectually and socially. The fact that Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Joe Tobin and Mrs. Ferdinand Thieriot live here will not make it any easier for us to see Phyllis de Young go East. But if there is an Eastern romance, it may be that the man in the case can be lured to San Francisco. That would dispose of the difficulty. Here's hoping!

Forcible Mrs. Howard

There is to be more litigation over the How-

ard holdings in Marin county, and stories of former law suits in the family are being retold at the tables where the oldsters get together. One story that has been recalled has to do, not with the legal troubles of the Howards, but with the sledge-hammer verbal blows that Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard loved to deliver. Mrs. Howard was a member of the Century Club, but after a time failed to attend its meetings. At a tea she met several of the prominent members.

"You haven't been to the club for a long time, Mrs. Howard," said one of these; "why don't you come up to some of the meetings?"

"I've come to the conclusion," replied Mrs. Howard, "that women's clubs are all bosh and by-laws. It's only the individual woman who can accomplish anything. A club of women is as purposeless as a band of sheep without a shepherd and a dog."

Mrs. Martin's New Role

An accommodating press agent informs me that a special train is being loaded with Californian admirers of President Wilson who will go en masse to the inauguration. His communication conveys the pleasant news that Mrs. Eleanor Martin is general chairman of the delegation. It is not stated in so many words that Mrs. Martin will go to Washington on the special train, but I take it that such is the situation. This fills me with interest. Mrs. Martin has shone in many social roles, but hitherto she has never taken a hand in politics, and I take it for granted that this junket will have a political character. So this seems to mark the entry of our social arbitress into the arena of party activity. There is much dust in that arena, and the company is a good deal mixed; so I doubt whether the kindly head of the House of Martin will enjoy her incursion. Mrs. Martin will learn many things about human nature of which she has not dreamed in her sheltered circle if she accompanies that delegation to Washington. To travel with a bunch of Democratic politicians in a special train is to view humanity in the rough. If she goes, Mrs. Martin should keep a diary. With her sense of humor illuminating the entries from day to day the resultant book would be a best seller among the wise.

The Lorgnette to Go

"The old-fashioned fan is rarely seen, possibly because the ventilation in concert halls and theatres has improved of late. The lorgnette also is a little out of date."

Thus a fashion expert, writing from Paris. It is arresting news. The fan can be spared. But the lorgnette? The lorgnette is to many women the outward sign of social dignity, the weapon of embattled exclusiveness, the symbol of hauteur. With the lorgnette the climber

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hypnotizes the accredited social leader. With the lorgnette the snob annihilates her unfortunate inferior. With the lorgnette the culture emphasizes her claim to intellectual standing. With the lorgnette the elderly flirt coaxes reluctant attention. Sometimes the lorgnette is an instrument of utility, more frequently it is merely an adjunct of dress. It is the matron's substitute for the young girl's swagger stick. Like the dude's monocle it is principally ornamental. But it has a hold upon its users, like the watch bracelet. My guess is that the lorgnette will die hard.

The "Star Dinner"

The "Star Dinner Dance" was the title of a unique and artistic event recently tendered by Mr. and Mrs. Louis A. Schwabacher at the St. Francis to two hundred of their friends. The star motif was consistently carried out in every feature. The tables were arrayed in the Colonial ball room in the form of a giant star leaving the center of the floor clear for several novel dances arranged by Douglas Crane. One of these brought out, in succession, impersonations of the Polar Star, Evening Star, Police Star and a Fallen Star, the latter being costumed to represent His Satanic Majesty. Miss Myrtle Griffiths, in a costume of iridescent rose and silver, crowned with a diadem of stars, appeared in another dance of the stars. For this number the lights about the room were dimmed and the figure of the graceful dancer illumined by means of flashlights distributed among the guests prior to her entry. Two tons of Christmas berries were used in the table decorations which continued the star pattern. Smilax and berries graced the lines of the room, and twinkling electric stars suspended from a cobweb of festooned smilax were outlined against a drifting cloud effect projected upon the ceiling from a concealed battery of limelights. The menu brought forth the stars of the theatrical firmament. Mrs. Vernon Castle, Caruso, La Loie Fuller, Edwin Booth, Charlie Chaplin and others were represented in miniature figures done in color by Dan Sweeney, each mounted upon a miniature stage and lighted by a row of electric bulbs in the tiny footlight trough. The background of each was designed to fit the character of the act portrayed, and the evening's menu adroitly incorporated in the design. During the evening Miss Sophie Tucker, appearing through the courtesy of the Orpheum Theatre, as one of its many stars, added her rollicking humor to the occasion.

The Russian Ball

The big social event of the coming week is the Russian ball and the "Prince Igor" ballet divertissement on Monday night at the Hotel St. Francis which all society will attend, many of the younger set coming in costumes of their own designing. As the dancing will continue until long after midnight, many hostesses will follow the theatre with supper at the Russian ball. The sale of seats, boxes and table reservations is in charge of a capable group of people

interested in the McKinley Orphanage for which the affair is given. Mrs. Robert I. Bentley, Mrs. Robert I. Bentley Jr. and Mrs. Charles Bentley are particularly interested in the outcome of the affair, as the late Dr. Robert I. Bentley was one of the founders of the institution.

Dainty Miss Dibble to Dance

"Dainty little Andrea Dibble, the nine-year-old daughter of Mrs. Ellen F. Dibble, society matron of San Francisco, is again to appear in a society opera dansant, "Happy Japan," to be given Friday evening, December 15, at Scottish Rite Hall. The opera, sung and acted by one hundred pretty little girls of the smart set, will be written, produced and directed by the Misses Wyatt. Andrea is a wee bit of a girl, graceful and gifted in the art of acting and dancing. She does some very clever work in her interpretation of a fairy in the snow ballet, and as a flower sprite in the spring number, danced to the inspiration of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song."

At Hotel Oakland

On Saturday last Mrs. C. H. Mitchell who lives in the hotel was hostess at a luncheon. Her guests: Mr. Katzenbach, Miss Katzenbach and Mr. Wallace. In honor of Miss Ida Henshaw, Miss Katherine Crellin presided over a delightful but informal tea on December 8. Among those bidden to meet Miss Henshaw, one of the season's debutantes, were: Mrs. Dudley Dexter, Miss Helen Goodall, Miss Suzette Greenwood, Miss Alice Crellin, Miss Ann Elizabeth Crowder, Miss Helen Rodolph, Miss Juanita Ghirardelli, Miss Kathryn Maxwell and Miss Alison Stone. The Alameda county parlors of the Native Sons and Daughters hope to raise a large sum of money from the monster benefit whist tournament which was given Tuesday in the ball room, rose reception room, northwest room and south room, for the Homeless Children Association. There were about five hundred tables and about two thousand in attendance. Five hundred pretty girls kept score.

Fifteen Minutes with the "Richards System"

Mrs. Harriet A. Fay Richards will assist at the benefit to be given at the Cort next Thursday afternoon at two o'clock. It is for the municipal Christmas tree. Tickets, ten cents to one dollar, may be purchased at the Cort or from the chairman of the affair, Miss Hattie Mooser, 975 Sutter street. The programme will consist of a resume "The Richards System," ensemble music, folk dancing, and the ever impressing King George exit. After the fifteen minute exhibition the pupils of Mrs. Richards' school will go to the Green Room of the St. Francis to greet Santa Claus and the Christmas tree, which is distinctly novel, inasmuch as the children of Mrs. Richards' school have decorated and trimmed every branch themselves. The children are also filling little red stockings with pennies, the proceeds to be given to the Certified Milk Benefit.

A Suggestion as to Techau's

The management of Techau Tavern suggests that those friends and patrons who will enjoy their Christmas dinner at the Tavern, phone in their reservations immediately. Apparently there is no diminution of interest in the La Boheme

perfume dances, and the Foster and Orear candy dances. There is social dancing every afternoon and evening, and entertainment of the most pleasing variety is provided for every moment of the day and night.

The Flirt

Beautiful boy, lend me your youth to play with;
My heart is old.
Lend me your fire to make my twilight gay
with,
To warm my cold.
Prove that the power my look has not forgotten—
That when I will
My touch can quicken pulses and awaken
Men's passion still.

The moment that I ask you need not grudge
me—

I shall not stay.
I shall be gone, ere you have time to judge me,
My lonely way.
I am not worth remembering, little brother,
Even to damn.
One kiss . . . oh, God! if only I were other
Than what I am.

—Amelia Josephine Burr.

On Principle

There was not a vacant seat when the woman with the firm jaw entered, but as she stopped in front of little Brownley, the latter rose hastily.

"Keep your seat, please!" the woman said coldly.

"But, madam—" little Brownley protested nervously, trying to edge around her, "I wish—"

"Your wishes do not matter," the woman said sternly. "For too long women have accepted favors from men, thereby tacitly admitting at least a physical inferiority. You owe me no consideration—I am quite your equal and prefer to stand up as a demonstration of my emancipation."

"Only permit me, madam—" Brownley began hastily, but collapsed meekly as she snapped: "I will not permit you to give me your seat!" Triumph softened her.

"Of course," she said, "I appreciate your conventional courtesy, but a principle was at stake. I did not wish to take your seat—"

"And I didn't care whether you did or not!" little Brownley retorted peevishly. "I wasn't offering it to you. I just wanted to get off at my corner, and now I'll have to walk back two blocks!"

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Percy Grainger

By Helen M. Bonnet

Notwithstanding all the extravagant praise of Percy Grainger that I have read in the past few years I went to the Cort Theatre last Sunday with the expectation of receiving an un-beautiful impression of his eccentricities. I came away with my soul aglow, my heart singing, my mind exalted. I rejoiced to find Percy Grainger one of the world's great pianists. He has tone-visions, this young artist, and projects them, making us see them, too, and he has an understanding of the potentialities of the piano that not many performers possess. His touch is as virile and buoyant as his own personality, he has the power to bring out the singing tone of his instrument; and his interpretation of the Grieg Concerto (A minor) revealed him an idealist and a poet with a perfect appreciation of the vivid coloring of "the Chopin of the North." Wherever Grainger has participated as pianist in this Concerto he has surprised and astonished, but he also charms and we are lucky to have heard him with our superb symphony orchestra. The bandsmen seemed to be exhilarated by his force, to feel his scholarly grasp, and they played with a sort of rapturous sympathy. From Herr Hertz to the least and youngest member of the orchestra, all were

thrilled. There was contagious animation as if Apollo had come among them and they were playing to him to whose service they had dedicated their life work; for from this genius with the thick gold curls, alert blue eyes, strong features and intense individuality emanates an influence that commands respect as of one conscious that he is in harmony with his art. And it is an art to which even the blasé cannot be indifferent. It tones up the fatigued, strikes joyous responses from youth and sends an audience away refreshed, invigorated. When the pianist came back for his own Nutshell Suite the house was in a most receptive mood. Presently the orchestra was in a frolic, Director Hertz's eyes were dancing, his shoulders were accompanying the measures with rhythmic movements, the strings were playing intoxicating melody with an overcurrent of bells and cavernous rumblings quite bewildering. But through all the harmonic chaos, it was not to be denied that the composer, playing rapturously the piano part, had a perfect mastery of "that essence of order," and "eternal form" that Plato calls music. After all, what were these extraneous sounds which made the composition appear to be a humoresque? The composer has

imagined a young man waiting at a railroad station for the arrival of a long-absent sweetheart, and these tinklings and rumblings, sounds of everyday life, though they are without meaning to him thrill his spirit with the fever of expectancy, for sub-consciously they are part of the occasion and, for the waiting lover, in the very confusion of sound there is beauty. To be sure it required a great many percussion instruments to convey the composer's mood; and when he smote a string with a covered hammer it was a bit disillusioning; was he trying to make the piano a fit associate of the humble percussion instruments? Were I to see Paderewski taking liberties in this vein with the piano, or Joseph Hofmann slice a key with his hand after the Grainger manner I should gasp with astonishment. Then perhaps I should be prepared to see Harold Bauer converted into an acrobat and slide his toes over the keyboard to give a feathery effect to the detested glissando. But the oddities of genius are pardonable, I suppose. Anyway I agree with Runciman that Percy Grainger is in a class by himself. Surely his eccentricities do no harm, but his own fingers, his own complete mastery of pedal effects are certainly sufficient.

The Stage

The Ballet Russe

The Diaghileff Ballet Russe which Will L. Greenbaum is bringing to the Valencia Theatre for a special season of six nights, opens on Tuesday night, January 2. There will be a matinee on Saturday, January 6. The secret of its success in Europe, New York, everywhere, lies in the fact that for the first time a genius has coördinated all the arts of the theatre in one harmonious whole. Formerly a dramatic performance, a symphony concert, an art exhibit, or a dance programme was given as an entertainment by itself. The Diaghileff Ballet Russe contains all these forms of artistic expression. Music, color and pantomime are shown in their highest development. The vast stage properties and costumes designed by Leon Bakst, the foremost decorative artist of our time, are unsurpassed. The music represents the best works of the masters, past and present. A special orchestra of sixty picked musicians accompanies the organization on tour. Pierre Monteaux, one of the foremost of Parisian conductors, is director. The company is headed by Waslav Nijinsky, acknowledged to be the greatest male dancer alive. He is acting in the dual capacity of premier dancer and artistic director. Supporting him are the dainty Lopokova, the brilliant Flore Revalles, the virile Adolf Bolm, the spiritual Gavrilloff, and Mesdames Pflanz, Sokolova, Frohman, Spesizewa, Gilanta, and two score ballerinas, each a skilled graduate from the Imperial Russian schools. All the twelve ballets in the repertoire will be shown. On Tuesday, the opening night, "Scheherazade" will be given. This sensational production staged in the harem of the Sultan, is set to barbaric music of the Russian Rimsky-Korsakow, and is danced by Nijinsky. Revalles,

Spesizewa, Frohman, Gavrilloff and the entire corps de ballet. Other ballets on the opening programme will be the beautiful "Les Sylphides," music by Chopin, danced by the dainty Lopokova, Sokolova, Gavrilloff and the ballet; Nijinsky's own creation, and the sensation of the Diaghileff New York season, "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," founded on the German folk story round which Richard Strauss wrote his fantastic tone-poem which is used as the musical setting. The ballet from Borodine's "Prince Igor" will also be given Tuesday night. Wednesday witnesses a presentation of "Cleopatra," the music by Arensky and Glazounow. The inimitable Adolf Bolm makes his first San Francisco appearance in this. Nijinsky dances in Debussy's "L'après Midi d'une Faune," and in Schumann's "Carnaval." The ballet of scenic splendor "Sadko" will also be given Wednesday night. On Thursday the list includes "Till Eulenspiegel," "Scheherazade," the exotic ballet "Thamar" with Bolm, and "La Spectre de la Rose" set to the music of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance" with Nijinsky. Friday night "Sadko," "L'après Midi d'une Faune," Tchaikovsky's ballet "The Enchanted Princess" and "Thamar" will be given. At the matinee on Saturday "Till Eulenspiegel," "La Spectre de la Rose," "Scheherazade" and "Prince Igor" will be the ballets. At the closing performance on Saturday night "Papillons" by Schumann will be danced as will "Sadko," "Les Sylphides" and "Cleopatre." The sale will begin next Wednesday morning at Sherman Clay only. Mail orders, accompanied by proper funds, and stamped and self-addressed envelope are now being filled in order of receipt by Manager Greenbaum who should be addressed at Sherman Clay. The Diaghileff Ballet will appear two nights in

Oakland at the Auditorium Opera House, Tuesday and Wednesday, January 9 and 10, repeating the repertoires of the first two San Francisco nights. Mail orders for these performances will also be received by Mr. Greenbaum.

Percy Grainger's Farewell

At Scottish Rite Auditorium tomorrow afternoon at 2:30 Percy Grainger will give his last recital. He will render a programme running the gamut of his capabilities. Here is the list: Sonata in G minor, Op. 22, Schumann; "Evening in the High Hills," "John Vestafae's Spring Dance," "Deep in Thought I Wander," Grieg; Four old Dutch peasant songs and country dances (freely arranged), Julius Röntgen; Barcarolle, Op. 60, Octave Study in B minor, Op. 25, No. 10, Chopin; "Eritana," Albeniz; Lullaby from "Tribute to Foster," "The Sussex Mummer's Christmas Carol," a reel (from "Four Irish Dances"), Percy Grainger. Tickets are on sale at Sherman Clay, and Kohler and Chase's, or can be had at the hall on Sunday.

Julia Culp Soon

The famous lieder singer, Julia Culp, will be the first concert attraction of the new year to be offered by Manager Greenbaum. As usual Mme. Culp who enjoys the widest popularity in this city, will be accompanied by that genius of the piano, Coenraad V. Bos.

Chamber Music Society

The Chamber Music Society of San Francisco will give another chamber music concert next Tuesday evening in the Colonial ball room of the St. Francis. This will be the third concert of this organization this season. The

following excellent programme will be played: Mendelssohn Quartet for strings, E flat major, Op. 12; Mrs. H. H. A. Beach Variations for flute and string quartet, A minor, Op. 79; Dvorak Quintet for piano and strings, A major, Op. 81. The composition of Mrs. Beach was specially written and dedicated to the Chamber Music Society of San Francisco by the famous composer. The members of the organization who will render the programme are Louis Persinger, director and first violin; Louis W. Ford, second violin; Nathan Firestone, viola; Horace Britt, 'cello; Gyula Ormay, pianist; and Elias M. Hecht, flute. Tickets are on sale at Sherman Clay, Kohler and Chase and St. Francis news stand.

Last Week of Hichens Drama

The third and final week of Liebler Company's massive production of "The Garden of Allah" will commence Monday night at the Columbia where it is playing to the capacity of the theatre at every presentation. It is having a record run, and not without reason, for it is the biggest stage spectacle seen since "Ben Hur." The final performance will be given Sunday night, December 24. Matinees are announced for Wednesday and Saturday.

"It Pays to Advertise" Returning

"It Pays to Advertise," the Cohan and Harris farce which scored here last season, is to play a return engagement at the Columbia commencing Christmas Day. Those who like to laugh will surely be interested in the Roi Cooper Megrue farce. A fine cast will appear.

This Sunday's "Pop"

A delightful programme has been arranged by Conductor Alfred Hertz for the fourth "pop" concert of the Symphony Orchestra, to be given this Sunday afternoon at the Cort. As is customary at the "pops" the entire orchestra will participate, and Alfred Hertz will conduct. The wonderful impression made by Percy Grainger, the Australian pianist-composer, has suggested making three of his British folk music settings a feature of the "pop." It will be remembered with what exquisite humor and exuberance they

were given by Hertz last season and the enthusiasm with which they were received. Three of the settings are programmed: "Molly on the Shore," "Irish Tune from County Derry" and "Shepherd's Hey." The Christmas spirit will find charming expression in Humperdinck's dream pantomime "Hansel and Gretel." Such standard and truly popular masterpieces as the "Marriage of Figaro" overture by Mozart; Bizet's "Carmen" suite and the "Rienzi" overture by Wagner will round the programme. Tickets for the "pop" are 25 cents, 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1.00, and may be had at Sherman Clay excepting on the day of the affair, when they may be had at the Cort box office.

Third Week of Hopwood Farce

"Fair and Warmer," Avery Hopwood's farce which has been attracting big audiences to the Cort during the past two weeks, starts upon its third week Sunday evening. It has met with a hearty reception. In the cast supplied by Selwyn and Company are Lotus Robb, Henry Stockbridge, Betty Ross Clarke, Raymond Walburn, Arthur Larson, Betty Blye, Ezra Walch and Joseph A. Bingham.

The Next Symphony

The Friday concert of the fifth pair of symphonies will be given on December 22 at the Cort. Because of holiday activities the Sunday concert of the fifth pair will not be given until December 31. These will be Wagner pro-

grammes and it is unnecessary to speak of the treat in store for music lovers, for Alfred Hertz is universally acknowledged one of the world's greatest Wagnerian conductors and authorities. The following will be the offerings: Prelude to "Lohengrin;" Bacchanale, "Tannhauser;" Good Friday Spell, "Parsifal;" Ride of the Valkyries, "Die Walkure;" Prelude and Isolde's "Love Death" from "Tristan und Isolde;" Introduction to third act of "Die Meistersinger;" Prelude to the same.

Eddie Leonard at Orpheum

The Orpheum announces for next week a great bill with seven new acts and one holdover. Eddie Leonard, as popular in vaudeville as in negro minstrelsy, will present "The Minstrel's Return," a little story of the South in musical setting. He is assisted by Anthony Howard, Freddy Mayo and an excellent company. Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Keeler have given vaudeville a series of delightful playlets. Mr. Mason is a fine comedian while Miss Keeler is a revelation of grace, daintiness and talent. They offer Porter Emerson Browne's one-act play "Married." Mable Russell, in private life Mrs. Eddie Leonard, is this season associated with Marty Ward of musical comedy fame. The two present a clever and entertaining act "Call It What You Like." Mlle. Vera Sabina and company will present a beautiful dancing interlude "Fantasies of the Dance." Riggs and Ryan present Junie McCree's skit "Disturbing the Peace."



MARGUERITE KEELER
Who appears next week at the Orpheum



LYDIA LOPOKOVA

Premier danseuse of the Diaghileff Ballet Russe which comes to the Valencia on January 2 under the management of Will L. Greenbaum



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Sunday, December 17, at 2:30 Sharp

PROGRAM:

Overture, "Marriage of Figaro".....Mozart
Dream Pantomime, "Hansel and Gretel".....Humperdinck
British Folk-Music Settings.....Percy Grainger
"Carmen" Suite.....Bizet
Overture, "Rienzi".....Wagner
PRICES: 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00.
Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s except concert day;
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NEXT—Friday, December 22—WAGNER PROGRAM

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Wednesday Matinee \$1.50, \$1, 75c, 50c

Monday, December 25—

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

Ivan Bankoff and Lola Girlie with Madeleine Harrison and their corps de ballet will also be in the bill. Lulu McConnell and Grant Simpson who are among the best exponents of comedy, will appear in a breezy farce "At Home." Miss McConnell plays the character of herself in private life while Mr. Simpson exhibits his versatility by portraying himself and his brother. The Six Water Lillies is the title of a swimming and diving act contributed by six beautiful and symmetrical girls. Some of them have international reputations as swimmers and they all dive and swim with the abandon of South Sea Islanders.



WASLAV NIINSKY

The world's premier dancer with the Diaghileff Ballet Russe coming to the Valencia for five nights and a matinee beginning January second

Resista at Pantages

A feature that is different from any act that has appeared at Pantages for some time, and one that should interest lovers of the mysterious, will be Resista, known as the girl with the changing or confusing weights. She is pretty, dainty, little and weighs but 98 pounds, but she has proven and will prove the superiority of mind over matter this coming week. She will make it impossible for any man, no matter how strong he may be, to raise her off the floor against her will. George Primrose, the most popular minstrel the show world has, with his company of seven minstrel men will be greeted with joy by the lovers of burnt cork. Gilroy, Haynes and Montgomery are old lovers who are offering the same old vehicle "The Good Ship Nancy Lee" with new songs and comedy. Weber and Elliott are clever comedians who sing and entertain with new songs and stories. Leo and Mae Jackson are offering one of the classiest bicycle acts of vaudeville. Izetta the piano accordeonist and the seventh chapter of the "Lass of the Lumberlands" will be other acts.

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REPERTOIRE:

TUESDAY NIGHT:
"Scheherazade," "Les Sylphides," "Till Eulenspiegel,"
and "Prince Igor"

WEDNESDAY NIGHT:
"Cleopatra," "L'Apres midi d'une Faune," "Sadko"
and "Carnaval"

THURSDAY NIGHT:
"Till Eulenspiegel," "Thamar," "La Spectre de la
Rose" and "Scheherazade"

FRIDAY NIGHT:
"Sadko," "L'Apres midi d'une Faune," "La Princesse
Enchantee," "Thamar"

SATURDAY MATINEE:
"Till Eulenspiegel," "Prince Igor," "Scheherazade,"
"La Spectre de la Rose"

SATURDAY NIGHT:
"Papillons," "Sadko," "Les Sylphides" and "Cleopatra"

Prices—Box Seats \$6, Orchestra \$5, Balcony
(3 rows) \$5, Balcony (balance) \$3, \$2 and \$1.

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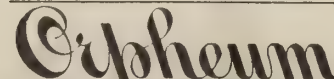
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MATINEE EVERY DAY

EDDIE LEONARD & CO. in "The Minstrel's Return," HOMER B. MASON & MARGUERITE KEELER Presenting Porter Emerson Browne's One-Act Play "Married;" MABLE RUSSELL & MARTY WARD & CO. in "Call It What You Like;" MLE, VERA SABINA & CO. in "Fantasies of the Dance;" BERNARD RIGGS & MYRTLE RYAN in "Disturbing the Peace;" BANKOFF & GIRLIE With MADELEINE HARRISON and Corps de Ballet; LULU MCCONNELL & GRANT SIMPSON in a One-Act Play "At Home;" SIX WATER LILLIES, Expert Swimmers and Divers.
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General Admission 25c

Reserved Box Seats 50c.

Skating 25c

GENERAL SKATING LESSONS

\$1 Per Hour—Half Hour 50c

Letters

Wells and Mr. Britling

"Mr. Britling Sees It Through" is a war novel of an original kind, but that is what one naturally expects from H. G. Wells. Instead of following in the wake of fire or sword or treating us to a love-story between the lines, when stupendous events are halted until She finds Him, he has chosen to picture the great European conflict as it affects a stay-at-home Englishman—not that Mr. Britling was not ready and even anxious to do his part, but because there was no place for him. Britling was a middle-aged man of letters, a "leader of thought" to whom had come an American, a Mr. Direck, with an invitation from one of the innumerable American societies for absorbing ready-made ideas, to come over and tell them what they ought to think. With a comfortable income from his writings and his investments, Britling lives an ideal life in a Sussex village. He is on excellent terms with the neighboring gentry and keeps open house in care-free fashion. He employs a secretary, has a German tutor for his younger children, and apparently his most urgent care is that everybody shall play hockey on Sunday afternoon. Mr. Britling is convinced that nothing particular will ever happen again. The antics of the suffragettes and the discontent in Ireland amount to nothing, England can keep stable because the young men who are inclined to innovations can go to America or the colonies and all the rumors of wars and disturbances are only talk. Direck who is also leisurely-minded is not quite so sure, but he departs for a continental tour without misgivings. Scarcely has he done so when the war cloud bursts, and he hastens back to England, surprised that he, an American, should be so misused in the excitement. The Britling household is dismayed when it dawns upon them that there really is war, and that all the nations of the earth do not command it to cease. When it becomes evident that England intends to engage in the strife there is a local panic. Some of the forehanded ones begin to store food in case of future shortage. Dealers begin to fear that stocks, exhausted, cannot be replaced. There is something akin to terror over the money question. Teddy, Mr. Britling's secretary, decides to enlist, and it is something of a lark, but when Hugh, the seventeen-year-old son, offers himself, it is a more serious matter. However, Mr. Britling congratulates himself that the boy is too young. He cannot be sent to the front for two years, and by that time it will be all over. Heinrich, the German tutor, as little inclined for war as any of the rest, knows what he has to do. Mr. Britling, appreciating the crisis, feels that he should offer his services and journeys to London only to be dismayed by the inefficiency and unreadiness displayed by those in power. He is capable enough but nobody wants him. Hugh, writing from drill camp, gives a deplorable account of the same unreadiness. There are no uniforms, no weapons, no ammunition. The waste of food is appalling. The officers do not know how to use maps, they ignore details, they do nothing, but there is a comfortable underlying assurance that they will "muddle through" somehow, in much the same fashion that Mr. Britling drove his automobile. And then comes a Zeppelin raid and Mr. Britling's old aunt is killed. Hugh, it seems, has overstated his age, and is sent "somewhere in France" and is killed. Teddy, now a lieutenant, is wounded and missing, afterwards reported dead, and finally makes his way home permanently crippled. The Belgian exiles, quartered in England, prove, on near inspection, to be somewhat lower than the angels, and bit-

terness against the Germans waxes as the losses reach near home. Teddy's wife, in particular, becomes a virago. Her sister is little less fierce towards Direck because the Americans do nothing. Mr. Britling turns on him and tells him that "you" are skulking behind England, but gradually it begins to dawn upon him that "the Germans" are just kindly, gentle Heinrich, with his violin, his pet squirrel and his passion for classifying and understanding—Heinrich, dead of wounds in a Russian prison camp—and the indulgent hotel keeper who had made the family holiday such a pleasure only the summer before. Gradually the dismay which assailed every one at the beginning of the outbreak gives way to indignation at the unreadiness of the authorities; to anger at their own personal losses, and then to pity and philosophical acceptance. Mr. Wells has made of Mr. Britling so vital a character that criticism of him would be like intruding on a private grief. Mr. Wells, through Mr. Britling, has given a clear statement of the war from the English side, as well as a picture of the social and economic upheaval. Because he has not dwelt on the horrors of war the letters from the front make all the deeper impression, and also, because England, with her large standing army and her war office, presents such a picture of unprepared inefficiency and muddle-headedness though uninvaded, this is a good book for America at large to read, ponder over and take heed from. From the Macmillan Company.

"Creative Evolution"

Readers who have become wearied of the efforts of modern mental philosophers who, having no clear thought and nothing in particular to say, yet pour forth rivers of words in their effort to say it, will be pleased with the clear and incisive style of Cora L. Williams' "Creative Evolution," and the real ideas upon which her hypothesis stands. Being a well known teacher of the higher mathematics, it is supererogatory to say that she does not wander about

in mists and fogs nor ask her readers to accept some will o' the wisp as a lantern and follow it with her into an inextricable bog. Unlike other writers who see in the great war the breaking down of Christianity, Miss Williams takes the opposite view. "The Great War has been ascribed to the failure of Christianity; it were truer to say, paradoxical as it may seem, that this war could not have come about unless Christianity had succeeded in its purpose. That national integrity obtains in the present cataclysm denotes a higher degree of self-abnegation and personal sacrifice than the world has hitherto known. A loyalty sufficiently powerful to inspire great masses of individuals to give their lives without hope of personal gain or sense of national wrong, must needs be imbued with the spirit of a religious movement. Such unity as we are witnessing is possible only if the community of feeling is that of Christian brotherhood." Again: "We need the home. How are we to keep it? An organ becomes atrophied only through disuse; so an institution dies but with the purpose it subserves. The disappearance of the home may be hastened by easy divorce or the high cost of living, but the disappearance itself finds its *raison d'être* in the fact that the home has ceased to function as it should for the general welfare. The loosening of the marriage bond is an effect, not a cause, of its disintegration. How blind we are when it comes to causal relations! We lament the passing of the home, and yet rejoice in every bit of advance that the State makes towards assuming the province of the parent. What is the significance of the manual training school, the sewing class, the public playground, the school garden? Simply this, that the home is failing to function for the child as was its wont." And again: "The individual isolated possesses the capacity of inhibiting his reflex action, but the individual of the crowd is the 'creature of his spinal cord.' The Sunday supplement and the cheap show foster, but do not create the trivialness by which they flourish.

(Continued on Page 18)

Town Talk's Christmas Issue Out Next Week Will be a Special Enlarged

INDUSTRIAL NUMBER

Devoted to the Business Interests of San Francisco

Leading Articles Will Discuss the Law and Order Activities of
the Chamber of Commerce

Here Are Some of the Titles:

THE AWAKENING OF SAN FRANCISCO, by Theodore Bonnet

ACHIEVEMENT AND OUTLOOK, by Frederick J. Koster

CALIFORNIA'S OIL PROBLEM, by R. P. Schwerin

LAW AND ORDER—THE BEGINNING

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

NEW BLOOD FOR SAN FRANCISCO

Holiday Stories, Sketches and Poems Will Give the Appropriate
Yuletide Flavor

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—It has been patent that the industrial market has been congested for weeks, and when the selling panic came in cotton, it brought selling in this group, which extended to the general market. Nothing could happen better than this shake out. People began to go crazy about coppers and steels. It is just as well to let the pyramider know that the market can go both ways. There is nothing in the situation to warrant much lower prices now. In the railroad list there is the reverse. There is everything to warrant higher prices, and we think the speculation which has been checked by general market conditions will be resumed again. The \$32,000,000 increase in the bank reserves shows that the big money market for the time being has turned the corner, and if speculation can be carried on rationally, the prices ultimately, in many securities, will be higher. On merit, the southern stocks and the lately reorganized railroad properties are cheap. Their earnings are good, their prospects are the best, they are good collateral, and require much less money to finance than the industrials. Western Union dividend is due next week, and we believe it will be advanced.

Wheat—The trade seems to be highly susceptible to reports of any kind which favor a continuation of the activity and bullishness which has been part and parcel of the grain market since early in August last, and this is not an encouraging feature, inasmuch as they are based mainly upon hearsay evidence and liable to mislead. As no penalty attaches if not confirmed, it can readily be seen that they can be used by interested parties to advance individual ends. Granting that the "export sales" so frequently and voluminously announced, are actually completed as published, there is no legal objection to their cancellation without publicity, and therein lies their vulnerability. We should caution against accepting these statements as a base for speculative operations. There is enough in the actual situation to create strength and activity without resorting to unconfirmed claims of "purchases by foreigners." The market is entitled to a good reaction from a 30 cent break, and plenty of them will come from oversold conditions, but without some especially new influences, we look for less exciting markets the rest of the year.

Corn—There is no particular suggestion in a 3 and 4 cent reaction from an 11 cent break, especially with the bond of sympathy existing between this grain and the other speculative cereals. With no important outside lines to steady the market, the local shorts can advance prices quickly and easily whenever they discover any persistent support. We doubt if strength stimulated through short covering can be made permanent at the beginning of a movement which threatens to congest receiving terminals as soon as the proper transportation is

provided. There is a fair demand for cash corn which the present light arrivals are caring for, but any addition to the 250 or 300 cars daily would congest the market and lower the price. Not long since the relative difference between wheat and corn was 96 cents and now it is 84 cents, with a further prospective shrinkage, as the supply is increased. We cannot enthuse over theories of higher levels for corn until possibly next spring, when the shortage, if any, will be accurately defined.

Cotton—After making new high levels, the cotton market this week experienced a violent reaction, which caused a large percentage of the scattered long interest to be liquidated. The market recovered some of its loss on heavy buying by the large spot interests, and sentiment again became bullish, which resulted in a further advance to above the twenty cent market. After fluctuating back and forth within a range of one hundred points, sentiment again became bearish, brought about, no doubt by the political situation abroad and the congested condition at the ports. Nearly all the railroads entering the different ports both on the Atlantic and the Gulf have put an embargo on cotton, and the high freights as well as the inability to get vessel room have been the cause of the change in sentiment. The price, of course, is very high, as compared with previous years, and a break from this level of 200 to 300 points is to be expected. The Government estimate of 11,500,000 bales as its final estimate on this year's crop, which under ordinary conditions would have been construed as bullish, had the opposite effect, and prices broke sensationally. The extreme decline after the report was issued, showed a loss of 150 points. Prior to this report, the market had been in a weak position, and support was lacking. This break has just about cleaned out all the speculative long cotton, and leaves the market in a position where it will recover very quickly from this level on any good buying. Mills in this country report a good demand for their product, and are all running at full capacity, at full prices, and with the present general prosperity, there is every reason to believe that before another crop matures, this crop will all be wanted at fancy prices. We believe cotton should be bought for an investment at this level.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE D. HIBBARD, deceased.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of GEORGE D. HIBBARD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Campbell, Weaver, Shelton & Levy, 659 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE D. HIBBARD, deceased.

C. W. HIBBARD,

Administrator of the estate of George D. Hibbard, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 2, 1916.
CAMPBELL, WEAVER, SHELTON & LEVY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
659 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JANE McQUEEN, deceased.—No. 21551; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of JANE McQUEEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of T. J. Crowley, Esq., Attorney at Law, Rooms 509-511 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JANE McQUEEN, deceased.

DAVID W. McQUEEN,

Executor of the last will and testament of Jane McQueen, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., December 9, 1916.
T. J. CROWLEY,
Attorney for Executor,
509-511 Chronicle Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-9-5

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

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Clement and Seventh Avenue

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH, S. W. Corner
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JUNE 30TH, 1916:

Assets	\$63,811,228.81
Deposits	60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
Number of Depositors	68,062

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock
P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and
Saturday evenings from 6 o'clock P. M. to 8
o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only.

For the 6 months ending June 30th, 1916, a
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Seven Days' Leave

(Continued from Page 6)

lavish unnecessary expenditure of Britain shows some lack of appreciation of war-needs and the urgent necessity for war economy.

The Government have told us of the stern necessity for restriction of imports. Never before, it seems to a casual observer, has there been such an ostentatious blaze of extravagance in the matter of women's furs as at present; and yet we have no fur-bearing animals in our own country worth mentioning. This is only one obvious instance of the general tendency. If one-half of the furs to be seen on the women in a London street could be converted into their cash value, the sum would be a considerable contribution to the war-chest. Expenditure of the most reckless type is evident everywhere at a time when many, through the ineptitude of the Government, are getting rich on over-paid war work, unnecessarily lavish separation allowances, and war contracts hastily entered upon with but little thought for the true economy that is essential to the solvency of a true business undertaking.

Posterity, when we have won this war, will owe all that is worth having in national existence to the men who will have borne the nation's burdens on active service; but the whole people must see to it that posterity shall not also have to owe national bankruptcy to this foolish phase of ostentation and extravagance that war has brought upon us. And then there is the question of personal service. Men who have looked on death and all the horrors of this beastliest of wars for many months are not in a mood to suffer fools gladly, and the mind of the man who could fall in and take his share but does not is inconceivable to them.

When the war is over, the men who have fought will be a totally different people from the conventional British public. They will have no time for the pettiness and unreality of our public life, for the paltry differences of denominational jealousy, for the futility of trade-union factiousness. They will have learned to look life in the face as something grim and earnest, calling for the best and strongest in man's character, and not for all that is affected and petty; and above all they will have no use for the man who could have done his bit and did not.

And as we start up from our snatches of fitful sleep, girt with life-belts on an overcrowded, pitching ship, or huddled into a railway carriage that is the acme of discomfort with the rain dripping through the roof on our journey back to the monotonous awfulness of the war zone, we thank God that ours is the best country in the world to live in, but we pray that the folks at home will play the game and keep it so.

Letters

They are simply indications of a mental reversion to a lower thought-form of development." And again: "The emphasis in education has perforce been placed on the memory faculties, not because our teachers do not realize the importance of developing the reasoning faculties, but because such faculties are lost to the group-mind. Our children cannot spell or write correctly, for the group-mind again lacks observation, sees things as a whole and is blind to distinctions. They become nervous and 'fall down' in examinations because they have learned to do team-thinking. In later life they make sycophants and demagogues, inasmuch as they are but fitted to take what place they may in the great community. The class-mind is likewise accountable for the fact that the 'best

students' usually amount to little in after life they are the ones most plastic to suggestion and consequently leave school with correspondingly diminished individuality. Unless a place is made for them in the world of affairs, they rarely secure one." There is an interesting introduction by Edwin Markham. From Alfred A. Knopf.

"New Thought"

Though the cult of "New Thought" is itself comparatively new, its influence is wide and it has its coterie of writers devoted to the dissemination of its teachings. Chief of these is Christian D. Larsen with more than a score of books to his credit. "New Thought" deals with the search after spiritual truth. Mr. Larsen's evident sincerity enables him to steer clear of difficulties, and his "In the Light of the Spirit" may be read by any one, whether a member of an established church or not. From the Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

A New Californian Poet

Here is a new Californian poet, Robinson Jeffers. "Californians" is the title he has chosen

CERTIFICATE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, David J. Morrison, is transacting an undertaking business in the State of California, under the name of WESTERN UNDERTAKING COMPANY; that the principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that he is conducting the said business under the fictitious name of Western Undertaking Company, and that he is the sole owner of said business, and that his full name is David J. Morrison, and that he resides at 1182 Valencia Street, San Francisco, California.
DAVID J. MORRISON.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.
On this 11th day of December, 1916, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared David J. Morrison, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) A. J. NAGLE,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
Endorsed: Filed Dec. 11th, 1916
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.
WALTER E. DORN,
Attorney at Law,
1401-1403 Hearst Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-16-5

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for his modest volume, and as his verses concern either people, places or aspects of nature in our State, its appropriateness is manifest. Local legends, original personalities and pastoral incidents are embalmed in "Stephen Brown," "The Three Avilas," "Ruth Alison," "Dorothy Atwell," "At Lindsay's Cabin," "The Old Farmer," "The Belled Doe" and "Mill Creek Farm," while such titles as "A Westward Beach" and "Eucalyptus Trees" speak for themselves. From the Macmillan Company.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 76892; Dept. 10.

M. L. MAYERS, Plaintiff, vs. D. J. HUGHES and JOHN DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County. The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: D. J. HUGHES and JOHN DOE, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 27th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY A. JACOBS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
900 Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-16-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTON CROPP, deceased.—No. 21712.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, J. F. HUMBURG, Administrator of the estate of ANTON CROPP, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Andros & Hengstler and Golden W. Bell, Room 722 Kohl Building, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTON CROPP, deceased.

J. F. HUMBURG,
Administrator of the estate of Anton Cropp, deceased.
Dated: San Francisco, November 18, 1916.
ANDROS & HENGSTLER,
GOLDEN W. BELL,
Attorneys for Administrator,
722 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-5

SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 35966; Department No. 16.

CARRIE E. BRIDGE, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

T. W. HUBBARD, 1003 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of CARRIE E. BRIDGE, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at a point on the Westerly line of Devisadero Street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet six (6) inches Northerly from the Northerly line of Eddy Street; and running thence Northerly along said line of Devisadero Street twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle Westerly one hundred and six (106) feet; and thence at a right angle Southerly twenty-four (24) feet; and thence at a right angle Easterly six (6) feet; and thence at a right angle Southerly one (1) foot; and thence at a right angle Easterly one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 508.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be meet in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of November, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of November, A. D. 1916.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Delia Elizabeth Traynor, sometimes known as Delia E. Traynor, sometimes known as Delia Traynor, sometimes known as D. E. Traynor; 1207 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.

George Traynor, 1207 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Mary Traynor, sometimes known as Mary Traynor, 1207 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Roman Catholic Archbishop of San Francisco, a corporation sole, 1100 Franklin Street, San Francisco, Cal. City and County of San Francisco, a Municipal Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.

John H. McLaughlin, address unknown.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of CHARLES H. WITHAM, deceased.—No. 21,039; Dept. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, HEBER W. WITHAM, Administrator with will annexed of the estate of CHARLES H. WITHAM, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator with will annexed at the office of Harry I. Stafford, rooms 504-518 Grant Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of CHARLES H. WITHAM, deceased.

HEBER W. WITHAM,

Administrator with will annexed of the estate of Charles H. Witham, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, November 18, 1916.

HARRY I. STAFFORD,
Attorney for Administrator,
504-518 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of A. W. FINN, deceased.—No. 21623; Dept. 9.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. W. FINN, JR., Administrator of the estate of A. W. FINN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Harry I. Stafford, Rooms 504-518 Grant Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of A. W. FINN, deceased.

A. W. FINN, JR.,

Administrator of the estate of A. W. Finn, deceased.
Dated, San Francisco, November 18, 1916.

HARRY I. STAFFORD,
Attorney for Administrator,
504-518 Grant Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 20582; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of VINCENT MAZZALI, deceased.

JAMES A. STIDGER, the Administrator of the estate of VINCENT MAZZALI, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the seventeenth day of January, 1917, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10 Probate of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated: November 29, A. D. 1916.

E. P. MOGAN,
Judge of the Superior Court.

STIDGER & STIDGER,

Attorneys for Administrator,
628 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

HARRY GOTTESFELD,

EDWARD LANDE,

Of Counsel,
625 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

12-16-5

CERTIFICATE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, E. IWATA, T. IWATA, E. AKASAKI, Y. NAITO and N. TANAKA, are transacting a general mercantile business in the State of California, under the name of T. IWATA & CO.; that the principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, with branch offices in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and in the City of San Diego, County of San Diego, State of California, and that they are conducting the said business under the fictitious name of T. IWATA & Co., and that they are the sole owners of said business, and that their full names are E. IWATA, who resides at 3329 Twenty-first St., San Francisco, California, T. IWATA, who resides at 3329 Twenty-first St., San Francisco, California, E. AKASAKI, who resides at 239 Eleventh St., Oakland, California, Y. NAITO, who resides at 1810 Post St., San Francisco, California, and N. TANAKA, who resides at San Diego, California.

E. IWATA.
T. IWATA.
E. AKASAKI.
Y. NAITO.
N. TANAKA.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco.—ss.

On this 11th day of December, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixteen, before me, RITA JOHNSON, a Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared E. IWATA, T. IWATA, E. AKASAKI, Y. NAITO and N. TANAKA, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and they duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Seal) RITA JOHNSON,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.
314 Hearst Building.

(My Commission expires July 16, 1919.)

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 11th, 1916

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

WALTER E. DORN,

Attorney at Law,
1101-1105 Hearst Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-16-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 78322; Dept. No. 10.

PEARL MARIE SHOCKLEY, Plaintiff, vs. FRANK EDWARD SHOCKLEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: FRANK EDWARD SHOCKLEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the grounds of Defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of November, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

VICTOR L. BENTSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
San Francisco, California.

12-16-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 77648; Dept. 12.

TRILBY PHILLIPS, Plaintiff, vs. WALTER VANDERGAR PHILLIPS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WALTER VANDERGAR PHILLIPS, Defendant:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's habitual intemperance and of Defendant's wilful neglect of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will appear more fully in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
423 Mills Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-15-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 76,577; Dept. No. 10.

WALTER A. BAIRD, Plaintiff, vs. GRACE M. BAIRD, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GRACE M. BAIRD, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ARCHIBALD J. TREAT,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
624 Monadnock Building,
San Francisco, California.

10-21-9

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 77699; Dept. No. 15.

EMMA H. LAWERENCE, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY LAWERENCE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: HARRY LAWERENCE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 31st day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

ROBERT H. BORLAND,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
105 Montgomery St.,
San Francisco, California.

11-11-10

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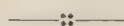
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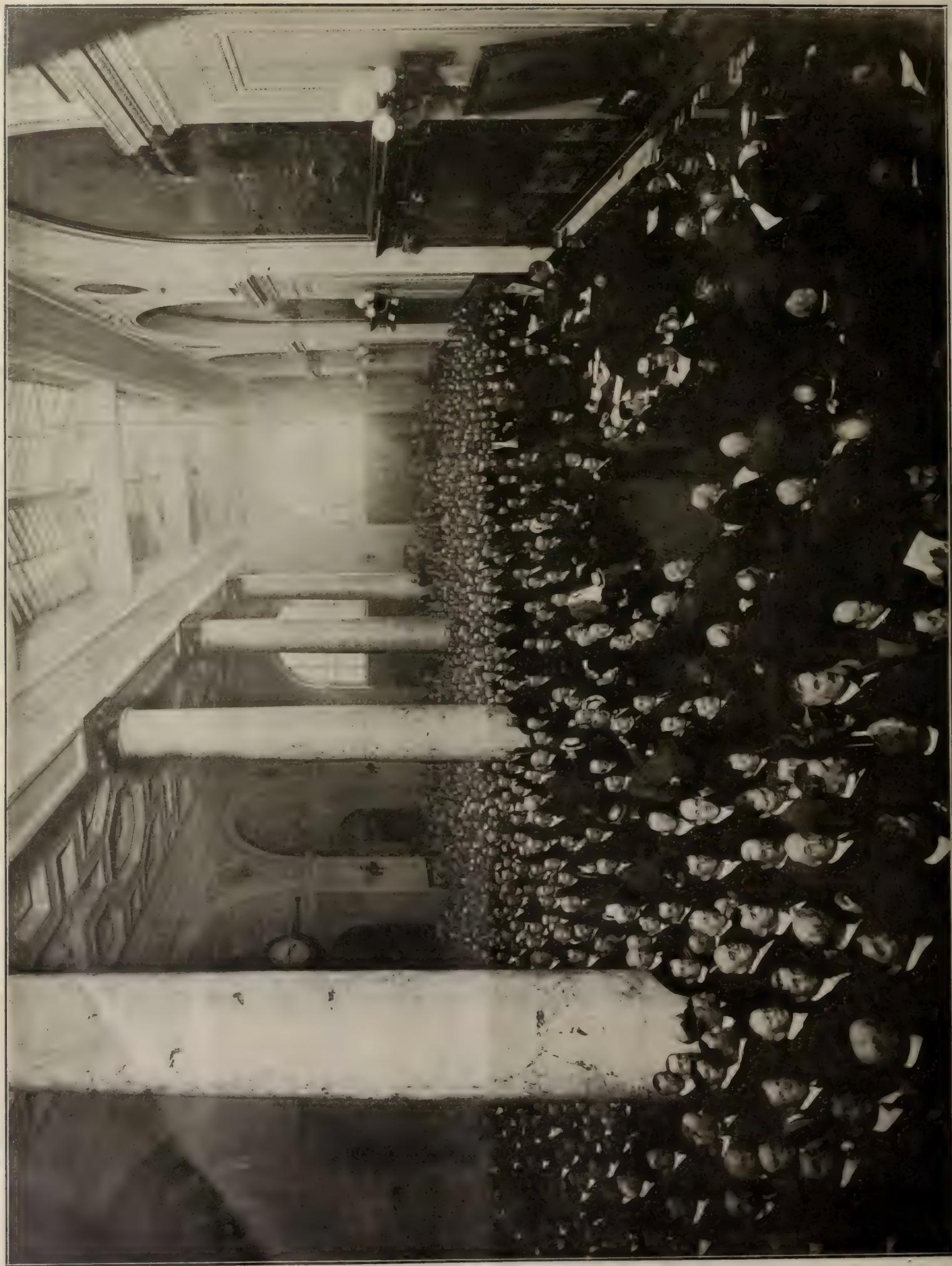
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MASS MEETING OF TWO THOUSAND MERCHANTS AND MEMBERS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, JULY 10, 1916, WHEN THE LAW AND ORDER COMMITTEE WAS FORMED.

The Awakening of San Francisco

By Theodore F. Bonnet

The poet made good melodious verse when he described the city at the Western Gate as serene, indifferent of Fate, but he did not tell the truth, which of course was not his aim. The city along whose avenues all the belts of civilization intersect is not indifferent of Fate. Often she has shown her determination to be master of her fate. Since those days long ago when her pioneers employed force to compel the relaxation of a brutal grip on civic affairs she has never been content with the guidance of folly or accident, but has insisted always on directing her energies to good ends. Many epochal things have been done in San Francisco with a view to beneficial changes of intrinsic conditions. One of these epochal things we are celebrating in this issue of *Town Talk* which deals with the movement started by the Chamber of Commerce under the leadership of Frederick J. Koster to redeem the city from the tyranny of Organized Labor. This was a movement of tremendous importance; for the city had greatly suffered from the domination of unrestrained unionism.

It is an observation no less just than common that power will intoxicate the best of hearts as well as the strongest heads. Such was the case in San Francisco. Here we saw power magnify littleness, dignify meanness and induce excesses from which flowed divers disorders that rendered peaceful industry impossible. Such was the arrogance of labor bosses that security could no longer be guaranteed to manufacturers. Now the greatness of a city and the happiness of its people are commonly allowed to be inseparable from commerce. A city becomes great in proportion to its wealth in the things that are both necessary and ornamental to life; but here for many years production was retarded by incessant industrial strife; and union leaders in their arrogance coerced not only our commercial interests but the Government itself. Trade was drifting away from the metropolis, and the city's loss meant the gain of neighboring communities where law and order prevailed and unionism was not supreme. Such was the melancholy posture of affairs when a revolt was organized by the Chamber of Commerce under the leadership of Frederick J. Koster.

Often it has been observed that crises develop men needed for a particular emergency. Hence the Great Man theory of Carlyle, that the history of what man

has accomplished in this world is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here, and that every social change has been the result of a great man's actions. This theory is only in a sense true. The great man, whatever his seeming influence is merely the agent of other influences behind him. He merely transmits a shock like a man pushed by a crowd. It was Caesar not Rome that conquered Gaul, but Caesar was a product of the genius that was Rome. Hamlet was written by Shakespeare, but Shakespeare happened in the Elizabethan age when certain poets frequented the Boars' Head Tavern. And so with Frederick J. Koster. True, he sounded the alarm, but as a matter of fact he was merely the proximate initiator; and the explanation of the true awakening of San Francisco must be sought in the aggregate of social conditions which made it imperative.

I would not detract from the debt we owe to Frederick J. Koster. He is the right man in the right place at the right time whatever happens. But what really happened was the awakening of the community. It was seen that industrially San Francisco was at a standstill. And San Francisco is essentially progressive.

Progress, we are told by men who have made the subject matter of profound study, can begin only in climates and regions where the production of the necessities of life are sufficiently easy to leave men leisure and energy available for other work. All progress did as a fact begin in those parts of the earth where the maintenance of life was easy. But the initiation of progress does not require only that the men concerned in it should inhabit a region where they may have abundant leisure; it is equally essential that the men themselves should possess an energetic temperament, which will not suffer them to devote their leisure to idleness. This energetic temperament is the special gift of climate. So all things considered San Francisco is a city specially favored by nature for the achievements for which she is celebrated and which but recently have amazed the world. She has come through more than one catastrophe, she has conquered many malign forces, and now that she has won liberty for her industries and is determined to avail herself of all the commercial potentialities of the western sea what a glorious outlook is hers!

San Francisco has been redeemed. In July the work of redemption was started.

In November we had an election and the Chamber of Commerce appealed to the electorate to do certain things in the interest of industrial freedom. The people responded to the call for coöperation with their leaders, and satisfactory progress was made. It was made clear that the people were impatient of lawlessness and union arrogance, and that they expect their politicians to sympathize with the efforts of the Chamber of Commerce to safeguard the industrial interests against the mischievous designs of organized labor. Koster and his immediate associates have won the confidence of the community. Of this the election removed all doubt. For the task which they had the courage to assume they have proved themselves eminently qualified. And though Koster was merely the proximate initiator he was also better fitted for the movement by principle and temperament than the average man of the business world. Curiously enough he is not an anti-union man, in the sense of being opposed to labor unionism on principle. Quite to the contrary; he is a pro-union man who believes in protecting labor from employers. Indeed he believes that it would not be to the interest of industrialism to destroy the unions. He recognizes the fact that the selfishness of capital makes unionism necessary, and that it is important to provide against the rapacity of the greedy employer. When he urged the formation of the Law and Order Committee in the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce it was not to injure the unions but to protect them. He announced that he never would join a movement motivated in hostility to unionism, but he added that as the principles of unionism had been abused it would be to the interest of the unions as well as for the welfare of the community to curb the power of organized labor. Koster is no altruist. He is a hard-headed business man who appreciates the importance of a policy of living by letting live. He perceived that the unions were destroying the industries of San Francisco and that unless they were restrained from so doing they would destroy themselves. And therefore he urged that their leaders, the men who were leading them into mischief, be disciplined. Discipline not destruction was the keynote of the movement started for the redemption of San Francisco from an intolerable tyranny.

Law and Order—The Beginning

"The Law and Order program is founded in a spirit of love for our city, recognition of the wonderful opportunity of her people, and a belief in her great destiny. The Law and Order program insists upon a respect for the Constitution of the United States, a respect so deep that it may not with impunity be assailed, and it insists upon respect for the American flag and all it represents of the spirit of human liberty."

The Chamber of Commerce campaign to enforce law and assure order in San Francisco began on July 10, 1916; but to understand the significance of this campaign, to appreciate the conditions which made it necessary, it is proper to summarize the series of events which began nearly two months before.

The Longshoremen's Union and the employers had signed on December 23, 1915, an agreement one of the clauses of which provided that its terms should continue in effect until either party gave a sixty-days' notice in writing of a desire to have those terms changed. On May 19, 1916, following the convention at Seattle of the longshoremen of the Pacific Coast, a letter was sent to the employers announcing that on June 1 a new schedule of wages and hours would be put in effect by the longshoremen. Efforts by the employers to secure a conference before June 1 were frustrated by the longshoremen, and on June 1, the employers not having met the demands, a walk-out occurred. The agreement thus broken had been witnessed by Rowland B. Mahany, Commissioner of Conciliation of the United States Department of Labor. United States Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson immediately protested against the longshoremen's breach of contract. Telegraphing on June 3 to the secretary of the longshoremen's union, he said among other things:

"No union can long exert an influence for good which deliberately violates its contract for temporary gain where the honor and integrity of any union can be justly assailed on the grounds of bad faith. . . . May I not, therefore, earnestly urge you, and through you the members of your union, to return to work under the terms of the contract of December twenty-third, nineteen fifteen, and pending the notice provided in the contract, allow the Department of Labor to use its good offices in bringing about an adjustment of any just grounds of dispute."

This telegram produced no results.

The interference with shipping, the stoppage of commerce at this port, and the constant recurrence of acts of violence along the waterfront in connection with this strike of the longshoremen, stirred the Chamber of Commerce to action. Telegrams were despatched to the United States Secretaries of Commerce and of Labor charging "unwarranted coastwise combination and effort to interfere with commerce;" and then the Chamber laid the foundation for vigorous measures. On June 22 the directors met and decided to pledge the Chamber of Commerce to a policy of Open Shop. A declaration of policy was formulated which contained these words:

"The directors of the Chamber of Commerce are convinced that the unwarranted demands to force closed shop conditions in the port of San Francisco by methods that are undertaken in the present controversy are not only unlawful but disastrous to the commerce of the port. The Longshoremen's Association has discriminated against certain commodities because at some time either in their origin or in their handling en route some supposed unfair quality has

attached thereto. For example, sugar landed on docks in San Francisco, handled by non union men en route, was refused loading by longshoremen in San Francisco. Another case concerned a large shipment of shingles which was refused because assumed to have been made in an open shop mill. An intolerable situation has thus been created and, inasmuch as the policy of the Chamber of Commerce is to oppose abuses or unjust practices which interfere with commerce, it has been moved to make a strong statement of its position. The chamber intends to use its utmost resources in dealing with any such situation."

Meanwhile the conduct of the longshoremen's strike was marked by many serious acts of violence. A schedule prepared from the police and hospital records shows that in the period from June 9 to July 17 thirty-six non union workers were assaulted, in most cases a severe beating being administered. In the same period there were seven cases of retaliatory assaults on union men.

There was one murder committed: Thomas Olsen, a striking longshoreman, was shot and killed by a negro strikebreaker on the night of June 21. It is instructive to note what led up to this crime. Two nights before, a strikebreaker named Hawkins, an American citizen sixty years of age, living on a barge with other strikebreakers and engaged in loading and discharging cargo, left Pier 32 to make purchases in a store. He was set upon by a number of union pickets and taken to the headquarters of the longshoremen's union. The officers of the union catechised Hawkins at length, and then ostensibly ordered the pickets to see that he reached a street car in safety. An hour or two afterwards he was found by the police on East street, so badly beaten that he was almost unrecognizable. He was unconscious, his body and head bruised from kicks and blows. The police took him to the barge instead of to the Emergency Hospital, and all of the two hundred and fifty men living on the barge had an opportunity to see him. They were therefore impressed with what might happen to any of them who ventured upon the streets. Two nights later two negro strikebreakers left the pier in the same way and at the same place Hawkins did. They were set upon by four union pickets. One of the negroes shot and killed Olsen, one of the pickets. The negro was arrested and charged with murder.

The strike had a disastrous effect upon the commerce of the port. It is estimated that there were over two and a half million dollars worth of exports held up in June by the strike. This in spite of the fact that sixty per cent of this volume of freight was interstate and subject to federal jurisdiction.

The strike served to bring the president of the longshoremen's union to public attention in the role of absolute monarch of the waterfront. Drivers of teams soon learned that they braved assault by union pickets if they sought access to a wharf without proper credentials. These credentials were issued to favored drivers by John J. Murphy, the absolute monarch afore-said. In the distribution of permits to transact business on the wharves the United States Government was not overlooked. Permits were issued to drivers engaged in hauling for the United States Treasury to "pass through all picket lines." This was the crowning effrontery of the strike leaders.

Such were the conditions in San Francisco when the Chamber of Commerce prepared to follow up its previous declaration of policy by

launching a campaign on behalf of Law and Order. The first move in the campaign showed that the Chamber had public opinion behind it; that the intolerable conditions which made the strike possible had not escaped the general observation of citizens.

On July 6 the Chamber, through its president Frederick J. Koster, issued a call for a mass meeting, and on the appointed day, July 10, two thousand business and professional men and members of the Chamber, gathered on the floor of the Chamber in the Merchants Exchange Building. President Koster presided, opening the meeting with a powerful address, and the other speakers were Frank B. Anderson, president of the Bank of California; Philip S. Teller, president of the San Francisco Commercial Club; R. I. Bentley of the California Fruit Cannery Association; Captain Robert Dollar, shipowner and merchant; William Sproule, president of the Southern Pacific Company; and Wallace M. Alexander of Alexander and Baldwin.

"We are here," said President Koster, "in the interests of San Francisco, to see that law and order shall be maintained, to the end that there may be guaranteed to every law abiding individual the God-given right to work and to live in peace and safety. . . . A condition of lawlessness exists for which there can be no excuse. You all know that, due to mob intimidation, it is almost impossible to handle goods to and from certain docks. Merchants are subjected to the shameful, tyrannous and uninterrupted rule of the waterfront by the officers of the longshoremen's union, and immunity from attack can only be gained through securing from Murphy, president of the Riggers and Stevedores Union, a regular form or order signed by him. . . . The Chamber is not out on any campaign to destroy labor unions, nor will it undertake anything of that character. There need be no mistake about our program unless deliberately misinterpreted, deliberately mis-stated. No law abiding workman but should support it. No law abiding union man of the most radical type need fear it in the slightest. We demand the maintenance of law and order. We insist upon scrupulous maintenance of contract. We insist upon the right to employ union or non-union labor, in whole or in part. We will, under no circumstances, tolerate a condition where, as has been the case in the present waterfront situation, goods or products are refused to be handled because of some taint of unfairness arbitrarily applied thereto. It is time that San Francisco free its reputation, at home and abroad, as being a class-ruled city, and anything within it that depends upon lawlessness and violence for its success must be stamped out."

Following the speeches, resolutions were submitted, and were unanimously adopted by the two thousand representative men present. These resolutions ran as follows:

RESOLVED: That it be the sense of this meeting that the permanent policy adopted by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, demanding that the integrity of all contractual relations between employers and employees be scrupulously observed, for the maintenance of law and order, and insisting upon the right to employ union men in whole or in part as the parties involved may elect, be unqualifiedly and heartily endorsed, and that the Chamber be encouraged to pledge its entire membership that its policy be made effective in this community:

RESOLVED: That the President of the

Chamber of Commerce appoint a committee of five, including himself as Chairman, to be known as the Law and Order Committee of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, with full power to act; to immediately proceed to appoint such sub-committees as it may deem necessary and advisable; to immediately proceed to raise such a sum of money as may be necessary to carry on this work to a successful conclusion, and be it further

RESOLVED: as the sense of this meeting that every merchant and business man present pledge himself to support this movement to the fullest extent.

Following the unanimous and enthusiastic adoption of these resolutions, the following Law and Order Committee was appointed: Frederick J. Koster, chairman; C. F. Michaels, vice-chairman; C. R. Johnson, George M. Rolph and Wallace M. Alexander.

Within five minutes after the organization of the Law and Order Committee, the announcement was made from the floor of the Chamber that \$200,000 had been voluntarily subscribed for the purposes of the Committee. Within a week this amount was increased to \$600,000. It continued to increase, so that at present the Committee is operating with a fund, in round numbers, of one million dollars.

During these activities the longshoremen's strike had continued; but on July 17 the men returned to work under conditions prevailing before the walk-out, but with the understanding that a conference of employers and employees should be held. It was held on August 1, and as a result the employers agreed with the longshoremen to certain increases in wages, and the union agreed to do all work and handle all freight without raising the question of "fairness" or "unfairness." Coincident with the walk-out of the longshoremen the Retail Lumber

Dealers Association had closed down their plants. The members of this association refused to treat with the longshoremen's union. On July 28 they resumed business under open shop conditions, employing union and non-union stevedores. Convinced of the unwarranted nature of this strike the Law and Order Committee gave its support to the lumber dealers.

Later the Restaurant Men's Association, controlling one hundred and forty of the principal cafes of San Francisco, declared for the open shop. In this case, also, the Law and Order Committee, convinced of the unwarranted nature of the strike, gave its support. The strike was broken.

Seven of the largest steel operators in this city, fabricating ninety per cent of the structural steel fabricated here, declared for the open shop. The Law and Order Committee gave similar support here, and for the same reasons. Open shop conditions are being maintained.

The terrible culmination of San Francisco's long period of lawlessness, intimidation and coercion came on Preparedness Day, July 22, when ten men and women were killed and fifty injured—for the most part visitors in the city—by the explosion of a bomb at Steuart and Market streets while the parade was passing.

President Koster immediately called a meeting of the Law and Order Committee, and it was determined that the entire public should be given an opportunity to express its condemnation of the outrage. So a mass meeting was called by the Committee for Wednesday night, July 26. With the announcement of this call in the newspapers came a letter to the Law and Order Committee threatening that another bomb would be exploded if the meeting was held and that a greater toll of life would be taken than on Preparedness Day. This letter

was in the same handwriting as the letters which had been received by the newspapers forewarning them of the Preparedness Day outrage.

Five thousand men and women braved this threat, and the mass meeting was a solemn, impressive and inspiring gathering. On the platform with the Law and Order Committee sat the advisory Committee of One Hundred, a representative San Franciscan body. The speakers at this meeting were Frederick J. Koster, Mayor James Rolph Jr., Archbishop Edward J. Hanna (represented by a letter), United States District Judge W. W. Morrow, Otto Irving Wise and Robert Newton Lynch.

That meeting testified to the inflexibility of purpose with which San Francisco had set about the work of redeeming the city from anarchy, violence and intimidation. It showed once more that the best public opinion was solidly aligned with the Law and Order campaign.

No other bomb outrages have since occurred in San Francisco. But it may be matter of some significance that the State Labor Council has publicly pledged its support to the men arrested for the Preparedness Day crime, one of whom has been convicted.

In this manner has the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco, through its Law and Order Committee, gone about its work of making San Francisco a better place in which to live. In this laudable work it has received—and will continue to receive—the support of all loyal and patriotic citizens.

That the community—men and women—fully support the Law and Order Committee in its programme was emphatically attested when by a strong majority vote, the committee won at the polls, its fight to bar picketing in San Francisco, a victory discussed more fully in an article elsewhere in this edition.

Achievement and Outlook

An Address to the Chamber of Commerce by President Koster After Five Thousand New Members Had Been Admitted—He Discusses the Spirit and Aims of the New Movement

Gentlemen: The officers of your Chamber of Commerce extend to you greeting and a cordial welcome here in the home of the Chamber.

The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce is today the largest and one of the most influential commercial organizations in the United States and very probably in the whole world.

The recent tremendous increase in its membership and in financial support is not only a mighty endorsement of its work and its programme, but is likewise an expression of confidence in San Francisco's future and a readiness to coöperate in the direction of realizing her great natural advantages, to the fullest possible extent, for the benefit of all her people.

San Francisco is looking forward to a great industrial expansion. The measure of that development, and the rapidity of its realization, depend largely upon the intelligently directed effort of business leaders, through voluntary commercial organization.

We have, without question practically every natural advantage that could be conferred upon any location for a city. We lack only the human forces and resources necessary to make the fullest use of these natural advantages; and in order to attract these forces those of us who are already here must so govern ourselves and create such conditions as will tend to draw to us the combined developing agency of investor and worker.

The articles of incorporation of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce state that the purposes for which it was formed are "To ad-

vance, foster and encourage domestic and foreign trade, commerce and industry, and promote the public and commercial welfare and interests of the city and county of San Francisco, the State of California, and the Pacific Coast; to establish and maintain a commercial exchange in the city and county of San Francisco; to promote the interests and convenience of its members; to inculcate just and equitable principles in trade; to establish and maintain uniformity in commercial usages; to acquire, preserve and disseminate valuable business information, and to adjust controversies between its members, and generally secure to its members the benefits of coöperation in the furtherance of their legitimate pursuits."

It is wise to keep this in mind and to understand that as a member of this organization you are voluntarily contributing your share towards accomplishing these ends.

The advantage of any individual through his membership in the Chamber can be secured only indirectly, and in proportion only as the Chamber's work results in the general benefit of the whole community.

This I wish to impress upon you above all things, namely: the voluntary character of this organization; the fact that it has no power of control, restrictive or otherwise, over any of its members or over anyone else; the fact that it is primarily an agency for community service; that it cannot undertake, directly, to make profits for its members; that it can only combine the influence and intelligence of its

members in the general community interest, and thus widen the opportunity for each of its members. It cannot do a single thing for any of its individual members without in the same act performing a service for the benefit of the whole community.

Every thrifty working man and working woman, as well as those in business and professional life, should ponder carefully the fact that in a well ordered community, where the best use is made of natural advantages, there is the most wholesome living possible for every element—a better opportunity for good schooling for children, for the learning of a trade or of a profession, for getting a job under proper working conditions and with good pay—that there is less likelihood of the boys and girls being turned in idleness upon the street—that every little piece of property has just so much better and sounder a value; and that all the conditions are just so much more favorable for the enjoyment of life.

The San Francisco Chamber of Commerce believes that San Francisco can be made the finest and greatest city in the world, with the happiest and most prosperous people. It desires that factories shall be established here; that ships shall be built here; that ships shall leave and enter this harbor in great numbers, to and from everywhere; that our city shall attract through the fact primarily that the people are law-abiding, coöperative and efficient, so that investment made here in good faith will be guaranteed protection and a square

deal. It desires that we shall have good streets, good sewers, an abundance of wholesome water, a well-lighted city, good schools, parks and playgrounds, and all those things that are essential to the happiness and wellbeing of all the people.

To accomplish these things the Chamber will exert itself to its utmost.

In order that these things may be possible, the first essential is that we be well governed, to the end that law and order be maintained and that every law-abiding person be permitted to live in the full enjoyment of those rights and privileges sought to be guaranteed by the Constitution of our country.

It was in the realization of this fundamental necessity that there was made the Chamber's declaration of policy which led to the formation of the Law and Order Committee. And, too, it was in the spirit of approval of the stand taken by the Chamber, in recognition of its tremendous importance, and appreciation of the fact that it not only justified but demanded the support of the leaders among business and professional men to make its work effective, that so many of them rallied to its support.

It was just about two and one-half months ago, namely on July 10th, that there was held in this room the great meeting of business and professional men which resulted in the formation of the Law and Order Committee, and which gave the first evidence of that spirit which has been responsible for the Chamber's increase in membership.

I will not attempt to go into details as to the many important activities of the Chamber, and later I will call upon our Vice-President and General Manager to briefly outline those things to you.

I merely wish to say emphatically that while the work of the Law and Order Committee is perhaps deepest in the minds of the members of the Chamber, and while its work, as I have said, is fundamental, realizing as we do that without a foundation of a healthy, law-abiding community all other effort is practically valueless, still there is proceeding work of the utmost importance to the city and to the State in the many other departments of the organization.

The work of the Law and Order Committee is progressing steadily and consistently.

We are attacking this problem at its foundation with a keen appreciation of its magnitude. We have been subjected to a number of attacks, and each attack has only served to strengthen our position. No attempt has been made to attack the principles for which we stand because that would be worse than futile; but very positive statements have been made, and are constantly being made, to impugn our motives and to persuade the public that the object back of our Open Shop declaration is the destruction of labor unions, in spite of our very definite statements to the effect that we insist upon the strict observance by both parties of con-

tractual relations between employer and employee, which implies a recognition of collective bargaining and contract—in spite of our insistence upon the right to employ union or non-union men in whole or in part as the parties involved may elect. The fact is that according to our view the Open Shop is nothing more or less than that shop which is not, by reason of illegal, unwarranted, or unrighteous coercion or domination, a shop closed to all

down to one thing—the insistence upon the maintenance of law and order in industrial disputes.

The great thing that has so far been accomplished as a result of the stand taken by the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce is a complete change in the attitude of the self-respecting, law-abiding elements in the community, to one of optimism and confidence, and to put that element which has been responsible for the exploitation of the working people and their organizations, as well as the community, through their power over those organizations, on the defensive not only before the community as a whole but before the better class of the membership of labor unions themselves. And it has done more than this—it has attracted to San Francisco favorable attention from all parts of the United States.

This organization has taken a place of leadership. True leadership imposes responsibilities and great obligations, and we cannot relieve ourselves from them, and the trend of our whole community will depend largely upon how we fulfill those obligations. The organization as such will exert an influence in proportion as its officers can direct the cooperative spirit of service. There will be misunderstanding, but that must not weaken our purpose. We are engaged upon a big and splendid work, and all big works have their periods of trial and doubt, and the essential big things never show immediate results.

There can be no question of our love for our city. There can be no question that our population is for the most part of excellent quality, and that it is imbued with a spirit of making this our city one of the most attractive of all the world's communities. It is for us to contribute, through our splendid organization, every possible help towards the consummation of this very desirable end.

In conclusion, I cannot refrain from giving expression, on the part of all the officers of the

Chamber, of appreciation of the wonderful work performed by the Membership Committee; of the splendid evidence of public spirit and self-sacrifice of some 700 of the busiest leaders in business and professional life in the service they gave in building up the membership of this Chamber. It is difficult to estimate the educational value of that work to the whole city. The value of their service, given in a spirit of the realization of the need of arousing our citizens to a sense of their civic duty, indicates what a splendid beginning has been made in changing the whole sentiment of our people, and how much we may expect to accomplish in the future, through this instrument which you have helped to create and of which you are a part. We shall go forward with confidence, sure of your support—with malice towards none—claiming no privilege excepting that of serving the whole community in its highest interest. (Applause.)



FREDERICK J. KOSTER

President San Francisco Chamber of Commerce and Chairman of the Law and Order Committee of the Chamber of Commerce.

but those who are members of, and controlled by, the union or unions.

We are not out upon any programme of disrupting unions or to injure them in any way whatever. We have no authority or right to say to anyone that he shall or shall not either employ or refuse to employ union members, or that he shall not deal with the union or unions; but we insist that labor unions, like any other organizations of any character, in order to be tolerated in our community life, must confine themselves to acts within the law. They must, like any other organizations, attract their membership through making themselves valuable; attract because through righteous and lawful methods they help the working people to secure justice and every fair advantage possible; but they should not compel membership through coercion and intimidation nor should they compel recognition through intimidation, coercion, or any other unlawful methods.

Our programme practically resolves itself

Looking to the Future

There were some very significant happenings in this city on November 7 when sharp issues were drawn at the polls between organized labor as a political force and the Chamber of Commerce through its Law and Order Committee. As a result of that election it may be instructive to consider and ponder the things that were done, things that afford us a basis on which we may estimate the strength of labor organized, not for industrial betterment but to facilitate its political activities. It is in that aspect that labor is discussed herein.

On November 7, 1916, the men and women of San Francisco placed upon the city statutes an ordinance (No. 8 on the ballot), prohibiting picketing. This ordinance was carried by an affirmative vote of 74,028. There were cast against this ordinance 68,299 votes. The ordinance, therefore, by which pickets are forever barred from San Francisco, was carried by a majority of 5,729. This was a notable victory for the Chamber of Commerce, which was the principal civic body supporting the ordinance. Indeed it was generally understood that the Chamber regarded the ordinance as a means of testing public sentiment regarding labor's most cherished and valuable weapon. To defeat this ordinance was the main object of organized labor on election day. Labor was united and aggressive in opposition to the ordinance. As a consequence labor summoned its full strength to the polls, and it was defeated.

The Significance of Results

Labor also supported Police Judge Sullivan whom it regards as a very warm friend. He received 70,490 votes. Ordinance No. 9, prohibiting unlicensed street speaking, though it had the endorsement of the Chamber of Commerce, was defeated, the affirmative vote being 65,446 and the negative vote 68,755, the majority against the ordinance being 3,309. This ordinance of course was not so important as the anti-picketing ordinance. It received 466 more negative votes than were cast for No. 8, a circumstance due in a measure perhaps to the fact that it was opposed by two daily papers, The Call and Daily News, but presumably some people were opposed to it on the theory that it endangered the precious right of free speech.

On the whole the general result of the election was gratifying to the Chamber of Commerce. But what is here considered is the significance of the votes. Judge Sullivan received 70,490 votes but was defeated. Now labor "plumped" for him and presumably he was supported by personal friends in nowise connected with the unions. Thus we may easily account for the 2,191 votes he received in excess of the solid labor alignment that voted no on Ordinance No. 8 (the anti-picketing measure).

There were no other measures on the November ballot from which to arrive at a clearer determination of labor's strength. The jitney fight, No. 10 on the ballot, and the two-platoon fight, No. 33, drawing largely from widely spread and diversified elements. Although the actual voting strength of members of labor unions in San Francisco, including the Building Trades Council and the San Francisco Labor Council, is probably not more than 30,000 to 32,000, there is a constantly growing sentiment among unorganized workers in favor of supporting the labor programme. It is this sentiment, which has grown rapidly during the past five years, that now enables organized labor to deliver a vote of 68,000 at the polls.

A Shock to Labor

An organized vote in San Francisco of 68,000 can in all ordinary times control an election. Hence it was a very significant shock to the labor leaders in San Francisco to discover that this considerable voting strength was nullified by the substantial majority which was given to the measure advocated by the Chamber of Commerce and on which the issue was definitely joined. In the language of the street labor politicians got a "jolt" from which they will be a long time recovering.

It is therefore very gratifying to people who have believed that class government would continue indefinitely to retard the city's industrial growth, that it is now evident that redemption of the city is only a matter of intelligent organized effort of the kind that is now directed by the Chamber of Commerce. We have returned to a healthy political state and our civic leaders are determined to keep us therein and to see that class government is abolished.

The anti-picketing ordinance was carried when the civic conscience was stirred to expression and it is not to be permitted to slumber again in the immediate future. There has been no time in the political history of San Francisco when right measures could not be approved nor when the right men could not be elected. Nothing more was needed than that a real majority of all citizens should register and vote. It is when the majority of citizens do not vote that the organized minority wins. Unfortunately for San Francisco the majority of citizens do not regularly vote and the unorganized minority—political organized labor—has been enabled consistently to elect candidates to office pledged to their cause.

Importance of Registration

These facts were recognized by the Law and Order Committee of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, which gave us a chance to vote for a law prohibiting picketing. The Chamber of Commerce realized the difficulty of getting a sufficient number of progressive citizens to offset at the polls the solid block of votes that it was known would be cast by labor. Conceding labor at least 60,000 votes—the showing made, 68,000 votes, surprised even the labor leaders—the Committee realized that 125,000 or 130,000 or more votes must be polled on this measure in order to insure its passage but there were other progressive and wide-awake citizens who realized equally well that unless there was some method of stimulating registration and voting such a vote could never be secured on an ordinance of this character or any other ordinance in the interests of decency and progress.

These citizens met and organized a committee called "The Committee on Civic Duty." The personnel of the officers and the sub-committees of this committee clearly indicated to the public at large the disinterested nature of the committee's work. It had no axes to grind. It neither approved nor disapproved a candidate or a measure. Its sole function was, first, to get every citizen entitled to registration to register and, second, to get every person so registered to the polls to vote. The committee had faith in one cardinal principle: where a genuine majority of all citizens cast a ballot on a certain measure, right, justice and decency always win.

Their faith they vindicated by systematic effort and it is believed by the Registrar of Voters that they increased the registration by 20,000

votes. The great bulk of the new registration was from north of Market street districts where usually registration is backward. The total registration was 182,000, breaking all records for San Francisco.

In its work, the Committee on Civic Duty enrolled a membership of 13,000 men and women of San Francisco who subscribed to the clean-cut declaration of principle issued by the committee. These committeemen by the hundred, volunteered their services on election day to induce their friends and neighbors to vote.

Assuming, and as events proved correctly, that this tremendous increase in registration and the unexampled membership showing made by the Committee on Civic Duty indicated a reawakening of the civic conscience of San Francisco, the Law and Order Committee promptly began a vigorous campaign to secure the enactment of a measure that would give by its adoption a concrete expression of the sentiment of an aroused community against acts of lawlessness, violence and intimidation growing out of industrial disputes. It centered its campaign on a law prohibiting picketing and the issue was promptly met by the organized forces of political labor. Only those who were on the inside of the fight made by the Law and Order Committee to secure this much needed piece of sound legislation know the stubborn and comprehensive battle that was made to defeat the ordinance by the friends of labor.

But, by the vote that has been noted—74,028 to 68,229, the Chamber of Commerce and the Law and Order Committee won what has been described as the most brilliant victory ever won at the San Francisco polls.

A Hopeful Sign for the Future

Now this great achievement is not to be summed up in a statement of the majority by which the election was won. There is this to be considered—that the people have learned of the importance of efficiency in election campaigns. There is proof that when a clean cut issue is made between the forces of law and order and the forces of lawlessness and disorder it is possible to rally the decent element of the people to the support of law and order, because law and order mean progress, the maintenance of community ideals, better citizenship.

The people may be depended on to rally in greater numbers in future elections. Just how many rallied in this instance it is impossible to say, for some things are not clear. The picketing ordinance, as drawn, favored the opposition. It was necessary for the citizens anxious to remove pickets from the street to vote "Yes;" in other words to enact a prohibitory ordinance, they had to cast an affirmative vote. Hence there was much misunderstanding. Dozens of messages were received by the Chamber of Commerce even after the comprehensive campaign made for the ordinance, to the effect that persons anxious to have the pickets removed voted "No" by mistake. However, though it is manifestly impossible to learn just how many people were on the side of law and order yet the official figures tell us what precisely was labor's strength.

And now the disorderly, offensive, un-American pickets having been permanently removed, what next is in order in the work of reform? Where is the next point at which good citizens may concentrate their efforts for a still farther advance toward community progress, the elimination of class government, and the insurance of that orderly and consistent industrial de-

velopment that should, in the judgment of scientific, unprejudiced investigators, be realized within the next decade by San Francisco? The government experts settle beyond all question, in their report on the metropolitan area embracing the bay counties, the commanding place of San Francisco, through her natural advantages. It is San Francisco's task to make her place still more eminent by taking advantage, through intelligent cooperation of all classes of her citizens, of the natural advantages that are hers.

The Board of Supervisors of this city—even more than the Mayor—is a pivotal point in progress. A class majority in the Board of Supervisors can—and has—thrown petty and arbitrary restrictions around capital contemplating investment here. In numerous instances of record capital has been driven into other territory. San Francisco has been a heavy sufferer from industrial class legislation and industrial class control.

The Next Step

The next step to be taken by San Francisco is a house cleaning job in the Board of Supervisors. And there is a splendid prospect at the present that this enterprise will be undertaken by both men and women. The indications are that they will continue the great work that was begun in November when picketing was banned. Nine supervisors are to be elected in November next, and there is need of constructive legislation in the interests of the entire city, rather than in the interest of only one section of the city; in the interest of every element in our population and not of one element.

Registrar of Voters J. Harry Zemansky who knows whereof he speaks, says that San Francisco should have a registration of 200,000. Incidentally, the Registrar of Voters states that the great increase of this registration should come from the residential districts, from the territory of our so-called "good citizens," the class, unfortunately, that is the most neglectful

of its civic duty. Against this indifference, organized minorities have been enabled election after election to win practically a complete ticket of municipal officers.

Here is the field of activity for the Committee on Civic Duty. There should be a demand for steady and sustained work for the next six months on the part of that committee—headed by public-spirited men and women concerned with but one object—a complete registration; in other words, to put 200,000 names on the register. It can safely be predicted at this time that with such a registration only candidates who measure up to the best standards of broad, constructive civic patriotism, could hope to be elected.

An endorsing organization holding the confidence of the community—such an organization as the Municipal Conference—if it selected nine men that in its judgment would best serve the city if elected, would have a powerful and undoubtedly determining influence on the result

San Francisco Chamber of Commerce Leads The World

During the early period of activity of the Law and Order Committee of the Chamber of Commerce there was conducted a campaign for new members which set a record for similar campaigns in this country and definitely placed the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce at the head of all similar organizations in point of membership and annual revenue.

This campaign conducted with the last word in scientific detail began on Tuesday, August 29, and ended Friday, September 1. Two hundred committees of three men each canvassed the city in certain allotted territory, reporting each day at luncheon at the Palace Hotel the results of their work. As the membership roll increased by hundreds and thousands, enthusiasm mounted correspondingly and the final day, when it was definitely known that the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce had taken a world place in prestige through the membership of its great commercial organization, enthusiasm reached its climax. The membership today is in round figures 6400 and the annual revenue \$280,000.

This tremendous increase in membership can be taken but in one way—as a serious and emphatic endorsement by the business community of the work that the Chamber of Commerce is doing and particularly of the specialized activity of the Law and Order Committee of that body.

The names of the six hundred business men who volunteered their time for four days in the cause of San Francisco and the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce are given herewith. These names constitute a roll of honor of which any city might well be proud.

The six hundred committee men worked under the energetic and tireless direction of Mr. Joseph Wagner, chairman of the Membership Committee.

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TOWN TALK

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The Mockery of Christmas

Once more it is easy to talk of the mockery of Christmas. For all, except the thoughtless or heartless, merrymaking at this season of this year may be said to be more or less a mockery. It was the same last year, the same the year before. There is presented to the world an incongruous reminder of the contrast between what millions of people are doing and what they have professed and hoped. It is no consolation to reflect that battle, slaughter and sudden death are not new on Christmas Day, but it is interesting to recall a very remarkable occurrence of Christmas Day 1914—the unofficial armistice established by tacit consent between the combatants in the Western Field of war. That was something new. There was a touch of Christian civilization in that remarkable occurrence, which was all the more remarkable considering the horrors of the opening months of the war, considering also wars of the recent past. Entrenched in some places within speaking distance of one another, English, French and German soldiers mutually agreed on a temporary cessation of hostilities, and celebrated, without fear of snipers or shells, the anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Peace. They celebrated both in devotional and convivial style, and in many places they fraternized enjoyably. This was a most singular happening of the bloodiest war of history, not only because it was probably without parallel, but because from history we learn that many of the most sanguinary battles were fought on the great feast day of Christendom. Even in our war of Independence our soldiers fought on Christmas Day. They fought at Trenton on December 25th, 1776. It was on that day that George Washington with twenty-four hundred men crossed the icy waters of the Delaware amid a storm of sleet and ice, attacking the British at eight o'clock in the morning. It was a surprise battle that netted General Washington one thousand prisoners, including thirty-two officers and a large

quantity of artillery and stores. It was probably the day that made the victory possible, for the attack was unexpected. We know Napoleon had no conscientious scruples against fighting on Christmas Day because he defeated the Austrians at Mincio and fought the Allies at Paltuck on December 25th. Several British generals won victories in India on Christmas Day. If on last Christmas Day there was no cessation of hostilities, the Germans deeming it a good time for an air raid over Dover and the Thames, in this year is held forth the promise of peace, and the Christian spirit is finding expression in neutral nations where there is felt that profound sympathy with humankind which we owe to the teaching of Christ.

The Truth Before Peace

Germany's overtures of peace, as we foresaw, have not been well received except by the Pacifists of neutral nations, who are always for peace at any price. But the overtures having been made we have reason to feel that the belligerents have reached the beginning of the end. Yet the end may be a long way off. Though we are told that in proposing a peace talk Germany is more confident than ever of eventual triumph and desires to put responsibility for whatever happens henceforth on the Allies, it is not unreasonable to assume that she also considered her own interests as a belligerent. She may have confidence, but she sees her manpower diminishing, and it is not prudent to keep on taking chances. Anyway this would be a very good time for Germany to have the war called off. But how unfortunate that along with the offer to discuss peace terms the German Chancellor did not suggest the willingness of Germany to submit the question "Who Started the War?" to a court of neutral nations. According to the Chancellor himself this is the all-important question that must be discussed when peace terms are made. Is it not obvious that it is the all-important question right now? As soon as peace terms were proposed the Governments of the Allies began talking of indemnities and of the danger of "fresh plans of aggression." According to a resolution of the Duma the oft-repeated charge is made that Germany was responsible for the horrors of the war and it is said that the German Government's motive in proposing peace "is to exculpate itself before public opinion in Germany." The answer to all this is: "We are prepared to submit the question of responsibility to an international court at once with the understanding that the evidence shall be made public in each of the belligerent countries." What more practicable way is there of settling the matter? Why prolong crimination and recrimination?

It is never too late to ascertain the truth, nor is there any better proof of sincerity than insistence on a demand for the facts. Now, there is no mystery regarding the origin of the war. All the facts are in black and white at sources that may be easily coordinated.

The Protest from Holland

The daily press of this city would have us believe that tentative peace proposals are in the nature of a first step toward the end, but we might grievously err if we took much that we read in our dailies seriously. Not all the truth is coming from Europe, nor are we vouchsafed all that is coming or that gets as far as New York. Much stress is put on some news that is far from the truth, and little account is taken of other news even when it is of the first importance. Consider for example how little attention has been paid to the Dutch appeal to Americans to aid Belgium. This news was wired to the American press as early as December 11th and it was of tremendous significance, for the Dutch are not an insignificant people. They occupy a strategic position in Europe at this time, and it is of the utmost importance to Germany that neutrality be preserved by the Netherlands. Now, from the Dutch protest it is clear that a strong anti-German sentiment has been developed just over the border in Belgium. Appealing to President Wilson the Holland section of the League of Neutral States says that at length the war has become unbearable to Holland because she "cannot longer passively contemplate the ghastly suffering inflicted" on her neighbor across the border. Obviously the people from whom this protest emanated are no longer neutral of sentiment. Rather they are indignant, and have appealed to President Wilson, not to start proceedings at the Hague, but, as the head of "the mightiest of the neutral States," to assume the leadership of neutral nations with a view to putting an end to a "hellish scourge." They affirm that Germany's tyranny can no longer be borne in patience, that neutral nations "can no longer stand idly by while in Western Europe the most primitive laws of humanity observed even by uncivilized races are trampled under foot." To be sure this protest is not official, but it is at least significant of a growing sentiment almost at the doors of the Hague Temple of Peace. It does not call for a peace conference. It calls for "decisive and energetic action." It may have been nothing more than a coincidence that the German Chancellor spoke for peace almost at the moment the Dutch articulated their address to President Wilson. The result was he almost drowned the voice of the protestants, but the probability is that the

Allies heard it with all their ears, for they have been eager for an expression of Dutch sympathy. And the protest may be the reason why the peace proposal left them cold. However, our dailies have tried to persuade us that in England there is much sentiment in favor of considering peace negotiations. But by way of proof they quote principally *The Nation* which has been frequently described by the British press as the organ of the Quaker Trust magnates because it has contemplated a Germany "more or less beaten" rather than a Germany shorn of Prussian power.

An Old-Fashioned Prelate

Out of a clear sky comes Cardinal Gibbons' pronouncement against woman suffrage. Cardinal Gibbons is one of the few survivors of the "Old Guard" that never surrenders. An old-fashioned man representing an old-fashioned church is Cardinal Gibbons, with no axes to grind, no politics to practice for self-interest. Unlike former Justice Hughes he has no taste for experiments, nor any ear for the modern wisdom of an Olive Shreiner or a Mrs. Gilman, or even a Jane Addams. He is not to be convinced that what is new is necessarily true. It is no use to tell him that the differences of sex are becoming more and more dwarfed by the common character of humanity. His answer would probably be "Granted, but how unfortunate!" Feminists may tell him, as they are telling all who will listen, that if given her full share in every higher mode of intellectual or spiritual endeavor, woman will bring a different focus and a different valuation for the general benefit. But it would be just like him to deny the paramount importance of this binocular vision. These aren't the things that concern the venerable prelate at all. Men like Dr. Aked and Dr. Jordan may be eager to reduce the great burden of maternity and thus liberate much energy now devoted to racial work, but not Cardinal Gibbons. The probability is the old gentleman spends very little time, if any, reflecting on the functions of sex. In short he is far from being up to date. In one sense he is an incorrigible optimist—having faith in the principle of letting Nature take its course.

The Belief That Kitchener Lives

A curious psychological phenomenon is the tendency to believe that famous men reported dead under tragic or mysterious circumstances are still among the living. To this day there are people who believe that Sir Hector Macdonald is alive. It

will be remembered that he was recalled to England from India to be subjected to an official investigation on a most scandalous charge. On his way to London he committed suicide in a Paris hotel. Since then there have been many rumors of his appearance in China, where, it is said, he is serving in the army disguised as a Chinese. Many times it has been reported that Oscar Wilde was writing plays under a pseudonym. Now comes the report from England that in some quarters Lord Kitchener is not believed to be dead. Quite prevalent in France is the belief that he still lives. He is said to be in Russia, hidden away for some secret purpose. This is the belief of glad optimists clinging to the hope that the great soldier is working in some mysterious way to confound the enemies of his country. Of course there is no vestige of possibility that their belief is rational, but the beliefs we are passionately desirous of retaining it is hard to eradicate. Perhaps it would be especially difficult in the case of Kitchener who was known to be something of a magician in his methods. He was fond of devices for misleading that he might more easily overwhelm by a strategic joke. Many stories have been told of his baffling the Arabs whose native dialect he learned. He was reticent and shrewd, keeping his plans to himself whenever it suited his purpose. Hence it would be easy to argue that he might be screening himself from observation in a land of immensity, like Russia.

The President as a Speaker

President Wilson, one of his warmest admirers tells us, has the "Ciceronian gift of fluency." Which means, we presume, that he has the good fortune to be unlike the "fool" of Ecclesiasticus who "travaileth with a word as a woman in labor of a child." This gift of fluency is great capital in a democracy, especially when it is accompanied by the itch of self-expression; but the Ciceronian gift! Surely this is not the epithet to describe the tepid utterances of Mr. Wilson. More like Samuel Smiles, he is giving articulate form to the confused ideas bubbling in the minds of his contemporaries. Mr. Wilson is a facile talker; no doubt of that. Of facile talkers we have no end. The gift of gab is a commonplace of twentieth century politics, but the eloquence of Cicero is as rare today as it was in the days of Catiline. The grand manner of speech is to be met with here and there, but not the grand manner of thinking. It is the quality of thought—of thought lit up from within by imagination—that gives distinction to speech. President Wilson's speeches have not this distinction. They do not feed the mind and the imagination. His applauding critic tells us that the President utters great truths. This is not to be disputed. But great truths, just because they are true, are obvious and trite; for our ancestors were not so blind as some of us are pleased to believe. Great truths are to be found in the axioms of Euclid, the

definitions of Aristotle and the Ten Commandments. Now we are not criticising the President's speeches merely for the purpose of disparagement. But he was not elected for his eloquence, and it is not in the public interest to misrepresent him as an exemplar whose speeches should be taken as specimens of fine English and prized for their literary value, like Lincoln's. There are many really good speeches in our literature of eloquence, as it may be called. It abounds in noble speeches that students may study to advantage. Why should they waste time on the speeches of Mr. Wilson? Maybe they do so because the orator's art is no longer appreciated. We have become so businesslike that we think everything except plain fact is mere ornament, a dandyism of speech. The same is true of all our literature. It has long been lapsing into dull prosiness. We have been deluded by the heresy of stylelessness, misled by the idea that great literature is all a matter of first fine careless raptures. We shall have to learn all over again that genius is the recognition of the perfect line, the perfect phrase, the perfect word. Meanwhile we have fallen into the common use of what Quiller-Couch calls Jargon and Journalese, and President Wilson himself, to show that he is just one of the plain people, affects a comic supplement slang that he evidently regards as a sign of relaxation from turgid dignity. Now of course there is such a thing as an art in writing, and it requires as much art to produce the simple English of a Stevenson or even a Quiller-Couch as in composing a fugue or painting a picture. Indeed, more complex is the writer's art than the musician's or the painter's, for the laws of his craft, unlike the laws of harmony and perspective, cannot be formally codified and applied. And this art is not to be numbered among Mr. Wilson's accomplishments. He has mastered grammar, and he knows the importance of avoiding the style of the elocutionist of Congress who, when laying a corner-stone, sweats himself into flights about the bravery of Andrew Jackson. The oratory of the spreadeagle patriot has brought oratory into disrepute, and eloquence which, like music, serves the purpose of inspiration, has come to be regarded as a means of saying in an hour what ought to be said in less than ten minutes. There are few imitations of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. But the art of eloquence will be revived when he comes who, like Demosthenes, will be able to cast a spell over a nation, and we shall be ready to receive and welcome him. Then will be read speeches that will reach the deeper layers of the soul, and men will find that the orator has the ability to exalt not only his theme but his logic. The genuine orator is a man who breathes the energy of life into the grey facts of the occasion. Does Wilson?

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From Star to Star

By George Edgar

Chapter I.

On January 26th, 1814, a little old lady was busy with her tea things in a large drawing-room on the first floor of a house in Adelphi Terrace.

She was a wonderful little old lady, in many ways. Despite the fact that she had passed her eightieth birthday, she was both hale and sprightly. Her dark eyes, silvery hair and calm expression had given a beauty to her age that her youth had never known. When she moved, her figure revealed the animation of youth—a legacy of grace from early years spent as a dancer. Her talk—and she talked much—betrayed a pretty foreign accent, and was rich in allusion to the picturesque personalities of a day richly picturesque and crowded with piquant personalities. She betrayed no signs of age, either in speech or action. Only the crown of silvery hair emphasized the lengthy span of years lived by the woman who was David Garrick's widow, and remained alive long after his death in 1779.

Mrs. Garrick was busy making a brew of tea. Her visitor was a tall, attractive-looking man, with the clean-shaven face of the actor type. He was well dressed in a coffee-colored suit with a flowered waistcoat, and as he sat before the fire, the light played about his well-turned legs and silken hose and flashed on the bright buckles of his shoes.

Thomas Dibden, of Drury Lane Theatre, had dropped in to talk shop and theatrical scandal with Mrs. Garrick.

"Things are just going to perdition," Tom Dibden said, sipping his tea, contentedly. "If they don't look up, there will be no national theatre in Drury Lane, upon my honor, there won't."

"Ah!" smiled the little old lady. "They want my David, even yet. If he were alive, your blundering committee would not be cudgelling its poor brains for an attraction."

"Yes—if we could put David's name on the bills, we should be certain of the right results," Dibden agreed.

"The hunchback—eh?" the little old lady said, her bright eyes gleaming reminiscently, as she peered at the actor. "David would fill old Drury as the hunchback Richard—even today."

"Alas! we have no Garrick now," Dibden gloomed, "and the result is we play each night to a beggarly array of empty benches. It's like acting in a graveyard."

"But are there no stars left?" Mrs. Garrick asked. "Was poor David the last of the line?"

"Well—we haven't got one to fill his place, despite all these years," Dibden said, solemnly. "Kemble draws—but he draws for the opposition. And there is the glorious Siddons. We've had to put up Hubbard and Sowerby as stop-gaps, but both are sticks."

"They failed badly enough," Mrs. Garrick interposed.

"They did," Dibden agreed. "They seemed to drive away the few people who were still coming to the theatre."

"And what about the new Shylock?" Mrs. Garrick asked. "Shylock is a big throw for a new man. Who is he?"

Dibden laughed.

"A tragedian—fore God," Dibden chuckled. "A regular hop-over-me-thumb, marm. Five feet nothing or thereabouts, with legs like the drumsticks of an old hen. A hungry-looking

little barnstormer. They dug him up round Dorchester."

"You are not impressed," Mrs. Garrick laughed, eyeing the actor, shrewdly.

"Impressed!—fie, Mrs. Garrick," Dibden replied, with a touch of contempt. "When all the rest have failed, this half-starved little bantam is not likely to set the Thames afire. He's the committee's forlorn hope. They wanted him to try out a small part, after keeping him hanging about the theatre for weeks. But sink me, if he did not defy the lot of them, Lord Essex and Byron included. 'I will play lead or nothing' were his words—so Peter Moore says. He talked to them as if he had the drawing power of David."

Dibden made known his intention to depart, and Mrs. Garrick rose at the same time.

They crossed the drawing-room together.

"See," Mrs. Garrick exclaimed, suddenly stopping before a cabinet with its contents showing through the glass top. "These are some of David's treasures." As she spoke, she fingered a pair of beautifully-made gloves of quaint fashion and great age. "David wore them," she said, slowly speaking as one in a reverie. "And he always insisted they had been worn by Shakespeare himself. Yes—and these are David's stage jewels."

She handled the possessions of her husband, reverently.

"They lasted David out," she continued, as if to herself. "And they will last me out. I keep on going to the theatre hoping to find someone who will remind me of David and stir me as Garrick did. But I never see the divine spark. I have always said that when the great man does arrive, he shall have David's treasures. But I have not seen him yet and I am getting very old—very old indeed."

Dibden bowed gallantly to the little old lady. "Impossible for the incomparable to age," he said, floridly. "Why! you seem to have put back the hand of Time itself. I'll warrant you could dance today with the best of the upstart hussies—eh?"

"I am content to watch," she said, simply. "But I should like to find an actor worthy to wear David's jewels."

"Please God—it be soon," Dibden said, with a slight frown. "And it would please our committee—who are not gods by any means—if you found him on the boards Davy trod. The theatre badly needs another Garrick."

Dibden kissed Mrs. Garrick's hand before he turned to go down the stairs leading to the door, opening out on the terrace. Outside he found a pavement thick with snow, and looking down from the terrace he gazed upon a frozen Thames shrouded in the gloom of a bitter wintry night.

Chapter II.

About the same time on that bitter wintry afternoon, a little man—a nervous, excitable little man of less than five feet six inches in stature, was parading a shabby room in a lodging-house in Cecil street. But for his head, he would have cut an inconsiderable figure in his shabby, much-worn clothes. But one lost sight of his woeful lack of inches when one saw his burning, magnetic eyes set almost like twin lamps in the broad forehead. His fine, artistic hair, slightly greying, was unruly and indicated the highly nervous—even the mercurial—type. So, too, did the pinched beak of his nose with the fine,

quivering nostrils and the thin-lipped sensitive mouth. A glance at the face revealed the man—a man consuming his nervous force as if it were an endless fire.

Every action revealed the same tortured, over-driven spirit.

"God's body," he groaned, at last, "I must succeed. If I don't, I'll go mad."

"You will succeed, Edmund," his wife said, quietly. She was at work sewing on a stage gaberdine which lay across her lap as she crouched near the scanty fire.

"If I don't succeed, I shall go mad," Edmund groaned, again.

"Do be calm, Edmund, dear," his wife said, encouragingly. "Those who know Edmund Kean as well as I do, know he cannot fail, even in Drury Lane. How did the rehearsal go?"

Kean flung his clenched fist into the air and shook it, threateningly.

"Horrible," he almost shrieked. "Horrible—horrible—horrible—horrible!"

"Don't wear your nerves to tatters before your hour comes," she persisted, gently. "So big a man should scorn the barking of the pack."


"They hound me," Kean shouted, irritably—his great eyes blazing. "The management began by starving me. They engaged me as lead and wanted me to play seconds. They have kept me hanging about their stage door like a hungry dog. Now—they are only putting me up as a forlorn hope."

"But you have your chance," his wife said, soothingly.

"And what a chance—a makeshift chance," he said stormily. "The management do not believe in me and they do not care about the play. They won't even advertise it. There will be nothing in the house but deadheads and empty benches."

(Continued on Page 34)

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New Blood For San Francisco

It Will Be Infused Through the Medium of a Great Industry for Which a Plant Is Now in Course of Construction

By ROBERT McTAVISH

Having cleared the decks for industrial development San Francisco is now in a better position than ever to welcome and encourage the big men of the country who are sensible of the commercial potentialities of the great city with its broad outlook on the Pacific. A little while ago these men were holding their energies in leash. This we learned when the Commission on Industrial Relations was taking testimony out here. It was made clear that while Eastern capital was easily accessible to California investors Eastern manufacturers were themselves reluctant to engage in business in this section of the State. I fancy we shall hear less of this reluctance hereafter. One of the signs of the times is that the magnates of the country's industrial interests, the men who are conducting the commercial conquest of the world, will soon be actively engaged in the upbuilding of San Francisco. The particular sign I have in mind is exhibited in a great enterprise that established headquarters the other day in the big Mills Building which, by the way, the Mills estate is soon to enlarge, a sign in itself if rightly regarded. The great enterprise to which I refer is that of the Old Mission Portland Cement Company.

Here is a corporation which, though not yet fully organized, is investing a huge sum of money not far away from this city. To be exact the money is being spent ten miles below Gilroy, in the ancient village of San Juan. There the Hunt Engineering Company of Kansas City, Missouri, is building a cement plant. The Hunt Engineering Company is an experienced builder of cement plants, but before starting the work of construction at San Juan its engineers assembled plans from all the great plants in the country. Therefore it is not to exaggerate to say that the last word in the manufacture of Portland cement will be expressed at San Juan.

To appreciate the importance of this fact it is necessary to acquaint oneself to some extent with the cement industry. Prodigious has been the growth of this industry in recent years. Today it ranks third in value of production, gold being first and petroleum second. Thus it is evident that we shall have something worth boasting of when the Old Mission Cement Company puts its product on the market next summer. For many years we have held our own in producing gold, of late we have been doing pretty well with petroleum and presently we shall have the finest cement plant in the country, with a capacity of 2,000 barrels per day. At the same time the Old Mission Company will be operating a lime plant with a capacity of 25,000 tons per annum. Necessarily there will be a big force of men employed just below the southerly end of our peninsula; and the paymaster will come from San Francisco where the business of the concern will be conducted.

I have not told you the whole story. There are several sidelights to be reflected on this new enterprise. The San Juan plant will have certain features new to this part of the world. First in importance is the wet process by which the Portland cement will be manufactured. By this process the dust nuisance is eliminated. Further, it enables the manufacturer to ensure an absolutely uniform product, which is a matter of paramount importance not only to the manufacturers, but to the consumer as well. But perhaps the great value of the wet process lies in this: that whereas in the dry process a

great deal of material is lost, in the wet process practically no material is lost, and there is a saving approximately of ten per cent in raw materials or 60 pounds per barrel. In the dry process 650 pounds of materials are used per barrel and they must be dried, in which process nearly 60 pounds of water must be driven off, and heat is used, requiring a great consumption of coal, and after all, the process besides being complicated is unsatisfactory from the standpoint of efficiency.

In addition to the superiority of its process (which is so well known that it is being adopted wherever old plants are being reconstructed) the Old Mission Company enjoys certain other very marked and valuable advantages. The fact is that the properties were purchased by the present interests because their natural advantages were so great. The Eastern cement men were attracted to San Juan after it had been fully established that all the materials for the manufacture of cement were to be found on the Old Mission properties in almost unlimited quantities. These properties, be it known, which are now owned by the company, comprise 11,000 acres that include some very fine land for any purpose. But the fact that the essential materials for the manufacture of Portland cement were all ready to hand, and—more than that—adjacent to the mill site, made the tract especially desirable for scientific exploitation. Another very important point that appealed to the experts who were examining the properties was that the materials were of such a character that the limestone and shale could be taken out of the same quarry, a circumstance greatly decreasing the cost of assembling the same. In short the Old Mission properties might have been providentially designed for a cement plant. How wonderful the advantages they afford really are may be conjectured from but a cursory comparison of the methods to be pursued in the manufacture of cement at San Juan and the methods required elsewhere in this State. The essential materials for the manufacture of cement in California are generally widely separated. Other plants get their limestone from the outside, in some instances the sources of supply being at remote distances.

There remains another story to be told, one quite as interesting as the cement story. The attractive San Juan properties have done more than induce Eastern Captains of Industry to engage in the cement industry. These men have been lured along with their California associates into the railroad business. In addition to the cement properties they have got hold of the California Central Railroad, which runs a distance of ten miles from San Juan to Chittenden where it connects with the Southern Pacific. Besides making the cement plant accessible to commerce it taps a rich valley where sugar beets are grown. Three hundred and fifty carloads of beets left that valley this year, yet railroad facilities were not such as to encourage the beet farmers to raise beets to the full capacity of their acreage. Now the California Central Railroad is being greatly improved, and by the time the cement plant is in operation its product will be handled by a standard gauge road, which will not be running spasmodically as heretofore but on schedule time; for the new interests are live wires. They have enterprise, and they are going to do big things. It is a good thing to infuse new

blood rich in red corpuscles into the industries of the State, and this is precisely what has been done. A whole section of the State has reason to rejoice, and San Francisco as well as San Benito county will be felicitating itself when the directors of the new company are announced in the middle of January. Meanwhile let it suffice that all the preliminary work is under the supervision of J. A. McCarthy of Boston who lately became a resident of California that he might set the cement business going. McCarthy has been in the cement business all his life and he is identified with men who have operated a string of plants from the Lehigh Valley to the remote West. He will be vice-president and general manager of the new company. At present he is directing the work of construction and selecting for the sales and operating department men who have made records with the country's leading cement plants.

The Outlook on the Pacific

By Robert Dollar

In world's affairs there never was a time when it was so difficult to predict what the future will bring forth. To answer that properly we would require to know how long the war will last and what will be the final settlement. But on the Pacific we may be able to see more clearly than on the Atlantic. If we look back some thirty-five years, we find that the Pacific Mail was the only line running steamers across this great ocean. The cargo capacity of their fleet in the China run was less than 15,000 tons. Now there are several steamers that carry that amount in one cargo and the total cargo capacity of the steamers now engaged in this Far Eastern trade exceeds 800,000 tons. Now, during the next thirty-five years, if we were confident that the rate of increase would continue, we should predict that the center of the world's commerce would be transferred from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Thirty-five years ago Japan did not have a freight steamer; now the share the Japanese have of this great carrying trade is shown by the following figures:

Japanese	72%
Europeans	22%
Americans	6%

The Japanese Government saw the great advantage to be achieved by their nation, and assisted their ship-owners to attain the proud position of having the control of the Pacific Ocean carrying trade. The American Government, on the other hand, did not foresee the necessity of having ships, and of late years have enacted laws and regulations to drive American ships from the ocean, with the above results; and to this extent American merchants are handicapped in getting their fair share of this great commerce. That our trade will increase very much, there is no doubt, but not in the proportion that we are entitled to. We should have half; in fact, the importance of our country entitles us to a much larger amount, and we must come back to the old saying that "the nation that has the ships can control the commerce of the world." So, the only conclusion that can be arrived at is that the outlook on the Pacific could not be brighter, but to Americans it is anything but encouraging, and the call to Washington is loud and long "To Wake Up."

Christmas Poems

By G. K. CHESTERTON

THE WISE MEN

Step softly, under snow or rain,
To find the place where men can pray;
The way is all so very plain
That we may lose the way.

Oh, we have learnt to peer and pore
On tortured puzzles from our youth,
We know all labyrinthine lore,
We are the three wise men of yore,
And we know all things but the truth.

We have gone round and round the hill,
And lost the wood among the trees,
And learnt long names for every ill,
And served the mad gods, naming still
The Furies the Eumenides.

The gods of violence took the veil
Of vision and philosophy,
The Serpent that brought all men bale,
He bites his own accursed tail,
And calls himself Eternity.

Go humbly . . . it has hailed and snowed . . .
With voices low and lanterns lit;
So very simple is the road,
That we may stray from it.

The world grows terrible and white,
And blinding white the breaking day;
We walk bewildered in the light,
For something is too large for sight,
And something much too plain to say.

The Child that was ere worlds begun
(. . . We need but walk a little way,
We need but see a latch undone . . .)
The Child that played with moon and sun
Is playing with a little hay.

The house from which the heavens are fed,
The old strange house that is our own,
Where tricks of words are never said,
And Mercy is as plain as bread,
And Honor is as hard as stone.

Go humbly; humble are the skies,
And low and large and fierce the Star;
So very near the Manger lies
That we may travel far.

Hark! Laughter like a lion wakes
To roar to the resounding plain,
And the whole heaven shouts and shakes,
Fod God Himself is born again,
And we are little children walking
Through the snow and rain.

THE HOUSE OF CHRISTMAS

There fared a mother driven forth
Out of an inn to roam;
In the place where she was homeless
All men are at home.
The crazy stable close at hand,
With shaking timber and shifting sand,
Grew a stronger thing to abide and stand
Than the square stones of Rome.

For men are homesick in their homes,
And strangers under the sun,
And they lay their heads in a foreign land
Whenever the day is done.

Here we have battle and blazing eyes,
And chance and honor and high surprise,
But our homes are under miraculous skies
Where the yule tale was begun.

A Child in a foul stable,
Where the beasts feed and foam;
Only where He was homeless
Are you and I at home;
We have hands that fashion and heads that know,
But our hearts we lost—how long ago!
In a place no chart nor ship can show
Under the sky's dome.

This world is wild as an old wives' tale,
And strange the plain things are,
The earth is enough and the air is enough
For our wonder and our war;
But our rest is as far as the fire-drake swings
And our peace is put in impossible things
Where clashed and thundered unthinkable wings
Round an incredible star.

To an open house in the evening
Home shall men come,
To an older place than Eden
And a taller town than Rome.
To the end of the way of the wandering star,
To the things that cannot be and that are,
To the place where God was homeless
And all men are at home.

THE TRUCE OF CHRISTMAS

Passionate peace is in the sky—
And in the snow in silver sealed
The beasts are perfect in the field,
And men seem men so suddenly—
(But take ten swords and ten times ten
And blow the bugle in praising men;
For we are all men under the sun,
And they are against us every one;
And misers haggle and madmen clutch,
And there is peril in praising much,
And we have the terrible tongues uncurled
That praise the world to the sons of the
world.)

The idle humble hill and wood
Are bowed upon the sacred birth,
And for one little hour the earth
Is lazy with the love of good—
(But ready are you, and ready am I,
If the battle blow and the guns go by;
For we are for all men under the sun,
And they are against us every one;
And the men that hate herd all together,
To pride and gold, and the great white
feather,
And the thing is graven in star and stone
That the men who love are all alone.)

Hunger is hard and time is tough,
But bless the beggars and kiss the kings,
For hope has broken the heart of things,
And nothing was ever praised enough.

(But hold the shield for a sudden swing
And point the sword when you praise a
thing,

For we are for all men under the sun,
And they are against us every one;
And mime and merchant,thane and thrall
Hate us because we love them all;
Only till Christmastide go by
Passionate peace is in the sky.)

A SONG OF GIFTS TO GOD

When the first Christmas presents came, the
straw where Christ was rolled
Smelt sweeter than their frankincense, burnt
brighter than their gold,
And a wise man said, "We will not give; the
thanks would be but cold."

"Nay," said the next, "To all new gifts, to this
gift or another,
Bends the high gratitude of God, even as He
now, my brother,
Who had a Father for all time, yet thanks Him
for a Mother.

"Yet scarce for Him this yellow stone or prickly
smells and sparse,
Who holds the gold heart of the sun that fed
these timber bars,
Nor any scentless lily lives for One that smells
the stars."

Then spake the third of the Wise Men; the
wisest of the three:
"We may not with the widest lives enlarge His
liberty,
Whose wings are wider than the world. It is
not He, but we.

"Less clouds before colossal feet redden in the
under-light,
To the blind gods from Babylon less incense
burn tonight,
To the high beasts of Babylon, whose mouths
make mock of right."

Babe of the thousand birthdays, we that are
young yet grey,
White with the centuries, still can find no better
thing to say,
We that with sects and whims and wars have
wasted Christmas Day.

Light Thou Thy censer to Thyself, for all our
fires are dim,
Stamp Thou Thine image on our coin, for
Caesar's face grows dim,
And a dumb devil of pride and greed has taken
hold of him.

We bring Thee back great Christendom, churches
and towns and towers,
And if our hands are glad, O God, to cast them
down like flowers,
'Tis not that they enrich Thine hands, but they
are saved from ours.

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California's Oil Problem

By R. P. Schwerin

There is an oil problem in California. California alone cannot solve this problem, because the Government of the United States will not permit. The solution of this oil problem rests with the Government, but the Government is unfavorably disposed both to the men who expended money in discovering the oil, and to those who are disposed to further develop this industry by taking chances in unknown territory. It is imperative, therefore, that the weight of California public opinion make itself felt upon the legislators at Washington.

drilled. There is every disposition on the part of California oil miners to sink wells in these regions and tap the natural reservoirs. But the Government of the United States will not permit of this being done. The Government says to the oil prospector: No trespassing!

This anomalous situation was created when the Government of the United States withdrew Government lands in the State of California from right of entry for mineral discovery, a right previously enjoyed under the mineral laws which had been in effect for generations.

California must have a cheap fuel if her manufactures are to be increased. She will find that cheap fuel in her oil.

For years our manufactures were handicapped by the high cost of coal. California does not produce coal; this fuel had to be imported from other countries or brought from other States. It cost sixty-five cents either in duty or in freight for every ton of coal that was laid down in California.

Relief from this burden was expected when California became an oil-producing State. Oil



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California is one of the richest oil-producing territories in the world. She has developed a great deal of her oil riches; but there is room for much more development. Not only that, there is an actual necessity for further development. But on account of the attitude of the United States Government this development is at present impossible. Insofar as further oil development is concerned, the Government has bound California hand and foot. It is imperative, if California is to enjoy the prosperity to which she is entitled, that these bonds be loosed.

It is well known that oil exists in many regions of the State which have not yet been

The immediate result of this withdrawal was to stop the invaluable activities of the oil prospector. The prospector's occupation was gone. The opportunities to discover new oil fields ceased to exist. At the present time only the old oil fields of California can be developed; new oil fields may not be located. As the old oil fields have been pretty thoroughly exploited already, the oil industry in California has been reduced to the level of a mere drainage proposition. It must remain so until the United States Government is willing to rescind the order of withdrawal.

The important bearing of this problem upon the welfare of the State cannot be exaggerated.

was produced so plentifully that it sold for fifteen cents a barrel. (There are four barrels to the ton.) For a time California enjoyed the benefit of this great decrease in the cost of fuel. But not for very long. The Government made the order which curtailed oil development, and the price of oil mounted steadily as oil became scarcer. Oil now costs seventy-three cents a barrel.

There is gold in oil, but in California that gold is the gold that lies at the foot of the rainbow, as elusive as it is alluring. The Government has made it so. Not till California is permitted to prospect freely for oil will all that California prosperity which depends on cheap fuel cease to be a will-o'-the-wisp.



Perspective Impressions

If the Allies could borrow Hindenburg they'd win in a walk.

Reminder to Hank Ford: Christmas is here again, and the boys are still in the trenches.

Now is the time when New Year's resolutions seem easiest to keep.

When you're "broke" you're "strapped," and at this season that means "Yule-tied."

At this season of the year we are not angry with the Prohibitionists; we simply pity them.

Many signs indicate that 1917 is going to bring prosperity to San Francisco.

We are sorry to think that it can't be a very happy Christmas for the toymakers of Nuremberg.

The pessimist is a man who has associated too much with the artificial optimist.

If you're not entering properly into the spirit of the holidays take down your home book of verse and read "'Twas the night before Christmas."

It is well to be humble about errors, it is so hard to avoid them.

Some men expect to be discovered by the world though they have never discovered themselves.

We're all for saloon regulation, but this campaign of The Evening Call's smacks a little too much of Los Angeles journalistic methods.

A recent writer said that after 1906 the city rose phoenix-like from its ashes. Where did he get that fresh, original simile?

Caplan convicted! The verdict must have given some San Francisco labor leaders the cold shivers.

The suburban mind is becoming characteristic of American life; that is to say, some people are commuters, some are confined in their conversation to the subject of automobiles, and there is nobody at home in some families except at the movies.

Real patriotism is the desire that your country should excel not in physical power, not in the power to destroy, not in the strategy of war, but in the power to create, in the power to induce urbanity in its citizens, and the power to win the admiration of the just and the enlightened.

Russia made peace prematurely with Japan. She is not likely to repeat the blunder.

On the level, Supervisor Power, don't you think it would have been nicer not to force the issue with regard to your sister-in-law?

We have become so used to a one-man government that a three-hour Cabinet session calls for special mention.

At last England has granted safe conduct to the newly-appointed Austrian Ambassador to the United States. A shabby action loses some of its shabbiness when it is not persisted in.

If you don't think New York is unsophisticated, read the biographies of young actresses that appear in the New York Sunday papers.

Note of discouragement: Emerson said to hitch your wagon to a star. But the nearest star is Alpha Centauri, and Alpha is twenty-five billion miles away.

When Lloyd George received Wm. J. Bryan's peace despatch the other day he probably said to himself, "I wonder when I am going to hear from that other great American, Mr. E. P. E. Troy?"

The Two Dead Soldiers

By Arthur Ransome

The snow lay thick on the battlefield, and falling snowflakes dropped like white flowers on the bodies of the dead. The battle had moved elsewhere. The wounded had been carried away. Only the dead lay there in the snow. It was night, but there was no moon, only the pale light of the snow and the stars.

And all over the battlefield the souls of the dead soldiers wandered in troops, like little children.

They danced and played together in the faint snow-light. Their dancing was so happy, it might have been a song. The wolves with green eyes and scarlet jaws ran among the bodies, but the little souls of the dead did not mind them. The little souls wandered this way and that, and danced, and played together like children.

Two of the little souls met as they were wandering about the battlefield. They were like little laughing children dressed in white fur. For some reason, they did not know why, they kissed each other and smiled. Then they took hands, and walked together among the dead bodies, and among the hundreds of little souls, children like themselves. They walked together and talked.

"Why are we still here, brother?" asked the first little soul.

"There are such a lot of us, brother," said the second.

"Well?"

"You see there is only room in the sledge for two."

"Only room for two?"

"Yes. They were telling me: very few die here, generally. So there is only one little old sledge for winter, and one little old cart for

summer. And the angel never has much to do. See, there he is!"

A sledge, a little tiny sledge, passed swiftly by them. It was silvered with frost and snow. A little white horse galloped between the shafts. At the back of the sledge stood an angel, driving. The angel was a little old man, with a white fur coat.

"What kind eyes he has," said the first soul.

"He has never had so many travelers before."

"When will he take us?"

"Not yet. Not yet. Our turn will come. He is still taking them from over there."

The sledge stopped by some dead bodies. Little souls, like children, were waiting by the bodies. The angel beckoned to two of them, and they got in, and were driven off like the wind.

"Where will he take us?"

"I do not know, brother. That is why I am so glad."

"Are you frightened?"

"Did you see his kind eyes?"

"I am not frightened either."

"They say there will be no more oldness."

"That means no more guns."

"Of course, no more guns."

"Let's keep together always and always."

The little souls ran together in the snow. They laughed. A wolf came close by. They called to it, but it took no notice. It began eating a body. The little souls laughed again. They ran hither and thither over the snow, like little birds blown by the wind. For a long time they played. Then one said:

"Look, he has taken the last from over there. It will be our turn soon. We must get back to our bodies and wait for him. Mine is over there, by the little trees."

"So is mine. Let us run together."

And the little souls, holding each other's hands, ran over the snow, laughing, with little laughs like sighs.

"Close here it was," said the first little soul.

"Mine too," said the second.

"Here it is. The wolves have moved it. I had forgotten how ugly it was."

"And here is mine."

"Why, yours has a Russian uniform, and a beard."

"And yours is an Austrian."

The two little souls looked at each other for a moment with wide, frightened eyes.

Then they laughed, their little faint laughter.

"What does it matter, brother?" they said. "Here is the angel."

The little galloping horse stopped beside them, and the little old man who stood at the back of the sledge beckoned to them, and smiled with his kind eyes. And they got into the sledge together, and the little old man bent over them, and covered them with a warm rug of white fur. Then the little horse galloped, and they flew over the snow, sitting in the sledge, and holding each other's hands, like children, like very little children.

FOR MEN

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Varied Types

312—EDWIN V. McKENZIE

By Edward F. O'Day

Three times James Geffene stood trial, charged with being Pietro Tortorici who in 1905 murdered Biaggio Vilardo and dismembered his body. Twice the jury disagreed. Tried a third time, with James Brennan and Louis Ferrari of the District Attorney's office prosecuting and Edwin V. McKenzie and Tom O'Connor defending him, James Geffene was finally acquitted.

Dropping into Judge Griffin's court one day when the third trial was drawing to a close I heard Ed McKenzie make his closing argument. Ed McKenzie, perhaps, is not as well known about town as his brother Harry; but in his profession his ability is well known and his successes so far—he is one of the younger men at the bar—are regarded as the presage of a fine legal career. It was no ordinary closing argument that Ed McKenzie made on behalf of James Geffene. It was plain to be seen that not his intellect alone but his heart also was enlisted on the side of Geffene's innocence. He made a brilliant speech, closely reasoned from exordium to peroration, and so energized by living word pictures that the incidents of the trial were projected as on a screen, not for the jury alone but for the casual listener like myself who had heard no word of the testimony. Every material fact presented in evidence was vitalized by McKenzie's brain. With sledge hammer blows of logic he broke link after link in the chain which the prosecutors had forged about the prisoner. I did not hear Tom O'Connor's closing argument. I am told that it too was a masterly effort. But when McKenzie had finished, rounding out his argument with an impassioned plea, it seemed to me that if I sat upon that jury I should not dare vote to hang James Geffene. As it turned out, the jury thought that way too.

Sixteen Italians who had known Pietro Tortorici in the Italian Quarter before he committed murder and disappeared, took the stand during the third trial and swore James Geffene was the identical man. There was a cloud of witnesses to swear just the opposite. Some witnesses identified Geffene's picture as being the picture of Tortorici but when confronted with Geffene himself said that he was not Tortorici. The life or death of James Geffene depended on the comparative importance which the jury attached to these identifications, partial identifications and failures to identify. Ed McKenzie set himself to show the jury that an identification is a slender cord with which to hang a man, and he did this by reciting a remarkable series of cases of mistaken identity. This is a fascinating subject, and knowing that Town Talk readers would be interested I asked Ed McKenzie to summarize for me the stories which he so eloquently told to the Geffene jury.

"San Francisco supplies us with several startling cases of mistaken identity," said McKenzie in answer to my request. "One of the best known is the case of James Dowdell. James Dowdell served a term in San Quentin for burglary. When he came out in 1906 San Francisco was in ashes, and he had no friend left but his aged mother. Mother and son set up a tent in the Point Lobos refugee camp, and James Dowdell was doing the best he knew how to repay the lifelong devotion of his mother by 'going straight' when he was arrested and charged with holding up Coroner Leland. He made the ex-convict's mistake of lying to the

police; he told them that his name was James Sutton. Coroner Leland had been held up by two men, one of whom took off an overcoat and left it in the street before disappearing. Witnesses swore that this was James Dowdell's overcoat, that he had a revolver like that found in the pocket and that a piece of rope also found in the pocket was the same kind of rope as that which gayed James Dowdell's tent in the Point Lobos refugee camp. If any doubt remained it was removed when Coroner Leland took the stand and positively identified Dowdell as one of the men who had held him up. Dowdell was sentenced to fifty years in San Quentin. While he was serving his term Dabner and Siemsen, the infamous gas pipe murderers were arrested. They confessed that they had held up Coroner Leland. Steps were taken to release James Dowdell, but he came out of San Quentin a raving maniac and was committed to the Napa Asylum. Shortly afterwards his poor old mother died of a broken heart.

"Another local case that is widely known is the Buckley case. George W. Rice was a machinist employed as a strikebreaker during the iron trades strike of 1901. In a fight that occurred during that bitter strike Rice was clubbed, then shot and mortally wounded as he lay on the ground. Thomas Moran was arrested as the man who did the clubbing. William Buckley who ran away from the scene immediately after the crime, was arrested and charged with murder. A hat found near Rice was put on Buckley's head and he was shown to the dying man in a dim light. Rice thereupon identified Buckley as the man who had shot him. A little girl named Piatt positively identified Buckley as the murderer, swearing that she knew him by his clothes and by a scar on his chin. Two other witnesses also identified him. Buckley was condemned to death. Moran, convicted of clubbing Rice, was sentenced to life imprisonment. Detective Tom Ryan was convinced that there had been a dreadful miscarriage of justice, and he set about saving two innocent men. As a result of his efforts it was finally proved that the murder had been committed by 'China' Copeland, a striking machinist, and that the clubber was a member of a well known San Francisco family. Both Moran and Buckley were pardoned. "The early criminal annals of San Francisco

supply a most remarkable case of mistaken identity. During the life of the first Vigilance Committee a Montgomery street storekeeper was assaulted in his store and left for dead. He described his assailant as a tall man of erect military carriage, with black hair and a brown beard, with a slit in one ear and the little finger missing from one hand. The Vigilantes immediately arrested a man named Burdue. Burdue exactly answered this unusual description; besides, he was identified by the storekeeper. But he strenuously denied his guilt. While he was being tried by the Vigilantes some miners from Placer county visited the court room. 'That man's name isn't Burdue,' they said. 'His name is Stewart. He's the miner who killed the sheriff of Placer and disappeared.' The miners were positive about their identification. They had worked, slept, drank with Stewart. They knew him on account of his height, his carriage, his hair, his slit ear, the missing finger. Burdue was convicted of the assault upon the storekeeper and sentenced to death. A British ship lying at one of the wharves was to clear the morning of Burdue's execution by the Vigilantes. The night before, the captain's wife heard a prowler on deck and left the cabin to see who it was. The prowler grappled with her; she screamed; the captain and crew rushed up, and the man was overpowered. He was arrested and thrown into the cell where Burdue was keeping his death watch. The two men looked at each other in amazement. For the newcomer in the cell was tall, of erect military carriage, had black hair and a brown beard, a slit in one ear and a little finger missing! The real Stewart had been captured. He confessed the Montgomery street crime and the murder of the sheriff. So close was the resemblance of Burdue and Stewart that when the two men appeared in court, one to be freed and the other to be sentenced to death, the judge sentenced Burdue by mistake!

"Only recently we had the case of William Haas, the waiter who shot Swanberg of the Portola-Louvre. Haas was released on bonds and disappeared. It was rightly feared that he had committed suicide, and a wide-spread search was made for his body. A body was found in a canyon in Sonoma county. It was brought to this city. It was quite recognizable, for

(Continued on Page 33)

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The Spectator

A Deep-Dyed Conspiracy

Never in its history has the Art Association known as exciting an election as that of last week at which the lay and artist directors for the coming year were chosen. It was an election in which art was thrust into the background by politics. It was enlivened by efforts to "bring out the vote" which would have brought credit to a district leader in a municipal contest. It was followed by charges and counter-charges, with demands that certain ballots be thrown out. The featured contest of this election was one between the so-called "regulars" and the so-called "independents," but there was a third party in the fight, and this party which made an eleventh-hour spectacular attempt to capture the election furnished the big sensation of the poll. Both the regulars and the independents charge this third party with a deep-dyed conspiracy to get control of the Art Association for a very particular purpose. Among all the charges that are being made this charge is the most exciting of all.

Minions of de Young!

Briefly, the charge is that certain very influential men endeavored by a sudden drive to capture the Art Association for M. H. de Young, to the end that the Palace of Fine Arts might be abandoned and all future public art activities concentrated in the Park Memorial Museum which is the apple of de Young's eye. The "minions of de Young," as the "conspirators" are disrespectfully referred to, were led by Earl Cummings, distinguished sculptor and Park Commissioner. The plot was hatched, so the aggrieved though triumphant opponents

declare, in the exclusive precincts of the Bohemian Club. Though the plot failed, it had its influence upon the election, for it broke the slate of the regulars and put one of the independents, Bernard Maybeck, into office. Ninety-eight votes were brought out by "Boss" Cummings—boss is another impolite word used by the artists who are talking about the conspiracy. These ninety-eight votes were cast solidly for the so-called "de Young programme." The members of the Art Association who cast them were brought to the polls luxuriously in motor cars, say the gossiping artists, and were handed ballots all nicely written out, so that all they had to do was to drop them in the box.

The Eleventh-Hour Ticket

The so-called "regular" ticket for lay members of the board of directors contained the names of John I. Walter, Templeton Crocker, Richard M. Tobin, John Barneson, Harold L. Mack and Walter Martin. These lay candidates were also on the so-called "independent" ticket. It was in artist candidates that these two tickets differed. The regular ticket put up as artist candidates Frank Van Sloun, Geneve Rixford Sargent, Joseph Mora, Gertrude Partington and Lee Randolph, while the independent ticket put up Gottardo Piazzoni, Bruce Nelson, Armin Hansen, Bernard Maybeck and Bruce Porter. Had the contest been confined to these two tickets it would have been exciting enough, not to say bitter enough. The electioneering had gone on for some time previous to the day for balloting, and when that day came the opposing forces had about exhausted their copious supplies of mutual invective. And then the third party led by Earl Cummings intervened dramatically. Without that intervention the independents say that they'd have won the election; and the figures as they analyze them seem to bear out the claim. However, that is idle. The last-moment offensive of the "minions of de Young" upset all calculations. These "minions" voted a scratched regular ticket. They voted for Frank Van Sloun, Joseph Mora, Gertrude Partington and Lee Randolph, but scratched Geneve Sargent's name and substituted the name of "Boss" Cummings. They voted for John I. Walter and Templeton Crocker, but scratched the names of Tobin, Barneson, Mack and Martin, substituting the names of William H. Metson, Phil Bekeart, Andrew G. McCarthy and Thomas M. Pennell. This scratched ticket polled ninety-eight votes. It did not win, but the scratching of Geneve Sargent's name resulted in the election of Bernard Maybeck, an independent candidate.

The Complexion of the Third Ticket

The names substituted at the last minute by the ninety-eight voters of the Cummings ticket are interesting, and in the opinion of their opponents, extremely significant. Cummings is a Park Commissioner; so is Metson. Bekeart, Pennell and McCarthy are close friends of Metson and Cummings. All are members of the Bohemian Club. The names which the ninety-eight did not scratch are also considered significant. Frank Van Sloun, Joe Mora and Lee Randolph are members of the Bohemian Club, and friends of the Cummings "interlopers"—to use another word that is being hurled about. Gertrude Partington is a sister of Richard Partington who, it is pointed out, is the close friend of Curator Barron of the Park Museum. It is

explained, by the opposition, that Walter and Crocker were not scratched because they were considered too strong to be beaten. This analysis of the third ticket is supposed to prove the charge that it was made up in the interests of M. H. de Young's campaign to concentrate public art activities in the park. Had the "conspiracy" succeeded, it is confidently asserted that the Palace of Fine Arts would have been abandoned, and all art exhibitions would have been held in the Park Museum. It is all very interesting, and to the artists it is very exciting; gossip in the studios will be busy with the affair for a long time to come. Perhaps that is a regrettable feature of the thing, for when artists talk politics they don't paint pictures.

The Sharon and Tichborne Cases

The Tacoma claimant to the Sharon estate received a setback in the Court of Appeal last week by a decision upholding Mr. Garret McEnerney's position regarding the motion for an order requiring the executrix to submit to the taking of her deposition. I believe that Mr. John McNab and Walter Linforth, the attorneys for the claimant, regarded this motion as almost crucial. At any rate it was treated as such by Mr. McEnerney, whose opposition to it gave one the impression that he was engaged in a counter-offensive that might prove decisive or at least give the enemy permanent pause. This impression was deepened by the wind-up of his argument before Judges Lennon, Kerrigan and Richards, when he called attention to the facilities by which the Tichborne claimant was enabled to entrench himself: Thus: "The successor of the Tichborne titles and estates died

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in a shipwreck off South America, and his mother refused to be reconciled to the idea that he was dead, and she was imposed upon by an illiterate butcher. She espoused his cause, and she gave him all the family documents. He pored over them for weeks and months and years, and then set up the claim that he owned the title to the estates. It took two hundred days to defeat his claim, and one hundred and eighty-eight days to put him in the penitentiary; and it all turned upon the fact that he rifled the books and documents of an estate or of a dead man's family; and in this our time in a case of this type (not speaking of this particular case) when there is a claim of adoption predicated upon records which went up in fire, it is a good time, and this is a good place, to say that the executrix of an estate has a right to protect the papers of an estate against exploiters until the real persons in interest—the legatees and devisees—have been served and notified."

Columbia President Swats Rowell

The fame (or rather its antonym) of that scholarly person of Fresno, the Hon. Chester Rowell, is spreading. He has had the distinction of having the short and ugly word applied to him by no less eminent a citizen than Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University. The New York Sun has devoted nearly two columns of its valuable space to a discussion of the ingenious moralist of the raisin belt. Heretofore Chester has been taken seriously only in spots in his own home State. Here he has many enemies who say very nasty things about him, but they wouldn't take the time to sit down and talk it over with you. They merely deal in glittering generalities and assume that in Rowell's case there is no need of intimate details. But here is Nicholas Murray Butler submitting to an interview for the sole purpose of making out a case against the great Progressive luminary of the Western sky. Surely Chester has reached his place in the sun. It appears that Dr. Butler was induced to utter himself by an assertion of Rowell's to the effect that the Columbia president while in California advised the Republican State organization that its duty lay in accomplishing Governor Johnson's defeat for United States Senator, and later informed the Republican national managers that the Hughes cause in California was in no need of outside help. In short, according to Chester, the guilty party was not Crocker or Keesling but Butler.

The Great Controversy Revived

President Butler brands Rowell's assertions as false and marvels at his effrontery. Speaking of Rowell Dr. Butler says: "Having been caught by public opinion with the goods on his person he cries 'Stop thief!' at the first respectable man he sees walking down the street." "The one overmastering fact," Dr. Butler con-

tinues, "is that Rowell as chairman of the Republican State Central Committee conducted the campaign in California. He had \$25,000 turned over to him by Mr. Crocker, and he had the cordial support of Mr. Crocker, Mr. Keesling and all the regular Republicans. He produced a majority of nearly 300,000 for his friend Governor Johnson and a minority of more than 3,000 for his friend Mr. Hughes. His own city and county gave large majorities for both Johnson and Wilson. Wilson and Johnson clubs were organized under Mr. Rowell's very eyes. Mr. Rowell now attributes all this to a casual traveler who left the State on August 14th, several days before Mr. Hughes entered it, and two weeks before the Senatorial primary was held. This is the sixth or seventh separate explanation that Governor Johnson and Mr. Rowell have offered for the result in California and it is much the funniest."

From Obscurity to Eminence

In this interview Dr. Butler discussed the whole preëlection situation in California and relates that Rowell asked him to act as arbitrator between the Republican and Progressive leaders, saying: "We all have perfect confidence in your judgment and your fairness." The office of arbitrator was declined. Speaking of the charge that he advised the national leaders that California was safe Dr. Butler says: "That statement is as foolish and false as the others. There is not a word of truth in what Mr. Rowell has said." Thus we see that the editor from Fresno has been lifted from obscurity.

The Daughters of John Klumpke

John Gerard Klumpke who passed away last week at the age of ninety-two, was a pioneer of San Francisco. And he was the father of four remarkable daughters. In the seventies there stood at Twenty-second and Valencia streets, opposite the Horace Mann school, a large unpretentious wooden house surrounded by nearly a block of straggling unkempt garden. The street had been graded, and the house and grounds were elevated five or six feet above the sidewalk. That old house and the garden with its tangle of fruit trees and its untended rose bushes have long since disappeared. But old-timers in the Mission remember the place as the home of the Klumpke family. Out of that old house the four daughters of John Gerard Klumpke went to Paris to make their mark in the big world. The eldest girl Augusta, now Mrs. Jules Dejerine, became a great cancer specialist. She was the first woman admitted to medical practice in the Paris hospitals. The second girl Dorothea, now Mrs. Isaac Roberts, became a famous astronomer and mathematician. She was deputed one year to study the Leonids for the Paris Observatory. The city was enveloped in dense fog during the three nights when the phenomena were looked for, and she astonished Paris by making a balloon ascension

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above the clouds, remaining in the upper spaces from midnight until eight in the morning and obtaining perfect observations and photographs. A third sister Julia made a name for herself in music; she is a well known violinist. The fourth, Anna, is the most famous of all. She studied art, distinguished herself in the Salon and became the lifelong associate of the great Rosa Bonheur. She devoted years to the preparation of Rosa Bonheur's biography, and the book, written in French, is the standard life of the animal painter. When Rosa Bonheur died, Anna Klumpke inherited her fortune of several million francs and her famous home and studio at By-Thomery near Fontainebleau. Anna Klumpke came to San Francisco in 1912 to paint the portrait of her father whose splendid head with its long white locks would have been an inspiration to any artist. But in Anna Klumpke's portrait there was a great deal more than the mere inspiration of art.

California and "Pork"

Congressman Frear of Wisconsin made a long speech in Congress a few days ago on "pork barrel" appropriations for public buildings. California came in for its share of attention. After submitting a table showing what California representatives in Congress are asking for, Frear commented:

"California's items are mathematically well distributed. Ten of its eleven districts are represented in the bill, and thus, according to all rules of the game, ten votes are secured for the eight Arkansas items and the ten Alabama items. Placerville, with its 1,914 souls, and Susanville, with its 688 watchful waiting villagers, according to the 1910 census, will be able to purchase suitable sites in these enterprising second district villages with their \$10,000 allotments. In fact, these towns are among the prize movievilles of the Great Pacific Coast State. In proportion to their size they move the largest haul contained in the bill for two building sites, and for the longest distance, to-wit, across the continent. In justice to California it may be said that nearly all of its items are for cities of over 4,000 inhabitants, but Burleson's report protested against appropriations for such cities, and vigorously opposed paying for any sites before an appropriation was made for buildings."

By the way, Modesto will not be particularly gratified to learn that it appears in Frear's table as "Modiste!"

The Care of the Dead in France

"In a graveyard west of Virny there are buried 1320 French soldiers and more than 600

English. All are cared for alike by an Englishman now in charge. 'We leave you our trenches and our dead,' a French officer said to an English one when the British took over this part of the line and the trust was faithfully discharged." Thus we are informed by a little pamphlet entitled "The Care of the Dead" that has come out of England. It is interesting to learn that in this most sanguinary of wars the innumerable dead are receiving loving attention. There is a Commission of Graves in France made up of representatives of England, France and Belgium. It was organized in the autumn of 1914. It has several units covering all the Western front; and wherever there has been hard fighting in France or Belgium the eye of the traveler along the roads is struck by many low crosses sticking out of the ground—in the fields, in cottage gardens, in corners of farmyards and orchards, even on roadside strips of grass. When the ground has changed hands a good deal in the course of the war, you may see within a few hundred yards of each other, the gabled and eaved cross of the Germans, with "Hier ruht in Gott" and a name painted white on a dark ground, the beaded wire wreath of the French with its "Requiescat" or "Mort pour la France" and the plain lined cross of the English, white or light brown or just the unpainted wood "In loving memory of" one or more officers or men. Many are the isolated memorials that have been raised. The very position of some of them is eloquent. Near Fricourt, or what used to be No Man's Land till it was won by the British last summer, a number of crosses, all of the English sort and inscribed in English, stand to the memory of "an unknown French soldier," "two unknown French soldiers," "six unknown French soldiers, here buried." These dead soldiers were defending the line through the winter and their bodies could not be retrieved from under the fire of the German machine guns. When recovered at last they were beyond all possibility of identification. Thus the history of the war is being written on the face of the country—a long dotted line of graves representing a trench, a cluster of graves a skirmish, a dense constellation a battle.

Three Hundred War Cemeteries

Were these graves left to the care of the private individuals who are now preserving them the record would not be durable, and hence the Governments are taking them in charge. Now the work is done systematically. As soon as it can be done each death in battle is reported and the chaplain or officer who buries a soldier reports the position of the grave. Later

a Graves Registration Unit visits the graves, verifies the record and affixes if necessary a durable cross with the date, the man's name, rank, etc., stamped on aluminum tape. As soon as possible all dead bodies are removed to the nearest of the three hundred or more recognized cemeteries behind the line. Everything is done as tenderly and reverently as if the dead man were in a big city churchyard. Some of the

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cemeteries are great extensions of little village churchyards. Some were begun by special corps or divisions which wished to bury their dead together. At Villers-aux-Bois the French buried 2,500 of those who were killed in winning Vimy Ridge. On each grave, at the foot of its wooden cross, there is still stuck in the earth, neck downwards the bottle in which the first hasty record of the interment was placed. In one cemetery in which there is a special plot for Gurkhas, Sikhs and Punjabis, the Indian soldiers have built for their comrades brick tombs of extraordinary massiveness. All the while there is a search going on for missing bodies.

Aked Bobs Up but Not Serenely

Will somebody please pass the hat for Dr. C. F. Aked? The once fashionable clergyman, who is making frantic efforts to get on another payroll in San Francisco, is in the hands of his friends, but they are not the friends he used to have. They lack finesse and they aren't turning out a good job. When Dr. Aked first came to San Francisco talking Maeterlinck and discussing ladilike fads and fanciss he was accepted as a highbrow and people flocked to hear him, thinking he was a man of culture, for he spouted osophies and isms like a whirling geyser from the inner temple. But the superficiality of the man soon became apparent to the intelligent and presently so little common sense was left in what remained of his diminished congregation that he almost controlled it. Yet, notwithstanding the withdrawal of men and women to whom he was intolerable, his resignation was gladly accepted by the survivors. At that time the pro-German Englishman had nothing to worry him. He was on the Ford leg. But when the memorable disjunction occurred he was back looking for his old job. Turned down by the dwindled congregation, the people whom he has annoyed uttered a sigh of relief. Alas, their joy was of short duration. The cat is still trying to come back; and Mr. Hearst, who probably expects to put him in a motion picture some day, is trying to help him through. Dr. Aked is a man after Hearst's own heart, and hence the Aked propaganda conducted by The Examiner.

A Mixed Congregation

The Examiner tells us that "another congregation for the Rev. Charles F. Aked in San Francisco has been found." Let us see how accurate this information is. In the same column I read that Dr. Aked's present following

numbers 159; also that the faithful have pledged to supply him with an income of \$1,700 a year. As the average subscription was \$22 a year, it was estimated that if three hundred and forty-seven more members could be rounded up Dr. Aked could be assured of an income of \$7,600 which is probably more than he could make if he returned to the auction block that was once his post. Thus we see that the new congregation found in San Francisco is still in the making. However, Dr. Aked need not despair. "Congregations are pursuing him across the country," says Mr. C. L. Carpenter, the chairman of the budding congregation. Who is Mr. C. L. Carpenter? His identity might reflect light on the prospect. Formerly, it will be remembered, Dr. Aked mingled with big financiers, men who could easily build him a church that looked like a bank. Is Mr. C. L. Carpenter one? Perhaps, but there are only two men of this name in the city directory and they are humble salesmen. But even though it appear that the chairman of the congregation is not a power in the financial world, still the potentialities are great, for this, says Mr. Carpenter, is "an interdenominational movement." To get back on the job the neutral Englishman with the German bias and a strong American prejudice against the sale of munitions, is ready to become all things to all Christians of whatever sect they may be. Once a Baptist, then a Congregationalist, now any old Christian may subscribe and get his money's worth. "We already have several Catholics who have indicated their willingness to become members," says Mr. Carpenter. Let us hope they'll not escape.

"A Denationalized Minister"

Now that congregations are "closely pursuing" Dr. Aked in his adopted country, it is interesting to read what is being said of him in his old. Under the heading which I have quoted as the title of this paragraph the Christian Commonwealth, a religious paper of London, published recently the following item of news:

"The Rev. Donald B. Fraser preached a remarkable sermon on the anniversary of his settlement at Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, dealing with the case of Dr. Charles F. Aked, his predecessor in the pastorate. Mr. Fraser took two texts, which had a rather grim applicability to Dr. Aked's career: 'Great multitudes followed him' (Matt. iv. 25), and 'They all forsook him and fled' (Mark xiv. 50). Dr. Aked, as Mr.

Fraser recalled, opposed the Boer War, and it was not surprising that he took up precisely the same attitude to the present war, and joined the Ford peace party which came to Europe to try to bring peace. 'The whole thing was a failure,' said Mr. Fraser, 'but not for Dr. Aked an inglorious failure. He tried honestly, and it came to nothing. And now he is back in America at a place called Beresford doing nothing. No church will have him. I had a letter from him a fortnight ago in a very doleful strain. The irony of the situation is that he has relinquished his British citizenship, and America, he says, has turned pro-British, and so he is practically a wanderer and a vagabond on the face of the earth. From the flare and flourish of the Philharmonic Hall, Liverpool (where he received a popular ovation after the Boer War), he has come to be a desolate and discarded man. That he will remain so, I do not for a moment think. If his health holds out we shall hear a good deal more of him sooner or later.'"

Hale Seeing Things

Now comes the Rev. William Bayard Hale worrying again about his old friend Woodrow Wilson. Speaking of the peace proposal from Germany he asks: "Has President Wilson missed one of the greatest opportunities ever offered any man?" He means of course the opportunity to call the war off. Of late President Wilson greatly exasperates this erstwhile parson. There was a time when, as Hale himself said the other day, Mr. Wilson was content to see things through the Hale eyes. That was when Hale was seeing things for the President in Mexico. Maybe it was because of the things Hale saw for his chief in Mexico that the President is not to be guided by the things Hale sees for Hearst in Germany. However, what Hale sees and hears in Berlin startles him. Speaking of the hope of peace that prevails among the people there he says: "What terrible revulsion of feeling might follow the disappointment of this popular hope; it is terrifying to contemplate." Are we to infer from this a threat of more frightfulness? Let us hope not. Surely frightfulness does not pay as a war measure. At the start of the war it was argued that frightfulness was justified on the theory that whatever hastened the end of the war was humane. But we have seen that as a result of frightfulness there have been many apologies and nothing gained. It appears that frightfulness makes the whole world angry, and

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Farewelling Major Stanton

Major "Charley" Stanton after six years' service at the head of the Quartermaster's Department in this city, will say farewell to his friends Sunday and there will be more than one man with a frog in his throat when the gallant and beloved army officer turns his face to the East. Major Stanton has been ordered to Governor's Island, which is the finest station in the service, and there he will be under the eye and direct command of his chief Major-General Wood, who occupies a very high pedestal in the eyes of the gallant soldier, but Major Stanton is going to Governor's Island only to obey orders, not that he has the will to go. This sort of thing is all in a soldier's life and Major Stanton is philosophical, but he would much rather linger at the edge of the Olympic Club plunge or take a hand at chess in the Family Club. There are many sentimental ties that must be broken, Uncle Sam having so ordered and they were talked over at the Cliff House the other evening. The talk occurred under a big army tent that was spread in the banquet-room, through which could be seen the American flag draped over a doorway. Friends of the Major's—Messrs. S. N. Rucker, John Hanify, Wm. F. Humphrey, W. A. Lange, John Tait and James Woods—were paying tribute to Major Stanton, and they summoned about a score of other friends to join them at a feast. It was some feast. When all was said and done (or nearly all) Mr. Rucker and our premier dancer, Mr. Lange, renewed their athletic controversy upstairs and with Mrs. Douglas Crane as a partner the former Mayor of San Jose settled forever the question of supremacy. Mr. Lange may be a graceful dancer, but for distance in a Marathon he is somewhat lacking.

Nash Makes a Book

San Francisco's select coterie of bibliophiles is rubbing its hands appreciatively over the latest book made by John Henry Nash. This is a thin octavo of a dozen pages or so, and can be read at a short sitting. Not much of a book, you say? Ah, but ask Charlie Clark of San Mateo about it, or W. R. K. Young, or Albert Bender, or some other member of the Book Club which is San Francisco's equivalent of the

Grolier Society. They'll tell you what a book this is. It is one of the finest bits of typography ever turned out here. And it was a labor of love. In the intervals of work Nash hand-set this thin volume a page at a time, pulled a proof, tacked it up on the wall of his composing room and looked at it studiously and critically. When he got a page that suited his exacting eye he proceeded with his work. The result is "The Ideal Book," an essay on calligraphy and typography by that prince of bookbinders Cobden-Sanderson. "The Ideal Book" as made by Nash would delight the eye of William Morris. It is delighting the eyes of those who were fortunate enough to receive copies from Nash, for the volume is privately printed and there are only one hundred and sixty-five of them, none for sale. Nash hand-set the two-volume catalogue de luxe of Charles W. Clark's private library which is also a

Four Routes East!

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prized item among our bibliophiles. To get a copy of that you have to be a friend of Clark's.

Exhibitions at Tolerton's

Those who are interested in that remarkable artistic personality Francesco Goya—and what art lover is not?—will find several of his characteristic canvases hanging in the gallery of Hill Tolerton. Tolerton is making an unusually important exhibit of Spanish masters. Besides Goya, there are some arresting El Grecos, typical Murillos and valuable paintings by Zubaran, Antolinez and others. Upstairs in Tolerton's beautiful establishment there is a special exhibit of Goya etchings in which this great artist's sense of humor, sometimes grotesque, sometimes fantastic, sometimes savage but always amusing, is strikingly set forth. There are two other exhibitions at Tolerton's, for Tolerton is not afraid to offer an embarrassment of artistic riches. Mary J. Coulter shows twenty-four small paintings executed during a recent visit to the Hawaiian Islands. There are here three impressions of the volcano of Kilauea. And then there is Carel Duke's exhibition of monotypes. This Amsterdam artist has traveled extensively in Palestine, Persia and the Dutch Indies, and these monotypes are interesting notes of his sojourn. Duke received a medal of honor at the Exposition.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ANTON CROPP, deceased.—No. 21712.
Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, J. F. HUMBURG, Administrator of the estate of ANTON CROPP, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Andros & Hengstler and Golden W. Bell, Room 722 Kohl Building, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of ANTON CROPP, deceased.

J. F. HUMBURG,
Administrator of the estate of Anton Cropp,
deceased.

Dated: San Francisco, November 18, 1916.
ANDROS & HENGSTLER,
GOLDEN W. BELL,

Attorneys for Administrator,
722 Kohl Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-5

CERTIFICATE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, David J. Morrison, is transacting an undertaking business in the State of California, under the name of WESTERN UNDERTAKING COMPANY; that the principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that he is conducting the said business under the fictitious name of Western Undertaking Company, and that he is the sole owner of said business, and that his full name is David J. Morrison, and that he resides at 1182 Valencia Street, San Francisco, California.

DAVID J. MORRISON.
State of California,
City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 11th day of December, 1916, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared David J. Morrison, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year last above written.

(Seal)
A. J. NAGLE,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of
San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 11th, 1916

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.
WALTER E. DORN,
Attorney at Law,
1101-1105 Hearst Bldg.,
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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

Lily and the Duke

The news from Berlin that the youthful Duke Henry Borwin zu Mecklenburg is to marry the widow of Peter Martin has started only a faint zephyr of surprise in this city, and the surface of the social pool is but slightly rippled. During Lily Martin's last long visit to San Francisco when Peter was gradually succumbing to an incurable ailment, Peter, Lily and the Duke were frequently seen motoring together through our streets. And when Peter was too ill to go about the young Duke often acted as Lily's escort to hotel tea rooms, dansants and high functions. The Duke showed Lily a restrained attention, a polite devotion which excited comment only in our more provincial set. The traveled who know the ways of Newport—Lily's real milieu—were in no wise surprised, for at Newport the aristocratic escort is common, though it is not often a sprig of high nobility who consents to play the tagging role. And now it seems that Lily is to wed her admirer. The disparity in their ages is not great, for though the Duke is only thirty-one he doubtless feels older, and though Lily is older than thirty-one she undoubtedly looks younger when she inspects her cheval glass. Thus, on the time-worn theory that a man is as old as he feels and a woman as young as she looks, Lily and the Duke are about of an age.

Will It Be Morganatic?

Whether this will be a morganatic marriage I do not know, for I am not versed in the etiquette of the smaller German States and have no idea how closely grand dukes expect their relatives to ape the marrying rules of royalty. Young Duke Henry Borwin has already been married to and divorced from an American girl. It is said that the union did not please his uncle, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg. But whether the avuncular displeasure was directed his way simply because he married an untitled girl, or whether there was more solid ground for objection is a matter regarding which I am quite in the dark. I do know that Duke Henry Borwin belongs to one of the oldest families of northern Europe. The Mecklenburgs can trace their lineage to a heathen Slavonic family that pushed northward in the sixth century, established itself in Mecklenburg and managed to hold on to that region through all the centuries since. The family's respectable Christian history began in the twelfth century. My acquaintance with the Mecklenburg annals is decidedly superficial. I have a vague idea that Wallenstein had something to do with the Mecklenburgs in the seventeenth century. And I know that the name Borwin appears repeatedly in the family tree. Doubtless it is a very exciting history, and if the young Duke Henry takes his American wife back to the ancestral castle in Mecklenburg-Strelitz or Mecklenburg-Schwerin (I don't know which branch he belongs to), he can pass the long winter evenings telling Lily all about the ups and downs of his ancestors.

Literature on Both Sides

The romance has a literary complexion. When the young Duke decided to go home and fight for Mecklenburg and the Kaiser he found it exceedingly difficult to get across the Atlantic, just as Baron von Schroeder did. The youthful Duke solved the problem by signing up as a stoker on one of the Atlantic steamers. This experience he has celebrated in a book just

published in Berlin with the entrancing title "His Highness the Stoker." Whatever the literary quality of this work it is an incursion into letters that will scarcely earn for the young Duke the reputation of being a high-brow, a reputation not sought in the best ducal circles where literature is considered pretty democratic. But even should her husband feel inclined to assume literary airs, Lily need not be dismayed. She is not literary herself, but it's in the family. Her sister Mrs. Leonard Thomas has just appeared in the rather surprising role of poetess. The divine afflatus blew upon Mrs. Thomas somehow, somewhere, and she poetized. Her effusions have lately appeared on the bookstalls, the volume bearing the pseudonym of Michael Strange. If the Duke insists on reading "His Highness the Stoker" to Lily, Lily may exact a subtle revenge by reciting to him the poems of Michael Strange.

The Poetess of the Dance

While I am on this subject I should like to call attention to one of the poems of "Michael Strange," alias Mrs. Leonard Thomas. It is a poem on dancing, but scarcely a eulogy of the popular pastime. It is rather in the vein of Byron's savage onslaught on the waltz, and might have caught its tone from Ambrose Bierce's unacknowledged "Dance of Death." However, its inspiration doubtless came from personal observation, for Blanche Oelrichs Thomas belongs to the Newport set where dancing is fast and furious, where the women are "more danced against than dancing." It is called "Thoughts After an Hour Spent in a Cabaret," and it lilts thusly:

I have invited you
To dance.
O listen to the music
Swell and prance.
Amidst the watted glamor
Of disease,
That roars and rattles
Like a can of peas.
Come! Come! my blonde,
And hold me very tight,
So that I'm sure your sense
Is very faint and light;
Then we will jog together,
Thigh to thigh,
Until the floor splits
And the air is high
With mouldy powder
And with fetid wine;
Until my breath is yours,
And your breath mine.

Life is a madhouse
Where we rear and prance,
And I—I have invited you
To dance.

The Separation of the Kohls

The announcement that the shadow of incompatibility had darkened the married life of C. Frederick Kohl and his beautiful wife, and that they had agreed to a separation came as a great shock to their friends, indeed to everybody. It had been assumed that the Kohls were happy, doubtless because it seemed to outsiders that they possessed so many things which contribute to happiness. The Kohls had wealth enough to make the gratification of any wish a simple matter; they had a commanding position in what we are wont to call our best society; they had a home in the building and furnishing of which half a million dollars were judiciously expended; they had many friends; they had the good will of the general public which thought

of them with approval because of their numerous charities. These things are all potent compellers of happiness; it is a shock, though it should not be so, when we discover that they are not enough to make happiness. They

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did not make happiness for the Kohls. Something was lacking; or something once possessed had taken flight. And so they decided to go their separate ways. People are not only shocked by the unexpectedness of this unhappy denouement; they are profoundly sorry for it.

No Divorce

No divorce need be looked for, because both Fred Kohl and his wife are Roman Catholics, and Catholics shun divorce except in the circumstances where legal rights cannot be safeguarded by a separation. Mrs. Kohl has always been a Catholic. It is told of her that at the time of the fire she made a vow that if the Kohl Building was spared she would build a Catholic chapel on Lake Tahoe. I do not know whether the story is true. However, the Kohl building emerged from the fire with comparatively slight damage, and Mrs. Kohl built the Catholic chapel where the Kohls and other Catholics who own summer homes on Tahoe are accustomed to hear Mass. When Fred Kohl was shot and nearly killed by a crazy domestic, he embraced the Catholic faith, thus gratifying a desire which had long been in Mrs. Kohl's heart. It will be recalled how devotedly Mrs. Kohl nursed her husband through that dangerous crisis. If I am not mistaken an attack of pneumonia from which she suffered shortly afterwards was traced to her exertions at the bedside of her stricken husband.

The Unquiet Mind

It would be impertinent to pry into the melancholy secret of the Kohl separation; it would be ghoulish to rake amid the ruins of their marriage. But some thoughts rise in the mind as it ponders this break-up of what we were pleased to think an ideal union, and there can be no harm in expressing them. It may be doubted whether the conditions in which life

is lived by the smart set down the country do not endanger the happiness of any household. True, there are not many divorces in that set; and this seems to gainsay what I have just remarked. But not so. The truth is that while divorce is rather rarer among the prominent families of Hillsborough than it is in our urban families of fashion, and while public separations like this of the Kohls are far from common, there are quite a number of unhappy marriages where home life is largely a matter of social distractions. There is the region of the unquiet mind. Even the young suffer from boredom, and the old are terribly blasé. Novelty after novelty is hailed with delight, but soon exhausted. A pack of beagles is important for a time because it promises to relieve the tedium of life; then it is cast aside and forgotten. The terms of that existence emphasize trifles, and unfit the mind for serious things. Concentration on such a pursuit as studious reading is almost impossible, for that would involve withdrawal from the hurly burly of house parties and club festivities where there is "something doing every minute." It is an expertly managing mother who gives the proper amount of attention to her children in such society; and when there are no children, the lack of that responsibility seems to make perpetual frivolity excusable.

An Exceptional Woman

Please, reader, do not apply these general remarks too closely to the case of the Kohls. For the Frederick Kohls have never been considered cultivators of tremendous trifles. They have fed their set's appetite for novelty, as when they imported the pack of beagles, but they have never steeped themselves in distractions. For one thing, Mrs. Kohl has always had a serious intellectual interest in her music. And for another, she has always been sincerely and

indefatigably devoted to the divinely sanctioned pursuits of charity. Mrs. Kohl's charitable activities have never been spectacular. While others sought the limelight of charity Mrs. Kohl worked hard. She did not consult her leisure in this matter. If charity demanded a sacrifice of time or of comfort or of pleasure, it was to Mrs. Kohl a sweet sacrifice consecrated by a pious intention. And of Fred Kohl no less may be said. He had an open purse for distress, and I think that if the counterfoils of his check book were run over it would be found that he has checked out immense sums for the needy. An incident may be mentioned, for it portrays a state of mind. Immediately after the disaster of 1906 a fellow member of the Pacific-Union Club, a very wealthy man, told Fred Kohl that he had discharged all his servants. Fred Kohl was unaffectedly surprised. "This is not the time to do that," he said. "If we discharge our servants, what are they to do?" These are the Kohls, and it is small wonder that the thought of their separation is depressing.

A Great Diva Here


Scandinavia's most famous living opera singer is in San Francisco, but so far as I know there has been no mention of her presence in the papers. The reason is that she is not here to sing but for pleasure, and has successfully shunned publicity. Her name is Borghild Langaard, and she is a Norwegian. Throughout the Scandinavian countries her name is a household word, and she is regarded as the greatest singer the North has produced since Jenny Lind. She is a handsome woman, still in the thirties, and her youth and good looks serve her admirably in Carmen which is considered her greatest role. Borghild Langaard has frequently sung before royalty. She is

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traveling for pleasure, and during her stay here has been with friends, avoiding the big hotels as she has avoided other avenues of publicity.

Mrs. Martin, a Correction

The press agent writes me thus in correction of what I had to say last week concerning Mrs. Eleanor Martin and the "Inaugural Special:"

"In Town Talk of last week Mrs. Eleanor Martin was mentioned as having entered the political arena, in the form of being general chairman of the California Inaugural Special, which will carry a party of Californians to Wilson's inauguration. You are not exactly right about this. The California Inaugural Special is entirely non-partisan. The movement was started last summer, before anyone knew who would be elected President. Men and women of all political creeds are interested in it. Governor Johnson, Julius Kahn, Mayor Rolph and other Republicans have indorsed it. It is merely a party of Californians going to the inauguration and incidentally making an attractive tour of the

country. It is an error to give Mrs. Martin any Democratic affiliations. I don't really know what her politics are, if she has any at all."

Progress of the Richards System

Mrs. Harriet A. Fay Richards has accomplished much since last March when the management of the Hotel St. Francis cordially welcomed her and her novel educational system. Mrs. Richards is a charming young Bostonian who came West determined to succeed. Just ten months ago she opened her private day school for children in the Green Room of the St. Francis. At the start the pupils numbered five, and Mrs. Richards chartered a motor car to convey them to and from the school. With two able instructors, and Mrs. Florence Hines as secretary, Mrs. Richards held two sessions daily except Sunday. From this small beginning the present immensely popular "Hotel School" has grown, numbering over ninety pupils. Mrs. Richards has worked out her own system, culling with care from the best sources. The "Richards System" comprises full courses in all the English branches for children from five to fifteen years. There are four large class rooms and an efficient corps of instructors, besides French classes daily under Mademoiselle Martin of Paris, with ball room and fancy dancing classes under Mrs. Hinman and Miss White. Froebel ideas for the little ones include daily folk dancing, with clay modeling for all.

New Year's Eve at Hotel Oakland

Elaborate preparations are in progress for the celebration of New Year's. Merrymaking will continue all night December 31, and already table reservations have been made by people on both sides of the bay. Some of those who will entertain guests are: Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mrs. T. Hogan, I. H. Kahn, I. Ehrenberg, Dr. Ayer, E. H. Geary, R. M. Henningsen, G. S. Green, R. H. Curtis, E. D. Sturges, J. O. Bradley, I. A. Beretta, J. F. Chambers, F. H. Smith-

son, A. K. Gibbs, W. Smith, R. U. McKinnon, M. Goldwater, B. Bradshaw, M. R. Crooke, A. Schleuter, F. Edoff, H. P. Schneider, A. D. Nelson, E. J. Larkin, Dr. M. M. Enos, A. C. Agnew, J. Hinton, A. Oppenheimer, Lee Bertillon, C. P. Hall, A. L. Oppenheimer, M. Bull, M. J. Laymance, P. M. Eberhart, S. H. Mott, E. C. Hill, W. Neal, H. C. Brougher, F. Smith, C. Bush, S. H. Rickard, M. C. Chapman, Jack Wooley, A. Beltink, L. A. Ortiz, B. W. Hammond, K. D. Moore, W. T. Hale.

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30TH ANNUAL EDITION FOR 1917

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"Funny Business"

By Charles Chaplin

Making fun is serious business. It calls for the deepest study—the most concentrated observation. Business that causes some people to laugh makes others frown. That can't be helped. What matters is to make most of the people laugh all the time. How to do this is the problem.

Did you ever see what happens when a policeman in uniform slips on a greasy street and gets muddy? The policeman's uniform and his club are the symbols of his authority. He is a power in the land. When he slips and gets all mussed up the crowd shrieks with laughter. Why? Well, even good people have a sneaking dislike for a "cop." They like to see him get a tumble.

Visualize a bloated capitalist with Dundreary whiskers, light trousers, spats, frock coat, silk hat—all the insignia of a million dollars more or less. Even the most inoffensive among us has some time or other conceived the idea of pulling those whiskers. Just a fleeting, absurd idea.

Now when the capitalist's whiskers are pulled by an abandoned funny man the crowd shrieks with delight. There may be some in the audience who think it undignified to pull a millionaire's whiskers, but it makes the millionaire look ridiculous in his wrath, and ninety per cent of the public has often wondered just what he would do if he had his whiskers pulled.

There is fun in striking contrast. One minute there is a picture of pride and dignity, stalking solemnly through the labyrinths of human life, austere, exclusive, apart. If I reach out casually and hook that chap with the crook of my cane, drag him almost off his feet, pull his Dundrearys and step casually on his silk hat, the audiences shriek with delight. Perhaps they don't know why, but I do. It is because they never in all their lives believed that anybody would have the effrontery to pull a millionaire's whiskers or step on his hat.

By the way, there are innumerable possibilities in a hat. I've got more than forty ways of taking off my hat and putting it on. Most of the forty get a laugh of greater or less emphasis. It depends on the makeup of the audience. All this funny business is cumulative. You pile it up as you go along. Something you thought was going to be funny beyond expression turns out to be a frost, but some little bit of business that has been inserted on the spur of the moment gets a roar. There you are. Discover just what caused that big laugh and emphasize it.

The American public loves grotesquerie. So does the French public; so does the British public. Up to a few years ago we did not know that the Chinaman had a sense of humor. Grave and learned gentlemen assured us that the Chinese never laughed, but at the most only grinned.

Well, I'll tell you one important reason why the Mutual pays me \$670,000 a year. It isn't because I can amuse the American public alone, but because the same stuff that makes Americans laugh also makes the Chinaman on the Yangtze rock himself out of his seat, causes the Japanese audience in Tokio or Kioto to laugh vociferously, splits the visage of the Turk in Constantinople and gets the money that the Russian moujik used to spend on vodka. In short what we have discovered is the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin—the sort of stuff that makes everybody laugh.

And when you come to figure it out it never was a secret at all. World travelers have told us how naked blacks in the Congo would laugh

themselves into hysterics if one of their number was caught stealing by the head of a safari and whipped. The others thought it made the whipped man look ridiculous to be whipped. So it amused them. We have had all sorts of tips about what amused all sorts of people, but until the film became a world-wide commodity there was no use for such knowledge. Now it's a gold mine.

Once or twice I've tried to entertain audiences in a polite, restrained manner—the high-class, subtle sort of thing, you know. I can't say I was a huge success. Not long ago I went on in a New York theatre to say a few words. I was in orthodox full dress. That audience behaved as though it were tongue tied.

I began to get uncomfortable. It was too solemn for words. I quit talking and seizing an inspiration shuffled off the stage with my Chaplin shuffle. Well, the roar that broke loose in that house was amazing. I had to shuffle back and then shuffle off again. Then I had to shuffle on again and talk, and every word I said was a howl simply because of the shuffle. There's the psychology of a laugh for you. Believe me, I took that tip.

It was very soon after that incident that I signed up with the Mutual. If I hadn't happened to think of shuffling off that stage I might never have got more than \$200 a week in my life, though I'm a great believer in the Chaplin star. Somehow I think I'd have landed in spite of overlooking a few opportunities.

By the way, perhaps I never told you how that walk originated. I used to live in the vicinity of the old Queen's Head, in Lambeth. London had been my stamping ground since I was two years old, when I was brought from Fontainebleau, a few miles out of Paris. That is where I was born, though my parents were English.

The Queen's Head was a "pub." There was a cab stand near it, and an old character they called "Rummy" Binks was one of the landmarks. He had a bulbous nose, a crippled-up, rheumatic body, a swollen and distorted pair of feet and the most extraordinary pair of trousers I ever saw. He must have got the trousers from a giant, and he was a little man.

When I saw "Rummy" shuffle his way across the pavement to hold a cabman's horse for a penny tip, which was his daily occupation, I was fascinated. The walk was so funny to me that I imitated it. When I showed my mother how "Rummy" walked she begged me to stop, because it was cruel to imitate misfortune like that, but while she pleaded she had her apron stuffed in her mouth. Then she went in the pantry and giggled for ten minutes.

Day after day I cultivated that walk. It was an obsession. Wherever I pulled it I was sure of a laugh. Poor old "Rummy" is dead long ago, of course. If I had any idea he still lived I surely would divide with him.

Of course the walk is Chaplin so far as picture audiences are concerned. No matter what else I may do that is amusing in the course of my plays I don't believe I can ever get away from the walk. Let me make a natural free-footed entrance and they stare at me in stony silence. They seem to be afraid my feet have got well.

It's impossible to tell exactly how funny business is made. It develops. Given a good memory and certain powers of analysis, a fellow can get a line of funny stuff in the course of a few years that will make people laugh at the memory

of him when he's deader than a mackerel and not funny at all.

The principal thing you've got to do to keep an audience in good humor is to make the audience think it is superior to you in intelligence and analytical sense. You've got to be the clown. I make people laugh with me, but it is a sort of patronizing sympathy. They think I'm an awful ass, but then I'm a funny one and that covers a multitude of sins.

When I came over here from London in 1909 I was playing in a show called "A Night in an English Music Hall." It was rank beyond words. I got \$25 a week. I got other stage engagements in this country and gradually worked up to \$75 a week. I made my first picture contract in 1914 and got \$150 a week. Two years and two months after that I made the contract with the Mutual Corporation at \$10,000 a week.

Well, I've tried to tell you how funny business is found and developed. If I haven't succeeded it is because I don't know myself. What I have written is just what occurred to me when the subject came up. Perhaps I might think of a lot more later, but this is all for now.

Musical Comedy at Pantages

"Mr. Inquisitive," the headline attraction for the coming week at Pantages, is a delightful little conceit in the form of a condensed musical comedy featuring the comedian Earl Cavanaugh, and containing a bevy of pretty, vivacious and lively chorus girls as well as the talented Ruth Tompkins. Joe, Myra and Buster Keaton are rightly advertised as "Fun's Funniest Family." They are well known headliners who have a reputation for being able to cause great laughter. Burke and Broderick are an exceptionally clever team with an elaborate assortment of novelty costumes that will excite the admiration of the ladies. Rucker and Winifred will be remembered from their last tour of the circuit. They are still offering their original character impersonations. Senator Francis Murphy, "Chairman of the Committee," Silbon Sisters, Georgette Chartres, and "The Lass of the Lumberlands," chapter 8, are the other numbers.



MARKET
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"MR. INQUISITIVE"

A BEVY OF BROADWAY BEAUTIES

In a Movie Musical Comedy

Rucker & Winifred | Burke & Broderick

SENATOR
Francis Murphy

Silbon Sisters

Georgie Chartres

Lass o' Lumberlands
Chap. 8

Extra Added Attraction
THE THREE KEATONS
Fun's Funniest Family

What better Christmas gift for a friend than a yearly subscription to Town Talk? An intellectual stimulant once a week is what some folk need and enjoy.

The Stage

The Grainger Concerts

Concert-devotees who attended Percy Grainger's two concerts at Scottish Rite Hall have another beautiful memory, another musical pleasure to look forward to when his coming is again announced. His concert programmes under the Greenbaum management were varied and scholarly, and they were interpreted with the faultlessness and musicianly insight of the artist. Bach-Busoni, Schumann, Chopin, Grieg, Ravel, Albeniz and Rontgen were the composers he interpreted, and there were several of his own charming compositions as well. His manner at these concerts was entirely free from the slightest eccentricity in execution, and the most conservative listener must have been impressed by his magnetism.

—H. M. B.

Experience—A Morality Play

The management of the Cort announces that they have completed arrangements with William Elliott, F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest for the first production in San Francisco of George V. Hobart's modern morality comedy drama "Experience," pronounced by critics one of the most wonderful plays in America. The engagement begins Monday night, January 8, at the Cort and will be for two weeks. There will be bargain matinees on Wednesday, special price matinees Saturday afternoon and the usual performance each evening. "Experience" tells in ten vivid and realistic scenes the love story of Youth—the average man of today—and the temptations he meets when he leaves his home and goes out into the big world to seek fame and fortune. "Experience" has enjoyed phenomenal runs of nine months in New York, five months in Boston, seven months in Chicago and five months in Philadelphia. In these cities the attendance broke all records. Wherever the play has been presented it has received the very emphatic endorsement of clergy representing all denominations. The famous New York-Boston "Experience" organization of eighty-two noted players is now in its first transcontinental tour. The beauty of the ladies of this company is said to have set a new standard of fascinating girlhood for the stage.

Farce at Alcazar

For a Christmas week attraction the Alcazar has secured "Apartment 12 K," a farce in three acts of the type of "Twin Beds." It was originally produced in New York and proved a success. The story has to do with the frivolous wife of a rich young man and her suspected infidelity.

Fourth Week of "Fair and Warmer"

"Fair and Warmer" at the Cort where it enters upon its fourth big week next Sunday evening, continues to be the laughing hit of the town. Its fame has spread throughout the State, as proven by the orders for seats received from other cities. In addition to the regular Wednesday and Saturday matinees, a special matinee will be given Christmas Day at

a specially arranged scale of prices. The "cocktail scene" is what the major part of its admirers describe as the funniest part of "Fair and Warmer."

Young People's Concert by Hertz

The first special event of the season is announced by the Musical Association of San Francisco for Thursday afternoon, December 28, at the Cort, when a young people's Christmas concert will be given by the entire San Francisco Orchestra under the direction of Alfred Hertz. Conductor Hertz has arranged a charming programme for the affair, which is cal-

peated until Sunday, December 31, instead of December 24. These numbers will then be given under the masterful conductorship of Hertz: Prelude to "Lohengrin;" Bacchanale, "Tannhauser;" Good Friday Spell, "Parsifal;" Ride of the Valkyries, "Die Walkure;" Prelude and Isolde's "Love Death" from "Tristan und Isolde;" Introduction to third act, "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg;" Prelude to the same.

Moore and Fenwick at St. Francis

Those two favorite stars of the film, Owen Moore and Irene Fenwick, will be seen at the Theatre St. Francis next week in a moving picture of first-class drawing power called "A Coney Island Princess." This is a picture of absorbing interest from start to finish, and it gives the two stars admirable opportunities for the display of their acting versatility. It is probable that they have never before had so suitable a vehicle. There will be other fine films on the programme at the St. Francis next week, and as usual the music will be of the high standard which has endeared this theatre to its discriminating patrons.

Hockey at the Winter Garden

Ice hockey numbers its "fans" by the thousand in this city, and this army of enthusiasts looks forward with the keenest interest to the match which will be played at the Winter Garden Rink next Wednesday night. The contestants will be the Olympic Club players and the Pacifics. Both teams are made up of experts, and their trial of skill is bound to be exciting and spectacular. However, ice hockey is not alone by any means in drawing throngs to the Winter Garden. The fascination of ice skating has gripped our people, and they overrun the ice morning, afternoon and evening. Society is much in evidence there, especially at the evening sessions when a spin over the ice is considered the proper thing before supper. The skill of those who had never put on ice skates a year ago is simply amazing; but ice skating is not a difficult sport to master, and our people are noted for their athletic adaptability.



LYDIA LOPOKOVA

The charming prima ballerina of the Diaghileff Ballet Russe, coming to the Valencia Theatre for five nights and one matinee beginning Tuesday, January 2

culated to appeal to young music lovers; but, although the numbers will be light in character, the concert will be just as enjoyable to grown-ups. Mr. Hertz has particularly aimed to bring to his programme something of the joyous Yuletide spirit. Following are the offerings for the event: Overture, "Fra Diavolo," Auber; largo and finale, C Major Symphony, Haydn; dream pantomime, "Hansel and Gretel," Humperdinck; Turkish march, Beethoven; "Marionettes," Glazounow; "Invitation to the Dance," Weber-Weingartner; "Nutcracker" suite, Tchaikovsky; Valse Lente and Pizzicati, Delibes; "Molly on the Shore," Grainger. Tickets will range from 25 cents to \$1.00, and may be had now at Sherman Clay.

The Wagner Programme

The Wagner programme of the fifth pair of regular symphonies, the Friday concert of which was given on December 22, will not be re-

Christmas and New Year's at Tavern

Techau Tavern, long recognized as San Francisco's most hospitable and pretentious restaurant, made its preparations on a mammoth scale for the care of its guests during the Christmas and New Year's holiday periods. The Christmas dinner served at 6 p. m. Monday will be unexcelled. There will be special entertainment features such as new and interesting specialties by the Tavern's Show Girl Revue, exhibition dances, Pall Mall cigarette dances, the very popular La Lilas perfume dances and the music, as has always been the custom at the Tavern, will be the best that can be had. New Years will also be fittingly celebrated. An elaborate dinner will be served and in addition to the usual festivities and entertainment every guest of the Tavern will be presented with a handsome art bag filled with souvenirs, horns, caps, fans and every sort of a noise-maker with which fittingly to celebrate the birth of the New Year.

The Diaghileff Ballet Russe

We are to see the original Diaghileff Ballet Russe in all its glory through the enterprise of Will L. Greenbaum. The entire organization including Nijinsky, Bolm, Gavrillow, Frohman, Lapokowa, Revalles, Spezizewa and forty others, and the famous Ballet Russe Orchestra of sixty artists under the baton of M. Pierre Monteux and two assistant directors, will arrive here by special train next Sunday, and on Tuesday night, January 2, will open an engagement at the Valencia Theatre limited to five nights and a Saturday afternoon. Eight carloads of scenery, decorations and costumes designed by Leon Bakst, I. Anisfeld and Robert Edmond Jones will come with the company. On Tuesday night four complete ballets will be given: "Les Sylphides," "Scheherazade," "Prince Igor" and "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks," each of a distinct character. Wednesday night "Sadko," a ballet of the underseas, "Cleopatre," "L'Apres Midi d'une Faune" and "Carnaval" will be the bill. Thursday night will witness repetitions of "Scheherazade" and "Till Eulenspiegel" and productions of "The Spectre of the Rose" and "Thamar," the last named a tragic work of great beauty. Friday and Saturday nights and the Saturday matinee will witness bills made up from the best in the repertoire. It is said that the Metropolitan Opera directors have invested over half a million in the costumes, scenery, properties, etc. Tickets are on sale at Sherman, Clay where mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum and where complete details may be obtained.

Russe Symphony Orchestra

Not the least important feature of the Diaghileff Ballet Russe is its magnificent symphony orchestra. Sixty artists tour with the organization under the baton of M. Pierre Monteux of Paris. For the past two years M. Monteux has been obliged to discontinue his weekly concerts in the French capital to serve in the trenches and he was granted just four months leave of absence to make this tour with the Ballet Russe. On February 15 he must report for active service. The instrumentation of the orchestra is as follows: eight first violins, six second violins, six violas, four violoncellos, four contra basses, three flutes, one piccolo, three clarinets, one E flat clarinet, two bassoons, one contra bassoon, two oboes, one English horn, two trumpets, four horns, three trombones, one tuba, one tympani, two drums, one harp and one celeste. Dr. Anselm Goetzl of Prague will direct the performances of "Till Eulenspiegel."

Oakland to See Ballet Russe

Manager Greenbaum announces that the complete Ballet Russe will be seen in two splendid programmes in Oakland at the Auditorium Opera House on the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday, January 9 and 10. The same scale of prices as in San Francisco will be maintained, and the programmes will be given exactly as in this city.

Julia Culp Coming

Manager Greenbaum's first concert offering for 1917 will be the beloved Dutch mezzo soprano Mme. Julia Culp, considered the greatest interpreter of "lieder" now living. This season Mme. Culp promises us a number of French and English works in addition to her usual repertoire of the masterworks of Schumann, Schubert, Strauss, Wolf, Franz, Cornelius, etc. As usual Coenraad V. Bos, the "king of accompanists," will be the



NELLIE V. NICHOLS

Who comes to the Orpheum next week

assisting artist and will be heard for the first time here as a solo pianist as well as accompanist. The first Julia Culp concert is announced for Sunday afternoon, January 14.

Yvette Guilbert Expected

Yvette Guilbert, the famous French "disease," will make her first visit to the West next month. This artist is as unique in her way as Sara Bernhardt or Eleanor Duse. Like them she stands in a class quite by herself, and there is no doubt her exquisite art will find the deepest appreciation among the people of this community.

"It Pays to Advertise" at Columbia

Who was it said the romance of today is found in the business world? George M. Cohan has gone one better—he has proved that the best field for farce is that same business world. Having already proved it in his "Get-Rich-

Quick Wallingford," he has produced another farce called "It Pays to Advertise," which comes to the Columbia for two weeks commencing Monday (Christmas Day) matinee. Other matinees Wednesday and Saturday. While the piece is credited to Roi Cooper Megrue and Walter Hackett, there is said to be apparent throughout its action the skilful touch of Cohan. The farce has all the dexterity of a game and keeps the audience guessing.

Nellie V. Nichols at Orpheum

The Orpheum will present a holiday bill beginning with the Sunday matinee. Nellie V. Nichols whose specialty is the delineation of character in song and story will introduce an entirely new act. She excels in all the lines of dialect that Europe and America furnish. From between the covers of the Saturday Evening Post have come innumerable short stories suited to the stage. Among them was a character study called "Mutterzolz and Son" which will be presented by Phil White and company under the title of "Lots and Lots of It." Finke's Mules accomplish a series of unusual feats. Mr. Finke has also some cleverly trained dogs and ponies. Rena Parker, an American girl who, till the war broke out, was one of the most popular singing comedienness who appeared in London, Paris and Berlin, is back again in her native country. Miss Parker is exceedingly pretty with a Parisian chicness and she sings songs in appropriate costumes. Eddie Leonard and company in "The Minstrel's Return," and Homer B. Mason and Marguerite Keeler in Porter Emerson Browne's comedietta "Married," will be the only holdovers. A special feature of the bill will be Anna Chandler, one of the most successful singing comedienness in vaudeville. Miss Chandler will present a repertoire of new songs. Another headline act of celebrity is "The Volunteers." It is a singing novelty by George Botsford, a well known composer, which introduces Billy Cripps, Al Raugh, Jerome Daley and Fred Lyon.

The Common Goal

Yon is a man most erudite,
Who lives but more to learn.
Hither a chap of visage bright,
Whose thoughts to laughter turn.

There is a matron, white of hair,
A grandchild at her side.
Here trips a maiden, lissome, fair,
Vivacious, eager-eyed.

This is a creature passing queer—
The dame who loves to weep.
That is a spinster, bleak and drear,
Who would at Cupid peep.

Some of these would refresh the soul,
And some would cry, but lo!
All of them have a common goal,
And that's—a picture show.

DIAGHILEFF

BALLET Russe

VALENCIA THEATRE
FIVE NIGHTSBeginning Tuesday, January 2d
MATINEE SATURDAY, JANUARY 6TH
COMPANY OF 150Including
NIJINSKY, BOLM, GAVRILOW,
LOPOKOVA, REVALLES,
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and Other International Stars and Complete
Corps de Ballet.
GRAND ORCHESTRA
Costumes and Decors by
BAKST, ANISFELD and JONES
Prices—Box Seats \$6, Orchestra \$5, Balcony
(3 rows) \$5, Balcony (balance) \$3, \$2 and \$1.
Tickets NOW on sale ONLY at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s,
Kearny and Sutter Streets.
MANAGEMENT WILL L. GREENBAUM
Baldwin Piano UsedSPECIAL YOUNG PEOPLE'S
CHRISTMAS CONCERTSAN FRANCISCO
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ - - - Conductor

CORT THEATRE

Thursday, December 28, at 3:00 Sharp

PROGRAM:

Overture, "Fra Diavolo," Auber; Largo and Finale, G
Major Symphony, Haydn; Dream Pantomime, "Hansel and
Gretel," Humperdinck; Turkish March, Beethoven; "Mar-
ionettes," Glazounov; "Invitation to the Dance," Weber-
Weingartner; "Nutcracker" Suite, Tschaikowsky; Valse
Lente and Pizzicati, Delibes; "Molly on the Shore,"
Grainger.
PRICES: 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. Tickets at Sherman, Clay
& Co.'s.

Next—Sunday, December 31—WAGNER PROGRAM

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and
for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 2475
New Series; Dept. 10.In the Matter of the Estate of MARY ADAMS,
sometimes known as MARY E. ADAMS, Deceased.LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS, the duly appointed, qualified
and acting Administrator with the will annexed of the
estate of MARY ADAMS, deceased, having filed his
petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale
of certain real estate belonging to the estate of said
deceased for the purposes therein set forth,It is therefore ordered by the judge of the said Court
that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased
appear before the said Superior Court on Friday, the
26th day of January, 1917, at ten o'clock A. M. of said
day, at the courtroom of Department No. 10 of said
Superior Court, in the City and County of San Fran-
cisco, State of California, to show cause why an order
should not be granted to said LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS,
Administrator with will annexed of the estate of MARY
ADAMS, deceased, to sell the whole or some portion
of the real estate belonging to the said deceased.And that a copy of this order be published at least
once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a
newspaper printed and published in said City and
County.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS,
219 Sharon Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-23-5

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and
for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 76892;
Dept. 10.M. L. MAYERS, Plaintiff, vs. D. J. HUGHES and
JOHN DOE, Defendants.Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of
California in and for the City and County of San Fran-
cisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in
the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.The People of the State of California Send Greeting To:
D. J. HUGHES and JOHN DOE, Defendants.YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and
answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above,
brought against you in the Superior Court of the State
of California, in and for the City and County of San
Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of
this summons—if served within this City and County; or
within thirty days if served elsewhere.And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and
answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take
judgment for any money or damages demanded in the
Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to
the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.GIVEN under my hand and Seal of the Superior Court
at the City and County of San Francisco, State of Cali-
fornia, this 27th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

By H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.HENRY A. JACOBS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
900 Humboldt Bank Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-16-10

California and French Champagnes

From Epernay (Champagne) the following has
been received by the Cresta Blanca Wine Co.:
"The first impression about this year's quality
is confirmed every day, and, as the Vignerons
Champenois states, this year's crop may be clas-
sified as one of the poorest. In the Epernay
region the yield is very poor both in quantity
and quality. In the region of Damery the crop
is larger than was expected. In the hills from
Rheims to Bouzy the production is very small.
The vines are in very poor condition. There are
no laborers and many years will pass before
the vines can be reconstituted." Drinkers of
champagne hereabouts are not worried by this
and similar reports. They have learned that
the Paul Masson champagnes are the equal of
the French champagnes, and have been putting
these California wines in their cellars for a
long time.



Mlle. OLGA SPECIZEWA

Ballerina with the Diaghiileff Ballet Russe
coming to the Valencia Theatre on
January 2

NOTICE OF PENDENCY OF ACTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and
for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 78,608,
Department 1.C. O. SWANBERG, Plaintiff, vs. THE MORGAN
OYSTER COMPANY (a corporation), Defendant.

Pursuant to an order of the above entitled Court, made
the 19th day of December, 1916, NOTICE IS HEREBY
GIVEN by the Clerk of the above named Court that an
action entitled as above is pending in the above named
Court; that the object of said action is for the purpose
of obtaining a new or duplicate stock certificate of the
defendant corporation in the place of one heretofore issued
and now lost or destroyed; that the name of the plaintiff
in said action is C. O. SWANBERG; that the name of the
defendant in said action is THE MORGAN OYSTER
COMPANY, a corporation, and that the said action is
pending in the Superior Court of the State of California,
in and for the City and County of San Francisco; that
the name of the corporation issuing the stock therein
referred to is THE MORGAN OYSTER COMPANY; that
the number of the certificate of said stock issued
by said corporation is One Hundred and Eighteen (118)
and represents thirty (30) shares of the capital stock
of said corporation; that the name of the person men-
tioned in said certificate as stock holder is C. O. SWAN-
BERG and none other;

And any and all persons claiming said shares of stock
or any of them, or any interest or lien therein or there-
upon are and each of them is hereby notified to be and
appear before the above named Court, at its Court
room situate in the City Hall in the City and County
of San Francisco, State of California, on the 24th day
of January, 1917, a day not less than thirty days from
the first publication hereof, at the hour of 10 o'clock
a. m., of said day, then and there to show cause if any
they have why a new certificate should not be directed
to be issued to the plaintiff herein, and to set forth
their rights in or claim to said shares, if any they have.

WITNESS MY HAND, and the seal of the said
Superior Court, this 19th day of December, 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By H. BRUNNER, Deputy Clerk.FRANK MCGOWAN,
BLAINE MCGOWAN,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
715-717 Humboldt Bank Bldg.
San Francisco, Cal.

12-23-5

Cypheum

Safest and Most
Magnificent
America
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J. FARRELL and STOCKTON & POWELL

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The Apache Trail of Arizona

By Robert McTavish

The first picture that recurs when memory seeks to re-assemble its impressions of this remarkable tour is a bewildering composite of desert and lake, of forbidding mountain declivity and smooth inviting road, of prehistoric cliff dwelling and very modern copper mine. It is, in other words, a blur of contradictions, a clash of images. But as memory persists in its pleasant effort to reconstruct the various spectacles, the individual pictures disengage themselves, the panorama unrolls harmoniously, the

twelve hundred feet sheer above the trail, cliffs of awe-inspiring grandeur, cliffs whose bewildering riches of color are calculated to drive a painter to despair. That is one of the favorite pictures in my mental album of the Apache Trail.

Another is the first view of Roosevelt Lake. You have been climbing steadily, and at last you are at the summit of the trail, four thousand feet above sea level, and the magnificent panorama of the Salt River and Tonto Creek basin is suddenly laid open before you. Your gaze embraces a great sweep of desert garden, and twenty-seven miles away the deep blue of Roosevelt Lake. When you have drunk in the beauty of this scene your thoughts dwell a while upon the engineering genius which contributed to the picture, for these lovely waters were not impounded by nature but by man. This is at first hard to believe, the lake seems so much an essential part of the landscape. But there are many other things hard to believe about this Apache trail. Only seeing is believing here; description can but stimulate curiosity, awaken the desire to see.

name defied pursuit so long. And there is Geronimo Mountain, evoking other memories of Indian fights. But the history of this fascinating region did not begin with the Apaches. To say nothing of the prehistoric remains of the Cliff Dwellers, it was over this trail that the famous Spanish explorer Francisco Vasquez de Coronado traveled in search for the treasures of the fabled "Seven Cities of Cibola." It is strange to think, as you roll over this fine road in a motor car, that Coronado once labored painfully



A DESERT GARDEN

series of impressions marches in order across the delighted mind. Then, to that "inward eye which is the bliss of solitude" the Apache Trail of Arizona yields a secondary pleasure only slightly inferior to that pleasure which came from beholding the actual scenes. To repeat mentally the joys of real vision is to experience the intellectual charm of travel; and this may be experienced with regard to the Apache Trail much more profoundly than with regard to most of the "sights" dear to travelers, because the Apache Trail is so crowded with sharp contrasts, so transfigured with vivid beauty, so colored by incredible hues of earth and sky—in a word, the Apache Trail is so unbelievably attractive to the eye that it photographs itself indelibly on the brain. The fortunate traveler who has traversed



THE PAINTED CLIFFS

But it is time to tell those who do not know, something a little more definite about the Apache Trail. I shall not attempt to supply the information which the prospective visitor may obtain succinctly and clearly from any Southern Pacific ticket clerk. But where is the Apache Trail? Speaking roughly, the Apache Trail parallels the Sunset route of the Southern Pacific from Maricopa to Bowie in Arizona. Still speaking roughly, the Southern Pacific track through Arizona from Maricopa eastward to Bowie is a straight line. Draw a line at right angles to this line, and let it run northward from Maricopa to Phoenix. In the same way draw another line northward from Bowie to Globe. You have now—remember I am speaking roughly—the three sides of a parallelogram.

over the same trail, and that later it was the stamping ground of the Apaches. Yes, it is a fine road today. And the reason is not far to seek. The Government built this road at a cost of \$400,000 to make the great seven million dollar Roosevelt Dam accessible.

If you start over the Apache Trail, as I did, from the up-to-date town of Globe, one of the world's great copper-producing centers, you come first to Miami which is also a copper town. Then you follow Pinal Creek for thirteen miles with the Apache Mountains on your right and the Pinal Range on your left. This brings you to the wonderful Forest of Sahuaro. The Sahuaro is the giant cactus, and this therefore is a cactus forest. It must be seen to be appreciated. Lovers of flora, by the way, will



THE GREAT ROOSEVELT DAM

the Apache Trail carries in his head an album of colored views whose pages he never tires of turning over and over.

What are my outstanding pictures, my favorite views of the Apache Trail? I think at once of that sublime prospect of the Painted Cliffs seen from Fish Creek Hill. You have crossed Fish Creek at a horseshoe bend, and before you is the wild beauty of Box Canyon. But your eye does not follow the contours of the canyon—it leaps to the cliffs opposite, cliffs which rise

Now complete the parallelogram with a line joining Phoenix and Globe. This line follows the Apache Trail. The two straight lines running northward from Maricopa to Phoenix and from Bowie to Globe are tracks of the Arizona Eastern Railroad. So, to reach the Apache Trail, you leave the Southern Pacific at Maricopa (if you are traveling east), or at Bowie (if you are traveling west), and reach either terminus of the Apache Trail over a line of the Arizona Eastern. The trip over the trail from Phoenix to Globe or vice versa, is a motor trip. It is a ride of one hundred and twenty miles. It is a ride over the newest scenic highway in America. Nearly all those who have thus far made the trip declare enthusiastically, dogmatically, almost fanatically, that it is a ride over the greatest scenic highway in America. And I am one of those.

As its name tells, this is a trail through the heart of Apache land. Some of the names encountered prevent your forgetting that. There is Apache Gap where Lieutenant Lawton of the Seventh Cavalry defeated the terrible Indian fighters in '66. There is Apache Kid Mountain in whose fastnesses the notorious outlaw of that



ANCIENT CLIFF DWELLINGS

be enchanted by the varieties of cactus they encounter on this trail. There are twenty-eight in all, including the Yucca Gloriosa or Spanish Bayonet with its beautiful spikes of creamy flowers, the Ocotillo or Coach Whip and the amazing Sahuaro. There are desert flowers too: starry-eyed asters, desert acacia, the palo verde with yellow blossom-like Scotch broom, the cats claw with fluffy cream-colored bloom and many others.

As you approach the Summit you have a fine

panorama of the Sierra Ancha Range, a region of deer, bear and cougar much haunted of late by the big game hunter. At the Summit you have that beautiful view of which I have already spoken. Then you come in sight of the Tonto cliff dwellings whose ruins were discovered by Coronado. They are seen in dark niches of the mountainside, and are easily reached by a foot trail. And then the great Roosevelt Dam, one of the most astounding of engineering accomplishments. The motor road circles the dam, crossing its crest. There are graceful arched bridges over the spillways at either end. You need not be an engineer to appreciate this great piece of work; you need only have an eye for architectural beauty, for the engineers who planned the Roosevelt Dam were artists.

Roosevelt Lake, I need hardly explain, is an artificial lake formed by the impounding of the

mountain waters. It has been stocked with gamey black bass and salmon, and all facilities for fishing are provided. The Lodge affords a pleasant break in the trip, for there is refreshment for the "inner man" amid ideal surroundings, as it was built on a rocky promontory between the two arms of the lake. This is the lunching place en route.

From the dam the road follows Salt River Canyon for seven miles, with a view of the Painted Cliffs and Old Woman's Shoe Mountain. Then the road enters Fish Creek Canyon, bringing you to another of those specially fine views of which I have already spoken. And so you follow this romantic highway through mile after mile of vivid beauty, under the wonderful sky of Arizona and in an atmosphere of such crystal clarity that the eye's calculation of distance is continually defeated. The names

alone are exhilarating: Canyon Diablo, One-Eyed Giant, Tortilla Flat, Apache Gap, Superstition Mountain. This last received its name on account of the superstitious dread with which the Indians regarded its castellated cliffs. In other days they held an annual sacred dance at its base. It goes without saying that the Indians have not disappeared from this region. They may be seen by the motorist around their tepees and wigwams on the mountainside.

As you near the end of the trail you see the effects of the great irrigation projects recently put through in this once arid country. The irrigated Salt River Valley is a land of perennial summer, of oranges, of cotton and of dates. Alfalfa is a rich crop. And so you roll into the energetic city of Phoenix, and your tour of the Apache Trail is over.

The Mother Stone

By John Galsworthy

It was after dinner, and five elderly Englishmen were discussing the causes of the war.

"Well," said Travers, a big, fresh-colored graybeard, with little twinkling eyes and very slow speech, "you gentlemen know more about it than I do, but I bet you I can lay my finger on the cause of the war at any minute."

There was an instant clamor of jeering. But a man called Askew, who knew Travers well, laughed and said: "Come, let's have it!" Travers turned those twinkling little eyes of his slowly round the circle, and with heavy, hesitating modesty began:

"Well, Mr. Askew, it was in '67 or '68 that this happened to a great big feller of my acquaintance named Ray—one of those fellers, you know, that are always on the look-out to make their fortunes and never do. This Ray was coming back south one day after a huntin' trip he'd been in what's now called Bechuanaland, and he was in a pretty bad way when he walked one evenin' into the camp of one of those wanderin' Boers. That class of Boer's disappeared now. They'd no farms of their own, but just moved on with their stock and their boys; and when they came to good pasture they'd outspan and stay there till they'd cleared it out—and then trek on again. Well, this old Boer told Ray to come right in, and take a meal; and heaven knows what it was made of, for those old Boers, they'd eat the devil himself without onion sauce, and relish him. After the meal the old Boer and Ray sat smokin' and yarnin' in the door of the tent, because in those days these wanderin' Boers used tents. Right close by in the front, the children were playin' in the dust, a game like marbles, with three or four round stones, and they'd pitch 'em up to another stone they called the Moer-Klip, or Mother-stone—one, two, and pick up—two, three, and pick up—you know the game of marbles. Well, the sun was settin' and presently Ray noticed this Moer-Klip that they were pitchin' 'em up to, shinin'; and he looked at it, and he said to the old Boer: 'What's that stone the children are playin' with?' And the old Boer looked at him and looked at the stone, and said: 'It's just a stone,' and went on smoking'.

"Well, Ray went down on his knees and picked up the stone, and weighed it in his hand. About the size of a hazel-nut it was, and looked—well, it looked like a piece of alum;

but the more he looked at it, the more he thought: 'By Jove, I believe it's a diamond!'

"So he said to the old Boer: 'Where did the children get this stone?' And the old Boer said: 'Oh, the shepherd picked it up somewhere.' And Ray said: 'Where did he pick it up?' And the old Boer waved his hand, and said: 'Over the Kopje, there, beyond the river. How should I know, brother?—a stone is a stone!' So Ray said: 'You let me take this stone away with me!' And the old Boer went on smokin', and he said: 'One stone's the same as another. Take it, brother!' And Ray said: 'If it's what I think, I'll give you half the price I get for it.'

"The old Boer smiled, and said: 'That's all right, brother; take it, take it!'

"The next morning Ray left this old Boer, and, when he was going, he said to him: 'Well,' he said, 'I believe this is a valuable stone!' and the old Boer smiled because he knew one stone was the same as another.

"The first place Ray came to was C—, and he went to the hotel; and in the evenin' he began talkin' about the stone, and they all laughed at him, because in those days nobody had heard of diamonds in South Africa. So presently he lost his temper, and pulled out the stone and showed it round; but nobody thought it was a diamond, and they all laughed at him the more. Then one of the fellers said: 'If it's a diamond, it ought to cut glass.'

"Ray took the stone, and, by Jove, he cut his name on the window, and there it is—I've seen it—on the bar window of that hotel. Well, next day, you bet, he traveled straight back to where the old Boer told him the shepherd had picked up the stone, and he went to a native chief called Jointje, and said to him: 'Jointje,' he said, 'I go on a journey. While I go, you go about and send all your 'boys' about, and look for all the stones that shine like this one; and when I come back, if you find me plenty, I give you gun.' And Jointje said: 'That all right, Boss.'

"And Ray went down to Cape Town, and took the stone to a jeweler, and the jeweler told him it was a diamond of about thirty or forty carats, and gave him five hundred pound for it. So he bought a wagon and a span of oxen to give to the old Boer, and went back to Jointje. The niggers had collected skinfuls of stones of all kinds, and out of all the skinfuls Ray

found three or four diamonds. So he went to work and got another feller to back him, and between them they made the Government move. The rush began, and they found that place near Kimberley; and after that they found De Beers, and after that Kimberley itself."

Travers stopped, and looked around him.

"Ray made his fortune, I suppose?"

"No, Mr. Askew, the unfortunate feller made next to nothin'. He was one of those fellers that never do any good for themselves."

"But what has all this to do with the war?"

Again Travers looked round, and more slowly than ever, said:

"Without that game of marbles, would there have been a Moer-Klip—without the Moer-Klip, would there have been a Kimberley—without Kimberley, would there have been a Rhodes—without a Rhodes, would there have been a Raid—without a Raid, would the Boers have started armin'—if the Boers hadn't armed, would there have been a Transvaal War? And if there hadn't been the Transvaal War, would there have been the incident of those two German ships we held up; and all the general feelin' in Germany that gave the Kaiser the chance to start his navy programme in 1900? And if the Germans hadn't started to build their navy, should we have been in this Show?"

He slowly drew a hand from his pocket, and put it on the table. On the little finger was blazing an enormous diamond.

"My father," he said, "bought it of the jeweler."

The mother-stone glittered and glowed, and the five Englishmen fixed their eyes on it in silence. Some of them had been in the Boer War, and three of them had sons in this. At last one of them said:

"Well, that's seeing God in a dew-drop with a vengeance. What about the old Boer?"

Travers's little eyes twinkled.

"Well," he said, "Ray told me the old feller just looked at him as if he thought he'd done a damn silly thing to give him a wagon; and he nodded his old head, and said, laughin' in his beard: 'Wish you good luck, brother, with your stone.' You couldn't humbug that old Boer; he knew one stone was the same as another."

God is Good

By Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree

It was a dreary, steamy Christmas morning in a northern suburb of London. From the roof of 11 Jabez Terrace the rain dripped in gelatinous drops, hastening the decay of the crumbling stucco. From the little corrugated iron chapel opposite a cracked and consumptive bell was tinkling a doleful message of peace and good-will toward miserable sinners; the roadway to salvation was cumbered by a dead cat and a derelict tin can.

Inside the parlor bedroom of 11 Jabez Terrace sat a young woman vainly endeavoring to feed the newly born baby at her breast—feebly the child whimpered his hunger. The mother had not the wherewithal to buy the milk from the dairy hard by. Nothing pawnable was left in the bare room. The "Emporium" in which she had been employed had refused to allow her to return to her work; her errand in quest of other employment had been in vain, and on Christmas Eve she had returned home empty-handed—save for a hectic geranium which she had found on the floor of an omnibus. The flower, reposing in a broken mug used as a substitute for a toothglass, was the only decoration the room could boast.

The child's father was among the "missing." The last letter the young woman had received months ago told her how he intended to "act honorable" by her on his return. This letter, now in fragments, she was once more spelling out by the light of a sputtering little paraffin lamp whose smell vied for supremacy with the fumes belched by the enfeebled wind from the neighboring brickfield.

The girl sought to pacify her baby by singing a half-remembered little Christmas hymn—but her throat was tired and she ceased. The room was still—the canary lay dead in its cage. The breakfastless mother fell back on the unmade bed and moaned—she was too numb to fight; she had not the heart to beg; she had not the strength to steal. She only gazed dry-eyed through the weeping windowpane. "God help us," was her prayer.

There was the shuffle of a heavy foot tread on the pavement—"Old clo', old clo'," the only human Christmas greeting she had heard, broke the silence.

The face of an old man leered through the windowpane. "Old clo'," the voice croaked again. The girl shook her head. Then the

apparition tapped at the windowpane and with crooked finger pointed toward some object in the room. The young woman threw up the sash.

"Vat'll you take for de broken mug, young lady?" The ravenous Father Christmas, having examined the mug, knew it to be a rare find—which he could turn into bank notes. To the girl it was a worthless gift left by a grandmother.

"What will you give me for it?" she asked.

"Well, my dear, it's Christmas time, and that makes me soft-hearted—here's two silver half-crowns for you—you can keep the geranium for luck."

"Oh, thank you, sir," said the girl. The gaunt figure passed on. "Old clo', old clo'," was heard fainter and fainter, as nearer and nearer came the cry, "Milk below!"

The starving mother seized her child in her arms and sank upon her knees.

"God is good," she sobbed.

And "Milk below!" sounded as a message from heaven above.

Our Great Milling Company

By John P. Swift

Though California has not a reputation for the magnitude of its manufactures, it nevertheless has some notable products. It has supplied many household words, and not all of them came from our vineyards and our orchards. Consider the fame of Sperry Flour, and the achievements of the Sperry Flour Company. Here is a California company that challenged the cereal products of the world at the Panama-Pacific Exposition and vindicated its supremacy, winning a total of sixteen prizes in the general awards. In the language of the judges who distributed the prizes "Sperry came first, and the others 'also ran.'"

To be sure Sperry Flour enjoyed a high reputation long before the Exposition. It is a pioneer product. But the importance in the commercial world of the company that makes this product was not generally known until the Exposition year. For the public does not concern itself with the extent of industrials. It is interested only in quality. So it was interesting to learn during the Exposition year that the Sperry Company ranks among the great milling companies of the country. It has fine mills on the Pacific Coast and their annual output of flour is 2,500,000 barrels a year. All but one of the mills are in California, and San Francisco is the headquarters of the company. So great is the demand of housewives for Sperry flour that the annual sales reach a total of \$1,250,000.

This is not all. At the Exposition the Sperry Company leaped ahead of all exhibitors. It received the medal of honor for its breakfast food and gold medals for collective exhibits of cereal products, gold medals for poultry food exhibits, silver and bronze medals for various other products.

The Sperry Company is a big employer of labor, and has a fine record for its treatment of its employees. Its record extends over a long period, for its first mill in Stockton has been in operation since 1852. This mill, which

runs day and night employs 300 people. It is the policy of the company to encourage kindly relations with its employees, and to this end it maintains quarters for social functions and promotes athletic pastimes for its workers.

Varied Types

(Continued from Page 18.)

decomposition had not begun. Mrs. Haas identified it as the body of her husband. So did the detective who had been with Haas every day from the day of the shooting until the day he disappeared. So did any number of Haas's lodge associates and other friends. That body was buried as the body of Haas. And then the genuine body of Haas was found on the ocean beach. This time there could be no mistake.

"Santa Clara county supplies us with the case of the Dunham suspects. James Dunham murdered the McClinchy family on a ranch near San Jose and disappeared on a bicycle. Scores of suspects were arrested, and there was always somebody ready to swear to the identity. Finally a man named Hatfield was arrested in Texas as James Dunham. The case against him looked very bad, for he had disappeared from San Jose at the time of the wholesale murder, and he was positively identified as Dunham. Yet in the end it was proved conclusively that he was not Dunham, but had fled from San Jose after committing an embezzlement.

"The New York reports provide the case of Joseph Parker, a New York policeman. He was arrested and prosecuted as Thomas Hoag, a bigamist who had disappeared from Brooklyn. Numerous witnesses swore positively that Parker could not be Hoag; numerous others swore just as positively that he could be no one else. Hoag's wife was put on the stand and said: 'There he is, my husband, the handsomest man I ever saw. How often have I combed those dear locks!' Even Parker's attorney was nonplussed, but finally he asked Mrs. Hoag if her husband had any scars on his body. She replied that he had once stepped on a razor and

had a scar on the sole of his foot. Parker took off his shoe, and revealed nothing but the flat foot of a copper. So he did not suffer for Hoag's bigamy.

"Right now we have the case of Oliver Osborne. Rae Tanzer said she had been seduced by a man who used the name Oliver Osborne. She positively identified James W. Osborne, a leader of the New York bar, as the man. Handwriting experts identified James W. Osborne's handwriting as that of the gay deceiver who had written love letters to Rae Tanzer. We know now that Wax was the man and that when he went to James W. Osborne's home and put on James W. Osborne's hat in the presence of the Osborne family his resemblance to James W. Osborne was remarkable.

"And we have the Slingsby case where witnesses have sworn positively to the resemblance of the infant Slingsby claimant to its putative parents. Sir George Frampton, a well known British sculptor, supposedly possessed of a sculptor's expert knowledge of anatomy, told the judge that the child must be the child of Charles Slingsby on account of certain remarkable skull conformities. The House of Lords found that Frampton's opinion was worthless and rejected the Slingsby claimant.

"History has many of these cases of mistaken identity. There is the case of Perkin Warbeck who claimed to be one of the sons of Edward IV murdered in the Tower of London by order of Richard III. We know that he had many followers. There was Dimitri who claimed to be the son of Czar Ivan IV of Russia and actually reigned as Czar for two years. And there was the Tichborne claimant whose imposture deceived Roger Tichborne's mother and set all Great Britain by the ears for two decades. When Arthur Orton, the Wagga Wagga butcher, was finally exposed, there were near-riots in London, so many believed in him.

"Is it any wonder that the jury refused to convict James Geffene in the face of all this evidence of human fallibility? And yet it took three trials to set him free."

From Star to Star

(Continued from Page 13.)

The frigid theatre will be the sepulchre of my hopes."

"My dear," protested the woman. "My dear, dear one!"

"But I will show them," Kean said, with a scowl. "I will show them. I will shame them by succeeding. I will bring them to heel—the mean, patronizing committee and their sticks of actors. Actors—bah! They sulk through their rehearsals. They do all they can to crab my playing. And they jeer and gibber, mouth and leer at me openly and deride me with contemptuous phrases spoken for me to overhear. They speak of my thin legs and my pinched frame."

The women went on quietly knitting.

"They have yet to measure themselves against the beauty of your soul," she said, slowly and distinctly.

The little man's vanity was not proof against such a compliment.

"You have come a long way with me for this night," Kean said. "We have endured much together. And now our hour has come. I go to conquer old Drury—to challenge the memory of David Garrick on the very boards he trod so gracefully."

As he spoke he began to wind a woolen muffler round his delicate throat. His wife made up the Jewish gaberdine with other stage properties into a neat bundle. Her husband completed his preparations for the frosty world outside by slowly drawing on a heavy coat of rough material, cut with many capes.

So, with a kiss and words of encouragement shouted by his wife, Kean walked down the narrow steps leading to his garret to plough his way through the snow and the biting blasts of one of the worst evenings of London's memorable frost.

A withering night with every draught of wind a frigid rapier thrust. A night of drifting snow and lurking fog. A night through which people, huddled in heavy clothes, shivered as they hurried through the dim-lit streets.

"God's body," murmured the actor, as he drew his many capes around him. "The world's a charnel-house. 'Tis enough to freeze the divine fire of genius itself. I hope the hearts of my audience are warmer than the world outside, or my case is poor indeed."

He groped through the Strand towards Drury Lane.

A lighted tavern beckoned with a promise of good cheer. As Kean passed a door opened. He caught a glimpse of idlers about the front bar, talking and laughing noisily over their glasses of hot spirits.

"One to warm me," Kean mumbled. "And one to propitiate the goddess who favors the ambitions of aspiring mortals."

The man in the overcoat of many capes turned into the tavern and walked into an empty bar parlor. In a moment or two a glass of brandy, hot and reeking, was before him. In a moment or two the contents of the glass had disappeared. Again was the glass filled and again was the glass emptied. The overpowering, magnetic eyes began to glow as if the man who saw through them were adding fresh fuel to an all-devouring furnace.

"Ah!" he gasped. "Brandy for heroes. Another—"

He paused a moment, then made a gesture with his hand, as if sweeping some influence aside.

"No—not tonight," he added, as if struggling

with his own inclination. "After the triumph—after."

He reached the theatre—a neglected, lonely, half-starved personality. The very doorkeeper at the national theatre treated him with contempt. There were other actors, prosperous and assured, entering old Drury at the same time. They saw the shabby figure of the provincial upstart, and had their fling at him in passing.

"Ah!" said old Downton, fat and fruity with successful living. He was speaking over his shoulder to another player, one Munden, meaning to wound, intending that his victim should hear. "Ah!—he comes. Bless my soul, he comes—the savior of Drury Lane—the little nobody from Dorchester."

"Ssh!" laughed Munden. "The hope of the evening is behind in an overcoat like a hackney cab-driver's."

The little man in the many capes passed into the theatre, heeding—yet making no sign. Their gibes had been his lot for many weeks.

He sought his dressing-room. The call-boy pointed it out to him—a meagre, draughty room, used by players of no repute.

"But I am playing lead tonight," Kean said in protest.

"Dibden's orders," the pert boy replied. "See him if you ain't satisfied."

"I am quite satisfied," the little man replied.

The call-boy went about his business. Kean, with a snort of contempt, turned his back on the shabby room. He sought and found the common dressing den of the supers. There, with a crowd of men, he made up for Shylock. There he heard more jibes about his legs, his short, spare frame, and the utter hopelessness of his enterprise.

He did not wait for the call-boy, nor did he go to the green-room. Instead, he waited behind the backcloths, crouching in the darkness.

The call-boy went to his room and found he had not dressed there. Breathlessly he chased through the gloomy theatre. Anon he found Kean, attired as Shylock, wandering up and down at the back of the stage, whilst the orchestra played.

"Your call, sir," he said, short-winded and put out by his excitement.

"Thank you," replied Kean. Those were the only words save the noble lines of his part that he spoke during the whole of the performance.

And so he went to his triumph.

The house was thin. It increased slowly and was fairly well filled as the night progressed. The theatregoers watched the new star frigidly. He began his scene with Bassanio with confidence. When Bassanio made his exit Kean's utterance of the lines:

"If I catch him once upon the hip,

I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him,"

brought about a pause and then an electrical shout of applause. Instinctively, the little actor knew. He had stirred that frigid, blasé audience, sitting contemptuously in judgment over failing Drury Lane. The house had sensibly warmed. The people were his. He could feel their heart-strings. In fancy, he stirred them with his fingers as one stirs a lute to life.

At the beginning of the third act the players, lingering about the green-room, were surprised by noisy roars of applause—round on round—increasing acclamation.

They hastened to the wings to see Shylock raging like a lion, his voice, eyes, actions, pregnant with meaning.

"God!" said Munden; "there is a miracle at work. He has them by the throat."

"Heart, lungs and lights, too," said Downton, his face lighting up as he thought of his salary. "Mince my liver, the little man rants, but he

has the audience in the hollow of his hand."

And Jack Bannister, who had been one of the few to speak good of Kean, laughed generously.

"Mince my liver," he said, mimicking Downton. "It does not matter whether a man has four feet or six of them in inches. He may have bandy legs or a hoarseness. But if he possess the soul of our little man there, he will be thought a great tragedian."

And so the actor came to his own.

When Kean closed the Trial Scene a shout of applause such as had not been heard in old Drury for many years shook the house to its foundations.

Kean, his part finished, went back to his room used by the supers and quickly changed his clothes.

While the house and the company talked of the new star he quietly left the theatre, speaking to no one, and faced the frost with a glad heart, wrapped in his rough and shabby coat with the many capes.

Chapter III.

The old room in Adelphi Terrace. The little old lady with the charming eyes and the very white hair—the little old lady of eighty, who rustled over her teacups.

And Dibden, somewhat changed; rather obsequious, propitiating the new star, Edmund Kean; rather proprietorial in his attitude and aiming at convincing the town that he—he of all men—had been the first to discover genius.

Dibden was introducing Edmund Kean to the widow of David Garrick—the little old lady who remained so young at eighty despite her silvery hair.

The little old lady had said many pleasant things. She had seen Kean's Shylock. She had seen his hunchback Richard. And anon, she went to the treasured show case and from it took the gloves Shakespeare had worn and the jewels that had adorned David Garrick.

She sighed over her treasures and laid them before Kean.

"You could never have seen my husband," she said, in her pretty foreign way. "Mr. Garrick was dead almost before you were born. But you speak as the great actor spoke; nay, you seem to speak as he spoke on the very same boards he used to occupy."

She was silent for a moment, as she stood gazing reverentially at the portrait of her husband.

"Take my treasures," she said impulsively. "I had never seen a man who reminded me of David. I was going to leave these precious relics of the great departed to Mrs. Siddons. No man has been found worthy of them until now. Take them, Mr. Kean—they are yours. They are justly yours."

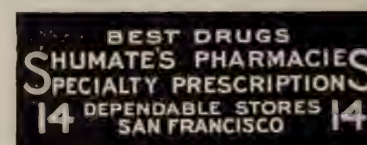
Dibden coughed behind his hand.

Edmund Kean kissed the fingers of the little old lady with the hair of silver, as he bent low before her fragile form.

"I am honored above all men," he said humbly, though his wonderful eyes were eloquent.

"I am surprised beyond the comprehension of women," she answered. "I never expected to see David's like again, and yet you speak to me almost with his voice."

And Dibden coughed behind his hand again, and was judiciously silent.



The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—It was a liquidating market in stocks the past week, and it only needed the German peace proposals to start a general selling movement in industrials, which carried prices down to levels where stop loss orders were uncovered, causing a panicky condition to prevail for a time. The decline, however, did not affect the railroad list, except in a small sympathetic way, and when the selling in industrials had run its course, the market righted itself again and the railroad list led the rally. The decline in industrials had been expected for some time, and was not in the nature of a surprise, as commission houses generally have been advocating the sale of industrials for some time, and calling attention to the high call money rate. Banks have been discriminating against this class of securities, and in some cases actually refused to advance money on them, except when grouped with first-class railroad securities. People's minds are turning towards railroads. Although no one expects peace at the present moment, we know that there is something in the air, and it may come and will come sooner than was believed. Southern Railway has shown the speculator that there is money to be made in other things than war stocks, and when you buy the rails you are buying into the biggest business in the world at its most prosperous period, and at prices lower than when the companies were earning half the money they are today. The hard times have brought about an efficiency of management which has made stock like Southern Railway show 9 to 10 per cent, where in former years it was lucky to show 1 to 2. There is merit behind these moves. Chesapeake & Ohio is another property that is on the bargain counter. Don't overlook Western Union. Brokers, money-lenders and a good many customers have had a pretty good dose of war stocks. We feel confident that the next big market will be in rails, and we shall be surprised if the one we have been telling you to buy for the past two weeks or ten days does not continue to make good—Southern Railway.

Wheat—The wheat market was in a panicky condition all last week. The market has been in a semi-demoralized state for the past four months, due to so much embargo talk in the newspapers, and it only required the announcement of the German peace proposals to give the market its final break. The break was drastic and the decline was so rapid that prices were not checked until the May option got close to the 150 cent level. Around this level good buying appeared, and as soon as the more urgent selling had exhausted itself the market began to ascend almost as fast as it had declined. The break of 40 cents a bushel from the top prices, for the season, has eliminated the long interest and put the market in a position where it can

recover quickly from any decline. The peace announcements were doubtlessly received with intense satisfaction by those directly interested, as well as those who were not importantly affected, although the latter are a heavy percentage of the total. But we can hardly hope for immediate results of any kind for even if an armistice is decided upon, it might require a year or more to bring about a settlement of the grave questions which would come before any tribunal selected to decide them. The conflicting reports of success and failure would, in all probability, give us equally as nervous action as before, and maybe with wider swings, so that it will be hardly politic in the trading community to prophesy or expect any modification of the hysteria which has been so prominent in the last twelve months. If peace should disclose the fact that the supposed 500,000,000 bushels of wheat at Russian ports was mythical and instead it was found that it had already been used in feeding the population, higher prices than yet seen could not possibly be averted. We are not looking for any extensive price shrinkage, and believe that the good breaks should offer exceptional opportunities on the bull side.

Corn—It looks as though the public were just beginning to realize that speculative prices can decline as readily as they advance when they are unduly inflated. There has never been a reason in our mind for the last 2 cent bulge in this grain, because there has been no scarcity except that which was created by the failure of the railroads to equalize the distribution. The old crop, which ordinarily is shipped out in June and July, was never marketed, because the incessant rains prevented at the accustomed time, and the car shortage later. Prices were advanced to a level which induced the farmer to sell his young cattle and pigs instead of fattening them, increasing his holdings, and now that the cash demand has given out, and prices have started on the toboggan, he is more anxious than ever to liquidate. The "complete failure" in Argentina proves to be a South American romance, and the usual competition will be felt from that country, the lake insurance period is past, and accumulations and lower prices are to us inevitable.

Cotton—The cotton market ruled nervous and excited during the week, culminating in a sensational break. The unsettled political conditions abroad were the dominating factor, which caused the weakness in Liverpool, and which in turn was reflected in our market by heavy selling from abroad. This selling, combined with general liquidation, carried values to new low levels. The Government's final estimate, showing a crop of 11,511,000 bales, was a little larger than the trade had looked for, as most of the guesses were around 11,200,000 bales.

This estimate, while under ordinary circumstances it would not have affected the market more than a dollar a bale, came out just at a time when the market was in a demoralized condition, and on its publication the trade became discouraged and threw long cotton overboard. As is usual whenever everybody wants to sell, and the buying power is limited, the market gets very little support, and at this time the break showed 150 points decline in less than ten minutes after the Government figures were read. While these figures were in the main bullish as compared with other years, the trade was expecting less, and they called attention to the high price at which cotton is selling, and some were inclined to think that the price had already discounted a much smaller crop. Submarine activity also was against the market, and shipping rates showed an advance over last week. Spot cotton in the South did not follow the full decline in futures, and holders of the actual seem convinced of ultimately much higher prices. We look upon the market for the present as a good scalping one, but believe that after the first of the year cotton will again sell at fancy prices.

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JUNE 30TH, 1916:

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Deposits	60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
Number of Depositors	68,062

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SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 35966; Department No. 16.

CARRIE E. BRIDGE, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

T. W. HUBBARD, 1003 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of CARRIE E. BRIDGE, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at a point on the Westerly line of Devisadero Street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet six (6) inches Northerly from the Northerly line of Eddy Street; and running thence Northerly along said line of Devisadero Street twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle Westerly one hundred and six (106) feet; and thence at a right angle Southerly twenty-four (24) feet; and thence at a right angle Easterly six (6) feet; and thence at a right angle Southerly one (1) foot; and thence at a right angle Easterly one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 508.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be met in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of November, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.
By S. I. HUGHES, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of November, A. D. 1916.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Delia Elizabeth Traynor, sometimes known as Delia E. Traynor, sometimes known as Delia Traynor, sometimes known as D. E. Traynor; 1207 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.

George Traynor, 1207 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Marie Traynor, sometimes known as Mary Traynor, 1207 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Roman Catholic Archbishop of San Francisco, a corporation sole, 1100 Franklin Street, San Francisco, Cal.

City and County of San Francisco, a Municipal Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.

John H. McLaughlin, address unknown.

T. W. HUBBARD,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of GEORGE D. HIBBARD, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of GEORGE D. HIBBARD, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Campbell, Weaver, Shelton & Levy, 659 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of GEORGE D. HIBBARD, deceased.

C. W. HIBBARD,

Administrator of the estate of George D. Hibbard, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 2, 1916.

CAMPBELL, WEAVER, SHELTON & LEVY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
659 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JANE McQUEEN, deceased.—No. 21551; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of JANE McQUEEN, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of T. J. Crowley, Esq., Attorney at Law, Rooms 509-511 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of JANE McQUEEN, deceased.

DAVID W. McQUEEN,

Executor of the last will and testament of Jane McQueen, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., December 9, 1916.

T. J. CROWLEY,
Attorney for Executor,
509-511 Chronicle Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-9-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 20582; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of VINCENT MAZZALI, deceased.

JAMES A. STIDGER, the Administrator of the estate of VINCENT MAZZALI, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the seventeenth day of January, 1917, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10 Probate of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated: November 29, A. D. 1916.

E. P. MOGAN,

Judge of the Superior Court.

STIDGER & STIDGER,

Attorneys for Administrator,

628 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

HARRY GOTTFELD,

EDWARD LANDE,

Of Counsel,

625 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

12-16-5

CERTIFICATE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, E. Iwata, T. Iwata, E. Akasaki, Y. Naito and N. Tanaka, are transacting a general mercantile business in the State of California, under the name of T. IWATA & CO.; that the principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, with branch offices in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and in the City of San Diego, County of San Diego, State of California, and that they are conducting the said business under the fictitious name of T. Iwata & Co., and that they are the sole owners of said business, and that their full names are E. Iwata, who resides at 3329 Twenty-first St., San Francisco, California, T. Iwata, who resides at 3329 Twenty-first St., San Francisco, California, E. Akasaki, who resides at 239 Eleventh St., Oakland, California, Y. Naito, who resides at 1810 Post St., San Francisco, California, and N. Tanaka, who resides at San Diego, California.

E. IWATA,

T. IWATA,

E. AKASAKI,

Y. NAITO,

N. TANAKA.

State of California.

City and County of San Francisco—ss.

On this 11th day of December, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixteen, before me, RITA JOHNSON, a Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared E. Iwata, T. Iwata, E. Akasaki, Y. Naito and N. Tanaka, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and they duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Seal)

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

314 Hearst Building,
(My Commission expires July 16, 1919.)

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 11th, 1916

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

WALTER E. DORN,

Attorney at Law,
1101-1105 Hearst Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-16-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 78322; Dept. No. 10.

PEARL MARIE SHOCKLEY, Plaintiff, vs. FRANK EDWARD SHOCKLEY, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: FRANK EDWARD SHOCKLEY, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the grounds of Defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of November, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

VICTOR L. BENTSON,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

San Francisco, California.

12-16-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 77648; Dept. No. 12.

TRILBY PHILLIPS, Plaintiff, vs. WALTER VANDERGAR PHILLIPS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WALTER VANDERGAR PHILLIPS, Defendant:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's habitual intemperance and of Defendant's wilful neglect of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will appear more fully in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

423 Mills Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-16-10

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 76,577; Dept. No. 10.

WALTER A. BAIRD, Plaintiff, vs. GRACE M. BAIRD, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: GRACE M. BAIRD, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 15th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

By L. J. WELCH, Deputy Clerk.

ARCHIBALD J. TREAT,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

624 Monadnock Building,
San Francisco, California.

10-21-9

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 77699; Dept. No. 15.

EMMA H. LAWERENCE, Plaintiff, vs. HARRY LAWERENCE, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: HARRY LAWERENCE, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's wilful desertion of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 31st day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Seal)

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

ROBERT H. BORLAND,

Attorney for Plaintiff,

105 Montgomery St.,
San Francisco, California.

11-11-10

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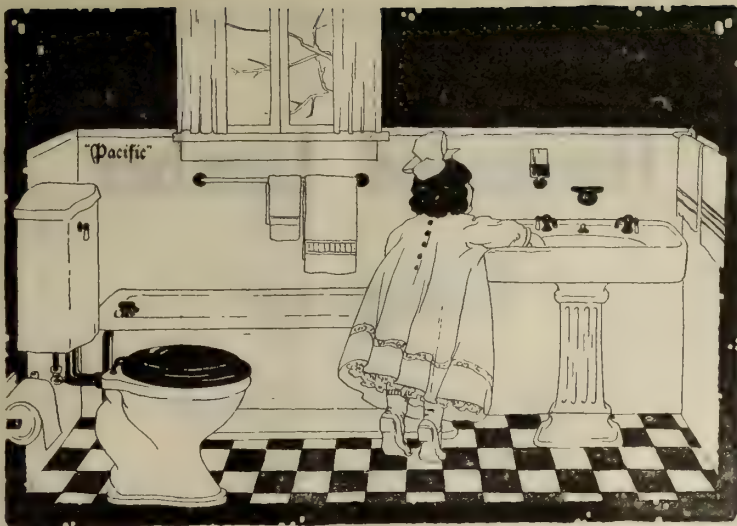
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THE PACIFIC WEEKLY

ESTABLISHED 1878

Vol. XXVIII. No. 1271

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 30, 1916

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IN THIS ISSUE:

Our President's Note

How The War Goes

The Persecution of Smith

A Tragedy of Romantic Love

The Row in the Art Association

The Village Idiot—A War Sketch

Los Gatos Poet Chastises New York

Tom Cashin and the Municipal Railway

Prohibition Debate in United States Senate

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A Tragedy of Romantic Love

Is there no longer such a thing as romantic love, the kind that Petrarch sang, that Beatrice inspired in Dante? Yes, there is such a thing, but it receives no encouragement. We came across an instance of it the other day in the newspaper reports of a police court trial. A young man had been arrested for the crime of admiring his ideal sweetheart. She didn't know she was his sweetheart. He never took her into his confidence. She was merely his Dulcinea del Toboso, and he was her loyal knight. And he was arrested. We are indeed living in a dull and prosaic age. Here was a young man, who, from all accounts, had a passion strong in the psychic element. His love was as chaste as Don Quixote's. Like some great poet he was infatuated, not with the girl he saw but with the girl he imagined. He never spoke to her, but he followed her at a distance and there was joy enough for him to sit in a street car and feast his eyes on the object of his great passion. Fallen upon prosaic times, this young poet was misunderstood. We call him poet though we do not know that he has written any poetry; but we are quite sure that he breathed many lyrics in the course of the three years of his infatuation, and that his verses will some day appear. None but a poet is capable of this exquisite kind of love that has a halo of sacredness around it. When beauty fires esthetic blood love exalts the mind to poetic flights. Poets tell us that in love as in fishing the pleasure of pursuit is the main thing. How tragic, then, was the experience of this young poet who was probably eager to go to the ends of the earth to vindicate his devotion to his ideal of feminine beauty, and who had to go to the police court dock instead!

Our President's Note

President Wilson took the world by surprise with his note to the belligerent nations asking them what they were fighting for. One does not know what to say about it because one feels there is much going on behind the scenes in the great world drama of which only a few statesmen are fully informed. According to many commentators the President blundered in issuing the note; and surely our President should not astonish us by doing things novel and unusual or things apparently in conflict with sound reason. We all know that Mr. Wilson, with all his good intentions, with all his confidence in his own judgment, errs occasionally. More than once he has confessed his error by trying to rectify it. He would not deny that he has erred in Mexico or in the exercise of his Executive functions at home. So it is by no means improbable that his note to the Powers is precisely as maladroit as it seems. We are told by Secretary Lansing that the note was not intended to force the belligerents to come to terms but to induce them to make clear what they are fighting for. Yet the note was issued immediately after Lloyd George's speech in which he said that the Allies were fighting to compel restitution, reparation and guarantees. This was pretty plain language, but our newspapers were pleased to regard the speech as vague and not at all conclusive. Some of them said it meant that the British were in a receptive mood and that the door had not been closed. According to the general interpretation of the dailies the speech justified the hope that the belligerents would soon quit. Immediately the stock market was affected as though the war were about to end. From all of which one might surmise that perhaps the real situation, known to the few, was quite different from surface indications. Perhaps the insiders in Washington and London were tipping investors. But assuredly Lloyd George's speech was not susceptible to the interpretation that affected general sentiment in this country. Of course he "left the door open," but was it conceivable that he might have closed it, might have said that under no circumstances would the Allies consider peace terms? What he did say was: "We are here to see this war through, to fight until we get reparation, restitution and guarantees." He elaborated this sentiment in no conciliatory language. He did not leave open the question as to who started the war. He endorsed all that Russia and France had said in reply to the German Chancellor, and surely there was no mincing of language in the speech of Premier Briand or in the resolution adopted by the Duma. Further, Lloyd George made

it clear that the Allies would not rely on verbal agreements, for he spoke of broken faith and of the danger of putting the national head in a noose with the end of the rope in German hands. Was this all flubdub merely intended for home consumption? President Wilson may have thought it was. Anyway he indicated that in his opinion the George speech was a masterpiece of insincerity. Presumably his opinion was based on intimate knowledge of a situation somewhat blurred and indistinct to the general eye.

—♦—

Merely a Guess

On second thought there is another hypothesis on which we may account for the President's note. This hypothesis is hinted at by some of the German newspapers. They wonder whether the note was intended to convey a veiled threat to Germany. Likewise wonders Professor Pollard of the London University, who has evidently observed at times the characteristic looseness of our President's English. Commenting on the unhappy phraseology of the note, he calls attention to the treaty by which we are bound to a "cooling off" period of not less than a year before going to war with England. In Professor Pollard's opinion the immediate issue is not between the United States and the belligerents but between the United States and Germany. That this issue may have been the immediate concern of the President is thought likely because of the veiled threats that came out of Germany along with the peace proposals. We were told by the Rev. Bayard Hale that it was frightful to contemplate the things that would happen should the people of Germany be disappointed by having their amiable overtures turned down. More frightfulness and worse was what we were advised to expect in the event of the refusal of the Allies to give ear to the cooing of the dove. So maybe President Wilson knew just what Lloyd George meant and thought it advisable to serve notice on Germany that we were no longer too proud to fight. You never can tell.

—♦—

The Persecution of Smith

The case of James Smith piques our curiosity. James Smith is a prisoner in the State penitentiary at San Quentin, where, it is not unreasonable to assume, he is undergoing great mental torture. Even hardened criminals have been known to suffer indescribable anguish behind prison bars. How much greater must be the suffering of a man of refinement and education, a man of the business and social world, like "Jim" Smith. Here is a man who associ-

ated all his life with men of affairs, who enjoyed the respect and esteem of his fellow-men and whose career has been ruined by a great tragedy. Surely his case calls for compassion. At least it is but decent to let him alone now that he is isolated from society. Convicted of a crime, admitting the worst that the most malevolent may say against him, it is not straining the quality of mercy to take it for granted that the punishment inflicted by the law will suffice for all the purposes in which a humane penal code is motivated. Unfortunately our somewhat inconsiderate press deems it important to keep the public mindful of Smith's whereabouts and to torment his friends and relatives as well as himself with inspired news from behind prison walls. As though to justify the news the news gatherers tell us Smith hopes to invoke executive clemency and have his term of sentence reduced, which, they very well know is the hope of every man in the penitentiary, not excepting perpetrators of the most revolting crimes. Apparently somebody with a little influence and a very ugly heart has determined to play the devil's advocate with a vengeance. What an ugly heart the man must have who rejoices in this sort of thing! So mean a heart was beyond the power of even the imaginative William Blake to conceive, else

he would surely have immortalized it in that tender lyric beginning:

A robin redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage.

According to Blake,

Nought can deform the human race
Like to the Armourer's iron brace.

Surely Blake would have regarded the heart or combination of hearts by which mean news is inspired to multiply the woes and miseries of a helpless victim of the machinery of justice as a deformity no less ugly than one of the instruments of torture employed by society in the Middle Ages. We have said that the Smith case piques our curiosity. The reason of this is that we never believed that James Smith received a square deal. Behind his prosecution were men prompted by feelings of revenge and the hope of gain. On the whole the treatment he received was as tough as zealous Federal agents could make it, and, as everybody knows who has had experience of justice in our Federal courts, it seldom errs on the side of the defendant. All through his prosecution Smith was pursued by reporters either in league, or at least in sympathy, with the Federal agents who ingratiated themselves with the press by furnishing it with news. These reporters went out of their way to misrepresent the defendant even on the day

he was to be sentenced. Now, we are quite sure that Warden Johnston is not at all in sympathy with men capable of persecuting a prisoner, and we have no criticism to make of the management of the penitentiary, but what an unfortunate circumstance that the day Smith arrived at the penitentiary he should be put in charge of the political jobchaser and veteran disciple of political bosses of other days who had acted as foreman of the jury that convicted him, and who, according to affidavits made months ago, went out of his way to argue to his fellow jurymen that Smith should be convicted. In this connection it should be said that, knowing all the circumstances and being able to picture the feelings of the prisoner when he was turned over to the former jury-foreman, one marvels that he was able to suppress his emotions. But, alas! Smith has many zealous friends who are trying to ameliorate conditions for him in jail, after the manner of unreasonable friends in need, and they irritate the jailers and Smith is inclined to improve his lot in despite rigid discipline. To be sure it is important that he should "keep his place" like any other prisoner, but is it also important that for every trivial lapse he should be written up in the newspapers? Isn't a man safe even in the dungeon?

How The War Goes

By Robert McTavish

How goes the war?

Peace is in the air, but what of the war? After all, peace depends on whether both sides are equally satisfied that they have fought "to a draw." Is Germany able to go on or is she really panting for peace? Undoubtedly her star is in the ascendant, and she appears to have lots up her sleeve. But has she? And whether she has or not, what is the opinion of the Allies? From what I have been reading in the Anglo-French press I am inclined to the opinion that in France and England the opinion is prevalent that Germany is "all in." She has been winning some great victories of late, but just before she started her present offensive she suffered some terrible losses, and she is feeling the effect of them. Briefly the talk in England is along these lines: Verdun was a costly failure; the Turks were crippled; Austria failed in her attempted invasion of the Italian plain, and Russia succeeded in defeating the Austrian armies and taking about 400,000 prisoners; there were big losses on the Somme and the Ancre. Germany has been so badly in need of men that she has enrolled all able-bodied men from sixteen to sixty, and all above forty-two hitherto exempted from military duty.

So the great obstacle in the way of peace is the belief that Germany hasn't many good punches left; that she is like the clever pugilist who has done most of the leading and landing, but has worn himself to a frazzle administering punishment.

Now whatever the truth it must be evident to all who have given the matter a little thought that the Allies possess an overwhelming su-

periority in men. Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria combined have a population of 150,000,000 inhabitants. Russia has 180,000,000 inhabitants, the British Empire has 60,000,000 white inhabitants, France and Italy have each about 40,000,000 white citizens, Rumania has 7,000,000 people. The 150,000,000 inhabitants of the German group of Powers are opposed by 327,000,000 white people. If we add to these only a small number of the colored citizens of France and the British Empire it is obvious that the superiority of the Allies in man-power is overwhelming. Every 100 men of the Central group of Powers are confronted by approximately 250 enemies, and the longer the war lasts the greater will that superiority become, for if we deduct from both sides ninety, every ten of the Central Powers would have to fight 160 opponents. The great superiority of the Allies in man-power has only begun to become effective, because until recently the Allies lacked organization and arms. Apparently they have only begun to arrive at the zenith of their power. With the rising tide of the man-power of the Allies, with the experience they have gained, with the improved arms and organization which they have introduced, Germany's position becomes darker and darker.

It has grown very dark as a result of a great disappointment in Russia. Frederick the Great was saved from disaster at the end of the Seven Years' War because the Russian Empress died and her successor made peace with Prussia and concluded an alliance with her. Many Germans hoped that the history of the Seven Years' War would repeat itself. They hoped that Germany would succeed in detach-

ing Russia from the Western Powers. With this object in view they urged that Russian susceptibilities should be spared. The German reactionaries, the Junkers, were particularly in favor of a Russo-German alliance, and we know from what recently happened that they were making considerable headway up to a short time ago when their plans were upset by the ousting of a pro-German statesman from power in Petrograd. German intrigue in Russia has kept the Allies guessing from the beginning and the general effect of it on the armies is perhaps the most thrilling story of the whole war. Perhaps if there had been no interruption of Germany's plans the Allies by this time would be glad to sue for peace.

Whatever the Allies may say, and notwithstanding their superiority in man-power Germany has much more reason to be optimistic now than she had before the invasion of Rumania. Up to that time she was suffering from the economic pressure. For a time she was really threatened with starvation. That was why she neglected the Western front, concentrating all her energy upon Rumania. The issue of the war might have been decided on the lower reaches of the Danube.

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Varied Types

313—THOMAS A. CASHIN

By Edward F. O'Day

There are two opinions about municipal ownership of street railways; there seems to be only one about Tom Cashin. Some folk assert that municipal ownership as demonstrated in the Geary street line is a glorious success, while others are just as positive that it is a dismal failure; but there appears to be no difference of opinion concerning the man who makes the wheels go round. The superintendent of our street car line has been less criticised, I dare say, than any other man who holds office under our Charter. Considering that many good men are criticised for small mistakes or for no mistakes at all, Tom Cashin's freedom from animadversion must be regarded as a remarkable compliment to his ability—his ability to make good and also to conciliate.

In the language of the curbside Tom Cashin is a "regeular fellow," or in the more cryptic phraseology of the inimitable Jeeves, Tom Cashin is "one of the ones." He has a big job, but he doesn't put on any airs. He doesn't show any disagreeable habits of success, such as a lofty manner, a patronizing affability or a freezing exclusiveness. He seems to be just a business man without frills or mannerisms. I'm prepared to wager that he never prates of efficiency, one hundred per cent or otherwise. But I'm prepared to wager also that he gets efficiency when he starts out after it.

Just at the present time Cashin is engaged in serving notice on the municipality that he won't stand for any more drains on the revenues of the Geary street line. He's not trying to be dictatorial, you understand; but he would like it to be widely known that his policy of operation is not favorable to the practice of dipping into the receipts for this, that and the other purpose not directly concerned with the operation and improvement of the car lines.

Cashin points out that the municipal car lines had to pay the \$500,000 expended on the Church-street branch.

"This money is drawing interest," he says, "while the Church-street branch is not earning a penny."

"What prospect is there of the municipal cars running on Church street?" I asked him.

"We are waiting for the decision of Federal Judge Hunt on the litigation between the city and the United Railroads," said Cashin. "Which ever side loses will no doubt carry the matter higher in the federal courts, unless the decision is of so sweeping a character that further effort would be useless."

So it looks as though the \$500,000 will continue to pay interest and the Church-street branch continue to earn not a penny for quite a long time to come.

Cashin also points out that there is \$425,000 to be provided for the tracks through the Twin Peaks tunnel.

"Will that road be a money-maker?" I asked him.

"Eventually it will be, without doubt," he answered. "But you see, its proper operation depends on the settlement of the Church-street controversy."

Another approaching expenditure to which Cashin calls attention is for motor buses across Golden Gate Park.

"We plan to have six of them," he says, "and they will cost something like \$4500 apiece."

"Will they make money?" I asked.

"Perhaps," answered Cashin, "but at any rate they are necessary, and will help the other units. I have come to think a good deal of motor bus transportation. I think the motor service across the park will be good business. And if the buses don't pay in one place they may in another. I think that when there is an agitation for a new road and we want to find out whether it will pay it would be a good thing to experiment first of all with a decent motor bus service. We are studying a new motor bus service right now. I refer to a motor bus service on the Embarcadero. The Harbor Commissioners have practically agreed to pave a strip of the Embarcadero from Meiggs Wharf to the Pacific Mail Dock provided the city guarantees to operate a bus line over it. We are engaged on the matter at present."

"Why didn't the private motor bus service to the Exposition pay?" I asked.

"Principally because the street car service was so good," Cashin replied. "And they weren't very good buses. They proved hard riding, and the public didn't take to them. And they were not run on schedule. You must run buses on a strict schedule. Besides, the fare was ten cents, as on the Fifth Avenue motor bus line in New York. We shall charge five cents on our buses, and give transfers."

Cashin does not question the propriety of the expenditures which the municipal car system has had to stand thus far, but he thinks that it is time to call a halt. Thus, he authorized the withdrawal of \$48,000 from its revenues to complete the Stockton-street tunnel. The money raised by the unpopular assessment method had proved insufficient, so Cashin authorized the use of funds from the profits of the road he superintends because, he says, he regarded that as a legitimate expenditure. But from the way he talks it is quite evident that he would resist another levy of that character. There are other places where he thinks changes must be made.

"The Municipal Railway," he says, "is giving service on some of the lines better than the earnings warrant. Since the Exposition closed the Chestnut-street line has not been paying, although it is helping to build up that part of the city. The direct Union-street line to Market street by way of the Stockton-street tunnel was started at the urgent request of dwellers in the district who wanted a direct service, but it is not good business. The Potrero line pays operating expenses, but it is not making interest. In future we must make up our minds that we cannot build up the system, give service and at the same time lose money in transfers and extensions that do not pay. It is a question whether the city can afford to renew the 60-40 transfer contract with the United Railroads. It is a burden to our system. We have been making every effort to keep the physical properties in excellent condition, and have been giving better service on some of the lines than the receipts justify. If these conditions are to continue the drains on the revenues of the road must cease."

During the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1916, the road made a net profit of \$74,767.65. To this must be added the so-called Charter charges of \$175,896.21 in order to see what the road really earned. This sum which represents Charter charges remains in the treasury of the road, but under the Charter cannot be included

in its net profits. Charter charges represent those expenditures for taxes, insurance, licenses and so forth which the road would have to pay out if it were operated by a private instead of by a municipal corporation. The books of the road are kept just as the books of a privately owned public utility must be kept to satisfy the Railroad Commission.

I asked Cashin if the figure he gave me represented a satisfactory profit for the fiscal year.

"I think it is a good one," he said. "Of course we must remember that the last fiscal year covered part of the Exposition period, and part of the difficult period of readjustment following the Exposition. It cost a lot of money to handle the Exposition traffic. For one thing, the overtime was heavy."

"It must be remembered too that San Francisco has not a railroad system as yet, but only small units in a system. But all that has been done so far has been done in conformity to the highest standard. Our roadbeds are not excelled anywhere in the world. Our car barns have been built not for the needs of the present but for the larger needs of the future."

"I believe that the road has passed the experimental stage, and that it has been a success so far."

"Are you hampered much in your work by political influence?"

"I have no complaint to make on that score. Sometimes when I let a man go somebody speaks to me for him, but when I say 'no' that ends it. They are timid about pressing the matter."

"How does work for the city compare with work for a private corporation?" I asked.

"Well," answered the superintendent of the only municipal street car line in the country, smiling his very engaging smile, "it's an experience."

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Perspective Impressions

The "low down" of what's going on in the world would make interesting reading just now.

A movement is being started in Los Angeles to divide California into two States. Well, why not?

If we ever have two States, Northern California and Southern California, let us hope that all who lack sympathy with our free-and-easy northern ways will move southward.

A State of Southern California would give our Prohibitionists all that they desire, and we should not mourn their withdrawal from the north, no matter how much it decreased our population.

But unfortunately the proverbial cat in hell without claws has about as much chance as the people who hope to divide the State. Fancy New England voting two more Senators for the Pacific Coast.

We don't think the Police Commissioners get a square deal from The Examiner.

In fact, we think that the only Police Commissioners who could get a square deal from The Examiner would be Police Commissioners chosen by The Examiner.

And we further think that such Police Commissioners would get a square deal from The Examiner only so long as they did the will of The Examiner blindly and without question.

The Spugs seem to have disappeared, but the Spurs are still on the job. The Spurs are the New Year's contingent who take out membership once a year in a Society for the Propagation of Useless Resolutions.

That was mean of Lloyd George to quote Lincoln. Doesn't he know that Mr. Wilson has everything Lincoln had but the sense of humor, which, according to Josephus Daniels, was Abe's unredeeming quality.

One way to decrease the high cost of living is to cut out the automobile.

College professors would have more pay, thus seeking to boost the high cost of fashionable ignorance.

Though Dr. Aked cannot get a congregation, at least he can get space on the same page with that other reverend sir—Bayard Hale.

President Wilson has proved that it is possible to please both Hearst and Bryan on the same scrap of paper.

So England has decided to abolish afternoon tea! So much has been said of the restraints put on the Demon, surely there is some significance in the prohibition of the Britisher's favorite beverage. But it doesn't interest our wild-eyed fanatics, for tea might be prohibited in this country without destroying much property or causing much mischief.

The Village Idiot

By John W. N. Sullivan

The little French village lay in a hollow formed by gently rising hills. It looked white and angular amid that smooth greenery, and slept still although the gradual dawn had now broadened to a summer day. The white shutters of the houses faced one another across the empty street. The low sun glittered on the golden letters Bonet, pharmacien, of a shop at the corner of the street, and whitened the dust of the road which swept past to the open downs. A little stream ran beside this road, and by this stream sat an old man. He was the one inhabitant of the village who was astir.

He sat there, hunched forward over the stream, his head, with its scanty white hair, bent a little sideways, as if listening intently. The quiet music of the running brook seemed to give him much pleasure. He was known as Monsieur Hamard and was, and had been for many years, organist in the church which stood at the other end of the village. It was generally conceded in the village that he played the organ divinely, and that he was mad.

Presently there was a sound of shutters being unfastened, and the village commenced to awaken. The organist was throwing blades of grass into the stream, watching the manner in which they swirled past the larger pebbles. The stir in the village became more pronounced, and then Juvache, the blacksmith, appeared walking towards his forge. Madame Gobet, of the Golden Lion Inn, was heard shouting directions to someone in the yard. The organist rose, and as he did so he noticed a horseman riding swiftly towards the village. He stood still, watching the horseman. A dull sound, as of distant thunder, seemed to come from far behind that flying figure. At that sound several people appeared at the doors and windows of their houses, and then they, too, saw the horseman. "The Germans!" said a woman. There was an interval of shocked silence, and then everybody began to talk at once. By the time the horseman reached them the whole village was in the street. The horseman delivered his message in staccato gasps. "The Germans—an immense army of them—

coming this way. You must leave here at once!"—he pointed towards the church—"in that direction."

There were cries of horror and distress and an immediate frantic activity. The organist, on the outskirts of the crowd, alone manifested no emotion. He observed the excited gestures of the horseman, a civilian and covered with dust, with his customary air of almost vacant serenity.

Vehicles of all kinds, from hand-barrows to the large equipage, drawn by three horses, of the Golden Lion, were being stacked with furniture and household treasures. The organist watched this preparation for a little and then, his mild curiosity appeased, started to walk towards the church.

"Monsieur Hamard," cried the shrill voice of Madame Gobet, standing beside her passenger coach, "you are an old man and cannot walk. Mount, then, in the 'Swallow,'"—she tapped the coach—"we have room for you."

The old man shook his head. "I am not leaving," he said, "I am going to the church." Madame Gobet's voice rose nearly an octave in her surprise. "What!" she cried. "What folly! What incredible folly. Come, now—"

Her remarks were cut short by a sudden screaming noise overhead. There was a heavy concussion. Women shrieked and some of the men swore. Furniture not yet stored was abandoned, and the "Swallow," with its three horses, plunged forward. The exodus had commenced. Presently the road past the church was dotted with fugitives strung out in a long row, mounting the hill. A few articles of furniture lay abandoned in the street. Another shell exploded somewhere in the neighborhood, but the village had not been struck.

Arrived at the church, the organist stood for a moment, looking down on the deserted village. He took a key from his pocket, and, unfastening the side-door, entered the church. It was cold and very still. Near the altar the great blues and reds of the stained glass windows bathed the choir seats in a warmer radiance. The organist crossed before the altar and mounted

to his loft. Presently he started to play. Great rushing passages alternated with heavy chords. The design became more complex. The strength and resolution of the music increased, the mounting pedal notes rising to a supreme crisis. The organist swayed a little on his seat as he plunged further into that dark glory of sound. From without, the screaming of the shells came more frequently. The music ended, utterly decisive, on a minor chord. The last waves of sound ebbed and died. For some time the organist sat there, bowed on his seat. The noise of the artillery slackened and then ceased.

And then again he played. It was a gentle melody, of a curious dignity and strange beauty. It sauntered on, never hurried, always reflective and calm. And yet it had great power, the power of the last, matured reflections of old age. The ending was very quiet.

A harsh voice, speaking passable French, cut across the stillness: "Ho, there, old man!"

The organist looked down and saw, standing before the altar, a soldier—an officer.

"Ho, there, old man," said the voice again, with coarse good humor, "we have arrived."

"You are German?" said the organist.

"Can't you see? And what are you doing here? You should be with the rest of them, half-way to Paris. I could hardly believe my ears when I heard the organ going."

"You see I am the organist," explained the old man, patiently.

He descended from his loft.

"You are mad, old man," said the soldier. "Aren't you afraid we shall kill you?"

The organist shrugged his shoulders. "I

(Continued on Page 17)

FOR MEN

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The Spectator

"De Young's Minions" Again

I narrated last week how ninety-eight members of the Art Association led by Earl Cummings, the sculptor, made an eleventh-hour attempt to capture the annual election and to obtain control of the Association, ostensibly in the interest of the Park Museum. These ninety-eight are being referred to in studio gossip as the "minions of De Young." Among those whom they sought to seat upon the board of directors of the Art Association were Earl Cummings and William H. Metson, both Park Commissioners; and it is charged that their plan was to abandon the Palace of Fine Arts and transfer the exhibitions of the Art Association to the Golden Gate Park Memorial Museum which is the hobby of the owner of The Chronicle. The to-do which these men kicked up on the day of the annual election has by no means subsided. "Boss" Cummings as their leader is impolitely called by his opponents, has discovered what are considered good grounds for the disqualification of John Barneson, one of the newly elected lay members of the board. John Barneson, it seems, came into the Art Association when the members of the Preservation League joined it in a body. It is said that under the by-laws of the Art Association he is not yet eligible to hold office. The condition has been called to Barneson's attention, and he has expressed his willingness to step down and out. The Cummings group point out that if he does, "Billy" Metson will automatically take his place, since Metson received the highest vote of all the defeated candidates. This will give the so-called "minions of De Young" representation on the board, and it is intimated that their strength will be increased thereon by the winning over of certain directors elected on what was known as the "regular" ticket.

They Are After "Jack" Walter

It is declared to be the purpose of the Cummings group to get the scalp of John I. Walter, the president of the Art Association. They charge that Walter who was reelected to the board, will endeavor to continue what they call his "high-handed" administration of the affairs of the Art Association. They charge that "Jack" Walter has done all sorts of things which he ought not to have done and has omitted doing all sorts of things which he ought to have done. They are going to try to clip his wings, to shear him of his authority. This will be no easy task. When the Cummings eleventh-hour ticket was put up, no effort was made to oppose a candidate to Walter, the reason being that he was considered too strong to be beaten. That the Cummings group of Art Association politicians should thus acknowledge Walter's strength and then set about breaking it shows how determined they are to get control. All the indications are that the Art Association is to be the political centre hereabouts for some time to come. Some idea of the feeling which prevails may be gathered from the comment of one member of the Association who is inclined to be cynical. "It's a good thing some of these artists are so bent on doing politics," he says. "While they are doing politics they will have no leisure to paint pictures; and the less pictures they paint the better for art!"

Our Monumental Nuisance

Somebody, (I think it was Taft) has remarked that "San Francisco knows how." She certainly does. Whether it be the building of a Fair or a Garbage Crematory San Francisco knows how—to win distinction. In our plant for incinerating garbage we have something monumental. It is a monument to municipal folly. It surpasses anything that Tammany ever pulled off. In the whole history of the Federal pork barrel there is nothing that so well illustrates the dry humor of politicians as indulged at the expense of taxpayers like the history of the plant. Yet in pork barrel history you can find the story of an appropriation of \$10,000,000 in aid of navigation in the case of a river that was to be created in Texas by a system of artesian wells. The plant was built about thirty years ago by politicians to whom the supervisors gave a franchise. It was a failure, so another Board of Supervisors decided to buy the plant and the dear pee-pul voted a bond issue for that purpose. We bought the plant, and then had it operated by a coterie of private citizens who are making money out of it while the city makes nothing. Incidentally the plant is a nuisance. When the wind is in the right direction you can smell the plant at the Fairmont Hotel. But the plant plays no favorites. Its pungent odors permeate many neighborhoods. Moreover when it is going full blast it showers large sections of the city with improperly cooked garbage. The character of the plant was briefly described by the Bureau of Municipal Research as the worst nuisance encountered anywhere in the country by its experienced experts. Nevertheless we are burning garbage at the old stand; but not without a howl of protest.

Supervisors Asked for Relief

Many owners of property in the neighborhood of the incinerating plant are now urging the supervisors to give them relief from the nuisance. They are represented by William F. Humphrey of Humphrey & Lent, who has evidently made an exhaustive study of the subject. He has told the supervisors that there is no known system of garbage incineration in this country that is unobjectionable. Our experience is the experience New York and other cities have had; only in other cities the people have profited somewhat from experience and are not threatening to throw more money away as we are doing. Mr. Humphrey called the attention of the mayor and the supervisors to several proposals for the removal of garbage, which, he thinks, merit consideration. Three men have offered the city annual sums ranging from \$34,000 to \$37,500 for the privilege of removing and burying garbage and treating it chemically. They promise not only to abate the nuisance but to put money in the municipal purse (an unheard of thing in connection with garbage). Yet our learned City Fathers hesitate. They are thinking of committing the city once more to garbage incineration, though the Bureau of Municipal Research has told them that science has not yet perfected a means of incineration. Mr. Humphrey has no interest in any of the bidders. He doesn't care to whom a bid may be awarded. But, he says, here at least is a chance to make some money and get new experience at the same time; further, as the proposals contemplate a limited contract for not more than eighteen months to be terminated at

the option of the city if ever the authorities should find the new method unsanitary, why not quit experimenting along lines that mean the expenditure of more money? Alas, all the money raised by the bond issue has not yet been spent.

Why Giannini Was Sued

Now that Judge Sturtevant has decided the case of Frank Cuneo against A. P. Giannini in favor of the defendant, Mr. Giannini ought to be glad that he was sued; for he got more than a victory. The judgment of the court was rendered after an X-ray examination of his stewardship of the J. Cuneo Company, and Mr. Giannini has reason to be pleased with the fruits of that examination. In a sense the plaintiff did him a great service in compelling the court to take judicial cognizance of a record whereof any banker might well be proud. This is a case, by the way, that illustrates how inadvisable it is at times to earn a man's gratitude. As manager of the Cuneo properties Mr. Giannini proved himself a wizard of finance. Consequently the stockholders, all members of one family, prospered. The company was under contract to pay the banker twenty-five per cent of the net profits, and they paid him right along until it came to a final settlement, and then one stockholder balked. The term "net profits" as employed through the years was no longer according to his understanding. He had been figuring his share of the profits on the principle on which Giannini was paid his commission, but at the wind-up to him the whole thing seemed a mistake. So he sued to get a judicial interpretation, and now he has it. The trial disclosed some interesting facts as I have learned from the printed argument made by Mr. Peter F. Dunne, the attorney for Mr. Giannini.

Management of the Properties

The founder of the J. Cuneo Company was a pioneer of the Latin Quarter, a somewhat historical character. He was a dealer in real estate in the North Beach district and his name figures in deeds covering a long period of years. "When he came to the end of his days," said Mr. Dunne, "he desired effectively to consolidate his properties and pass them in consolidated and undispersed form to his beneficiaries. As a convenient instrumentality he organized the corporation which stepped into his shoes." "Indeed," said the attorney, "while he was alive, he stood in his own shoes, he was the corporation, and the same business of trading in real estate, as other men trade in dry goods, was pursued by the corporation." When Giannini was appointed manager of the company it was

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under a contract by which he was to be paid for his services "a sum of money equivalent to twenty-five per cent of the net profits." An accounting was to be made once a year, and the commission was to be paid at that time. There was never any dispute as to the terms of the contract until the corporation came to be liquidated; nor had there ever been any dispute regarding the basis of computing the profits accruing from investments made by Mr. Giannini. All these matters were attended to at family conferences to the satisfaction of all hands. There were no disputes, and in the whole case there was not the slightest ethical question involved. Nor was there any criticism of the administration of the properties. Indeed the administration was eminently satisfactory for as Mr. Dunne expressed it, under Mr. Giannini's management the company was "making money hand over fist."

Financiering After the Fire

During the trial an interesting bit of earthquake period history came to light. When the earthquake occurred the J. Cuneo Company stood to make \$275,000 profit. The company almost had the money in hand upon the morning of the fire. "But," said Mr. Dunne, "the fire came, and like Tantalus, the Cuneo Company saw a huge profit just within its reach, saw it withdraw and vanish. Why, before the fire they declared \$80,000 in dividends, they spent \$15,000 for a mausoleum, they expended \$35,000 for a residence in San Mateo—all of this money coming out of properties bought and sold by A. P. Giannini. And in addition to that, the trial balance for January 16, 1904, showed surplus and undivided profits of \$205,419.81 and in the statement a year later, of date January 21, 1905, the surplus and undivided profits had amounted to \$250,692.27." Continuing Mr. Dunne said: "After the fire the property was rehabilitated by Mr. Giannini, and whatever the result of this case may be, and whatever feeling may be entertained upon the one side or the other, certainly the Cuneo family, if they are right-minded about this situation, must be conscious of a deep debt of gratitude. That property had been ravaged by fire, the improvements had gone down in ashes. Where was money to be had? We all know how difficult money was to get in those days. Where was money to be had to rehabilitate these properties, to bring up the rents a few months after the fire, to two or three or four or five or six thousand dollars a month? Whose personality, whose financial standing, whose integrity, made the raising of that money possible and the rehabilitation of the estate an achievement? It was A. P. Giannini."

Prohibition in the District of Columbia

The attempt to dry up the District of Columbia enlivened debate in the United States Senate for several days before Christmas. The opponents of the Demon hoped to pass the measure before the great feast of peace and good will, and one of them declared that it would be the greatest Christmas present that could be given to the city of Washington. But Ashurst blundered, Ashurst of Arizona, a prohibitionist and the pet of that champion of prohibition, William Randolph Hearst. The daily papers carried the story of his blunder—how he called up a land bill and automatically displaced the District of Columbia dry bill, so that it went over until the tenth of January. The papers told us also how Ashurst tried to repair his blunder by grabbing the land bill from the clerk's desk and cramming it into his pocket, and how when a more dignified senator protested against this direct action in legislation Ashurst offered to take his colleague

outside and lick the stuffing out of him. That was the crowning episode of this debate, but there were many other incidents both illuminating and interesting. When the prohibitionists go into action there is always plenty of light shed on human nature.

Thirsty Ambassadors

The proposed measure will permit each household to import one quart of the Demon a month, not a gill more. Exception is made in favor of foreign ambassadors; they are to be allowed five gallons a month. Senator Sheppard who sees red when the Demon is mentioned is in charge of the measure. Big Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania who has a thinly veiled contempt for prohibitionists and other puritans asked Sheppard why this discrimination in favor of foreigners.

Penrose: Does he think an alien, even in an official capacity, requires a larger amount of alcohol than a native or a naturalized citizen?

Sheppard: In many foreign countries the people are more accustomed to the use of liquor on their tables and in their homes than we are.

Penrose: Does the Senator consider foreign nations more intemperate than the United States?

Sheppard: Some of them, I certainly do. Some of the most intemperate nations in the world are foreign nations.

Martine of New Jersey who likes his glass and doesn't mind saying so, sarcastically pointed out that the object of the drys is to save humanity; so why leave out the legations? Sheppard of course answered solemnly, and to "draw him on" Penrose suggested that the Turkish legation be excepted from the exception, since Mohammedans are forbidden by their religion to trifle with the Demon. But heckling a dry is poor sport; the more you spoof the more solemn he gets. Gronna of North Dakota rushed to Sheppard's assistance.

Gronna: I want to say to the Senator from Pennsylvania that it is hardly necessary to go as far as to a Mohammedan country to find whether or not prohibition has done any good. I wish to say that I come from a State that has had prohibition for twenty-five years, etc.

Penrose: I am glad the Senator from North Dakota has explained the condition in the Scandinavian countries.

Gronna: The Senator is in a state of confusion. I have not yet referred to the Scandinavian countries.

Penrose quit, realizing that it is useless to try to "kid" a naturalized Scandinavian prohibitionist, or any other kind of prohibitionist.

Squelching Opposition

Hitchcock of Nebraska pointed out that when the bill was originally introduced the good Sheppard stated that it would not interfere with

a citizen's importation of liquor for his own use, and that later he went back on this assurance and introduced the drastic one-quart-per-month feature.

Hitchcock: He is converting this bill from an antisaloon measure into a piece of sumptuary legislation.

Sheppard: If the Senator is satisfied with his own construction, I have no complaint. Let him characterize the amendment in his own manner, if it pleases him. It is in truth, however, an administrative amendment. I proposed this amendment after consultation with Senators on both sides and with experts in prohibition legislation. When the Senator uses the term "sumptuary legislation," he is simply repeating the time-worn arguments of those who are opposed to the principle of prohibition.

This summary treatment, bordering on insolence was accorded all who dared differ with the Sheppard of the dry flock. Any disputed provision was "administrative," as though that answered every objection. Any disputed provision had been approved by expert Demon-fighters, as though they were the last word in infallibility. And any adverse argument was an old argument, as though only new arguments were valid arguments. The strange thing about all this is that these retorts seem to command respect.

Underwood Protests

Oscar Underwood of Alabama decried the bill as hypocritical. Why, he demanded, don't the drys absolutely prohibit the Demon in the District instead of permitting it to come into each house a quart at a time?

Underwood: I know what the Senator from Texas believes in. He does not believe there should be a drop of liquor drank in the District of Columbia. Have the courage to fight for what you really mean.

Sheppard: The liquor traffic never had an abler or truer defender in the Senate than the Senator from Alabama.

Underwood: Because I stand for liberty of conscience and freedom of action it has not been an unusual thing for some people to apply the remarks that the Senator from Texas has just stated, that there was no truer defender of the liquor interests. I heard that ring through a whole campaign, and I heard the people of a great State repudiate it at the polls.

Sheppard: They did not repudiate it.

Underwood: Yes; they did.

Sheppard: They elected the Senator on account of his great services along other lines.

Underwood: They repudiated what they knew was false, just as the Senator knows it is false.

Sheppard: I do not know that it is false.

Underwood: I challenge the Senator to sustain the statement he has just made.



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Sheppard: Your attitude and arguments here sustain my statements.

And so it went. Sheppard took the position of a sanctified buzzsaw; a "don't-monkey-with-my-holy-bill" position.

Pity the Poor Columbians

In the course of the debate the unfortunate position of the residents of the District of Columbia was brought out. Underwood wanted to submit the dry proposition to them by a referendum. This made the senatorial dries very indignant. Our own delightful Senator Works whose only objection to the bill was that it wasn't drastic enough, pointed out that this referendum business would never do.

Works: The people of the District of Columbia have no right to settle the question. This Capital does not belong to the people living in the District of Columbia. If there should be a reference of this matter it should not be alone to the people of the District of Columbia, but to the whole people of the United States.

Lee of Maryland evidently pitied the abject

condition of the Columbians who are in the miserable condition of being told by the rest of the country whether they may dally with the Demon or not, without saying a word on the subject themselves. Surely, he said, the people of the District are recognized in some way?

Works: They are recognized principally for the purpose of collecting taxes from them. They have no right to vote. They have no control over affairs in the District.

It is not necessary to point out that this makes the Columbians ideal butts for the kicks of the Demon-fighters. They dearly love a scrap, this dry gentry, when their opponents' hands are tied. The Columbians have always enjoyed taxation without representation. Now it is proposed to prevent them from drowning their sorrows in an occasional highball, without consulting them on the proposal. Why do people live in the District of Columbia? Surely because they can't help it.

Vardaman Lets Loose

Vardaman of Mississippi, a fanatical Southerner of the type that the mischievous Thomas Dixon has idolized in novels like "The Clansman," could not be kept out of a debate so rich in possibilities. Vardaman hates the saloon because, he says, "the presence of the saloon seems to stifle the nobler qualities of the mind and paralyze the better aspirations of the soul."

And he regrets that "unfortunately a great many people cannot have a good time unless they have something to drink; the social lies that warp us from the living truth is doubtless responsible for this vitiated taste and distorted view of life." After Vardaman had let loose to this effect the debate went merrily on.

Sheppard: Regulations like these are good for people everywhere.

Martine: The Senator from Texas is not big enough to be the guardian of the whole universe.

Sheppard: I am making an honest effort to help my part of the universe.

Martine: And I trust the Senator will fail in that effort.

Vardaman: I wish to dissent most emphatically from the suggestion that this bill is simply the will or caprice of the Senator from Texas. It is proposed to be the legislative judgment or will of the Congress of the United States, etc., etc., etc. You cannot answer the argument for prohibition with a sneer.

Martine: The distinguished Senator from Mississippi presumes to stand as the guardian of humanity. The evil of this so-called prohibition legislation is that it tends to make men hypocrites and infinite liars. It has made liars by the millions in Mississippi, in Texas, and in every one of the prohibition States.

Vardaman: I am not trying to act as guar-

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ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 2475 New Series; Dept. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY ADAMS, sometimes known as MARY E. ADAMS, Deceased.

LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS, the duly appointed, qualified and acting Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of MARY ADAMS, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to the estate of said deceased for the purposes therein set forth.

It is therefore ordered by the judge of the said Court that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Friday, the 26th day of January, 1917, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day, at the courtroom of Department No. 10 of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to said LUCIUS L. SOLOMONS, Administrator with will annexed of the estate of MARY ADAMS, deceased, to sell the whole or some portion of the real estate belonging to the said deceased.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in "Town Talk," a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

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and my friend from New Jersey. I would not do that for all the money in the world. Really I would not deny him a single drink if he were thirsty.

Martine: I am not ashamed of my habits; I have never been ashamed of them in my life. I will place myself on a parallel with the Senator from Mississippi on every question—social, moral, political or otherwise. The Senator is utterly out of order in making such a reference.

Vardaman: The Senator is unnecessarily excited.

Martine: I am not at all excited, but I mean to maintain my rights.

Vardaman: The Senator acts and speaks as though I was trying to prescribe his private conduct.

Martine: You said you were regulating humanity.

Vardaman: I deny saying anything of the kind. I think the Senator from New Jersey is the loveliest, dearest old soul in all Israel. The Senator has gotten excited about nothing.

Martine: Hold yourself; I am not excited.

Vardaman: I am as cool as a cucumber.

This stuff is the veriest piffle, and I should apologize to my readers for quoting it did I not desire them to know on what a high level debate is conducted in our almost-dry Senate.

The Prohibitionist Distiller

Underwood brought out in the course of the debate that while the manufacture of alcohol for beverage purposes was prohibited in the bill, an exception was made in favor of the Corby Company, a District of Columbia plant which makes yeast and manufactures alcohol as a by-product. This alcohol is sold to companies known nationally as distillers of whiskey, such as the Wilson Company. Underwood pointed out that Corby who is to enjoy the sole right of manufacturing alcohol and selling it to distillers is an ardent prohibitionist. He brought out that Corby claimed not to know that his alcohol was sold to distillers. And he read an affidavit in which the blame for selling by-product of the Corby plant to distillers was shifted from Corby's shoulders to those of an employee. Underwood wanted to know why the business of a humble brewer in the District should be destroyed and the business of the prohibitionist Corby expressly spared. The answer seems to be that when a prohibitionist makes money out of the Demon he is not to be interfered with, provided some of that money finds its way into the war chest of the Anti-saloon League. Of course Sheppard did not return this answer. If he made a satisfactory answer I have not seen it.

Down with the Alcohol Rub!

Reed Smooth of Utah offered a substitute bill which provided for absolute prohibition. Under this bill no alcohol could be brought into the District except for scientific, mechanical or medicinal purposes. To get it for any of these purposes a permit would be necessary. This excited the curiosity of Reed of Missouri.

Reed: Suppose a man was to go to a Turkish bath, and having taken his bath and desiring to escape catching a cold, should ask to have an alcohol rub, who would have to get the permit for that rub?

Smooth: I doubt very much whether he could obtain a permit, and I do not think it neces-

sary at all to have an alcoholic rub after a Turkish bath.

Reed: Of course, that depends on the man. Some people would regard alcohol as necessary in the bath; some people regard soap as necessary, and there are some people who regard neither as essential.

Smooth: Some are content with merely water.

Reed: I am merely trying to get some light on the substitute bill.

Smooth: It is not an endeavor to regulate the opinion of people as to what constitutes a proper bath.

Reed: But it would regulate the bath.

For Sacramental Purposes

But the Smoot bill was too drastic; some of the dry Senators may have been afraid it would work. The Sheppard bill was taken up again. Reed pointed out that Sheppard permitted a minister to import wine, five gallons at a time, for sacramental purposes. He continued:

"The confidence manifested in the ministers of the church by the author of this bill is truly astounding. The minister must go before a Commissioner, because he may misuse the wine. The minister or priest must satisfy the Commissioner. But the author of the bill cannot repose complete confidence even in a Commissioner. He fears the Commissioner may abuse his discretion. Accordingly he proposes to put some legal hobbles on the Commissioner by providing that he shall not permit the minister to get more than five gallons, and this, although the minister may have a church of five thousand communicants and may hold communion service every week. I do not know whether or not they ever administer communion at a Billy Sunday revival; but if they ever do, and Billy got one of his real revival fervors started, there may not be enough in five gallons to go around among the numerous new converts. But the trouble for the minister is not yet over. He must have this material shipped to him in a container that must be plainly labeled, so that all 'the world, the flesh and the devil' can tell that the preacher is having wine shipped to him. It seems to me there ought to be a little more confidence in the minister of the gospel, and a little less in the fellow who makes yeast as a by-product of alcohol or alcohol as a by-product of yeast."

Sheppard: If the ministers of the District could vote on this bill, they would be unanimously in favor of it. If they are satisfied, the Senator ought not to have any objection.

Reed: I am willing that the ministers shall vote in favor of it, and everybody else, if they want it. The Senator seems to have polled the ministers, and I have no doubt he has also polled the distillers, for he seems to speak "as one having authority and not as the scribes."

A Good Word for the Saloon

Apparently the only man in the Senate who had the courage to say a good word for the saloon was the free-and-easy Martine of New Jersey. He quoted Frances Willard:

"First let us make it easier for mankind to get bread and butter, and then our theory of temperance will fall, mayhap, in more fertile ground."

It is all very well for the rich to do without the saloon, he argued, but what of the poor laborer?

"Is it not natural that he should seek the saloon or some other place where he might get the stimulating draft, and mayhap the warm bite? Before you abolish the saloon, substitute for humanity something better. The Senator (Sheppard) and other gentlemen will not be found on the street corner proffering a warm cup of coffee, nor a sandwich, nor even a thin coin to the workman—oh no!"

Peruna and Dr. Wiley

Martine quoted Hearst's "greatest editor" Arthur Brisbane as saying that there was more drunkenness in dry Maine with a population of 1,300,000 than in Italy with over 13,000,000. And he pointed out that dry Memphis is the "most murderous city in the Union." Abolish booze, and what have you, he asked. "Those sparkling, life-giving decoctions known as Coca-Cola and Peruna. The first, if left exposed for a few hours, will turn to a product not fit for swine, and the latter will rapidly be converted by a process of fermentation into alcohol. Only a few days ago I consulted no less a gentleman than Dr. Wiley. I asked him what he had to say as to Peruna, that you except advertisements of and which your papers spread. He said it is one of the most noxious and dangerous of drugs, the basis of which is the rankest and poorest of whiskeys."

Heckling the Man from Kansas

When Senator Thompson of dry and godly Kansas talked for the bill, the hecklers gave him a good time. Thompson talks like one of those righteous puritans who irritate the best good nature. He pointed with pride to what thirty-six years of prohibition had done for his superlative commonwealth. Let us touch the high spots of that part of the debate.

Martine: During September 1913 there were imported into Topeka 90,062 gallons of whiskey, to say nothing of beer. How does the Senator account for that if Kansas is a prohibition State?

Thompson: You can prove practically anything you want to by statistics. "Figures never lie, but sometimes liars figure."

Reed: I want to ask the Senator how long it is since the breweries of Missouri regularly delivered in their wagons beer from house to house in Kansas City, Kansas.

Thompson: I have introduced a bill, etc., etc.

Reed: I remember a good many years ago, trying a case in a court which was presided over by the Senator's distinguished father, in a small town in Kansas—

Thompson: Hiawatha.

Reed: At Hiawatha. It seemed to me that there was not a lawyer at the bar who was not a common drunkard, and they had prohibition there.

Thompson: I have the very highest admiration for the people of Missouri. A great many of them went there from Kansas.

Reed: There are two elements that cross the State line. There is the brewery agent from Missouri with his load of beer going to Kansas to sell drinks, and there is a large, constant and never-decreasing stream of Kansans coming across from Kansas to Missouri to get a drink. They have the thirst over there. When the Senator says there are ninety counties in his State in which there is not a drunkard that is like his figures of forty-nine per cent of illiteracy before prohibition took effect. I do

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not say that liquor ever did you any good. I have always thought the worst combination on earth was a Kansan and a quart of Bourbon. It seemed to me he never did know how to take a drink.

Thompson: We never had sufficient experience.

Reed: He had a thirst that was like the thirst of the earth in the arid counties of the West; it could not be satisfied. It drinks all that falls upon it and opens its mouth and cries for more. If there ever was a place on the earth where they did need to regulate the habits of the people it was in Kansas.

Robert Whitaker's Diatribe

Juvenal thundered in hexameters against the wickedness of Rome, Sam Johnson arrayed his heroic couplets against the evil of London, and Robert Whitaker rides into our ken to break a poetical lance upon the surpassing naughtiness of New York. An indignant knight of Parnassus is Messire Roberto who flourishes amid the undulations of Los Gatos and teaches the young idea how to shoot what time he is not himself shooting swift and sure arrows from the quiver of the Muse. A knight of the divine afflatus sworn to redress grievances with rhymes, Robert Whitaker is also a gentleman of the cloth pledged to the uplift of humanity. And so he resents New York where humanity is sunk very low, languishing in the arms of "war brides" and digging feverishly for the root of all evil. "To New York" is the way the Reverend Robert entitles his metrical indictment, and thus enunciates the first count on which the city is undeniably guilty:

Mark this, Manhattan, known to wider fame
Since thou hast doffed the humble, honest name
And taken title from an English lord
Of hapless family, and of faithless sword.

More arresting than the plaint "Why did they sell Killarney?" is this rhymed equivalent of the damning question "Why did they change Manhattan's name to New York?" I suppose Robert knows the answer, but I don't. I suspect, however, that Robert doesn't realize that the Wars of the Roses are over. Doubtless he is of the party of Lancaster and hates the white rose of the House of York.

Where Are Your Children?

In a fine frenzy that must impress Los Gatos which is a dry town and therefore sensitive to minor excitements, Robert lambastes New York for producing everything but greatness. Where are your great children? he cries, and lets it be known that there are none.

Thine are the millions wave-borne to our coast;
And thine the wealth none other yet could boast;
Nor Thebes nor Memphis, Babylon or Rome,
The Rand, the Klondike, or the sands of Nome.

Yet out of thee no Washington has come;
No Lincoln voiced the heart throbs of the dumb;
The country village gave thee Beecher's tongue,
And Greeley's pen, and songs by Bryant sung.

And thou hast given us for such as these
Thy Tweeds and Tammanys, world dregs and lees;
Thy buccaneers financial, Morgan, Gould,
And all that crew by Rockefeller schooled.

Who was this man Tammany? Or is Tammany poetical for Dick Croker? And will Ohio not resent this crediting of Rockefeller to New York? Robert winds up in a thumping declaration of independence calculated to make the Brooklyn Bridge quiver and douse the lights on Broadway:

There is no Empire State, and shall not be,
While these United States are truly free;
No State to queen or lord it o'er the rest;
So speaks the spirit of the free born West.

Doubtless this masterpiece was inspired by California's vote for Wilson, that vote which has "put us on the map" to use the words so dear to the small-town boosters. But politics should not intrude when there is question of appraising a poetical effort. Robert Whitaker's poem, I boldly asseverate, beats "I Love You, California" all hollow. It should be set to thunderous music. It surpasses the innumerable masterpieces of Fred Emerson Brooks. Nothing that James Henry MacLafferty ever wrote is fit to hold a tallow dip to it. I doubt whether our own Fuzzy Wuzzy has ever mounted to the poetical heights whereon the reverend poet of Los Gatos so nimbly disports himself. But why go through the list of our thousand bards? Whitaker's is indubitably the greatest poem that has ever come out of the City of Cats.

Letters

Caspar Whitney on Mexico

The latest addition to the Macmillan series of Our National Problems is Caspar Whitney's "What's the Matter with Mexico?" Mr. Whitney bases his conclusions on a study of the history of that storm-ridden country, and personal observation of present conditions, and has presented his views in clear, strong and unmistakable language. He finds first of all, a habit of revolting. During the last one hundred years, except for the periods of comparative peace under Juarez and Diaz, the average term of office of the successive presidents has been less than one year. The "leaders" are for the most part without principle and care only for personal profit, and the majority of the populace, too easily led and without, seemingly, even a rudimentary sense of loyalty, will follow any one who promises booty, and desert from one to another and back again as fast and as often as they can make it pay. Mexico is nominally a republic and has an admirable constitution,

but the people have no conception of republican ideas and do not know how to work out a government under their own laws. It is much the same with the labor troubles. Simple theories which would seem comprehensible to a child of ten years elude them, and it will take both time and patience to educate them to understanding. Meanwhile they need over them a strong hand to maintain order and give them fair play. Mr. Whitney backs up his remarks and criticisms by concrete instances and though he holds himself admirably in check when speaking of the Wilsonian attitude, he makes only too clear the effects of the actual meddling under the cloak of watchful waiting, not only on American interests and enterprises but in the contempt which is openly expressed for all things American. The little volume contains scarcely more than two hundred small pages, a convenient size for a pocket, but the nut is full of meat.

SUMMONS

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 76892; Dept. 10.

M. L. MAYERS, Plaintiff, vs. D. J. HUGHES and JOHN DOE, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: D. J. HUGHES and JOHN DOE, Defendants.

YOU ARE HEREBY DIRECTED to appear and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, within ten days after the service on you of this summons—if served within this City and County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of the Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 27th day of September, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

HENRY A. JACOBS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
900 Humboldt Bank Building,
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Social Prattle

By TANTALUS

It Will Be Morganatic

Last week I asked the question whether Lily Oelfrichs Martin's marriage to Duke Henry Borwin zu Mecklenburg would be a morganatic union. I admitted my inability to answer, but I have since informed myself on the subject, for I recognize that it would be quite improper to remain unposted on so consequential a topic. The marriage, if it takes place, will be morganatic. If it takes place—I say this because since the first news of it came to us, ostensibly in a cable from Berlin, we have heard no more of the matter, and this seems rather strange to me. It seems that Duke Henry is of the family of Mecklenburg-Schwerin (the other family consists of the Mecklenburg-Strelitzes) and that his cousin the Grand Duke is rated as heading a sovereign house of the German Empire. It seems also that a scion of a sovereign house is debarred from contracting any marriage except a morganatic one with a woman below his rank. Also that he can only contract marriage—even morganatically—when the head of the house grants him permission. Therefore, if the widow of Peter Martin is to become the wife of Duke Henry Borwin she will have to be O. K'd by the Grand Duke as a suitable partner. It seems like a lot of red tape, but of course Europe is not America, and these old families take themselves right seriously.

The Duke's Former Marriage

Duke Henry's former American wife left him on account of the treatment she received from his family. She was born Elizabeth Tibbetts of Albany, New York, and was the widow of Amédée de Gasquet James of New Orleans and New York when the Duke met her and succumbed to her charm. She was thirty years older than the Duke when the marriage was performed by the registrar at Dover, England, in 1911. The Duke was very young at the time, but he had already had quite a career. It seems that he had a weakness for contracting debts which he found it impossible to pay, and in consequence he had lost his commission in the German army and had incurred the heavy displeasure of his grand ducal cousin and the rest of the Mecklenburg-Schwerins. Before marrying Mrs. James, Duke Henry had neglected to obtain the permission of the Grand Duke. The bride-elect was very wealthy, and perhaps

Duke Henry thought that that fact would bring official approval of his romance as a matter of course. It brought nothing of the kind. The Mecklenburg-Schwerins chose to consider the marriage null and void on the ground that it had been contracted without due authorization.

The Romance Shattered

Nevertheless the morganatic American duchess decided to make the best of things, and to enjoy her position insofar as it was possible to do so. So she rented a splendid estate with an ancient castle on it in the south of Austria, and proceeded to enjoy her dignity, thinking that she would not be interfered with in that enjoyment so long as she kept outside the German Empire. However, the Germans and the Austrians have a "working agreement" in these matters of rank, although of course "working agreement" is not what they call it. The Austrian authorities forbade the morganatic bride to make use of her husband's ducal title and coronet. So the disappointed bride decided that an unauthorized morganatic marriage wasn't what she had imagined it would be, and returned to the United States. I do not know that she has obtained a divorce. For all I know she may consider herself still married to Duke Henry. Doubtless he does not take that view of the situation. Being a Mecklenburg, he probably considers that his marriage was null and void. Certainly it was declared to be so by the courts of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. And it may be that Mrs. Lily Martin takes the same view of the tangle.

Confusing Possibilities

Let us suppose that Duke Henry marries Mrs. Martin, with or without the approval of his family. Then let us suppose that the former Mrs. James sets up her claim to be the true and only wife of Duke Henry. What would happen? She and the Duke were regularly married in England. Would the British courts recognize as valid the marriage performed at Dover? And what about the American courts? There are confusing possibilities here. It might be that Lily Martin's marriage to the Duke would be considered valid in Germany but invalid in her own country. It is said that the former Mrs. James has a passion for litigation. If that be true, she might cause a lot of trouble. But even if she is not litigious, and is content to forget all about her romance with the Duke, there might be property rights to be settled, and then I suppose the necessity would arise of determining judicially whether or not Lily Martin was validly married.

Peter Martin's Estate

I wonder whether Duke Henry experienced an unpleasant emotion when the news reached him that the estate left by Peter Martin was encumbered by debts. We have learned only within the past few days that the estate of Peter Martin owes more than its face value. We have been assured, it is true, that the estate is not insolvent; but doubtless it will take a long time to realize properly on its assets. I wonder whether Duke Henry would be eager to marry an American wife with an involved estate. When Duke Henry came to San Francisco he was said to be acting as salesman for a French automobile concern. He did not work very hard at his job here, but at least he had the

job. So maybe he has tired of contracting debts that he cannot pay and is desirous of settling down. There is always the possibility. But on the other hand, would an American woman who has moved in the Newport set regard with favor a morganatic marriage with a duke whom she could not support in ducal splendor on her own money and who would have to go into trade to support her? I give it up. Perhaps the answer is that love and romance reck nothing of these mercenary considerations.

A Real Grande Dame

Mrs. Clara L. Darling continues to make her headquarters at her charming residence in Monterey. She calls the place "Solitude." There she is busily engaged upon her memoirs which will probably be published next year. As solitude and the brilliant Mrs. Darling are as far apart as the poles, she makes frequent visits to San Francisco to see her friends and participate in whatever savors of life as it is lived up to date. Upon her last visit to town she entertained a group of friends at a matinee of "The Garden of Allah," taking them afterwards to tea at the Francisca Club. Among the guests was Mrs. Richard Hanna, who, though a resident of San Francisco but two or three years, has made a delightful impression in society. Mrs. Darling may always be depended upon to appreciate interesting strangers, and her appreciation is worth while, for she is a real grande dame who was born about one hundred years too soon. Mrs. Hanna, by the way, made a recent trip to New York with her husband. Their visit was filled with the most delightful events and they, like so many other San Franciscans, have come back with an impression of the intense gaiety of the metropolis in its

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present mood. Ask even any of our gay men-about-town who have sojourned there during the past year and they, as well as our few society ladies who have the entree to exclusive circles in the big city, will gasp and say, "Gracious! gracious! gracious!" All agree that the gray atmosphere of San Francisco's social and artistic life is a grateful sedative. So universal has been this attitude of San Franciscans toward the gay life in New York that I am of the opinion it is because we go there with abounding health and spirits, an insatiable capacity for enjoyment and magnetic attraction for Easterners who find one of their great pleasures in "showing us a good time." We certainly have it and after a bit of repose cry out for "More!" Like ants to a honey pot, all good industrious San Franciscans trail back to New York, if they can find the way.

One Bachelor Less

Another one of our confirmed, hopeless bachelors has joined the innumerable herd of young husbands. Until last week Dr. Edward G. McConnell was the typical bachelor for whom there was no salvation; that is to say, typical in the opinion of his friends. He was known as an enthusiastic specialist wedded to science. He took relaxation scientifically at the club or in the mountains remote from fashionable resorts where women are encountered. Whipping streams and hunting game were his favorite diversions. Now it turns out that Dr. McConnell wasn't such an incorrigible bachelor as his friends thought. He was only a little more deliberate than the average man and a little less given to romantic topics of conversation. Last Tuesday Dr. McConnell and Miss Elizabeth M. Scott, sister of J. J. Scott, United States Collector of Internal Revenue, were married at the home of the Rev. F. W. Clampett, rector of Trinity Episcopal Church. No announcement was made of the wedding because it was desired to have it attended only by members of the families owing to the failing health of the bride's father, A. E. D. Scott of Palo Alto. Mrs. McConnell is a woman of considerable distinction in her profession of nurse and she has many friends by whom she is admired for her graces of mind and heart.

New Year's at Hotel Oakland

The ball room and main dining room will be filled on New Year's Eve, judging from the table reservations which have already been made, with more being taken up daily. Instead of the large Christmas tree which usually adorns the lounge during the holiday season, a monster bell adorned with varicolored lights has been sus-

pended. Under this and in the splendid Ivory ball room as well as in the main dining room King Frolic will reign supreme until the wee sma' hours and welcome the New Year. Among the members of the smart set who have reserved tables are: Mrs. Wickham Havens, M. J. Laymance, Frank Edoff, J. H. Talbot, Mrs. M. R. Crooke, Mrs. T. Hogan, J. E. Henderson, Peter Kyne, C. W. McGregor, Dr. R. L. Hill, C. F. Darling, Fred Opps, Mr. Theobald, L. K. Sulan, M. A. Coney, R. A. Durman, Miss C. C. Jones, J. H. Talbot, M. L. Camp, C. F. Heath, L. Lavaso, J. L. Friedman, Barney Jacobs, A. L. Oliver, N. S. Tanner, Adolph Schleuter, Mrs. A. D. Nelson, F. J. Larkin, Dr. M. M. Enos, James Hinton, Arthur Oppenheimer, Lee Bertillion, Mrs. P. M. Eberhart, Dr. Foshay, L. H. Mott, Edmund C. Hill, Mandel Goldwater, B. Bradshaw, L. A. Ortiz, A. D. Oppenheimer, Marshall Bull, Ray Sheehan, H. C. Brougher, Francis Smith, S. H. Pikard, Clayton Bush, Mrs. M. C. Chapman, Jack Wooley, A. Beltink, I. H. Kahn, Dr. Ayer, E. H. Geary, R. M. Hemingsen, Dr. G. S. Green, R. H. Curtis, E. D. Sturges, Mrs. G. O. Bradley, I. A. Beretta, J. F. Chambers, F. H. Smithson, A. K. Gibbs, W. Smith, R. N. McKinnon, H. P. Schneider, R. W. Safe, Dr. R. L. Hill, G. Reis, C. Alexander, H. M. Vale, G. E. Gaylord, R. D. Joyce, F. F. Ottofly, Mrs. H. Morris, Dudley Dexter.

An Important Appointment

Announcement is made of the appointment of Dr. George W. Tape, recently of Hot Springs at Hot Lake, Ore., to manage the Paso Robles Hot Springs. The appointment is coincident with the new year. Dr. Tape was formerly manager of the Arrow Head and Bimini Hot Springs and is rated one of the ablest medical hot springs men in the United States.

New Year's Eve at Tavern

Those friends and patrons of the Techau Tavern who have not already done so should not waste a moment in making reservations for their New Year Eve tables. A most elaborate dinner will be served, and in addition to the usual entertainment which consists of song numbers by the elegantly gowned Song Revue, Pall Mall cigarette dances, the La Lilas perfume dances, exhibition dances and social dancing, each guest will be presented with a handsome bag filled with souvenirs, horns, caps, fans and all sorts of noise makers. Those who will be so fortunate as to enjoy New Year's Eve at the Techau Tavern will find it an event long to be pleasantly remembered.

He—I shall never marry unless I can find a woman who is my exact opposite.

She—You will never find so perfect a being as that.

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The Stage

Diaghileff's Ballet Russe Next

The long awaited engagement of the famous Diaghileff company of Russian dancing stars will begin at the Valencia Theatre next Tuesday night. Headed by Nijinsky, Bolm, Lopokova, Sokolova, Flore Revalles, Garrilow, Frohman, Pflanz, Specisewa, Zwerew and other stars, the complete corps de ballet and symphony orchestra arrives on Sunday by special train of twelve cars. After a rest Monday, the company will be in condition to give its best to San Francisco on Tuesday night. Manager Greenbaum reports that Tuesday's audience will be a gala one. The Valencia has been repainted and thoroughly overhauled. For Tuesday night a remarkable selection of ballets will be given. Nijinsky will make his first appearance in his own ballet creation "Till Eulenspiegel" which he has built around Strauss's "Merry Pranks." Flore Revalles, the wonderful mime and dancer, will also appear for the first time in this number. Nijinsky and the dainty Lopokova will dance the Tschaikowsky ballet "The Enchanted Princess." Adolf Bolm, called the most wonderful mime in the world, will first appear in the weird, wild Oriental ballet "Scheherazade," with Flore Revalles as the Princess Zobeide. Bolm and Lopokova will render the beautiful Schumann "Papillons." On Wednesday night the famous ballet "Cleopatre" will be given with Bolm and Revalles in the leading roles. Nijinsky will present his famous conception of Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun." The Schumann "Carnaval" will be given with Nijinsky and Lopokova, as also the famous "Prince Igor" dances from Borodine's opera. Thursday programme includes the Liszt ballet "Les Sylphides," "Scheherazade" with Bolm and "Till Eulenspiegel" with Nijinsky. On Friday night "Thamar," an exotic ballet of great dramatic beauty, will be offered for the first time with Flore Revalles as the Caucasian queen. Nijinsky will dance the Tschaikowsky "Enchanted Princess," as well as the Debussy "Afternoon of a Faun" and the "Prince Igor" dances will be repeated. Saturday afternoon's bill includes Nijinsky's wonderful "La Spectre de la Rose" with which he created a furore on his first New York appearance, and repetitions of "Scheherazade," "Papillons" and "Prince Igor." Saturday night the list includes "Les Sylphides," "Carnaval," "Cleopatre," etc. Tickets for all performances are on sale at Sherman Clay. The box office will not be open on Sunday, but on Monday tickets can be purchased as usual at the above office.

Ballet Russe in Oakland

The Diaghileff company will appear in Oakland for two nights, Tuesday and Wednesday, January 9 and 10, in the Oakland Auditorium Opera House. Two fine programmes will be given, the ballets to be selected from the most popular of the repertoire. Tickets for the Oakland appearances will be on sale commencing next Tuesday morning at Sherman Clay in San Francisco and Oakland.

Julia Culp Concerts

From Boston and New York come the most glowing accounts of the triumphs of Julia Culp, the famous Dutch singer. From all accounts the exquisite voice of the singer has taken on new beauties this year, but of course this was to be looked for in a singer of her age and art. The critics seem to agree that she is the greatest interpreter of German lieder and French

chansons now living. Equally enthusiastic are the same critics about the accompaniments furnished by that consummate artist Coenraad V. Bos. Manager Greenbaum announces that he will open the concert season of 1917 with Julia Culp in Scottish Rite Auditorium, the dates of her three recitals being Sunday afternoon, January 14, Thursday night, January 18, and Saturday afternoon, January 20. At the first concert the artist will sing works by Schubert, Brahms, Earl Crantson Sharpe, Debussy and numerous others. At the second, works by Cornelius, Rubinstein, Schumann, Gustav Mahler, and Hugo Wolf will be featured; while at the farewell event, in addition to numbers by Schubert, a group of Holland, German, English and French folk songs will be given and five works by American composers will complete the offering. Mail orders for the Julia Culp concerts may now be sent to Will Greenbaum at Sher-



JULIA CULP

World famous contralto singer who will give concerts at Scottish Rite Auditorium and will also appear as soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra

man Clay. The box offices will open Wednesday, January 11, at Sherman Clay and Kohler and Chase.

Soloist at Symphony

Julia Culp will be the soloist at the pair of symphony concerts to be given on Friday afternoon and Sunday afternoon, January 19 and 21. Under the baton of Mr. Hertz she will offer songs by Beethoven, Wagner and Schubert with orchestral accompaniment.

Flonzaley Coming

Lovers of ensemble music of the highest order will be delighted to learn that Manager Greenbaum will present the Flonzaley Quartet, undoubtedly the finest organization of the character in the world, in three splendid programmes during the week of February 11.

Last Week of "Fair and Warmer"

"Fair and Warmer," Selwyn and Company's production of Avery Hopwood's farce, continues merrily at the Cort where large audiences are the rule. It enters upon its fifth and last week Sunday evening with a special matinee added

New Year's Day. Seldom in our theatricals has a farce run so long. In the fine cast are Henry Stockbridge, Lotus Robb, Betty Ross Clarke, Raymond Walburn, Betty Blye, Arthur Larson, Ezra Walck and Joseph A. Bingham. The final performance will be Saturday evening, January 6.

"Experience" Coming to Cort

Beginning next Monday night, January 8, George V. Hobart's modern morality comedy "Experience" commences a two weeks' engagement at the Cort. There will be bargain matinees on Wednesday and special price matinees Saturdays. William Elliott, F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest send the famous New York-Boston "Experience" organization with a cast of eighty-two notable players. The beauty of the young ladies is said to be great. "Experience" has the approval of the clergy of all creeds. It is endorsed by the Catholic Theatre movement. It tells the temptations confronting Youth—the average man of today when he leaves home. Delightful music forms an attractive feature. In the Golden Cabaret act there is a complete light opera chorus. All the newest songs are heard and the latest dances given.

Fifth Symphony Sunday

Alfred Hertz conducted a week ago Friday when the Wagner concert was given by the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra. That programme in its entirety will be repeated on Sunday afternoon at the Cort as the second event of the fifth pair of regular symphonies. The affair will be identical with its predecessor as regards programme, but the time of starting will be 2:30 o'clock, as is customary at the Sunday affairs, and the prices will be just half those charged on Friday. This is the programme: Prelude to "Lohengrin;" Bacchanale, "Tannhauser;" Good Friday Spell, "Parsifal;" Ride of the Valkyries, "Die Walkure;" Prelude and Isolde's "Love Death" from "Tristan and Isolde;" Introduction to third act of "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg;" Prelude to same.

The Next Symphony Concert

The sixth pair of symphonies is scheduled for Friday afternoon, January 5, and Sunday afternoon, January 7, at the Cort. Hertz's fine sense of balance in programme arrangement is shown in the offerings: Beethoven, Symphony No. 8, Op. 93; Humperdinck, "Konigskinder;" (a) Introduction to Act II, (b) Introduction to Act III; Georges Enesco, Rhapsody Roumaine, No. 1, Op. 11. Tickets for the sixth pair may be had Monday at Sherman Clay. On Sunday, January 14, the fifth "pop" concert of the orchestra, with another programme of the lighter musical masterpieces, will be played at the Cort.

Business Comedy Is Success

"It Pays to Advertise" is a popular success once more at the Columbia, and is drawing the same splendid attendance as it did when Cohan and Harris first sent it west last season. There are enough laughs in this piece to keep even the tired business man's mind off his daily labor and have him enjoy two and a half hours of solid fun provoked over the efforts of a rich man's son to enter business life. "It Pays to Advertise" presents the essence of American spirit, American humor and American character. If you saw the piece translated into French, German or any other language there would be no mistaking its original, and certainly no more

side-splitting farce has been concocted here. It is rarely amusing, well written and well acted. George Sweet and Allene Durano head the splendid cast which is to appear in the piece for a second week commencing with the New Year's Day matinee, Monday. The final performance will be given Sunday, January 7.

"Twin Beds" Returning

Salisbury Field and Margaret Mayo's fascinating comedy "Twin Beds" comes to the Columbia on Monday, January 8, for a week's engagement. It will be recalled that "Twin Beds" was the bright particular hit of last year's local season. "Twin Beds" ran for one year in New York. It has also to its credit six months in Australia and has already reached its second year in London. Laughter is said never to leave off in "Twin Beds." This year's company is guaranteed by the "Twin Beds" management to be the best one this sparkling comedy has ever had.

Theatre St. Francis Invites Ministers

"It May Be Your Daughter" is the title of the powerful and sensational photodrama that the Moral Uplift Society of America will present at the Theatre St. Francis commencing with the Sunday matinee. It is said to be not a "white slave" play of the usual type, but a warning against young girls being left in ignorance of the temptation of a big city. "It May Be Your Daughter" points out important truths. It shows the evil side of life as "what might have happened" to the young irl of the "story within a story" had she not fallen into the hands of those whose mission it was to save instead of destroy. On Monday afternoon the St. Francis invites every minister of whatever denomination to be the guest of the theatre and see this wonderful photoplay and photodramatic sermon. No formal invitations have been is-

sued, but this announcement is to be construed as a direct personal invitation. The usual clerical garb will secure instant admission to the reserved section for ministerial guests. The rest of the seats are at the usual low St. Francis prices, 10 and 20 cents (loges 30 cents). It is safe to say that this play will make an impression. It will not be shown at any other San Francisco theatre at any time. It is in keeping with the progressive policy of the management that the St. Francis should secure the exclusive right to screen it.

"Age of Reason" at Orpheum

Sunday night (New Year's Eve) two performances will be given at the Orpheum. The first show will begin at half past seven sharp, and the second punctually at a quarter to ten. "The Age of Reason" by Cecil Dorrian which proved the greatest comedy success of the Washington Square Players, will be presented with Vivian and Genevieve Tobin and a sterling company. Pat Rooney and Marion Bent who divide the headline honors, are well known and popular. Their offering this season consists of a new edition of their famous skit "At the News Stand" in which they sing, dance and talk. A special feature will be Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Barry in their rural classic "The Rube" of which Mr. Barry is the author. Harry Mayo and Harry Tally who were formerly members of the Empire City Quartet, are now appearing as a team. The two Harrys have fine voices. Ollie Young and April will introduce a novelty which they call "Ten Minutes in Toyland." Costumed as Pierrot and Pierette, they blow soap bubbles. Nellie V. Nichols will give new songs and characterizations. The Volunteers will also offer novelties. An additional new attraction will be "The Bouncing Fellow" Stan Stanley assisted by his relatives.

Orpheum

Safest and Most
Magnificent
America
Phone Douglas 70

J. FARRELL and STOCKTON & POWELL

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon. Matinee Every Day
NEXT SUNDAY NIGHT—TWO PERFORMANCES
FIRST SHOW AT 7:30 SHARP

SECOND SHOW AT 9:45 SHARP

"THE AGE OF REASON," the Great Washington Square Players Comedy Success with Vivian and Genevieve Tobin; PAT ROONEY & MARION BENT, presenting "At the News Stand;" MR. & MRS. JIMMIE BARRY in "The Rube;" MAYO & TALLY, Sweet Singers; OLLIE YOUNG & APRIL, "Ten Minutes in Toyland;" NELLIE V. NICHOLS, "Will Some One Name My Nationality;" THE VOLUNTEERS in New Selections; STAN STANLEY, "The Bouncing Fellow," Assisted by His Relatives.

Evening Prices: 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c.

Matinee Prices (except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c

Theatre St. Francis

GEARY STREET AT POWELL

Commencing Sunday, December 31

The powerful preaching against Ignorance

"IT MAY BE YOUR DAUGHTER"

Presented by the Moral Uplift Society of America

It shows that YOUR daughter should have the Shield of Knowledge if she would battle successfully against the world's temptations

No increase in prices: 10 and 20 cents; loges 30, cents

Ministers invited as guests for Monday matinee, if in clerical garb.

CORT

LEADING THEATRE

Ellis and Market

Phone Sutter 2460

FIFTH AND FINAL WEEK

Begins Sunday Evening, December 31

Special Matinee New Year's Day

Selwyn and Co.'s

Sunburst of Laughter

"FAIR AND WARMER"

FUN AT FEVER HEAT!

Nights, Saturday Matinee, Holiday Matinee: 25c to \$1.50

NEXT—Monday, January 8:

"EXPERIENCE"

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

ALFRED HERTZ—CONDUCTOR

5TH SUNDAY SYMPHONY CONCERT
CORT THEATRE

Sunday, December 31, at 2:30 Sharp

WAGNER PROGRAM

Prelude, "Lohengrin;" Bacchanale, "Tannhauser;" Good Friday Spell, "Parsifal;" Ride of Valkyries, "Die Walkure;" Prelude and Isolde's "Love Death," "Tristan und Isolde;" Introduction to 3d Act, "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg;" Prelude, "Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg."

PRICES—Sunday, 50c, 75c, \$1.00; box and loge seats, \$1.05. Tickets at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s except concert day; at Cort Theatre on concert day only.

NEXT—January 5-7—SIXTH PAIR SYMPHONIES

COLUMBIA THEATRE

The Leading Playhouse Geary and Mason

Phone Franklin 150

Nightly, Including Sundays

Second and Last Week Begins with

Matinee New Year's Day

COHAN & HARRIS'

Supreme Comedy Hit

"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"

An Avalanche of Fun—Laughs Galore
Evenings and Holiday and Saturday Matinees 25c to \$1.50. Wednesday Matinee "Pop" Prices, 25c to \$1.

JANUARY 8 "TWIN BEDS"

ALCAZAR THEATRE

PHONE KEARNY 2

Commencing Monday, January 1

Start the New Year Right
and Laugh Long and Heartily with

EVA LANG AND JOHN HALLIDAY

Assisted by the Alcazar Players

In Their Mirth-Provoking Interpretation of

"NEVER SAY DIE"

A Laugh in Every Line



ADOLF BOLM AND FLORE REVALLES

In "Scheherazade" which will be given next Tuesday as an opening attraction for the Diaghileff Ballet Russe season at the Valencia

"Never Say Die" at Alcazar

For the second week of the limited return engagement of Eva Lang and John Halliday at the Alcazar Belasco and Mayer have secured "Never Say Die," in which Willie Collier scored a great success. It is a comedy of bright lines and funny situations. The leading role will afford John Halliday one of the best opportunities he has had to display his talent in light comedy. The full strength of the Alcazar players augmented by a number of extra people will be required for this big production which is under the supervision of Addison Pitt. This week "Apartment 12 K," a farce comedy of the "Twin Bed" order, is keeping the Alcazar resounding with laugh after laugh from packed audiences.

Bell Ringers at Pantages

The largest of church bells does not sound as low a note as the biggest bass bell to be used on the stage of Pantages next week by the London Singing Bell Ringers in "Moments Musical," the headline attraction. This act is something new, consisting of five bell ringers who are also very pleasing singers, rendering a number of good solos and ensemble selections in a manner which will delight the ear of the music lover. A real little musical comedy is called the "Betting Bettys." Six winsome, beautiful and talented Bettinas constitute the chorus, and there are comedians. Olive Briscoe,

the singing comedienne, is a beautiful woman of magnetic personality, offering comedy songs and characterizations. Sigsbee's wonderful troupe of dogs is bound to appeal, as it is different from and far superior to the majority of those on the stage. Among laugh producers and enjoyable singers, Smith and Kaufman stand in the first rank. Seymour Sisters, two clever singers and dancers, and the ninth chapter of the "Lass of the Lumberlands" complete this bill.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK, 783 Market St., near Fourth. For the half year ending December 31, 1916, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1917. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1917.

H. C. KLEVESAHN, Cashier.



PHONE

WEST

363

AMERICA'S LARGEST AND FINEST

ICE RINK

Mornings, 8 to 12 Admission, Including Skates, 25c

Afternoons, 2 to 5, 25c; Skates 25c

Children, Afternoons, Including Skates, 25c

Evenings 8 to 11

General Admission 25c

Reserved Box Seats 50c. Skating 25c

GENERAL SKATING LESSONS

\$1 Per Hour—Half Hour 50c

HOCKEY WEDNESDAY EVENING

See the Great Comedy Ice Skaters

Ben Steele and Bob Condon

Afternoons and Evenings



VIVIAN AND GENEVIEVE TOBIN

In "The Age of Reason" next week at the Orpheum

DIAGHILEFF**BALLET RUSSE**

VALENCIA THEATRE

5 Nights Commencing Next Tuesday, January 2;

Matinee Saturday, January 6

TUESDAY NIGHT—"Till Eulenspiegel," "Scheherazade,"

"La Princesse Enchantée," "Papillons"

WEDNESDAY NIGHT—"Carnaval," "Prince Igor,"

"L'Après-midi d'un Faune," "Cleopatre,"

THURSDAY NIGHT—"Les Sylphides," "Scheherazade,"

"Till Eulenspiegel," etc.

FRIDAY NIGHT—"Thamar," "La Princesse Enchantée,"

"L'Après-midi d'un Faune," "Prince Igor"

SATURDAY MATINEE—"Scheherazade," "La Spectre de

la Rose," "Papillons," "Prince Igor"

SATURDAY NIGHT—"Les Sylphides," "Carnaval,"

"Cleopatre," etc.

Prices—Box Seats \$6. Orchestra \$5. Balcony (3 rows)

\$5. Balcony (balance) \$3, \$2 and \$1.

TICKETS NOW ON SALE at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s,

Kearny and Sutter.

OAKLAND

AUDITORIUM OPERA HOUSE

Tuesday and Wednesday, January 9 and 10

Tickets ready Wednesday at Sherman, Clay & Co.,

Oakland and San Francisco.

Baldwin Piano Used

**JULIA CULP**

Great Lieder Singer

at

SCOTTISH RITE HALL

Sunday Afternoon, January 14; Thursday Night,

January 18, and Saturday Afternoon January 20

Tickets \$2, \$1.50, \$1. MAIL ORDERS to WILL L.

GREENBAUM.



MARKET
STREET
OPP.
MASON

THE LONDON

SINGING BELL RINGERS

Olive Briscoe Smith & Kaufman

SIGSBEE'S ACROBATIC DOGS

Chapter Nine

Stanley & Burns Lass of Lumberlands

Extra Added Feature

"THE BETTING BETTYS"

A Racy-Pacy Musical Comedy

DIVIDEND NOTICE

BANK OF ITALY, Southeast corner Montgomery and Clay Sts.; Market Street Branch, junction Market, Turk and Mason Sts. For the half year ending December 31, 1916, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1917. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1917. Money deposited on or before January 10, 1917, will earn interest from January 1, 1917.

A. P. GIANNINI, President.

A. PEDRINI, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

FRENCH-AMERICAN BANK OF SAVINGS (savings department), 108 Sutter St. For the half year ending December 31, 1916, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1917. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1917.

LEON BOCQUERAZ, Vice-President.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California St., San Francisco. Mission Branch, cor. Mission and Twenty-first Sts. Richmond District Branch, cor. Clement St. and Seventh Ave. Haight Street Branch, cor. Haight and Belvedere Sts. For the half year ending December 31, 1916, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, payable on and after January 2, 1917. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1917.

GEO. TOURNY, Manager.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 706 Market St., opposite Third. For the half year ending December 31, 1916, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2, 1917. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1917.

C. B. HOBSON, Cashier.

The Village Idiot

(Continued from Page 6)

"expect you will kill me," he said, "but I have played the organ again."

The German officer eyed him with a new interest.

"It is evident that you are mad, old man. You are very fond of music, eh?"

"But surely," the old organist said in surprise, "it is one of the important things. One of the really important things." He fluttered an explanatory hand. "It goes on and on—like the birds and streams and the sunshine."

The officer threw back his head and laughed. "And wars," he said—"battles, cannon, bayonets, shells—are they important things?"

The old man looked troubled. He passed his hand across his brow in a confused gesture. "It is not the same," he said. "It is not the same. A battle—a battle is silly. In a little while there will be no more battles. They do not go on and on."

Again the German officer laughed. "You'll find they do. The sword gives the final decision. That, old man, is a law."

"It is not a real law," said the organist.

"Then, what is a real law?"

The old man hesitated for a moment, and then his face lit up.

"Why, for instance," he said, "the last movement of a sonata must always be in a major key."

"Come on, old dodderer," said the officer, good-naturedly.

"Are you going to kill me?" asked the organist.

"Bless you, no. You're a harmless old fool. Come along."

A few German troopers occupied the village for two days before passing on. They did not interfere with the old organist. Everybody treated him with the same good-natured contempt that the villagers had always shown him. He played the organ frequently during those two days, and at these times it was noticed that

the German officer who had first spoken to him seemed to loiter about the church more than was necessary. "The old fool's got queer ideas," he remarked. But he rode away at the end of two days and became a properly blood-thirsty officer.

The French villagers gradually crept back to their village after the great German retreat. Monsieur Hamard was still there. He is just the same as ever—the war seems quite unable to disturb him. But then, as the villagers say, "the poor old man hasn't got the sense to understand things."

In the absence of her husband the fascinating young married woman went boating with an old admirer.

"Ah," sighed the old admirer, "if only you had married me instead of Wilkinson."

"Then I should have been with Mr. Wilkinson at this moment instead of you," said the fascinating woman. "How strangely things turn out!"

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR LEAVE TO MORTGAGE REALTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 21387 N. S.; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELLEN KEEGAN, Deceased.

WILLIAM KEEGAN, the executor of the last will and testament of ELLEN KEEGAN, deceased, having filed herein his petition, duly verified by affidavit, praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing him, as such executor, to mortgage all or any part of the real property of said deceased therein, and hereinafter described, for the purposes set forth in said petition; and it appearing that it will be of advantage to said estate that said mortgage or mortgages be made:

IT IS ORDERED BY THE COURT, that all persons interested in the estate of ELLEN KEEGAN, deceased, do appear before this Court on Monday, the 29th day of January, 1917, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why all or any part of the real property of said estate, described below, should not be mortgaged for the sum of Thirteen Thousand Five Hundred Dollars (\$13,500.00), as prayed for in the petition of WILLIAM KEEGAN, this day filed, or for such lesser sum or sums as to the Court shall seem meet. Reference is made to said petition for further particulars. Said real estate, the property to be mortgaged, is situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and is more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

PARCEL ONE.

COMMENCING at a point formed by the intersection of the Southerly line of Eighteenth Street with the Westery line of Diamond Street, running thence Westery along the Southerly line of Eighteenth Street Fifty (50) feet; running thence at a right angle Southerly Seventy-five (75) feet; running thence at a right angle Easterly fifty (50) feet to the Westery line of Diamond Street, running thence Northerly along the said Westery line of Diamond Street Seventy-five (75) feet to the point of commencement.

PARCEL TWO.

COMMENCING at a point in the Westery line of Howard Street distant thereon Two Hundred Thirty-two (232) feet and Six (6) inches Northerly from the Northerly line of Twenty-third Street, running thence Northerly along said Westery line of Howard Street Twenty-seven (27) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Westery One Hundred and Twenty-two (122) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-seven (27) feet and Six (6) inches; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred and Twenty-two (122) feet and Six (6) inches to the Westery line of Howard Street and the point of commencement.

PARCEL THREE.

COMMENCING at a point in the Westery line of Ashbury Street distant thereon Eighty-two (82) feet and Six (6) inches Northerly from the Northerly line of Haight Street, running thence Northerly and along said Westery line of Ashbury Street Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Westery One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Southerly Twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles Easterly One Hundred (100) feet to the Westery line of Ashbury Street and the point of commencement.

PARCEL FOUR.

COMMENCING at a point in the Southerly line of Green Street distant thereon One Hundred (100) feet Westery from the Westery line of Fillmore Street, running thence Westery and along said Southerly line of Green Street Eighteen (18) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Southerly One Hundred (100) feet; thence at right angles Easterly Eighteen (18) feet and Nine (9) inches; thence at right angles Northerly One Hundred (100) feet to the Southerly line of Green Street and the point of commencement.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, that this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks before the day of hearing, in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated this 27th day of December, A. D. 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM,
Judge of the Superior Court.
E. M. LEONARD,
Attorney for Executor,
569 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal. 12-30-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE ON PETITION FOR ORDER TO MORTGAGE REAL PROPERTY

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Matter No. 20001; Dept. No. 10.

In the Matter of the Estate of ELEANOR M. MAGGART, Deceased.

ELIZABETH AITKEN, as the executrix of the last will and testament of ELEANOR M. MAGGART, deceased, having filed herein her duly verified petition, praying for an order of this Court authorizing, empowering and directing her, as such executrix of said estate, to mortgage certain real property of said decedent, and which real property is hereinafter described, for the purposes set forth in said petition, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that it will be of advantage to said estate that said mortgage be made, and that the same is necessary for the payment of the debts, further administration and closing of said estate.

Said real property, the property to be mortgaged, is situated, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and more particularly bounded and described as follows:

COMMENCING at a point on the southerly line of California street, distant thereon one hundred and thirty-one (131) feet and three (3) inches westery from the point of the intersection of the westery line of Baker street with the said southerly line of California street; running thence westery and along said southerly line of California street twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles southerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles easterly twenty-five (25) feet; thence at right angles northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches, to said southerly line of California street the point of beginning, and being a portion of Western Addition to said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, in Block Number Five Hundred and Eighty-one (581), and known and designated as No. 3033 California street, in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

It is hereby ordered by this Court that all persons interested in said estate of said ELEANOR M. MAGGART, deceased, appear before this Court on Tuesday, the 30th day of January, 1917, at the hour of ten (10) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, in Department No. 10 of said Court, probate thereof, in room No. 452, on the fourth floor, in the City Hall, in, of and for said City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they have, why the said real property of said estate, herein before described, or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the sum of One Thousand Five Hundred (\$1500.00) Dollars, as prayed for in the said petition of said ELIZABETH AITKEN, as the executrix of the last will and testament of said decedent, or for such lesser sum as to the Court shall seem meet, and reference is hereby made to said petition for further particulars.

AND it is further ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be published once a week for four successive weeks before the day of hearing in "Town Talk," a newspaper of general circulation, published in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

FURTHER ordered that a copy of this order to show cause be personally served upon: W. A. S. Nicholson, the attorney for Edward F. Maggart, as the guardian of the person and estate of Harold F. Maggart and Roy E. Maggart, minors, and interested parties in said estate and that a copy of this order to show cause be personally served upon, or mailed to, by depositing in the United States Post Office, at San Francisco, State of California, postage prepaid, said Edward F. Maggart and to said Harold F. Maggart and said Roy E. Maggart, residents of the City of Los Angeles, State of California, at least ten days before the hearing of this order to show cause.

Done in open Court this 20th day of December, 1916.

THOS. F. GRAHAM, Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 20, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By E. B. GILSON, Deputy Clerk.

ARTHUR E. NATHANSON,

Attorney for Executrix,

1112 Market St.,

San Francisco, Cal. 12-30-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 77648; Dept. 12.

TRILBY PHILLIPS, Plaintiff, vs. WALTER VANDERGAR PHILLIPS, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: WALTER VANDERGAR PHILLIPS, Defendant:

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's habitual intemperance and of Defendant's wilful neglect of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will appear more fully in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) By W. R. CASTAGNETTO, Deputy Clerk.

SIDNEY P. ROBERTSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
423 Mills Building,
San Francisco, Cal. 12-16-10

CERTIFICATE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, Wilson N. Gregory, Charles P. Williams and Ward N. Cheney are transacting a candy, ice cream and confectionery business in the State of California, under the name of RICHMOND CANDY & ICE CREAM PARLOR; that the principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that they are conducting the said business under the fictitious name of Richmond Candy & Ice Cream Parlor, and that they are the sole owners of said business, and that their full names are Wilson N. Gregory, who resides at 936 Mission St., San Francisco, Charles P. Williams, who resides at 470 Twenty-second Ave., San Francisco, California, and Ward N. Cheney, who resides at Ouray, Colorado.

WILSON N. GREGORY,
CHARLES P. WILLIAMS,
WARD N. CHENEY.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco.—ss.

On this 27th day of December, 1916, before me, A. J. NAGLE, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Wilson N. Gregory, and Charles P. Williams, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) A. J. NAGLE,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

State of Colorado,
County of Ouray.—ss.

On this 15th day of December, A. D. 1916, before me, the undersigned, THOMAS W. EMERSON, a Notary Public in and for the County of Ouray and State of Colorado, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Ward N. Cheney, known to me to be one of the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my notarial seal at my office in Ouray, Colorado, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) THOMAS W. EMERSON,

Notary Public in and for Ouray County, Colorado.
(My Commission expires March 10, 1919.)

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 27, 1916.

H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk.

By H. I. PORTER, Deputy Clerk.

WALTER E. DORN,
Attorney for Petitioner,
1101 Hearst Bldg.,
San Francisco, California.

12-30-5

The Financial Outlook

By R. E. Mulcahy

Stocks—The President's peace message was the big factor in last week's stock market. Wall Street seems to fear peace as the action of the market last week would indicate, when prices broke from 3 to 15 points in a few hours. Peace is not a disaster. It will not help the "war stocks," but it should help trade in peace products. It is not likely to come quickly, but speculators believe that Great Britain and her allies will make some sort of a reply to the German offer to discuss terms of peace a little later on when the sentiment of the people has been thoroughly sounded. Some day this war must come to an end, and the only way to end it is for both sides to signify willingness to treat. Neutrals have little or no influence right now, and can do no good by interfering until they are invited to mediate. Investors should select peace stocks, and there are plenty of them, including some of the railroad shares. Business is good in all parts of the country, and the South will be better off with peace than in time of war. Cotton will be consumed more freely, beyond all doubt, and the South is now strong enough to hold it for a fair price, no matter how large next year's crop may be. Excessive prices and charges will have to come to an end. Cargo rates are too high to last, and that made the shipping shares among the weakest in the peace scare. Prices of steel products are higher than ever before in the history of the trade, since the Bessemer process was invented, and the country would be helped by a decline. Copper metal is likely to be in strong demand after the war, though it might be temporarily depressed by re-sales of copper bought by foreign Governments and munition factories. Most of the big mines could pay their current dividend if the price of metal were cut into. After summing up the whole situation, it looks as if the market would first have a good decline if the war came to a sudden end, as a good many in the trade are of the opinion that this big advance we have had in the past two years was based on the war, and if the war should cease, the market would gradually get back to its normal basis, and that commodity prices of all kinds would sell lower. However, admitting this to be a fact, all corporations are in the best of shape financially, and the railroads especially, so would welcome peace, and it would certainly be a bullish card throughout this list for some time to come.

Wheat—When speculative markets are such as to permit of a loss of over 20 points in two days and 50 per cent recoveries in one session, it is time for the average trader to shorten sail. The political situation has reached a stage which threatens to continue the hysteria of the past week indefinitely, if the public press reflects the temper of the Allies. It must not

be overlooked, however, that combatants might be as diplomatic and perhaps strategic in their evolutions for peace as they are in war. To be precipitate in the acceptance of a first proposal would be a confession of weakness which would be fatal in subsequent negotiations, and as the attitude of the belligerents has much to do with the rise and fall of cereal prices we should recommend a very conservative trading position in wheat especially. We would not be surprised if this agitation would hasten peace, but we are in much doubt of immediate effect in that direction. We are looking for good swings in either direction, and should advise initial operations only on sudden breaks and bulges.

Corn—Throughout all the ferment of last week, corn lost but 1¼ cents, as compared with a decline in wheat of 14½ cents, and the bulls have derived more or less comfort from this apparent strength, but it must not be forgotten that the advance was proportionately greater in the one than in the other. The Government report was construed as bullish, but the crop of 1916, in point of quality, should make it commercially larger than its predecessors. We have heard that the contrast is as two bushels to one in favor of the present crop. The price has induced the farmer to market his livestock, and the usual per cent of feeding will be greatly reduced, adding importantly to the amount of consigned grain. The hay and oat crops are above average; there is an excessive amount of rough feed, and present prospects indicate an average crop in the Argentine.

Cotton—The peace news of the past week was the factor in the cotton market, and prices sold down to the lowest level since the market reached the 21 cent level. The German peace proposals and the President's peace message came when the market was in no condition to withstand anything of a bearish tenor, as prices had been declining so frequently that the bulls had lost heart. The demoralized condition of the stock market was an added factor and cotton came on the market from all sections of the country. The statistical news was all bullish, and the Government's consumptive figures for the month showed that cotton consumption was on the increase, but these figures as well as other bullish items, fell flat. The market was simply in a demoralized condition, and no one cared anything about statistics, and the market declined to a point where most of the long cotton speculatively held was thrown overboard. Advices from the South indicate that for the present the edge is off the spot market, and holders are of the opinion that conditions will continue rather quiet. The Government estimate of the final crop and the ginning figures have shaken the confidence of the holder, and the spinner is not so eager to load up. Naturally, they are somewhat slow to buy. On

the other hand, owners of cotton believe it is worth more than prices bid for it at present. They are exerting no pressure whatever to sell. The banks have plenty of money and are not calling loans. Accounts of spot interests are described as being in excellent condition. Factors, or commission merchants, report that their shippers have plenty of funds to their credit, and that they see no occasion to bring selling pressure to bear. A certain amount of cotton throughout the South, mostly in the hands of interior merchants, represents an element of weakness in the situation. This appears to be the only weak spot, and it's wholly impossible for buyers to obtain spots on a basis anywhere in keeping with contracts since the sensational break in all future markets of the world. We believe now that liquidation has run its course, and that there is very little, if any, future cotton to be liquidated, and advise our clients to pick up cotton on the present market price.

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JUNE 30TH, 1916:

Assets	\$63,811,228.81
Deposits	60,727,194.92
Capital actually paid up in Cash.....	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	2,084,033.89
Employees' Pension Fund	222,725.43
Number of Depositors	68,062

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SUMMONS TO ESTABLISH TITLE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—Action No. 35966; Department No. 16.

CARRIE E. BRIDGE, Plaintiff, vs. All persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof, Defendants.

T. W. HUBBARD, 1003 Phelan Building, San Francisco, California, Attorney for Plaintiff.

The People of the State of California:

To all persons claiming any interest in, or lien upon, the real property herein described or any part thereof defendants, greeting:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of **CARRIE E. BRIDGE**, plaintiff, filed with the Clerk of the above entitled Court and City and County, within three months after the first publication of this summons, and to set forth what interest or lien, if any, you have in or upon that certain real property or any part thereof, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows:

COMMENCING at a point on the Westerly line of Devisadero Street, distant thereon sixty-two (62) feet six (6) inches Northernly from the Northernly line of Eddy Street; and running thence Northernly along said line of Devisadero Street twenty-five (25) feet; and thence at a right angle Westerly one hundred and six (106) feet; and thence at a right angle Southerly twenty-four (24) feet; and thence at a right angle Easterly six (6) feet; and thence at a right angle Southerly one (1) foot; and thence at a right angle Easterly one hundred (100) feet to the point of commencement. Being a portion of Western Addition Block No. 508.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: That it be adjudged that plaintiff is the owner of said property in fee simple absolute; that her title to said property be established and quieted; that the Court ascertain and determine all estates, rights, titles, interests and claims in and to said property, and every part thereof, whether the same be legal or equitable, present or future, vested or contingent, and whether the same consist of mortgages or liens of any description; that plaintiff recover her costs herein and have such other and further relief as may be met in the premises.

WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court this 14th day of November, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) **H. I. MULCREVY**, Clerk.
By **S. I. HUGHES**, Deputy Clerk.

Memorandum

The first publication of this summons was made in "Town Talk" newspaper on the 18th day of November, A. D. 1916.

The following persons are said to claim an interest in, or lien upon, said property adverse to plaintiff:

Delia Elizabeth Traynor, sometimes known as **Delia E. Traynor**, sometimes known as **Delia Traynor**, sometimes known as **D. E. Traynor**; 1207 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.

George Traynor, 1207 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Marie Traynor, sometimes known as **Mary Traynor**, 1207 Devisadero Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Roman Catholic Archbishop of San Francisco, a corporation sole, 1100 Franklin Street, San Francisco, Cal.

City and County of San Francisco, a Municipal Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.

John H. McLaughlin, address unknown.

T. W. HUBBARD,

Attorney for Plaintiff,
1003 Phelan Building,
San Francisco, Cal.

11-18-10

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of **GEORGE D. HIBBARD**, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the estate of **GEORGE D. HIBBARD**, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Administrator at the office of Campbell, Weaver, Shelton & Levy, 659 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of **GEORGE D. HIBBARD**, deceased.

C. W. HIBBARD,

Administrator of the estate of **George D. Hibbard**, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, December 2, 1916.

CAMPBELL, WEAVER, SHELTON & LEVY,
Attorneys for Administrator,
659 Mills Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

12-2-5

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of **JANE McQUEEN**, deceased.—No. 21551; Dept. No. 10.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last will and testament of **JANE McQUEEN**, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, or to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice to the said Executor at the office of **T. J. Crowley, Esq.**, Attorney at Law, Rooms 509-511 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, which said office the undersigned selects as his place of business in all matters connected with said estate of **JANE McQUEEN**, deceased.

DAVID W. McQUEEN,

Executor of the last will and testament of **Jane McQueen**, deceased.

Dated, San Francisco, Cal., December 9, 1916.

T. J. CROWLEY,
Attorney for Executor,
509-511 Chronicle Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-9-5

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE WHY ORDER OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE SHOULD NOT BE MADE

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 20582; Department No. 10, Probate.

In the Matter of the Estate of **VINCENT MAZZALI**, deceased.

JAMES A. STIDGER, the Administrator of the estate of **VINCENT MAZZALI**, deceased, having filed his petition herein, duly verified, praying for an order of sale of all the real estate of said decedent for the purposes therein set forth.

IT IS THEREFORE ORDERED by the said Court, that all persons interested in the estate of said deceased appear before the said Superior Court on Wednesday, the seventeenth day of January, 1917, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Court Room of Department No. 10 Probate of said Superior Court, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said Administrator to sell so much of the real estate of the said deceased as shall be necessary.

And that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for four successive weeks in Town Talk, a newspaper printed and published in said City and County.

Dated: November 29, A. D. 1916.

E. P. MOGAN,
Judge of the Superior Court.

STIDGER & STIDGER,
Attorneys for Administrator,
628 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

HARRY GOTTESFELD,
EDWARD LANDE,
Of Counsel,
625 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

12-16-5

CERTIFICATE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, **E. Iwata**, **T. Iwata**, **E. Akasaki**, **Y. Naito** and **N. Tanaka**, are transacting a general mercantile business in the State of California, under the name of **T. IWATA & CO.**; that the principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, with branch offices in the City of Oakland, County of Alameda, State of California, and in the City of San Diego, County of San Diego, State of California, and that they are conducting the said business under the fictitious name of **T. Iwata & Co.**, and that they are the sole owners of said business, and that their full names are **E. Iwata**, who resides at 3329 Twenty-first St., San Francisco, California; **T. Iwata**, who resides at 3329 Twenty-first St., San Francisco, California; **E. Akasaki**, who resides at 239 Eleventh St., Oakland, California; **Y. Naito**, who resides at 1810 Post St., San Francisco, California, and **N. Tanaka**, who resides at San Diego, California.

E. IWATA,
T. IWATA,
E. AKASAKI,
Y. NAITO,
N. TANAKA.

State of California,
City and County of San Francisco ss.

On this 11th day of December, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixteen, before me, **RITA JOHNSON**, a Notary Public, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, personally appeared **E. Iwata**, **T. Iwata**, **E. Akasaki**, **Y. Naito** and **N. Tanaka**, known to me to be the persons whose names are subscribed to the within instrument, and they duly acknowledged to me that they executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my Official Seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, the day and year in this Certificate first above written.

(Seal) **RITA JOHNSON**,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

314 Hearst Building,
(My Commission expires July 16, 1919.)

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 11th, 1916
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By **H. I. PORTER**, Deputy Clerk.

WALTER E. DORN,
Attorney at Law,
1101-1105 Hearst Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-16-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 78322; Dept. No. 10.

PEARL MARIE SHOCKLEY, Plaintiff, vs. **FRANK EDWARD SHOCKLEY**, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: **FRANK EDWARD SHOCKLEY**, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the grounds of Defendant's willful desertion and willful neglect; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 28th day of November, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) **H. I. MULCREVY**, Clerk,
By **H. I. PORTER**, Deputy Clerk.

VICTOR L. BENTSON,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
San Francisco, California.

12-16-10

CERTIFICATE UNDER FICTITIOUS NAME

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN: That the undersigned, **David J. Morrison**, is transacting an undertaking business in the State of California, under the name of **WESTERN UNDERTAKING COMPANY**; that the principal place of business is the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and that he is conducting the said business under the fictitious name of **Western Undertaking Company**, and that he is the sole owner of said business, and that his full name is **David J. Morrison**, and that he resides at 1182 Valencia Street, San Francisco, California.

DAVID J. MORRISON,
State of California,
City and County of San Francisco ss.

On this 11th day of December, 1916, before me, **A. J. NAGLE**, a Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, residing therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared **David J. Morrison**, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the day and year last above written.

(Seal) **A. J. NAGLE**,
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Endorsed: Filed Dec. 11th, 1916
H. I. MULCREVY, Clerk,
By **H. I. PORTER**, Deputy Clerk.

WALTER E. DORN,
Attorney at Law,
1101-1105 Hearst Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-16-5

NOTICE OF PENDENCY OF ACTION

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 78,608, Department 1.

C. O. SWANBERG, Plaintiff, vs. **THE MORGAN OYSTER COMPANY** (a corporation), Defendant.

Pursuant to an order of the above entitled Court, made the 19th day of December, 1916, NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN by the Clerk of the above named Court that an action entitled as above is pending in the above named Court; that the object of said action is for the purpose of obtaining a new or duplicate stock certificate of the defendant corporation in the place of one heretofore issued and now lost or destroyed; that the name of the plaintiff in said action is **C. O. SWANBERG**; that the name of the defendant in said action is **THE MORGAN OYSTER COMPANY**, a corporation, and that the said action is pending in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco; that the name of the corporation issuing the stock therein referred to is **THE MORGAN OYSTER COMPANY**; that the number of the certificate of said stock issued by said corporation is One Hundred and Eighteen (118) and represents thirty (30) shares of the capital stock of said corporation; that the name of the person mentioned in said certificate as stock holder is **C. O. SWANBERG** and none other;

And any and all persons claiming said shares of stock or any of them, or any interest or lien therein or thereupon are and each of them is hereby notified to be and appear before the above named Court, at its Court room situate in the City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 24th day of January, 1917, a day not less than thirty days from the first publication hereof, at the hour of 10 o'clock a.m., of said day, then and there to show cause if any they have why a new certificate should not be directed to be issued to the plaintiff herein, and to set forth their rights in or claim to said shares, if any they have.

WITNESS MY HAND, and the seal of the said Superior Court, this 19th day of December, 1916.

(Seal) **H. I. MULCREVY**, Clerk,
By **H. BRUNNER**, Deputy Clerk.

FRANK McGOWAN,
BLAINE McGOWAN,
Attorneys for Plaintiff,
715-717 Humboldt Bank Bldg.,
San Francisco, Cal.

12-23-5

SUMMONS (Divorce)

In the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco.—No. 77699; Dept. No. 15.

EMMA H. LAWRENCE, Plaintiff, vs. **HARRY LAWRENCE**, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and the Complaint filed in the office of the County Clerk of said City and County.

The People of the State of California Send Greeting To: **HARRY LAWRENCE**, Defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served within this City and County; or if served elsewhere within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between Plaintiff and Defendant, on the ground of Defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff; also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you so appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any moneys or damages demanded in the Complaint as arising upon contract, or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

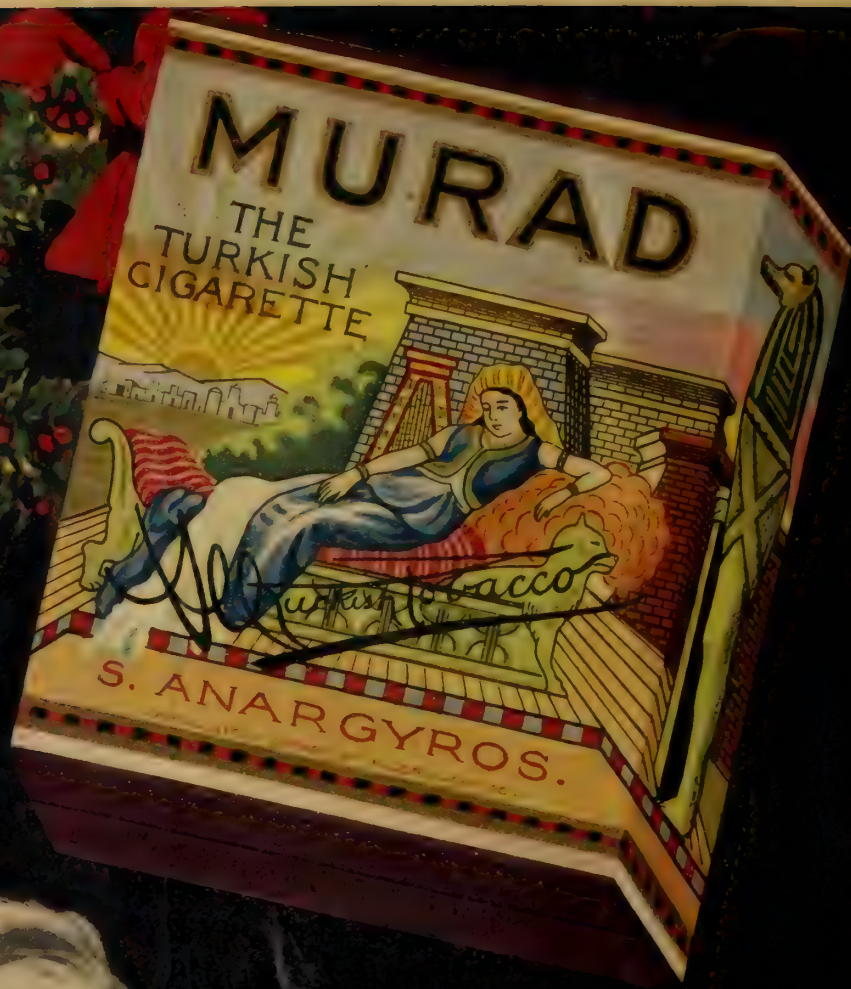
GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the City and County of San Francisco, this 31st day of October, A. D. 1916.

(Seal) **H. I. MULCREVY**, Clerk,
By **H. I. PORTER**, Deputy Clerk.

ROBERT H. BORLAND,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
1105 Montgomery St.,
San Francisco, California.

11-11-10

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